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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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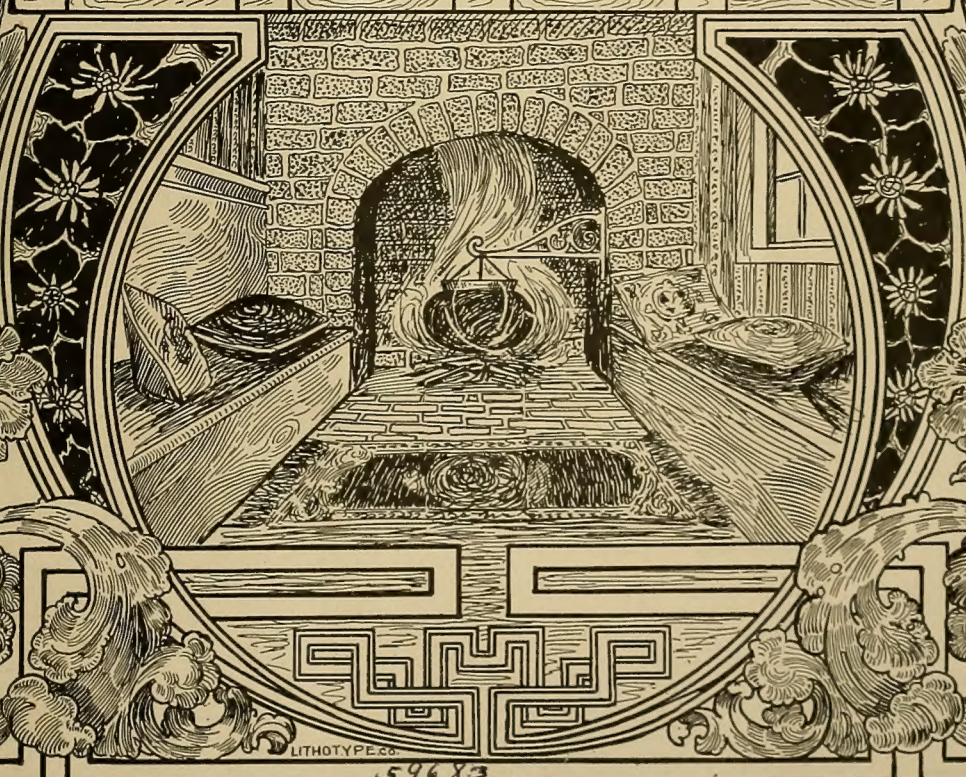
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

July 2, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 27. Vol. IX

Are You Going to California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho or any other Point? Take the Union Pacific Railroad

Daily Tourist Car Line between Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California Points.

Round Trip Rates to **PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, or LOS ANGELES** for the following meetings and conventions. The rates shown below are available to all the public for purchase of tickets on dates shown at head of each column:

IMPERIAL COUNCIL ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER, NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE
Los Angeles, California, May 6-11, 1907.
CONFERENCE OF GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN
Los Angeles, California, May 16-23, 1907.
NATIONAL ECLECTIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
GRAND LODGE, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS
Seattle, Washington, July 16-22, 1907.

DATES OF SALE	June 8 to 15 inclusive.	June 22 to July 5, incl.	April 25 to May 18 incl- June 8 to 15 incl.; ‡June 20 to July 12 incl.		June 20 to July 12 inclusive		June 20 to July 12 inclusive	
DESTINATIONS	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	‡For tickets sold June 22 to July 5, incl. account N. E. A. rate will be $2.00 higher San Francisco, Cal.		Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Everett, Washington Vancouver, Victoria & New Westminister, B. C.	Portland, Oregon	Spokane, Wash.	
ROUTES	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and Union Pacific (or any direct line) in the other	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other
FROM								
CHICAGO,	62.50	64.50	75.00	75.00	62.50	62.50	54.00	54.00
PEORIA,	59.25	61.25	71.75	71.75	58.00	58.00	50.50	50.50
ST. LOUIS,	57.50	59.50	70.00	70.00	57.50	57.50	50.00	50 00
DES MOINES,	54.25	56.25	66.75	68.90	54.00	54.00	46.50	46.50
ST. PAUL,	59.90	61.90	68.90	†68.90	54.00	‡54.00	46.50	‡46.50
SIOUX CITY,	52.00	54.00	63.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46.50
Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City, Mo., Leavenworth, Kan., St. Joseph, Mo., Council Bluffs, Ia., and Omaha, Neb.	50.00	52.00	62.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46.50

†Via Portland in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.
‡Via direct line in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.

LIMITS:

FOR TICKETS SOLD	GOING TRANSIT LIMIT IS	AND FINAL RETURN LIMIT
April 25th to May 18th, inclusive.	July 26th.	July 31, 1907.
June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

GOING TRIP—Going trip must begin on date of purchase of ticket and stopovers may be had at any point enroute prior to midnight of "Going Transit Limit" as shown above.

RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Omaha, Neb.

JUST LATELY

Clipping from the San Francisco Call.

The California Northeastern, a branch of the Southern Pacific from Weed, will be opened for another 20 miles from Grass Lake to Orrs Lake about July 15. This will complete the road across the mountains and the line from there on to Klamath Falls will be over a comparatively level country. A few miles beyond Orrs Lake is Butte Valley, where a new settlement is being laid out there and colonized by Dunkards, who will name their town Macdoel. About 100 have already settled there. They expect to raise cattle, vegetables and grain, establish sawmills and develop the resources generally of that rich valley. Ultimately this will be a part of a through line to Portland, extending along the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, either near Eugene or farther north in connection with the Corvallis and Eastern, which has been purchased by the Harriman lines. This runs from Yaquina Bay through Albany to the summit of the pass in the Cascades. The acquisition of this line and the construction of the line from Drain to Marshfield on Coos Bay; the ownership of terminals in Portland, and the construction of a line into Seattle and Tacoma give the Harriman interests complete control over or access to every harbor of importance in the northwest. It is reported that the line to Klamath Falls will be extended to a connection with the Oregon Short Line near Ontario.

OTHER THINGS

A telephone company has been organized in Butte Valley with sixteen phones to be installed at once and several others to follow soon; the electrician at the Prather Ranch will see that the instruments are properly installed. The active, wide-awake people of Butte Valley propose to be in touch with the world and this will certainly make the connection. The organization is H. F. Maust, president; Mr. Burger, vice-president; Mr. Allen, secretary; Mr. Haines, treasurer.

Eld. D. C. Campbell has set out five hundred apple trees on his farm according to the suggestion made in the last few copies of the INGLENOOK. If you haven't read those few articles on our advertising pages do so at once. Others are arranging to set out apple trees at the first opportunity. This country is in the very best apple belt in the world, and he who gets an orchard started early will be the first to enjoy the products of the orchard which will bring him the highest prices.

Mr. Burger's portable saw-mill is doing work rapidly and is very much appreciated by all. On Tuesday, June 11, Messrs. Hufford and Wagoner received the first load of lumber from this saw-mill, with which to construct a temporary home until they can have time to build a better one. They are very busy with other work. A church is to be built, a railway depot, and many residences. Mr. Snyder has a large stationary saw-mill on the road here and will soon be here and then timber will be converted into lumber at a very rapid rate. It is fortunate that there is an inexhaustible supply of timber which makes the finest kind of building material in and around the Valley, for there will be hundreds of homes to build here.

John Campbell has 40 acres of very fine spring grain. Everybody thought back East that John went too late to get out spring crops, but it doesn't take long to clear the ground of sage brush and then the land is in very fine condition to sow. We told you last week that Mr. Maust had 80 acres of very fine wheat. Others are putting out spring crops, but of course spring is late everywhere this year, and with building houses, entertaining visitors, building a church and putting out spring crops, they have been wonderfully busy. Keep your eye on this Valley and mark the rapid progress the people are making. Watch our page every week, and read the news from there. All questions cheerfully answered.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

MT. HEBRON, CALIFORNIA

Beyond Human Help

was the conclusion they arrived at. The doctors had done their best and failed. It was not a verdict, however, that was calculated to inspire a feeling of good cheer in the hearts of those around her. Mr. Frank Loskot, 943 Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., tells a vivid story of his mother's sufferings and her ultimate recovery through the medium of a plain household remedy. He says: "My mother was in a terrible condition. Her ailment seemed to be a peculiar one. The doctors gave it various names, but she suffered greatly with pains in her stomach. We had three doctors attending her, without benefit. At times the pains would seize her so that we thought surely her end was at hand. Finally the doctors declared that she was beyond human help, and that there was not a spark of hope for her. Everything else having failed, we decided to try the BLOOD VITALIZER, of which we had heard so much. I obtained some of this remedy and commenced giving it regularly, according to directions. It was not long before we noticed its good effect. She continued to use it, and inside of a month our dear mother was so much better that she was able to be up a little. After a while, she was entirely well and has remained so ever since. Her ailment has never returned. We are very grateful for what the BLOOD VITALIZER accomplished."

NEARING THE EIGHTY MARK.

San Antonio, Tex., May 17, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I never like to be without the **Blood Vitalizer** as it has done me so much good. I suffered greatly with my stomach and kidneys but I am cured through the use of your remedy the **Blood Vitalizer.** If I had had your medicine about 30 years ago I would not have been doubled up as I am through gout and rheumatism. I am like an old crippled tree that cannot be straightened any more. I am 77 years old. With kindest regards, I remain

Yours very truly,

305 Division St. Anna Zuercher.

THE DOCTORS GAVE UP.

Garrison, N. D., Jan. 29, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have a son, 12 years old who has been sick for three years. Two years ago, when we lived in Russia the doctors there gave him up as incurable. They said there was no hope for him at all. When I came to this country a Mr. Barth told me to get your **Blood Vitalizer,** which I did. My boy is now well although nobody ever believed that he could regain his health. We are very thankful to you. Yours sincerely,

G. Steinwand.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

is known as a plain household remedy. It comes in a plain bottle encased in a plain carton, but there is the element of cure in every bottle. No one is so low with disease but what this remedy gives hope, and no one so well but what it will still do good.

Do not ask for the BLOOD VITALIZER in drugstores. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is supplied direct to the people through local agents appointed in every community. Should you know of no agent in your neighborhood, write at once to the sole proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

1907-NEW-1908 CARD CATALOGUE

now ready for mailing. Nearly all are entirely new designs, and are sure to please the children.

Catalog FREE. ASK FOR IT.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD



No. 21C3000.— We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



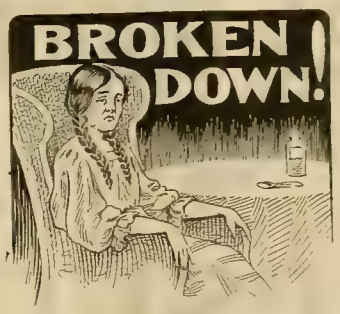
No. 21C3003.— For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood will cost you $1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The Best quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept 21. Chicago, Ill.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO,
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.

The Lord Our Righteousness

By Elder S. N. McCann,
Missionary in Indja.

This little volume contains eighteen chapters filled with food for thought. It all points to the end sought—"The Lord is Our Righteousness." It is a most excellent work and everyone ought to have a copy and give it a careful and prayerful reading. Enough is said to lead any Christian to a higher and nobler life and to turn sinners to repentance.

The book contains 128 pages and is bound in cloth.

Price Reduced.

We have only a limited number of the second edition of this book which we will furnish as long as they last for ouly 35 cents per copy.

Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

Lomita California

It requires considerable courage to pioneer anywhere, but the beginnings at Lomita are very easy as compared with those encountered by our forefathers. Right near Lomita are building materials now at reasonable prices. At this writing dimension lumber is $24 to $26 per M. There is work, will be work. Cement curbs, and sidewalks, oiled roads, reservoirs, pipe lines, houses, barns, fences, must be built; trees, shrubbery, and seeds planted. Men, money and muscle will be needed. Idleness and homesickness never yet made a home. These are not in our catalog. A grocery, and lumber yard and all kinds of building materials are now in demand. Openings for business are here. But you should come now.

Farmers, fruit raisers and laborers, who have more regard for honest toil than for "get-rich-quick" methods, are cordially invited to become members of this settlement. English walnuts and deciduous tree-fruits, berries and vegetables will grow and reward the patient and honest laborer. Do not ask us what **you** can do or make. No one here can tell. **You** must demonstrate your own ability. The good soil, the needful moisture and the free sunshine are here. It is up to you to show what you can do with these great elements. The mind, muscle and money applied belongs to you.

From the very first, the church or religious interests were carefully considered. Our Mr. M. M. Eshelman was recommended by his experience in helping to colonize Lordsburg, Inglewood, Laton and other places, now all prosperous communities. Of course no colony can be built by any one man, but by the combined efforts of persevering men and women; but the "first ones" are very necessary to clear away the brush of wildness and show what may be done.

John the Baptist came and made straight paths for the Christ; so the pioneers try to make straight paths for those who come later.

It is our purpose to build up a model community, hence each deed will contain a clause prohbiting the ground to be used to deal in intoxicating beverages and to play pool. We want those 1600 acres to contain a clean people, an industrious and frugal people. We believe the Brethren are such, hence offer them these opportunities.

It is to be hoped that enough members will become identified with Lomita to organize a church in the near future. M. M. Eshelman informs us that so soon as two or three families are on the tract, there will be Sunday school and preaching. This does not sound like sloth hung up to Christianity.

Watch this column. Reasonable questions will be answered here. It is not our purpose to make you restless or to dislike your present home, but if you are thinking of a change to Southern California, you are cordially invited to Come and Investigate Lomita Intensive farming, or a high state of cultivation on a few acres, has proven profitable and enjoyable. The 200 acres of corn now growing on this land without rain or irrigation speaks more than our words. It has been successfully raised and no doubt will be again

Address:

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
314-316 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

M. M. ESHELMAN, Tract Manager,
Same Address.

A Great Opportunity

FOR THE

HOMESEEKER

180,000 ACRES UNDER THE CAREY ACT

Now Ready to File On

This tract is on the North Side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $30.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms, crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success ,as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands take the Oregon Short Line R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & G. S. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JULY 2, 1907. No. 27.

Independence Bell

John H. Nowlan

THE deed was done. The die was cast.
The Rubicon was reached and passed.
While traced the quill each deathless name
Upon our country's roll of fame,
Which to their royal master gave
The challenge of a defiant slave,
Above their heads the swinging bell
Was sounding tyranny's death knell.
'Twas long ago; and though it broke
Beneath that sturdy hammer's stroke,
That joyful peal of liberty,
Proclaiming all the land is free,
Is ringing yet and ne'er shall cease
Till dawns the universal peace.
And as I viewed that silent bell,
This is the tale it seemed to tell:
"Ye are the country, ye the state,
The good alone are truly great,
Thou art thy brother's keeper now;
The curse of Cain is on thy brow
If thou thy brother's life betray,
Or lead him into paths astray,
The curse is thine if thou oppress
Thy weaker brother in distress.
Lay bare thine arm for truth and right,
Oppose the power of greed and might.
As thou wouldst men should do to you
Unto thy brother thou shouldst do.
Strike for the slave of greed or rum,
Or cease to pray, 'Thy kingdom come,'"
When lowly reeds and grasses wave
Above my long-forgotten grave,
I pray each rising sun may see
A people soul and body free.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A Musical In Jerusalem

Marguerite Bixler

DURING my sojourn in Jerusalem, Palestine, I was very fortunate in receiving an invitation to what is considered the city's best annual musical. A musician from France and I were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Huges from whose large hotel floats the Union Jack. To be sure, I was delighted with my good fortune, and it was a little trying not to say anything about it, to our party, and especially to "the boys," until after my return; for they would have insisted on going along, and I really could not take them! It was raining, but the closed carriage was comfortable, and as we were all lovers of music we were soon enjoying a lively discussion of the world's musical affairs; but just as I was saying, "Yes, that is true, but do you not know that America has made European schools famous, because of the musical material she has given them?" our carriage door was opened and we were quickly and quietly ushered into the St. George's Collegiate Church where we listened to the following programme under the directorship of Mr. Haydn Righton.

Grand Festival Overture, ... Richmond
Nocturne, ... Chopin
Organ Sonata, ... Mendelssohn
Cornet Solo—"Nachtgruss," ..... Anton
Mons. Laurent.
Anthem—"Thine, O, Lord, is the Greatness,"..... Kent
The Boys' Choir.
Larghetto Sostennto Assai, ... Cramer
Tenor Solo—"But Thou Didst Not Leave,"..... Handel
Mr. R. Hughes.
Minuet, ... Felix Borowski
La Meditation, ... Haydn Righton
Fantasia, ... Guilmant

This programme was given by the performers with an easy, graceful dignity, and received by the audience with a refined, quiet and reverential appreciation. To me the most beautiful number was that given by the Boys' choir. While their sweet treble voices and innocent faces told the wondrous story—"Thine O Lord, is the greatness," I was wondering about an-

other choir—a children's choir of voices innumerable—in another city, another Jerusalem, where they too sing, "Thine O Lord is the greatness, Hosanna, to Thee, our King." How exquisitely sweet must be the music that plays around the throne of God! If there is one place more than another in Heaven's domain of song, where I sometime want to be, and see, and hear, it is in the children's choir—the place where sin ne'er entered in. If the Christian people of every clime would *awake* and *train the children to sing*, I believe the time would soon come when reform schools and state prisons would need no remodeling, no enlargement. God, humanity, music, possibility! Thus did I muse and worship.

Physically rested, spiritually uplifted, musically enlightened, once more we stepped into the waiting carriage. The storm had passed. Through a rift of dark clouds gleamed the soft moonlight. The boundless dome of blue bent o'er us, as methinks it must have done when the Psalmist sweetly sang: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day utterth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

And so from the City of David, I looked up through the cloud-rift, beyond the dome of blue, up to the throne of power, of peace, of love—and my soul was filled with song.

CLASS SONG.

[This song was a part of the commencement exercises of the "School of Travel and Research." According to promise the writer of the article now gives it to our readers.—The Editor.]

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Murray Company,
Hurrah! Hurrah for the things that you will see;
When you join the School of Research and a student be—
Touring ocean, land and sea.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Murray Company,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the sights that you must see,
When you join the School of Research, and too curious be,
Traveling, I, II, III!

NEVER did class song ring out with a heartier, jollier good vim, than did this one as sung by our party at the close of the graduating exercises described in a previous article, while our gallant ship was braving the storm-tossed waters of the Atlantic, each moment bringing us nearer the shores of the brightest and best land, this old world can claim—*our own America.*

The repetition of the chorus—tune, "Marching through Georgia," was written for the benefit of those whose "III classe" curiosity could be calmed only by practical experience! Later on the result of this experience prompted the following parody. However, we caution those who attempt to sing it to do so in *sotto voce!*

O where, and O where is my watch of silver gone?
O where, is my drinking cup and fountain-pen gone?
They have gone to join the jack-knife and with the
Bedouin roam;
And it's oh! in my heart how I wish I were at home!

East Akron, Ohio.

HOW WE HAVE SUCH A VARIETY.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

VARIETY in reading matter is often due to the fact that each writer sees the place or scenes with different eyes, and also different feelings. Let half a dozen writers describe the same place, and you will have a half dozen different articles, each of them according to the writer's way of looking at things.

One writer will catch all the delicate shades and coloring, whose glimmer hides all of the rugged and unsightly spots, and makes you feel the mystic throbbing of nature, and the pulsing life in the air, while they thrill your very soul with musical sounds from the wind and waves, and enthrall your senses with the subtle witchery of mingled sun and shade.

Another writer will see all that is grand and inspiring in the scenes, and cause you to read with bated breath while he, or she, robes each hill and crag with a sublime power, and turns the ripple of the waves into a roll of thundering sounds—sweeping the chords of nature until they reverberate with inspiring music.

And still another writer will catch all the mirth provoking elements and surround the hills and crags with a humorous guise, and see a song and a laugh in the air and sunshine, and a merry jubilee in the wind and waves.

Then another will see all that's unsightly and gloomy, and chill your blood with a somber description. He will rob the sunshine, wind and waves of their beauty and music, and give us a dirge instead, while he hunts up the snakes and bugs in the meadows, and shows up all the deformities of nature in general.

Then again there are other writers, who catch a little of all the different phases of nature and blend the many colors and sounds into one pen picture. There is a rosy tint here, a grand anthem there, with a laugh and song bubbling up at odd places, and just a fleeting glimpse of the somber and ugly.

Then comes the cold, hard fact writer, who must regulate every bit of nature to its proper place and sitting, one who looks at everything with a practical eye, and science in his finger tips. Is it any wonder, therefore, that one often reads so many different descriptions of the same place?

CARNEGIE'S EARLY BUSINESS CAREER.

WHILE in a reminiscent mood, Andrew Carnegie recently told how he started in his business career and how he found that wealth really added but little to his happiness. His words are worth the thoughtful consideration of all young men who are now starting on their business careers. Said Mr. Carnegie:

"I never cared so much for salary as for position. I remember when I was a boy, one Saturday, when we went for our pay, all the other boys got theirs, and I was passed over. I was nearly heart-broken. I thought I was discharged. Then I was told: 'You're worth more than the other boys. You're to get $13.-50 instead of $11.25.' Talk of your millions!

"I ran all the way home. I told my brother, and no one else. I gave my mother the $11.25, and then on Sunday I said, 'Mother, I have got something more.'

"I am glad I was born to poverty. I would not exchange it to be the son of the richest millionaire on earth. What does he know of his father and mother? How is he off beside the boy who has in his mother his nurse, his teacher, his cook, his seamstress, his angel, his saint? There are no servants between them. His father is his guide, philosopher, and friend.

"I speak honestly. I have lived both lives. People say that the life of poverty is dreadful and the life of riches corrupting. What do they know about it? They only know one side of the shield. I have lived both lives. I know how little there is in riches to increase happiness. I think it decreases it. As I have said before, billionaires who laugh are rare."



'Twixt Leaf and Sheaf Time

Richard Braunstein

Stilled are the brook songs that were wont to stir
The rugged hill-hearts with their dulcitude,
When madcap May, with blossoms million-hued,
Set all things singing at the step of her.
O'er wood-haunt's dusk, where blithe chorister
Ravished the noons with rippling interlude,
A silence broods, as sacred and subdued
As that which wraps some moss-grown sepulcher.

This is the hush the toil-worn year deems best—
This soulless space between the green and gold
Of leaf and sheaf time when tired Nature seems
Outstretched and still, to seek repose and rest;
And soothed with thoughts of harvests manifold
To drowse, content, and yield herself to dreams!

Cairo, N. Y.

The Glensonsie Celebration

John H. Nowlan

THE little village of Meadville had been having a celebration each Fourth but as is often the case the day was marred by the boisterous and quarrelsome conduct of a few parties.

The town had no saloons but enough liquor was always brought from neighboring villages to spoil the day.

Two of the town's citizens were discussing this unpleasant state of affairs when one of them said, "I tell you what I think. I believe the church people are partly to blame for our trouble here each year. The boys think it is a day for noise and if the elder people encourage them they usually supply more than enough confusion."

"True," replied the other, "and that suggests something I have been thinking. Why not get all the churches and Sunday schools to unite, go out to the woods and have a celebration fitting the day?"

That was the beginning. The result was that the Glensonsie Grove was secured as the place for holding the meeting.

It is an ideal spot. Several acres are covered with forest trees, their branches interlacing, but not thickly enough to prevent the blue grass making a dense growth below. To the south the land slopes rapidly for a short distance then gives place to a level meadow which terminates at a small creek.

From the south bank the land rises in high wooded bluffs shading the waters flowing over the rocks.

In the shade of a dense clump of oaks a platform and seats had been erected, and here the people came to spend the day.

Prayer was offered, and was followed by reading the Declaration of Independence. This document is worthy of a careful study, as in it claims of humanity are set forth convincingly.

One of the ministers spoke from Lev. 25: 10. The year of jubilee came once in fifty years to the Jews, but with us it should be an annual event.

At the close of his talk the company adjourned for dinner. You know what a dinner in the woods means. Of course the ants get into the butter and grasshoppers bathe in the milk. Bugs and spiders frighten the nervous young ladies and sometimes an outraged colony of yellow jackets claim a priority right to some shady nook, but what a fine appetite you always bring to these woodland feasts.

After dinner the boys played ball in the meadow while their elders watched them from the shade of the trees, the smaller children searched for the few remaining flowers, and the professor took the high school class to the creek to search the rock quarry for fossils.

I wish the INGLENOOK readers could have been there to have seen the display of fossils and heard his explanation of their occurrence.

At the ringing of a bell (to imitate the Liberty Bell) the people reassembled and for an hour were entertained by recitations by the children, the recitations being interspersed with a few original songs sung to well-known tunes.

Not a case of drunken or disorderly conduct occurred to mar the day, and the people went home feeling that the day had been well spent.

If you think the plan a good one give it a trial next year.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

BY THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW.

W. C. FRICK.

"I WOULD have such and such an improvement made if the cost of labor were not so high," is an expression one often hears. Man loves beautiful things. He loves a beautiful home, he loves to see his wife and his children dressed beautifully and he usually gratifies these desires if he can afford to do so and sometimes does gratify them when he can't afford so to do.

There are perhaps few cities of as great importance where conditions along various lines are so bad as they are in Chicago. Much of her street-car-service is most wretched, many of her steam railroads are as yet not elevated, hundreds of her streets are poorly paved if paved at all and in numerous other ways, both municipal and private, conditions are far from what they should be.

And as I passed by a force of men the other day whose business it was to be laying sidewalks, and saw some of them lounging about, smoking and laughing, some ambling toward the saloon for their beer and some perhaps now and then turning a shovelful of mortar or stone, I was made to think how much less it would cost the contractor (and consequently the owner of the adjacent property) or how much more improvements he could make with the same outlay of money if every man did a day's work in a day's time. "Make the work last as long as you can," is too often the motto of the man who works by the day. Evidently some people think if they complete a certain piece of work in one day there will be nothing to do next day. Just give the man who desires to make the improvement a chance and see if the above is true. Man is willing to spend his money to help support the

honest laborer but he rebels at the idea of supporting idlers. God's plan was that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. If some people were paid according to the amount of sweating they do, beggars would not be able to live, nor would some people who are not beggars.

At the worst, man's work is not very hard now-a-days, so why should he not give in return an equivalent for the compensation he receives. Maybe his failure to do this is one reason why wages are so low. Man should learn that he gains nothing by shirking the work alotted to him.

There are people who think that the introduction of labor-saving machinery is a detriment to the welfare of the laboring man. This is an erroneous idea. Possibly it was the means in a measure of reducing wages but it reduced the cost of living in more or less proportion at the same time.

Surely if everyone did his duty this earth would be a much more beautiful spot upon which to live, and God will never allow so many people to live in the world but that when all is carried on as he wills there will be work and plenty for each and all.

Chicago, Ill.

HIGH AND LOW IDEALS.

One of our readers inquires whether, in our judgment, a person who accumulates a great fortune and who though moral and law-abiding, is distinguished by nothing else than the possession of this wealth, can rightly be regarded as making a "success" of life.

Riches, if justly and honorably acquired, may become, in the hands of a man of true and upright heart, a blessing to many. If amassed by unrighteous means, however, they are a curse to their possessor. We have seen men in business who, by extraordinary diligence and enterprise, piled up huge fortunes, using methods which even the most critical would find it difficult to condemn. Such men, if destitute of high ideals of the spiritual quickening simply become mechanical accumulators—mere money-getting machines. Certainly, their lives cannot be regarded as successful from any reasonable view-point, if we are to accept the rule that wealth is a trust committed to us, to be applied to the noblest uses.

If we are to assume that money-making is not, after all, the main purpose of life, and that the happiness which wealth can buy is only a tawdry counterfeit of the genuine article, which has its foundation in the heart and not in the pocket-book, then the career of such a man as our correspondent describes, however faultless it may be in the estimation of the world, must still be classed as a failure. In sacrificing his energies and abilities to the desire for wealth, he dwarfs and degrades his own better nature, checks or stifles noble impulses, loses sight of the higher duty he owes to others, and fails to realize the opportunities that come to every man who is seeking to make the best use of his life.

Our educational methods have been largely to blame for the exaltation of the art of money-getting. In our schools, our colleges, and our other institutions of learning, it ought to be shown to our youth that the way to true success in life leads to something better, higher, and nobler than the selfish accumulation of riches at the expense or all the qualities which make the individual a benefit to his fellow-men. When our pulpits and our schools unite to win men and women away from the cultivation of mammon-worship, and when they inculcate high ideals, and those qualities and virtues that make manhood and womanhood pure, sweet and helpful to the world, as God meant they should be, and as Jesus taught, then the higher education on the plane of a common Christianity will have begun in earnest.—*Christian Herald.*

THIRTEEN THOUSAND MSS. A YEAR.

The publishers of *Everybody's,* in the July issue, contribute some interesting data regarding the question of what chance the unknown writer has with the magazines. They say:

"With about twenty items to a monthly table of contents, we use in a year only 240 contributions. And when we tell you that a stream of something like 13,000 manuscripts not directly solicited by us flowed into our office last year, you may think that all we needed was a dipper. But it isn't really so easy.

"These manuscripts are read by editors who know a good story or a good idea whether it bears the name of John Smith or Booth Tarkington, and who, above all else, are perpetually hopeful of making 'discoveries.' When they find something that they consider good, they pass it on to the rest, each editor voting. If the final decision is negative, the writer gets a courteous and interested letter, and an invitation to try again. This is one way to keep the stream flowing. If the manuscript is *almost* good enough, the editor becomes a volunteer prescribing physician, and suggests a way to make it right.

"Names alone do not count, and a good percent of our best contributors have been 'dipped' up when their names had no value. More than twenty per cent of the stories that we bought from May, 1906, to May, 1907, and thirty-three per cent of the poems, were by unknown authors. That doesn't agree with the picture of editors flipping the stories of obscure writers back into the mail-basket, does it? Yet, since we want the best material obtainable, we must seek out, too, the trained writers. But we seldom order a story, and never without the provision that it may be returned if not up to our standard."

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter X.—Sibyl Makes a Resolution.

THAT footstep caused Liz to turn about and a flush gleamed through the dirt upon either cheek as she confronted Mrs. Chester. Her eyes fell while she tried to apologize:

"She's the wust girl 'at ever drawed a breath 'an the deceitfulest. I wuz jist chastisin' her because she said as you wuz proud an' 'at you try to make her be stuck up like."

"Oh Liz! you know I never said that lie! Oh Mrs. Chester!" And Sibyl bounded forward like some angry animal and would have clutched the other's throat, but Mrs. Chester laid a hand upon her arm and said: "No, Sibyl, it is not kind in you to strike your sister."

Instantly she withdrew her arm and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh" she sobbed, "I'm wicked an' bad an' I know 'at I'm a sinner like everything, but Mrs. Chester! I never said 'at you wuz proud nor 'at you tried to make me be stuck up!"

"Well, dry up now," retorted Liz, "and don't make yourself 'pear wickeder thun ever; or Mrs. Chester 'll never forgive you, I doubt."

"Girls," said Mrs. Chester, and her voice trembled and tears stood in her eyes,—"there is One who looks deep down into our hearts and knows all our thoughts and hears all we say and sees all we do. When we do wicked things we must ask forgiveness of him, for it is he whom we offend. Let us kneel and pray to him."

They all knelt together while Mrs. Chester prayed: "Oh, God, I know that thou dost love these girls. Wilt thou, therefore, keep their lips from falsehood and their hearts from sin? Help them to love each other that they may sometime be with thee. Forgive us all and save us all for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Brief and simple as were the words, they were uttered not in vain. Both girls were weeping now and Mrs. Chester's tears were falling also. There was a solemn pause, and Sibyl was the first to speak.

"Oh, I wish as you knowed how terrible I want to be good. I can't pray as purty as you ken, but I often lay awake at night and ask God to keep me from gettin' mad an' help me to love people. I know as I em better nor I wuz at first, fer now I allus ask God to bless Liz an' everybody; only George Macdonald,—I never prayed fer him because he has made us all so miserbul. After you told me as we must pray for our worstest enemies I tried to pray fer him, but sumthin choked me an' I couldn't say the words."

"Do what you can, Sibyl, and God will do the rest. In the meantime," added Mrs. Chester, in a cheerful voice, "I wish to see your father. Is he at home?"

She had not observed the senseless form stretched at full length in a corner behind the stove. Sibyl directed her attention thither, saying:

"He has been layin' there since yesterday evenin'. He don't know nothin'. It's the drink," she added in a hoarse whisper, vainly wondering what Mrs. Chester's errand with her father might be. Mrs. Chester noted the inquiring look and said:

"I shall call again in a day or two. In the meantime, Sibyl, remember God and keep his commandments, one of the greatest of which is this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' That means Elizabeth, it means your worst enemy, it means even George Macdonald! For," added Mrs. Chester, smoothing the shaggy head and clasping the dirty hand still closer within her own, "'If a man sayeth he loveth God and yet hateth his brother, he is a liar,' and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone. Oh, Sybil, think how terrible that would be!" Saying this she departed. But through the open door and out into the street rang the burning cry: "I'll never do no wicked thing no more. Oh, Mrs Chester! I'll be good forever!"

Chapter XI.—The Dunker and the Drunkard.

ANOTHER day passed, and yet another ere Mrs. Chester sought that home again. John Deane had rallied from his drunken stupor and sat busily engaged at his trade,—cobbling. John Deane was not a lazy man and the time was when he honored his calling and when the products of his labor made him an independent man who prided himself in his strong arms and honest heart. It was in these glad days that he wooed sweet Bessie Gordon and made her his happy wife. But that was long ago and many changes had come since then. Perhaps he was thinking of all this now, for there was a yearning expression on his face and his eyes beamed kindlier than usual. Mrs. Chester thought as she noted how he dropped the awl and sat with folded hands, yearning,

perchance for something that should never come again.

He was sitting in a little patch of ground which answered the purpose of back yard and lay just outside the kitchen door. Mrs Chester now stood facing him. "Good morning Mr. Deane," she said.

The man started, then mechanically folded his arms again. He was not accustomed to hearing himself addressed as Mr. Deane. He was always called Old John by his familiar comrades, and those who were not so intimately acquainted with him usually spoke of him as "Deane, the Drunkard."

"Good morning, Mrs. Chester," he answered. Then quickly added, "Please don't move nor speak another word. I wuz jest a thinkin of days gone by, an' wen I saw you, sort o' suddent like, I thought it wuz Bessie's face come back again, your face is so bright an' youthful like, jest like hern wuz; not wen she went away," he continued sadly, "fur it wuz sorrowful an' old an' faded then; but wen we wuz first wedded an' wen both of us wuz happy."

Tears were actually in his eyes now. Such is the softening influence which even the remembrance of love does have. It were well for us if we reverted more frequently to our love even though it be but a charred coal, smouldering among the embers now. Had John Deane done this oftener, he might have been a better man.

"Yes, Mrs. Chester," he continued, "them wuz sunshiny days. Please don't move nor speak but let me look at you an' fancy as it is Bessie standin' there with me. We used ter have sich quiet talks an' loved each other so! But Mrs. Chester, I know I broke her heart. My God! I can't hardly bear it!"

Mrs. Chester tried to say some soothing word, but he interrupted her.

"Please don't speak, Mrs. Chester," he implored. "Suthin' makes me feel 'at Bessie's very near, an' if you speak or move I am afeared the speil will break."

The poor man unconsciously stretched forth his arm and muttered something in an inaudible whisper. Perhaps no one had ever dreamed that Deane, the Drunkard, was capable of so much love and so much suffering. No wonder Mrs. Chester strove in vain to keep the tears from falling. Who knows? the angels may have wept as well.

"Ay, Mrs. Chester," he continued after a long and solemn pause, "it wuz the drink what done it. I rekilect the fust time I went inside that door yonder,—that door what has the foamin' goblet on the yallow sign board. Macdonald pertended to be great friends to me, an' one day he purswaded me to take one glass. He would n't take no money fer it because it wuz fur friendship's sake, he said. That wuz the fust time, Mrs. Chester! I can't drive it out o' my mind how sad poor Bessie looked an' how she pled at me to never go in there no more. I kissed her purty cheek an' promised her 'at the saloon should never come twixt her an' me. I meant to keep my word, Mrs. Chester. But temptations cum upon me thick an' fast, an' wen the drink monster gits his iron grasp on you, you can't rise up no more nohow.

"What passed after this, Mrs. Chester, is too sad to relate on. It wuz from bad to worse on the downward road. I can't bear to think 'at the time come wen I laid hands on Bessie. I can't bear to think how her face faded an' faded away till the time come wen I saw it no more. My God! I wish as I had never saw the light o' day!"

"Nay," said Mrs. Chester, speaking for the first time and laying a gentle hand upon the withered forehead, "it is wrong to regret our existence. It is a hard doctrine which teaches us that the past is beyond our voice and reach. But even if that be true, believe me that with the deeds and struggles of the present, we are afforded the opportunity of building for ourselves a bridge which shall span the waste and bear us into that blessed and redeeming future where there shall be no past."

"Ah," murmured the bowed man as he clasped the hand and rained tears over it, "you are too young 'an' good to be grieved by the sins 'an' sorrows uv a wicked un like me,—you who life has never brung no sufferin' to."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Chester, "I have had some sorrow but much joy; more, I think, than I deserve. God has given me so many dear and precious gifts and I have returned so few to him. Although the nature of our weaknesses may assume different aspects, Mr. Deane, believe me, I am constantly in need of the diviner strength as well as you."

"God forever bless you fer sich words as them, Mrs. Chester! Since Bessie died, you are the fust one as ever spoke kind to me. I see it more clear now as how your face 'minded me o' hern to-day."

Mrs. Chester's words had indeed inspired hope and confidence in poor John Deane. A resolution to become a better man, rose up before him. It arose before him crowned with joys earthly and eternal. For one brief moment it tarried and then spread its wings for flight. But ere that resolution had flown away John Deane grasped it within his heart, although he said no word nor made no sign.

Then in a few cheerful words Mrs. Chester's errand was communicated and it was arranged that Sibyl should go to live at Shady Brook, as nurse for little Liby.

Just then a shadow flitted over the little patch of yard and George Macdonald passed. "The Dunker and the drunkard!" he muttered to himself: "a pretty contrast, I'll be blest!" He grinned a ghastly grin, but this was all he said as he hurried on to his place of business where he dealt in souls.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF "AMERICA."

More than one ambitious singer has tuned his harp in the hope of producing something that would take the place of "America" as our national hymn, and while it is admitted that "America" is not perfect as a musical composition its spirit is so fine and patriotic that it holds its own year in and year out in the affections of the people. It is doubtful if a more perfect poetical composition could displace "America" because of the manner in which it has sung its way into the hearts of the people. Like most hymns and songs that have had an enduring fame "America" was written by its author on the inspiration of the moment, and was not the result of any labored attempt to produce a great song.

It is now nearly one hundred years since Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," came into the world, for he was born in Boston on the twenty-first of October in the year 1808.

Twenty-four years later he was a student at the theological seminary in Andover, near Boston. He had in his boyhood been a student at the famous old Boston Latin School, which has its distinction of being the oldest school in America. After graduating from the preparatory school young Smith entered Harvard College, where he had for a classmate another young man who was destined to make his mark in the world of literature. This classmate was Oliver Wendell Holmes, who once referred to Smith in this way in one of his merry poems:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee.'"

It was on a dull February day in the year 1832 when Samuel F. Smith wrote "America," and the house in which he wrote it in Andover is still standing. It is a typical old New England house and was well along in years when Smith lived in it. He was a warm friend of Mr. Lowell Mason, one of the most conspicuous musical men of his day. Indeed, no other man did so much to advance the cause of music in our country. He was largely instrumental in having it introduced into our public schools.

Mr. Smith has said that when he wrote "America" it did not make much of an impression on him, but he sent it to Lowell Mason, who was much impressed by the fine and high spirit of patriotism in it and its poetic merit. Mr. Mason had the words set to music and it was sung for the first time in our country on the Fourth of July in the year 1832. The occasion was a Sunday School concert in the Park-street Church in Boston. The song met with immediate favor and was soon one of the most popular songs of the day.

Edward Everett Hale was a boy of ten years on that Fourth of July day when "America" was sung for the first time. He was playing on Boston Common near the Park-street Church and when he saw the people going into the church he left his playmates and wandered into the church to see what was "going on." Thus it was that he happened to hear "America" sung for the first time in public.

The author of "America" wrote a very large number of songs, some of them of real merit, but none that achieved the undying fame of "America," so that he will probably be known to posterity as the writer of a single famous song. But it was worth much to have written the national anthem of a country like ours, and to have the true spirit of patriotism that the young student had when he wrote:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

—*Epworth Herald.*

BIBLE READING IN SCHOOLS.

It is becoming clearly apparent to careful observers of things educational that the regular and systematic reading of the Bible in the public schools is falling into disfavor, or at least into disuse, among teachers. Time was when practically every school was opened with a reading from the Bible and the concert repetition of the Lord's Prayer. It would be difficult to obtain exact statistics, but the present writer is of the opinion that not more than half the schools now follow this time-honored and elevating custom.

This departure from an ancient land-mark is a pity and if allowed to continue will result in irreparable loss and damage to the country from two different standpoints. In the first place, the standard of our nation's morals is the Bible. This book underlies all law and is at the basis of all civic righteousness. The schools must train our future citizens in morality and patriotism if the nation is to endure. How can they do this if the greatest text book of morality and righteousness in the world be neglected? As Henry Van Dyke says, "Strange indeed is the theory of education that would exclude this book, which Huxley and Arnold called the most potent in the world for moral inspiration, from the modern schoolhouse." In the second place, the Bible is our supreme and unrivaled treasure house of pure English. No one can estimate the influence which the English Bible has exerted and is still exerting on English literature. So true is this that much of our greatest literature would not be understandable without a previous knowledge of this unique book. Great writers have modeled their style on it and have humbly acknowledged their indebtedness to its formative influence. Many such

writers could be mentioned, but it will suffice to name Carlyle, Ruskin and Abraham Lincoln.

Cardinal Newman, speaking of the unequaled beauty and marvelous English of the common version of the Bible, writes:

"It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten. . . . Its felicities often seem to be things rather than words. It is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes with it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man are hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled."

The great convention of the National Educational Association, in session July 11, 1902, at Minneapolis, Minn., unanimously adopted the following as part of their Declaration of Principles:

"It is apparent that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools. This is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the reading and study of the English Bible, as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed.

"We do not urge this in the interest of sectarian instruction of any kind, but that this great book may ever be the teacher's aid in the interpretation of history, of literature, law and life—an unrivaled agency in the development of true citizenship, as well as in the formation of pure literary style."

There are several reasons that may be given to account for the falling off of Bible reading by teachers to their pupils. One is the multiplicity of supplementary reading and story books of various kinds, from which may be furnished pabulum that is almost predigested. Another reason is hinted at above, the conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely. But perhaps the strongest influence deterring teachers, especially young ones, from making use of this source of inspiration and power, is the fear of offending patrons. They are afraid that they may unwittingly read something which could be construed as sectarian or dogmatic, and thus subject themselves to hostile criticism from thin-skinned patrons.

The Schoolman is pleased to note that there are signs and symptoms now appearing which point unerringly to a coming renaissance of Bible study. Most encouraging is the present output of books dealing with the Bible from the literary standpoint, and the present disposition to read it and enjoy it, not as a quarry of dogma and disputations material wherewith to beat out the brain of adversaries, but rather as a collection of great literature in its various forms.—*The Inter-State Schoolman.*

ASSOCIATION OF YOUNG AND OLD.

BETWEEN an older and a younger person there is chance for most satisfying friendship. An elder person really belongs to every well regulated collection of friends when you are young, and when you yourself are old you need at least one devoted young person.

"If the young knew, if the old could," runs the famous French saying. A friendship between old and young helps to equalize things. To the old come enthusiasm and renewed vigor; to the young comes the wisdom of experience.

You do not know what you are missing, young maid or mistress who lacks a white-haired friend. You do not know until you try how perfectly she can sympathize with you, how beautifully she understands you—understands you without the telling from you, and anticipates your thoughts and wishes; how delightfully she helps you to decide when it is difficult to decide, how she explains things that are hard to explain, and clears away the clouds from many dusky circumstances.

Tell her all you know, tell her all you hope for, tell her how you feel and what you dream and plan. Your secrets will be buried in a sepulcher and all your dreams will be clarified. And when you talk of less serious affairs she has years full of romantic experience to draw from for her anecdote and argument.

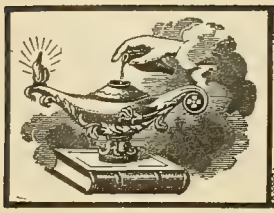
You meantime continually are refreshing her. It is a pleasure to contact your youthful spirit, your young unwisdom and hardihood, and to drink in its vitality and assist its development.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself much about was happiness enough to get his work done.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

NOTHING was ever reformed from outside. Reform, as Carlyle said, comes from the heart outwards, not from the mouth inwards.—*London Outlook.*

Do your own work well, whether it be for life or death; help other people at theirs, when you can, and seek to avenge no injury; be sure that you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.—*Ruskin.*

I HAVE not the time to waste in making money.—*Agassiz.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Jesus the Living Bread.

NELSON SHIRK.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven."

ALL mankind knows the need of temporal bread for physical sustenance. Jesus recognized it only the day before he uttered the words of the above text, when he fed the multitude with the five barley loaves and two fishes. It is a matter of every day. Bread sustains mortal life which in turn is consumed largely in providing for one's food.

When Jesus fed the multitude the people were impressed with him in a special way. He had touched them at an important point. He showed his power to supply a great want and they are now seeking him with increased earnestness. But Jesus came to earth for a purpose much higher than that of filling men's mouths. He came to supply our highest needs,—those of the soul. To do this he gave himself, his life, that we might be saved from our dead condition. And now, just as the body is nourished by bread, so the wants of the soul are supplied by Jesus himself. Thus closely is he related to our spiritual regeneration, that in explaining himself to the people, he could truly say that he was the living bread from heaven. Our peace, our freedom and our strength, come from him.

Although food promotes human life, our bodies eventually die and decay. Not so with the spiritual life which comes from Christ. That is continually renewed. None but Jesus and the Father have power over it. How much better then is it to labor for the meat "which abideth unto eternal life." At another place Christ tells us to seek first his kingdom and his righteousness and the temporal things shall be added unto us. Infinitely great is the opportunity to come to one who will supply our every need. To be in Christ means not only to have life but to have it abundantly. John 10: 10. For this purpose he came to earth. For it he died and now lives—our true Shepherd who knows each of us not only by name but also in individual needs. Shall we then go in want? Shall our spiritual existence be impoverished or shall we be hungry and dwarfed when our heavenly Father has a full supply in store for us? No, we need not and will not unless we so choose. If we are famished and weak, it is not because God is not able to make us strong. If we are vexed and weary, it is not because Jesus is not able to give us peace and rest. The reason lies with us. We are not fully abiding in him with his words abiding in us. Let our will for life be what the Lord's will is, then let us feed on him and great shall be our strength and joy.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

RICHARD SEIDEL.

PRAYER is the sincere breathing of the soul to God, and is not confined to language. It is the means through which the soul seeks the blessing and protection of God. What an example of faith in prayer taught by our Savior when surrounded by cruel enemies. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is the true spirit of prayer that leads us to approach the All-wise "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Until we can feel this perfect resignation to the will of God we have not learned how to pray.

It is a humiliating but a soul-exalting gift, a shield against temptation. Jesus often retired alone to the mountain, where no eye could see, no ear could hear, and poured forth the anguish of his soul unto God, for strength to drink the bitter cup.

One of the greatest hindrances to our spiritual growth is the lack of perfect honesty in our approaches to God. We draw near with our lips, when our hearts are far off. When we learn to be thoroughly honest in our prayers, realizing the mockery of mere lip service to him who searches the heart, we shall no longer complain that our prayers remain unanswered.

As a little child looks to a father for strength, and yearns for the tender embraces of a loving mother, so does the soul in need bow to God for strength to hold, wisdom to direct, and for that charity, love and care, which only the baptism of the Holy Spirit can impart. Through prayer we are enabled to find access to God. It fills the soul of the seeker after righteousness with a satisfaction no words can express. When we consider our dependence upon a supreme guidance, we pray earnestly and unceasingly to be preserved from all evil. The more spiritually enlightened the soul, the more prayerfully interested concerning the things of God. Prayer is indeed the Christian's armor, a never-failing source of strength and encouragement.

A DOUBLE REBUKE.

"Is she a Christian?" asked a celebrated missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party.

"Yes, I think she is," was the reply.

"Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't?"

The rebuke was felt, and the fault-finder instantly withdrew. Some days later, the same party was speaking to the missionary in a similar spirit about another person. The same question was put, "Is she a Christian?"

In a half-triumphant tone, as if the speaker were beyond the reach of gunshot this time, it was answered, "I doubt if she truly is."

"Oh, then," rejoined the missionary, "I think that you and I should feel such tender pity for her soul as to make any harsher feeling about her quite impossible."—*Family Treasury.*

BIBLE IN THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY LANGUAGES.

SOME people may try to persuade themselves that the Bible is not an extensively read book, but since a translation of it by Rev. F. H. Price into the language of the natives of Guam was accomplished, the book may be read in 360 different languages. Until the Guam translation was started the total was 359.

The language of the natives of Gaum is called Chamerre. It is one of the most difficult of the South Sea dialects, which always have proved difficult for the white man's tongue. By hard labor Rev. Price mastered the Guam tongue sufficiently to undertake the Bible translation, so that the pupils under him might read in their own language. Guam became a possession of the United States after the Spanish-American War, and is connected with this country by a cable line.

When it is taken into account that few persons can name fifty languages offhand, the fact that the Bible has been translated into 360 is evidence of the wide scope of missionary work.

It is estimated by members of the American Bible Society, which will publish Rev. Price's translation in Chamerre, that more than 1,000,000 copies of the Bible were printed and circulated during 1905. Since the invention of printing the Bible has been "the best-selling book," and last year the British Foreign Bible Society distributed 1,000,000 Bibles in China alone.—*Exchange.*

THE RELIGION OF JESUS—

MAKES people pay their debts.

It makes them stop living only for themselves, and begin to live for others.

It reveals to them God in their own hearts as a Father and a Savior.

It kills envy.

It stops fault finding.

It makes people charitable toward the faults of others.

It makes people happy where without it content would be impossible.

It brings prosperity to individuals and to nations.

It puts new songs in the mouth, and new joys in the heart.

It drives the devil out of the heart and out of the life, and gives the soul a foretaste of heaven.

It reconciles enemies, and makes people love mercy.

It gives power over sin, and makes the law of life the delight of the soul.

It brings gentleness and love into the home.

It takes people out of the mire, puts their feet upon a rock, and establishes their goings.

It puts a light in the grave, and brings heaven so near that its music can be heard.

It robs death of its sting, and takes away from the grave its victory.

It gives to the children of men a birthright in the kingdom of God.

It fills the heart with love for all men, and makes the hands and feet willing to work for their good.

Have you got it?

SPECIFIC PRAYER.

JUSTIN MARTYR says that the sophists of his time told men that it was useless to pray. There are sophists to-day who are ready to say as much, and those who have not learned to pray seize the idea with remarkable readiness.

The best defense of prayer is prayer. Experience is argument enough, and science cannot shake the faith of a man who has *seen* and *heard* and *proved.* No hypothesis can create a doubt in the heart that has been brought into contact with God by way of prayer.

Andrew Murray, in his remarkable book, "With Christ in the School of Prayer," has said, "It is one of the terrible marks of the diseased state of Christian life in these days that there are so many who rest content without the distinct experience of answer to prayer. They pray daily, they ask many things, and trust that some of them may be answered, but know little of direct, definite answer to prayer as the rule of daily life." Paul appealed to the church at Ephesus to pray always, and "watch thereunto." He knew the trial of faith and what it was to wait, and be denied, and then to pray and pray again until, through the storm, the sunlight came. He knew something of what it was to "watch thereunto," and the walls fell down wherever he set up a siege. To pray specifically and then to await the award—this was Paul's secret; it was Muller's secret, and it is the citadel of every strong life.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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AMERICAN LIBERTY.

AMERICA and liberty are two words which because of their long and close association would seem to be a part of each other. In fact, in the minds of most patriotic citizens of this country and in the minds of many citizens of foreign countries any consideration of either word alone is bound to show the influence of the other because of this association. To many of other lands with their consciences numbed from long perversion and their talents held in abeyance to tyrant rulers, A-m-e-r-i-c-a spells liberty and they know nothing of the meaning of the latter word in any other connection.

And what does this expression, "American liberty," mean? If we are to pay any attention to the many signs of unrest, dissatisfaction and even rebellion that are apparent on all sides, we must conclude that it must possess in some measure the nature of the apples of Sodom,—very pleasant and attractive to the eye at a distance but revealing the opposite qualities by contact. Whether this is really the case or not must be determined by a closer study of the question than that afforded by surface appearances.

And a closer study leads us to one of two conclusions. Either the institutions that once gave us the liberty for which our fathers bled and died have been perverted,—desecrated,—made so complicated that the sum of their working results in galling bondage and oppression; or our once lofty natures that clearly comprehended the unselfish and charitable elements of genuine liberty have given place to the lowest and most selfish in the carnal man. We still clamor for liberty and insist upon the unhindered use of that which it offers, but all the time it is license and not liberty that we desire. The reign of liberty demands self-control and regard for the rights of others. But self has been given full rein and its wants, looked upon as rights, have multiplied so that it is impossible to look beyond them. And whenever we experience any difficulty in giving them full sway we raise the cry of injustice and oppression.

To which condition must we lay the present unrest? Perhaps it is a combination of the two. Both can be traced to the innate selfishness of the individual, and it is here that we must begin our work of reform if there is to be any reform made. As long as the individual is not satisfied with the privileges and enjoyments that may be shared in the same measure by his neighbor, he may expect to live under the curse of oppression. The question resolves itself into an individual matter where each one must adjust himself in conformity to the principles underlying the foundations of our government, the principles handed down by the One who presides over the nations of the earth. When we shall have done this, dissatisfaction will give place to peaceful enjoyment and we will realize not only the cost of American liberty, but its beneficent elements of forbearance and mercy and its inspiring elements of equality and justice. Then we can enter into the spirit of our fathers whose stirring words and noble deeds have put within our grasp the greatest blessings vouchsafed to any people of the earth, and with our hearts, as with our voices, we can say with them, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

OUR present manner of celebrating the birthday of our nation presents a forceful illustration of the strange workings of fate (what a relief to load our responsibilities on that pitiless developer of causes!), by which we are bound to customs, the observance of which brings us hardly less sorrow and suffering than the condition which preceded our existence as a nation. The glorious Fourth has come to be the gory Fourth with no thoughts of an honorable cause to salve the wounds that are made. When the Declaration of Independence was still a doubtful issue the prophetic mind of the immortal Patrick Henry drew a word-picture of the celebration of its victory, familiar to every schoolboy. He spoke of the bonfires and illuminations, and our eyes and ears can testify that in that he was indeed a true prophet. He said also, "On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy." Here it would seem that he has overdrawn the picture,—has given us credit for nobler sentiments than we seem to possess. While there are doubtless many that are moved to tears by a contemplation of all that the Declaration of Independence has made possible in this glorious land, there are many more who have been bowed down in the agony of their grief over the results of the reckless, foolish turn this celebration has taken.

This reckless, barbarous-like spirit seems to crop out in almost everything we undertake to do in a "big way" these days, and it is cause for deep concern

which should show itself in some emphatic reforms. Just to prove that *we* in no way approve of the dangerous folly engaged in by many under the guise of observing the day, let us have nothing to do with that part of it. There are many things we can do in keeping with a patriotic observance of the day that will endanger the life and limb of no one, and will mark us at the same time as being at least several generations removed from barbarism. The glorious Fourth will be so in truth only as it perpetuates in its program that quality of the original event. To add to that glory, as the years go by, would only be a natural result of our boasted national progress.

BEGIN AT HOME.

MANY people are inclined to look upon the present disclosures of corruption as indicating a most deplorable condition of our morals, unequaled in any previous time. While it is true that we are shocked by the revelations that are made on all sides, their existence does not argue that we are on the down grade, —that the world is growing worse.

For two reasons we may take an optimistic view of matters as revealed by this condition. First the fact that the public is shocked by these crimes shows that it is more sensitive to wrong-doing and therefore lives by a higher ideal than in times past. Second, it is a characteristic of the present time, with the reign of the daily newspaper, that everything shall be published abroad, and so crimes that once flourished in secret are now held up to the public gaze.

But there is one thing that must be observed if this work of reform is to have the most salutary effect. In his work of reform the reformer should begin at home. He should see first that his efforts to expose any crooked work originate in an honest desire for better conditions, for a higher ideal, and he should be sure that his own life and his dealings with his fellow-men are in perfect harmony with that desire. Nothing will so surely destroy the good effects of a move for reform as the discovery that the would-be reformer has an ax to grind, and is himself as corrupt as the one he would bring to justice.

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." And not only can you see better, but you will convince the public that your motive is a pure one, and they will the more readily give their efforts to the cause. With all our admiration for the gift of eloquent speech and diplomatic skill, the simple virtue of being honest still holds a place second to none in its convincing power. It will win us allies when all other means fail.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Conference of the Brethren church for 1907 is a thing of the past. Many of us were not able to attend the meeting. We missed the inspiration and strength that comes from the association of those working in the same cause. The loss is one that in its way we cannot fully cover. But while we must do without the inspiration that comes from such a meeting, we need not do without that which may come from a perusal of its proceedings. And we ought to have some knowledge of these, too, for the sake of keeping in touch with that which concerns the church as a body. We may secure a full report of the meeting, gotten out in the usual form, at the usual rate of twenty-five cents. The work of publishing the report is completed and orders are promptly filled.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Thou art thy brother's keeper now;
The curse of Cain is on thy brow
If thou thy brother's life betray,
Or lead him into paths astray.
—John H. Nowlan.

IF the Christian people of every clime would awake, and train the children to sing, I believe the time would soon come when reform schools and State prisons would need no remodeling, no enlargement.—*Marguerite Bixler.*

GOD'S plan was that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. If some people were paid according to the amount of sweating they do, beggars would not be able to live, nor would some other people who are not beggars.—*W. C. Frick.*

WITH the deeds and struggles of the present we are afforded the opportunity of building for ourselves a bridge which shall span the waste and bear us into that blessed and redeeming future where there shall be no past.—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

IF we are famished and weak, it is not because God is not able to make us strong. If we are vexed and weary, it is not because Jesus is not able to give us peace and rest. The reason lies with us.—*Nelson Shirk.*

ONE of the greatest hindrances to our spiritual growth is the lack of perfect honesty in our approaches to God.—*Richard Seidel.*

"EVEN if it hadn't turned out so splendid," the Lesser Chum confided to his mother, jubilantly, "we were all glad we didn't make our fun out of anybody's stuff but our own."—*Hattie Preston Rider.*



Echoes from Everywhere

THE annual report of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania railroad shows the gross earnings for 1906 to be something over $46,000,000. The tonnage increased over fifteen per cent and the passengers carried over twelve per cent. It was voted to increase the age limit for persons entering the employ of the company from thirty-five to forty-five years. This action follows a similar step taken by the other companies of the Pennsylvania system.

TINOL is the substance used in a new method of soldering brought out by a German company at Bonn. The solder is in the form of paste and is more or less consistent according to the needs. A feature that recommends it lies in the fact that no acid is needed to clean the parts, as it contains the cleaning substance itself. The paste is spread upon the metal surfaces and these are heated with the iron or by a lamp or furnace. Tests show the mechanical and electric resistance to be in favor of the new method.

THE delivery of rural mail has been a good deal delayed by the fact that the carrier had to count the pieces distributed to his route before setting out on his work. It has now been ordered by the post-office department that carriers will not be required to count the number of pieces of mail delivered and collected by them after July 1 on routes where the records show that five thousand or more pieces of mail per month were handled during each of the three months included in the quarter ending June 30, 1907.

THE opponents of the introduction of the metric system, says the *Scientific American,* have asserted that its use would involve endless confusion in our mills, machine shops, and other industrial establishments in which the operatives have been accustomed all their lives to the English measurement. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, however, has proved that in this case, at least, "an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory," for they have recently completed twenty locomotives for a railroad in France, which were built entirely from the drawings made on the metric system. The locomotives not only came up fully to the requirements of the specifications, but the officers of the company were favorably impressed with the working of the system.

OKLAHOMA has elected T. P. Gore for her first United States senator. Mr. Gore is blind and has been since he was eleven years old, yet he has won his laurels in politics and law. His character is portrayed by the following incident: When told by his father that he must prepare to attend a school for the blind, he replied: "I will go to school here," and he did. He had his books read to him, and relied entirely on his memory, and took first honors in his class.

PROFESSOR FOREST RAY MOULTON, astronomer for the University of Chicago, in a lecture delivered to students recently on the "Earth's place in the Universe" declared that it was hopeless to believe that communication could be established with Mars. He doubted if the planet is inhabited, but said that if it was it was by a race of much higher intelligence than that of our own. He advanced the theory that Venus, whose surroundings are similar to that of the earth, is inhabited.

THE amateur photographer will have to go slow in Germany. By a law which is in force after July 1, the right of all persons to the exclusive reproduction of their own portraits, or those of their houses or belongings, is made absolute. The amateur, or professional photographer who snapshots some one or something without previously arming himself with permission from the owner is liable to heavy fines. Even when requested by a friend to take a photograph of a room with its contents, the danger is great, for the room may contain pictures and if these are recognizable in the photograph, the photographer is liable to prosecution by the artist.

FAMILIARITY with the popular automobile does not tend to decrease the number of fatalities occurring in the reckless use of them. On the contrary they seem to be on the increase. In Germany an accurate record of motor accidents and their causes is kept. For the six months ending last September the total number was 2,290, more than one-fourth of which caused injury to persons. The number of persons killed and wounded amounted to 1,570, injuries in fifty-one cases ending in death. Where the causes could be determined, it was found that about eighty per cent was due to carelessness of chauffeurs and most of the remainder to carelessness of persons on the street.

THE exports of canned beef from the United States declined from $5,298,289 in the nine months ending with March, 1906, to $1,251,284 in the corresponding months ending with March, 1907. In spite of the fact that the exports of canned beef have fallen off three-fourths in a year, the prices of beef, veal, mutton and pork are advancing, and therefore the great decline in the sale of packing-house products does not seem to be working any injury to farmers and stock raisers. By some this latter condition is thought to be due to the fact that stockraising is not so largely engaged in as in the past, and to the increase in consumers by immigration.

FOR some time the people of southern France who make their living by growing grapes which are converted into wine have found themselves in an unfair competition with the northern manufacturers who make their wine from other and cheaper ingredients. The southern grape growers asked for protection by the government and because it has not been given, their trouble has taken the turn of a rebellion and troops have been called to restore order. While the government has made some promises, they appear so vague to the wine-growers that they are not fully persuaded to give up, but will continue the movement in a quiet way until full satisfaction is attained.

SUFFICIENT heat can now be developed by electricity to enable the blacksmith to improve on the work of the old forge. Feats which were once difficult, if not impossible, are rendered comparatively easy. It is now claimed that by the new process lead can be welded to steel, iron to brass, iron to nickel, aluminum to gold, tin to zinc and to lead and to many other metals. Electricity is all the time being put to new uses, and one of the latest is for the heating of glue pots in a large book-bindery in Boston. The electric pots have proved a great advance over the steam-heated pots that were in use before. The embossing presses in the same plant are also heated by electricity.

IN some of the great European cities the cellars which are too dark and unhealthful for other purposes are used for growing mushrooms. In some instances the growers make use of the deserted galleries in quarries which have long since fallen into disuse. The mushroom is considered a great delicacy in many parts of the world and has an especially ready sale in Europe, so that every available space for its cultivation is utilized. In Edinburgh, Scotland, there is a single tunnel three thousand feet long running under the streets and buildings, and sheltering beds which bring forth five thousand pounds of excellent mushrooms every month. It is said that one thousand six hundred men burrow around under Paris making their living growing these fungi.

ARKANSAS has been interested lately in Xenophon O. Pindall, acting governor of the State and the youngest man who ever held that office. He went into office within an hour after he was sworn in. His predecessor forgot to transmit the bills which he had approved to the secretary of state. Mr. Pindall opposed one of these and vetoed the measure. This is probably the first time that a man ever has gone into a governor's office and vetoed a bill which had been signed by his predecessor.

A NUMBER of other schools throughout the country have been trying the experiment made in Springfield, Mass., a year or two ago. At that time a set of school examination papers of the year 1846 were discovered. These were submitted to local school children in order to compare their ability with that of their forefathers of 60 years ago. It was found that the Springfield children of the present handled the questions better than did those of 1846. The experiment was tried on some children in Nashville, Tenn., recently, with the same result. The Nashville children were younger, too, than the ones in Massachusetts to whom the questions were originally given in 1846. The Springfield *Republican* remarks that "this comparison naturally attracts widespread attention. It is both an advertisement of the alert intelligence with which our local schools are conducted, and, so far, a reassuring answer to those who cavil at the methods of modern education."

ONE of the serious problems that the railroads have to solve is keeping down the weeds alongside the tracks. The Union Pacific has built a gasoline weed-burner which is doing the work very successfully at a moderate cost. The gasoline weed-burner is in reality an automobile mounted on railroad car wheels and equipped with the weed-burning apparatus. The car carries the fuel for the burners, as well as for its own power, and its operation is so simple that it is a comparatively easy job for one man to handle the machine. In fact, in nice weather, a trip through the country on the weed-burner is a very pleasant ride. Attached to the car are a number of tanks carrying the supply of gasoline sufficient for the day's run on the road. This gasoline is forced into a system of burners carried on the back of the car, making a very hot flame close to the ground, and extending out several feet on either side. This kills the weeds. The machine is capable of burning from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, running about three to four miles an hour. Three men compose the "crew" of the car, which is handled on the road under orders as a regular train. Where weeds are cut by hand it requires approximately sixteen men to cut one mile of track a day, hence the machine does the work of about three hundred men.



The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

VII.—Fun.

THERE was a large vacant lot next the Ludfords', which the Lesser Chum and his companions had used for a playground from time immemorial. It was too small for a baseball diamond;—in fact, to the great grief of the boys, there was not a spot within a mile suitable for that delightful sport except a small park in the next block, which, also, might as well have been situated in Timbuctoo, since its obdurate head commissioner stubbornly refused to allow its use as such. All vacation the boys eyed its velvety turf askance, and growled about "that contrary old Sam Burns!" But it availed them nothing, and they were obliged to content themselves with smaller fields of operation, like the one next the Ludfords'.

A new neighbor had moved into the house on the other side of it, a thin, bent little old lady with a bird-like voice and sharp black eyes. She made no friendly advances, but once or twice the Lesser Chum caught her watching a game of hop-scotch or holly through her slanted shutters. So, when according to their time-honored custom they began their patriotic preparations there on the evening of July third, he was somewhat surprised to see the black-eyed old lady bustle down her back steps and approach the group.

"What be you boys thinking of doing there?" she demanded, suspiciously.

"We're just getting ready for the Fourth," Bert Lester explained.

The little old lady's eyes snapped.

"You don't mean that you're laying to fire firecrackers and things right here under my nose?" she demanded.

The boys stared. Harry Moss got up from the sand fort he was building, whence a thousand squib cannon, more or less, should belch thunder on the morrow.

"We always bring our Fourth of July things here, and have 'em together," he said. "It's safe from setting fire, you see."

"Safe!" snorted the little old lady. "*Safe?* And my house right here to catch every spark?"

"It doesn't ever get a-fire, Mrs. Daly," the Lesser Chum reassured her.

"No more it won't, by my letting any boys shoot them ornery racket-makers so close to't!" she rejoined, with asperity. "Now you just take every one of your fixings straight off that lot, and don't you let me catch you bringing anything of the kind there, unless you want the police called!"

The boys stood aghast, as she turned and whisked nimbly back up the steps.

"How long has she been running this whole town, I wonder?" Harry asked, resentfully.

"'Tain't *her* lot!" the Lesser Chum growled. "Come on; let's ask mother;" and a committee of the whole was presently in session on the Ludford steps.

"No!" said the Greater Chum, herself staggered by the calamity, for the moment; "she has not the tiniest bit of right to order you off, so long as you were not molesting her, and the city officials have given permission to use fire-works. We are safe and snug inside the law, but that isn't really and truly the question. If we are going to have a good time, we don't want to spoil any one's else, do we?"

Wry faces and groans were a discouraging answer.

"There are six strong, healthy brains on this porch," went on the arbitrator. "If they can't think out some way to fix this right for all parties, they don't deserve to have a Fourth of July for two years!"

"There's our other side lawn," her son suggested, doubtfully. He knew his mother loved a well-kept turf. The other boys looked up in renewed hope.

"We couldn't have sand forts," Bert objected.

The Greater Chum was frowning with the earnestness of her mental effort.

"How about an older play?" she asked. "I think it will be a fine night. Would you like to put up Allan's tent and have a regular sentry, like soldiers do? You could take turns, the ones off duty sleeping in the tent. There's room in the back garden for a little camp-fire, and you can cook your supper and breakfast there. I should like to have you send off a salute of

six fire-crackers every hour, for a signal that you are getting along all right."

The Lesser Chum leaped to the ground with a whoop, and the other four joined him in a war-dance at the foot of the steps. Then they set eagerly to work.

Only eight other boys wanted to share the fun; but the ten proved inelastic beyond the accommodation of six at a time, not counting the sentry on duty. The Greater Chum sent the remainder away with the promise that they should bring over their "stuff" at daylight. So the Lesser Chum and his small compatriots laid rugs and blankets, and stored ammunition and provisions. They hung a lantern to the ridge-pole, for an emergency, and Bert brought over a couple of Chinese Joss-sticks, which he lit at dark and fastened in the tent, their sweet, pungent incense to drive away mosquitoes. At the rear they stacked every toy gun that could be mustered, in true military fashion. If the soldiers' rations from the camp-fire supper were cooked "to average" between burnt and raw, they were still delicious to patriotic palates.

A salute of six "whistling bombs" was fired at sunset, and six crackers every hour thereafter, for the Greater Chum's benefit; and in the velvety dark, punctuated, now and then, by a far-away "bang," more than one of the little lads, as he paced his sentry's beat, felt something swelling within him akin to the old, self-devoted spirit of those heroes who made the time for him a joyful holiday. It was a red-letter night, and a red-letter day following.

On the morning of the fifth, when the Lesser Chum came down to a late breakfast, he found Mrs. Daly chatting with his mother in the dining-room. He was in fairly good repair, considering the occasion, one eye being swollen not more than half shut, and only two fingers in bandages. Remembering the little old lady's late hostilities, he was rather inclined to curtail his greeting; but his mother gave him no chance.

"Mrs. Daly came to call on you before you were awake, Allan.—He got through the ordeal very well; don't you think so, Mrs. Daly?"

"As I hope he always will," the old lady answered. She stopped short with a queer choking sound in her throat. "I've come over to apologize to you, laddie," she said; and somehow the Lesser Chum understood that the harshness in her voice was to cover up what it hurt her to say. "I truly am afraid o' fire; but I'm a hundred times more so of Fourth of Julys. Fifteen years ago yesterday the only boy I ever had was killed by a cannon blowing up, in a big celebration."

The Lesser Chum laid down the napkin he had been unfolding, and stared at her, his one available eye full of softened awe. His mother leaned over, and covered the wrinkled hand nearest her with a warm, sympathetic one; but the little old lady slipped hers from beneath, and drew it away.

"Don't pity me!" she said, brusquely. "I can't stand it, even after so long." She turned to the Lesser Chum with a birdlike movement. "It ruther surprised me, your not getting saucy or anything, night before last. I haven't ever lived alongside of children like you and them others, before.—Well, I must be going."

She got up and crossed the dining-room in her quick, nimble way, pausing with her hand on the doorknob.

"Is it true what I hear, that you boys have always wanted a piece of that Cedar avenue park for a base-ball ground?" she asked the Lesser Chum, abruptly.

"Yes'm," he answered, in a puzzled tone, "but Mr. Burns don't want the grass spoiled."

The little old lady sniffed.

"*Don't* he, indeed!" she inquired, satirically. "Sammy Burns is my nephew, and lived with me till he was grown up. Many's the sound spanking I've given him, for his contrary ways." She shot a glance of comical determination over her shoulder. "I guess I'll go down and remind him of 'em, after dinner."

Next morning the Lesser Chum and his amazed play-fellows saw two workmen measuring off a fair portion of the coveted territory, which they directly proceeded to lay out into a regulation diamond. In a week everything was in shape, and baseball going finely. The boys waited on the little old lady in a body, and tendered her their heartfelt thanks for her intervention.

"Even if it hadn't turned out so splendid," the Lesser Chum confided to his mother, jubilantly, "we were all glad we didn't make our fun out of anybody's stuff but our own!"

THE AMERICAN HOME.

FORTIFY the American home. It is the father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world. Home is the golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "Mother," a true, dear, faithful wife and mother. It is the place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great, where souls relax and life ebbs easily. Home is the center of our affections around which our heart's best wishes twine; the only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity; the place men are treated best and grumble most; a world of strife shut out and a world of love shut in; the jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness. "May God bless and protect every home" should be the silent prayer of every teacher, parent and citizen. Let the homes and schools be greatly improved, then will civilization receive its greatest impulse toward progress.—*Selected.*

THE first step toward curing a crooked world will be to straighten your own glasses.—*Technical World.*

RECIPE FOR SOUTHERN BATTER BREAD.

Batter bread, as Southern people make it, is very soft, and is meant to be served with a spoon. It is one of the simplest forms of corn bread. It should be borne in mind that Southern people never use wheat-flour in combination with corn-meal. Corn bread with them means bread made entirely of corn-meal, and the meal used for this purpose is invariably fine and sweet; it is ground by the old water-mill process, which means that the entire grain of corn is used, including the kernel. It is the kernel which gives the sweet flavor to corn-meal; this is not obtained in meal ground by the patent roller-process, as the kernel is eliminated.

Following is the recipe, which makes a pan of bread sufficient for four or six persons, according to how liberally it may be served: one cup of corn-meal, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, and three cups of milk.

To the cup of corn-meal add the baking-powder and salt, mixing them well through the meal. Break and stir the eggs into the meal *without* beating them; then add the milk slowly at first, until the meal is thoroughly wet and free from lumps; add the remainder of the milk; stir quickly once or twice, and put into a hot oven and bake just twenty minutes. This mixture should be stirred as little as possible, in order that it may be very light. It should be of the consistency of cream when put into the oven, and should be baked in a deep pan, as it will rise to more than twice its original height. Served hot with butter, it will literally melt in the mouth.—*The Circle.*

THE DAILY BATH.

Nowhere is a bath room more needed than on the farm, or in the home of the man who does manual labor, yet nowhere is it more seldom to be found. When men and boys work out in the hot sunshine all day, with perspiration oozing from every pore, they become covered with a coating of dust from without, and effete matter from within, and in order to insure health and comfort, this coating should be removed before one lies down to sleep. If no room can be spared for this purpose, there should be provisions made outside the house, and this can be in the form of a small shed, leanto, or even a tent made of common muslin. But it would be much more satisfactory to have a small building, or shed, where tub, towels, soap and brushes could be kept, and where plenty of water could be stored in a barrel, or small cistern, with an old stove, or other means of heating the necessary amount of water, so that every member of the family could indulge in cleanliness. Such provisions will pay, not only in comfort of the moment, but in improved health. When the men or boys come in from their work, by the time the chores are attended to and the supper eaten, the temptation is very great to at once lie down, or go to bed, and if the bath things are not convenient, they will hardly take the trouble to get them together, heat the water and then take the "wash off." But the sense of refreshment that follows the bath will remove much of the exhaustion, and it should by no means be neglected. One mother used, when her sons were at home growing up, to have the fresh clothes laid out, and the boilerful of water on the stove, and before the supper was eaten, the bodies were washed and the clean clothes put on. The rank smell of the day's perspiration did not offend at the table, and every one felt better. The clothing that was removed was thrown into a tub of water, and left until the next morning, when a few turns at the washing machine made them ready for the tub in which they were scalded, and it was but little work to put them on the line, clean and ready for the evening again. I do not think this added much, if any, to the regular wash-work, for by this means the tablecloth, towels, and bed furnishings kept much cleaner, and much hard rubbing was saved. Ironing? I do not think she ironed the work-shirts; would you have done so? If the boys and girls are to be kept on the farm, they must have the conveniences and comforts, as far as it is possible, that tend to make country life attractive, and for reasons of health, the bath is as necessary as the breakfast. Fuel is not very costly on most farms, and, anyway, the improved health and self-respect of the man and boy who will keep themselves clean will by far outweigh all costs.—*The Commoner.*

SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Add half a cup of milk to water in which old potatoes are to be cooked. The potatoes will be dry and of a nice flavor.

Place lemons on a shelf with a jelly glass over each one. In this way they will keep fresh for a great while.

After washing and drying a comforter, roll it up tightly and beat with a rolling pin or a rug beater, or a tennis racket. It will make it soft and fluffy.

Cream that is too thin to whip can be made to do so nicely by adding the unbeaten white of an egg before beginning to whip. It will become stiff as the richest kind of cream.

Wash lettuce in warm water. The little green bugs will immediately fall off, while cold water makes them cling closer. Dip the lettue leaf by leaf, then plunge into cold water. It will not wilt unless you soak it. This applies to all greens. Spinach and kale easily are done in this way, and all grit is removed.

THE best lemonade is made from lemon syrup. Into the juice of twelve lemons grate the rind of six. Let stand over night. Make a thick syrup of six pounds of white sugar and when cold strain the juice into it. A tablespoonful added to a glass of water makes a delightful drink. A smaller quantity may be made by using half of recipe.

WHEN preserving time comes around rub the bottom of your preserving kettle with two or three drops of olive oil, and the contents will not stick. Catsups and fruit butters that require long cooking can thus be cooked without danger of burning.

PEOPLE find that, though they put plenty of sugar into a fruit pie it is not sweet when baked. The ordinary cane sugar is converted into grape sugar when heated with any acid, and that sugar has only about one-third the sweetening power of cane sugar. But if a little baking powder is added, to the fruit, so as to neutralize the acid, the sugar will retain its sweetness in the cooking.

AN excellent substitute for ice is to take a large, flat bottom bowl of earthenware or granite ware; half fill with cold water; in this set your vessels of milk and sauces; cover with napkins, with their covers dipping down in the water; set the whole thing in a draft if possible. The evaporation keeps everything cool and sweet. Turn a saucer upside down in the water, and set your butter on that, then turn a common flower pot over the butter. It is well to change the water in the middle of the day.

For the Children

THE NAUGHTY BLUEJAY.

"I DO wish I was pretty, like Cousin Eleanore," Dora Bell said wistfully, as she looked at her own plain little face in the mirror.

"My little girl must remember that 'Handsome is as handsome does,' though," Dora's mother answered, smilingly, as she carefully brushed the brick-red curls.

"Yes, but I'd like to be 'handsome is' and 'handsome does' both," Dora said, very decidedly.

Mrs. Bell tenderly kissed the little upturned face.

"But if you want to choose, dear," she asked, "would you rather be good or be pretty?"

Dora was silent. She was thinking very hard.

"Don't answer me now. Tell me to-morrow morning," her mother said.

She finished dressing the little girl for school, and then she told her a nice surprise.

"Grandpa's downstairs, and he's going to walk to school with you this morning."

"Oh, oh!" cried Dora, delightedly.

A few minutes later her grandfather and she started merrily down the street.

It was nearly half a mile to the schoolhouse, and before they had gone a quarter of the distance something happened which Dora will never forget as long as she lives.

They were passing a high brick building, when they suddenly saw a beautiful bird perched upon the branch of a mapletree ahead of them.

"Oh, Dora! look at the pretty bluejay," grandpa said, quietly.

It was a bird not quite so large as a dove, perhaps, but very handsome.

Dora, who dearly loved beauty in all its forms, feasted her eyes upon it. Its feathers were an exquisite shade of blue, just the shade Dora liked, and, oh, what a dear little crest adorned its head! Suddenly the bird flew restlessly to another tree, and then to another, and back again.

"The noise is alarming those sparrows," grandpa said, softly, as he pointed upward. "Look! Look!"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth the thing was happening. The bluejay had discovered the sparrows' nests on the window cornices of the high building. Quick as lightning it flew up to them and began tearing them down. The father and mother sparrows were crazy with grief and fear. They chattered and scolded and pleaded; but the bluejay was relentlessly cruel. It tore down nests, destroyed eggs, tumbled out unfeathered birdlings to the pavement, and killed right and left without mercy. When it had done all the harm it could do there, it flew off in search of other mischief.

"The bluejay is one of the most cruel birds we have," grandpa said, as he and Dora resumed their walk. "He has no friends among birds. He has one useful trait. Like nearly all birds, he does destroy many injurious insects. He is a great coward, fights only with weaker birds than himself, and runs even from his equals. He spends nearly his whole time looking for the nests of birds smaller than himself. When he has found them he does just what you saw him do this morning. Whenever you notice a bluejay make his appearance in the neighborhood, you will presently hear all the other birds cry and scream with fright."

"What a hateful thing!" Dora exclaimed, indignantly.

"He's very beautiful," grandpa said, admiringly, as the bluejay flew in front of them again.

"I think I'd rather be good than beautiful, though," the little girl replied softly under her breath.—*Southern Churchman.*



THE RURAL LIFE

HE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the homespun suit he wears.
Best suited to the sons of toil—
What though on coarsest food he fares,
And tends the loom, or tills the soil—
What though no gold-leaf gilds the tongue,
Devoted to congenial chat—
If right prevails, and not the wrong,
The man is not the worse for that.

What though within his humble cot
No costly ornament is seen—
What though his wife possesses not
Her satin gowns of black and green—
What though the merry household band
Half naked fly to ball and bat—
If Conscience guides the heart and hand,
The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress—
Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!
Though pride may spurn the toiling crowd,
The faded garb, the napless hat,
Yet God and Nature cry aloud —
The man is none the worse for that.

—Scrap Book.

THOUGHTS ON STACKING AND THRESHING GRAIN.

D. Z. ANGLE.

In the community of small farms where wide diversity of crops is practiced as is the case here in Southern Illinois, stacking before threshing grain is preferable to threshing from shocks. By this means the farmer can do a large amount of his own work, without hiring so much help. Then when threshing is in progress rain will not cause so much delay as when time must be given for shocks to dry off. Shock threshing also requires many more teams; among them maybe some scary colts which require extra care and watchfulness detaining work around the machine. Only a team or two is necessary to use, sometimes none needed in threshing stacks, if grain is emptied in bins close to machine.

Where crops are extensive and especially in dry seasons it probably pays best to thresh direct from shock which means handling grain about once instead of twice. But in wet weather or a rainy season, there is better chance for each farmer to stack his grain between showers and get it under cover than for men of a whole neighborhood all combined threshing one job in field, all to be stopped for hours or days by rain. Thus threshing can go on more rapidly from stacks than when scattered over fields, and so much more time is required for it to become fit to haul and thresh. The shocks present a wider surface or area to the rain and do not shed the water and protect the grain so well from the rain as properly built stacks.

We usually put three to six loads of grain in stacks. But size of stack depends somewhat upon size of crop. Small stacks are more easily built, especially easier on pitcher, but large ones shield better and protect more grain, and may save time in building, because requiring but one topping out, for possibly double the amount of grain the small stack may contain.

The foundation of a stack should be placed on level ground, but if on sloping ground, we build up the lower end or side with extra layers of sheaves until it is as high or a little higher than the other side, keeping middle of stack up level if below bulge, slightly oval above bulge, and regularly laid and bound with sheaves same as outside layer. We usually bulge stacks from the ground five to seven feet up and outward at an angle of eighty to ninety degrees. Under this bulge the long end of sheaves of each outside layer are turned upward in laying. Above bulge as high as desired turn sheaves of outside layers so they will shed water and draw in gradually. In a stack of five loads we usually put two loads under the bulge. The stack should be topped when it is drawn in to a width of three or four feet, depending some on length of sheaves.

In topping begin at end farthest from where machine is to set, lay two or three sheaves down lengthways of stack so as to form a sharp ridge or cone. Now shock on each side of these sheaves two rows of straight sheaves with their heads meeting over ridge, their lower ends extending to outer edges of stack. These sheaves should be placed firmly together and over them lay two or three layers or rows of cap sheaves. Continue this operation of laying down straight sheaves in middle and parallel with stack, followed by shocking of straight sheaves and caps until top is completed and rendered sufficiently oval or roof-like to turn off the rain.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

THE OWNER OF THE SOIL.

THE following is the opinion of Edward Everett Hale, the cultivated and scholarly American clergyman, professor, lecturer, diplomat and statesman. Anyone who owns a farm or loves the soil will appreciate his words:

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that, by the law of the land in which he lives, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is *his*—his from the center to the sky! It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath-bell, which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents lay down to rest, and where, when *his* time has come, he shall be laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the very life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*The Pathfinder.*

"GREATER NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW."

Oct. 10-19, 1907.

THE decision of the executive committee in locating the next meeting of the National Dairy Show at the Union Stock Yards in the great exposition building, was an official act of the greatest importance and shows conclusively the sagacity and good judgment of the men on whom was placed the responsibility of directing the affairs of the National Dairy Show Association.

This decision meant much to the dairy interests of the country and will be regarded as a cause for congratulation on the part of everybody who is in any way interested in this great industry and its farther development.

This place is ideal for many reasons. The size of the building, its exhibit space, its seating capacity, its arena for cattle judging, its large assembly hall, its many committee and lecture rooms, its comfortable and convenient cattle stalls, its convenience to feed for stock, its side-track facilities for shipping and unloading live stock and merchandise right at the show, the splendid hotel accommodations within a block of the building and its accessibility to and from all parts of the city through the most complete transportation advantages, all combine to make the place an attractive one and will be a strong and prominent factor in the success of the second national dairy show.

The building is 600x310 feet, there will be 30,000 square feet (exclusive of aisles) substantially prepared and arranged for exhibits of all kinds of modern appliances and improved machinery used in the dairy, on the farm, in the creamery, in milk plants and ice cream factories, as well as such as are used as adjuncts or in close relationship to dairying.

Among the many interesting exhibits, there will be working dairies, sanitary milk plants and educational exhibits made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the National Association of Dairy Instructors and Investigators.

The location of this building is 43rd and Halstead Sts., and the facilities for reaching it are probably not exceeded by any other point in the city of Chicago. All car lines that do not go direct there, make connections with some car line that does and a transfer can be obtained, making the cost of getting to the exposition building from anywhere, within the city limits of Chicago by street car, five cents. In addition to this, there is elegant steam car service from the La Salle St. station. It is assured that the elevated railroad will be running within a block of the building by the time the show opens.

The National Corn Exposition will be held at the same time and will co-operate with the National Dairy Show Association to secure special low rates on all railroads and the two shows combined will bring more agriculturists to the city than have ever been congregated there at any one time. Every corn grower is interested in dairying and every dairy farmer should learn more about growing corn.

Information desired may be had by addressing E. Sudendorf, Secretary, National Dairy Show Association, No. 154 Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois.

AMERICAN FARMERS ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES.

THE part which the American settler has played in the discovery of Western Canada as the land of opportunities is a frequent subject of discussion in the press both of the United States and Canada. Certain writers for United States publications with a weakness for picturesque effects have represented the "American invasion" as the sole cause of the transformation. This is, of course, an exaggeration, pardonable under the circumstances. The current of

American immigration has been a potent factor in the West's development, but it has been induced, encouraged, directed, and utilized by Canadian governmental and railway agencies for the furtherance of great plans. It has given Canada over a quarter of a million of settlers with the highest average of efficiency. They, almost without exception, have sufficient capital to make a good start, a most important consideration in a new country where money is scarce and dear. Akin to the Canadians in race, language, political and social customs, they become a part of the community just as naturally as one stream flows into another at the same level.

These settlers have also brought with them fifty years' experience in prairie farming, and by their example have enormously affected agricultural methods. Large districts which had been tabooed by the Canadian settlers have become prosperous and populous because the American newcomer showed himself competent to raise immense harvests upon land erroneously regarded by the first settlers as semi-arid. The greatest business which has been accomplished in the West was the purchase five years ago of hundreds of thousands of acres of land of this character by an American land syndicate from a Canadian railway and the Dominion Government at from $1.00 to $1.50 an acre. This land ran for one hundred miles on both sides of a railway, yet after nearly twenty years it remained a wilderness. Free homesteads within this belt offered by the government met with no takers. This district is now one of the best-settled parts of Saskatchewan, and land is held at high prices. This syndicate of American speculators found their knowledge of western land a highly remunerative asset.—*From "Western Canada: Its Resources and Possibilities," by John W. Dafoe, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June.*

GROWING SWEET HERBS FOR PROFIT.

It was the thrifty sage plants in my garden that first made me decide to grow herbs for profit, and it was with sage that I made my first success.

Every fall and winter when the farmers about, killed their pigs, the wives came to me for sage to season sausage. None of them seemed able to grow sage, although I had often given them plants from the long row in my garden.

They thought me very stingy when I hinted that the stores would pay twenty cents a pound for the dried leaves, but I sold one year's entire cutting to the stores and they had to buy it there at about double the price they were willing to pay me for it.

The mistake most women make in growing herbs is in planting them along walks and fences, where they cannot be cultivated, and in never sowing or striking fresh cuttings to renew the rows. They are apt, too, if they are very anxious to succeed, to make the soil too rich.

My sage is grown in rows along the center of my garden in full sun, where I can have it plowed and hoed when the vegetables are cultivated. It forms by the second and third years great bushes two and three feet high. The third year I sow a fresh lot of seed and divide some of the old plants to form new rows. When these are large enough to clip I pull up the old plants and throw them away.

I cut my sage twice in a season only; once in spring, when the young shoots are about three inches long, and again in September just before frost. The leaves are dried carefully in the shade and then packed in pound and half-pound boxes.

Most of the other herbs can be grown just as sage is. A few of them, like peppermint, love moist, sunny places, and these I have growing around a meadow spring.

But in my sunny, hilltop garden grow rosemary, thyme, southernwood, wormwood, hoarhound, balm, lavender, sweet basil, tarragon, spearmint, English pennyroyal, tansy and other less important herbs. Nearly all of them can be cut twice and sometimes three times a year. Next to sage, lavender is most profitable, then the mint, tarragon and tansy. The lavender I put up in fancy ways for sachets. It is harder to grow than some other herbs until well established.

Most herbs and aromatics draw their nurture directly from clay, sand and chalk. Rich vegetable soils do not seem to suit them as well as fields where little else will grow. In deep, fertile earth the plants grow large and leafy but yield far less volatile oil and are not so fragrant or strong in flavor. A dressing of sand, sifted coal ashes, or spent lime is good for herb beds.

Sage and other herb plants should be set in showery spring weather, in rows fifteen inches apart, thinning them, as they grow to stand about a foot apart.

Herb beds can easily be grown from cuttings before hot, dry weather comes on, if watered and shaded well until the cuttings root.

Pinch out the buds of shorts for straggling growers, to make full, shapely, leafy plants. To have good plants year after year cut out the tender top and side shoots, and cut just before flowering for kitchen use and about ten o'clock when the leaves are dry and full of aroma. Dry the leaves in the shade and keep them in paper bags or close tin boxes. Dealers prepare herbs by grinding them to a powder, saving by this method every fragment usable. For her own use, the housewife will find it better to keep the leaves uncrushed, as they lose strength when powdered.—*Hannah Talcott, in Vick's Magazine.*

STUPID CELEBRATION.

Is it wise to train the small boy to take selfish delight which inflicts needless and cruel discomfort upon others? Is it wise to encourage him in the invasion of others' rights—and this on Independence Day, the day of all days in the year sacred to the principle of equality of individual rights under the law?

The stupidity of a celebration consisting of mere noise is becoming clearer year by year. The pistol and the cannon have been outlawed. Next year, perhaps, the vulgar explosive cane will go, and then the loud and dangerous firecracker. Unnecessary noise in a great city is brutality—even on the Fourth.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.*

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—*John Ruskin.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

WATER MILLION TIME, COME ON!

Roses has all faded like a dream,
Sunflowahs is liftin' foh to bloom;
Grain crops gathered an' de hay is down,
Fireflies a-twinklin' in de gloom.
Cawn all tasseled an' de crabgrass grown.
Mornin' glories bloomin' in de cawn;
Something is a-missin' f'om de summer scene—
Water million time, come on!

Doan yuh be bashful now. What yuh waitin' foh?
Why you a-tarryin' jes' behin' de hill?
Come on, an' greet you' frien's waitin' in de shade,
Come, we're a-grievin' with longin' fit to kill.
Roastin' ears a-goin' to get here almost any day,
Garden sass is faded now and gone.
I's a-peerin' an' gazin' down the dusty road;
Water million time, come on!

—Selected.

USUAL CASE.

"Hello, Blinks! You're looking awfully run down, old man. You really ought to take a vacation."

"Huh! I'm just getting back from it. That's what's the matter with me."

BRIGHT HOPES.

"Our baby is goin' to be one o' them big financiers," remarked Mrs. Simplissimus.

"What makes you think so?" asked the proud father.

"He's got an ache caused by swallowing the string that I tied to his rattle, and if that ain't a case of undigested securities I don't know nothin' about this financial game."

Optician—"I cannot sell your spectacles for your husband. He must come for them in person. What is the nature of his visual defect?"

Woman—"A 5-cent piece looks bigger to him than a $5 bank note to other people."

DID NOT KNOW HIS MOTHER.

Scottish folk are proverbially canny and prudent in money matters, and the following shows that the younger generation is no exception to the rule.

A teacher in a Lowland school was taking mental arithmetic with a class of boys. She asked one urchin:

"How much would your mother give you to buy four pounds of tea at one and six a pound?"

"We ne'er get sae much at ainee as that, mem."

"Never mind that. Four pounds at one and six?"

"But we canna afford the one and six, mem. We always hae the one and twa."

"Answer the question. What would she give you to pay for four pounds of tea at—"

"Naethin', mem."

"What do you mean by 'nothing?'"

"She'd na' gi'e me ony bawbees. She'd tell me tae ask the man tae pit it doon."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But supposing she did?"

With a pitying smile came the reply: "A' can see y've ne'er met ma mither, mem."

"Freddie, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed his teacher.

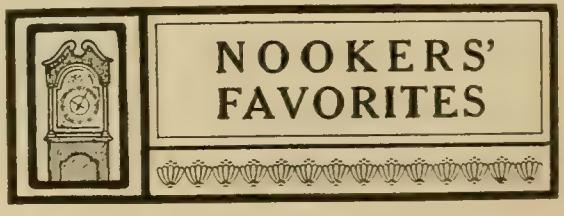
"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddie. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Active young members to build up a church and make homes at Lomita, Cal.—M. M. Eshelman, Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



"KENTUCKY BELLE."

We had moved to the cornlands, stranger,
Up from the Tennessee;
We had made a home on the prairies,
A home like this you see.
Yet it never seemed like home, sir;
It never would to me,
For I kept longing, longing,
For the hills of Tennessee.

O, for the sight of water,
The shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit,
A wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching
Away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south,
To rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river
To shine out under the moon;
Nothing to make a shadow
In the yellow afternoon
Only the breathless sunshine,
As I stood out, all forlorn,
Only the "rustle," "rustle,"
As I walked among the corn.

NEFF'S CORNER

Had I space here sufficient, I could give the testimonials of many people who have come to Pecos Valley and have done well. Below I give space to one. Others may follow at some future time. The town Hagerman mentioned in the letter is 9 miles north of Lake Arthur. The letter follows:

"I came to the Pecos Valley four years ago, more on account of the health of my family than anything else. I bought an improved farm of 170 acres close to the town of Hagerman and have found it a profitable investment ever since. Our health has been restored and we feel this place is good enough for us.

"My farm was all seeded to alfalfa and the first year of my residence here we harvested something over 800 tons, going over the ground four times; this hay sold from $8 to $11 a ton. The second and third seasons did practically as well in the hands of a renter, who was willing to pay $9 cash rent per acre.

"Last year I set out 35 acres of apple orchard which I think in a few years will pay better than alfalfa. There is no place on earth where apples can be raised so well and easily as in the Pecos Valley.

Mrs. Nellie Y. Brown."

Where such conditions as above indicated prevail, wise investments in either town property or agricultural lands are likely to be very profitable. For further information address:

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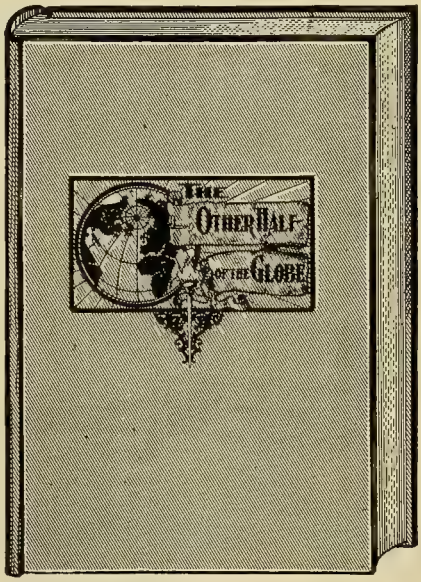
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

When I fell sick with pining,
We didn't wait anymore,
But moved away from the cornland;
Out to the river shore—
The Tuscarawas, it's called, sir—
Off there's a hill, you see
And now I've grown to like it
Next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning;
Some one came riding like mad,
Over the bridge and up the road—
Farmer Rouff's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat;
He hardly stopped to say:
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau;
They're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors,
He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—
Every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan, the Raider,
And Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie knives and pistols,
Are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley,
And I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled,
Playing with spools on the floor.
Kentuck was out in the pasture;
Conrad, my man, was gone.
Nearer, nearer, Morgan's men
Were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby
And ran to the pasture bar.
"Kentuck," I called; "Kentucky!"
She knew me ever so far.
I led her down the gully
That turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes;
Her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the loghouse
At once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs,
Trembling over the ground.
Coming into the turnpike,
Out from the White Woman glen,
Morgan, Morgan, the Raider,
And Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer,
My heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway,
With baby on my arm.
They came, they passed with spur and whip,
In haste they sped along.
Morgan, Morgan, the Raider,
And his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded,
Riding through night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river,
Many long miles away,
To the border strip where Virginia
Runs up into the west,
And ford the Upper Ohio
Before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried.
And Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes, like live coals,
As he gave me a sideways glance.
And I was just breathing freely,
After my choking pain
When the last one of the troopers
Suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir;
I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water
And glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled;
'Twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim, blue eyes,
And he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir;
A fond mother's only son,
Off and away with Morgan
Before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples;
Drawn was his boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother
Waiting down in the South.

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone
And clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper,
But the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying,
As plain as plain could be;
Worn out by his ride with Morgan
Up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie
That I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes
And quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue Grass country;"
He wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling
And fainted dead away.

I had him into the loghouse.
And worked and brought him to.
I fed him and coaxed him,
As I thought his mother'd do.
And when the lad got better,
And the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away,
Galloping, galloping on.

"Oh I must go," he muttered,
"I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me!
Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of trampling,
And kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs,
That I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—
The Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode and black they looked,
Galloping rapidly,
They had followed hard on Morgan's track;
They had followed day and night.
But of Morgan and Morgan's Raiders
They had never caught a sight.

The rich Ohio sat startled
Through all those summer days,
For strange, wild men were galloping
Over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone,
Now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys and cornland farms,
Sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long one!
But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river
By galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them
Ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan, the Raider,
Laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—
Kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow,
And sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—
You'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully
And brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—
My pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy
Back in the old Blue Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's,
With all the money I had.
And Kentuck, pretty Kentucky,
I gave to the wornout lad.

I guided him to the southward
As well as I knew how.
The boy rode off with many thanks
And many a backward bow,
And then the glow it faded,
And my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went,
My lost Kentucky Belle.

When Conrad came in the evening,
The moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—
I couldn't tell him why.
A battered suit of rebel gray
Was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head
Stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind and never once
Said a hard word to me.
He knew I couldn't help it—
'Twas all for the Tennessee.
But after the war was over,
Just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir, and the two were safe
Back in the old Blue Grass.

The lad had gone across the border,
Riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck, she was thriving and fat,
And hearty and well.
He cared for her and kept her,
Nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah, we've had many horses, sir,
But never a horse like her'

—**Author** unknown.

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An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

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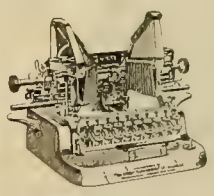
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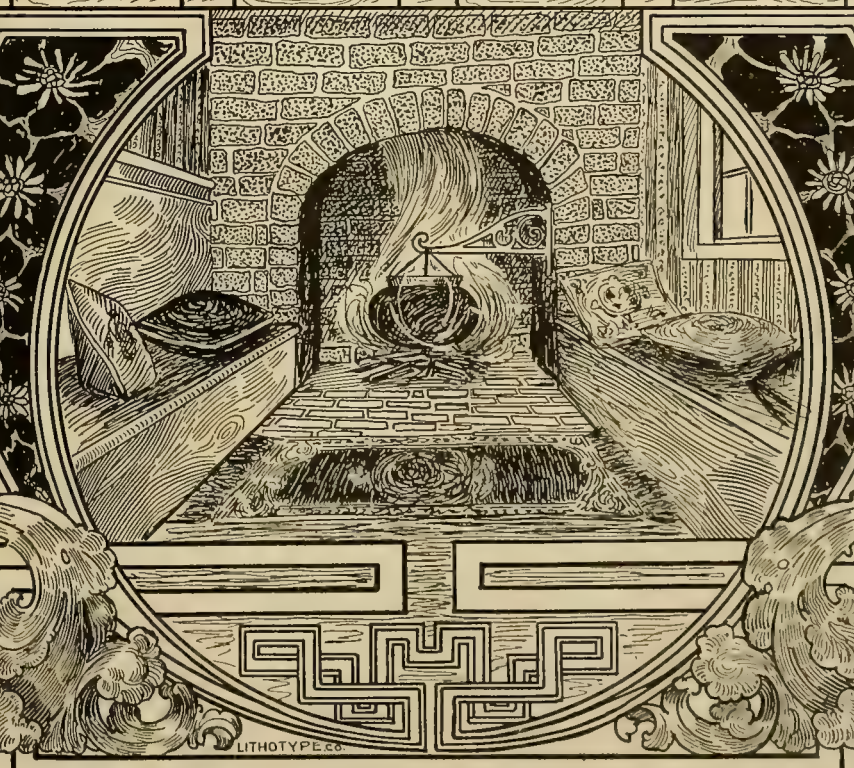
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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—Selected.



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Tickets Sold		Return Limit
Daily, June 1 to September 15.		October 31, 1907.

Rates apply via usual direct routes through Ogden and Southern Pacific or Salt Lake City and Salt Lake route, returning same, or going one direct route, returning via another. For tickets to San Francisco via direct routes in one direction and **via Portland** in the other, or via Ogden, Southern Pacific and Los Angeles in one direction and **via Portland** in the other, the rate will be **$88.50 from Chicago; $82.50 from St. Louis; $84.50 from Peoria.**

Favorable stop-over arrangements.

From		To
CHICAGO, ...	$75.00	PORTLAND, ORE., TACOMA, SEATTLE, BELLINGHAM and EVERETT, WASH., VICTORIA, VANCOUVER, and NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C. And Return
ST. LOUIS, ...	69.00	
PEORIA, ...	71.00	
via direct routes, not through California.		
Tickets Sold		Return Limit
Daily July 1st to September 15.		October 31, 1907.

Rates apply via usual direct routes through Huntington, Billings, or St. Paul, **but not via California.**

Colonist One-Way Second-Class Rates

Tickets on sale daily from September 1 to October 31, 1907.

From		
CHICAGO, ...	$33.00	**To Bakersfield, Colfax, Colton, Fresno, Lathrop, Los Angeles, San Diego, Mojave, Redding, Weed, Montague, Sacramento, San Francisco and Santa Barbara, Cal. Parties wishing to go to BUTTE VALLEY should buy tickets to Grass Lake. Rate is $1.25 higher than to Weed, California.**
ST. LOUIS, ...	30.00	
PEORIA, ...	31.00	
CHICAGO, ...	$33.00	**To Ashland, Albany and Portland, Oregon; Everett, Seattle, Tacoma and Whatcom, Wash.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.**
ST. LOUIS, ...	30.00	
PEORIA, ...	31.00	
CHICAGO, ...	$31.10	**To Boise City, Idaho.**
ST. LOUIS, ...	28.10	
PEORIA, ...	29.10	
CHICAGO, ...	$30.50	**To Lewiston and Stites, Idaho; Baker City, Huntington, Pendleton and Umatilla, Ore.; Colfax, Coulee City, Ellensburg, Spokane, Walla Walla and Wenatchee, Wash.; Rossland and Trail, B. C.**
ST. LOUIS, ...	27.50	
PEORIA, ...	28.50	
CHICAGO, ...	$30.00	**To Glenwood Springs, Grand Junction and Leadville, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Pocatello, Idaho; Anconda, Boulder, Butte, Garrison and Silver Bow, Mont.; Evanston, Granger and Rawlins, Wyo.**
ST. LOUIS, ...	26.00	
PEORIA, ...	28.00	

Usual direct ticketing routes, except that tickets to California points will not be sold via Portland, and tickets to points in Oregon, etc., will not be sold via Sacramento. Rates to intermediate points will not be higher than to points beyond.

Corresponding rates to other points in related territory.

Favorable stop-over privileges at and west of Pocatello, Idaho.

Stop-over of five days at all points in California **except San Francisco and Los Angeles** on tickets to California destinations.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

GOING TRIP—Going trip must begin on date of purchase of ticket and stopovers may be had at any point enroute prior to midnight of "Going Transit Limit" as shown above.

RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route,** and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent,
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Title to Lands in Butte Valley

As some inquiries have been made of the California Butte Valley Land Company in regard to the title to the land in Butte Valley and also in regard to the form of deeds made by Mr. William H. McDoel and delivered through the California Butte Valley Land Company, a short statement covering these questions may be of interest to those contemplating the purchase of land.

In the first place the title is not merely a good merchantable title, but it is, in fact, and without doubt, a perfect title. It is a perfect title because it comes from the United States Government, and all parties appearing at any time from the records to have any interest in the property, have conveyed such interests, so that no claim of adverse title to any of this property subsists in any one.

Patents were issued to nearly all of this land by the United States of America to E. H. Miller, Jr., of Sacramento County, California, on December 30, 1870. The legal title thus became vested in said E. H. Miller, Jr.

On December 18, 1893, a decree of final distribution was entered in the estate of said E. H. Miller, Jr., and by this decree the legal title was vested in Mary Elizabeth Holton, the daughter of said E. H. Miller, Jr.

On January 2, 1903, said Mary Elizabeth Holton conveyed all of said lands to A. D. Shepard of San Francisco, thus vesting in him the legal title.

It appeared from the records that B. B. Redding during his lifetime was the owner of an undivided one-seventh equitable interest. This interest was on December 5, 1892, conveyed to said E. H. Miller, Jr., by A. P. Redding who had acquired his father's title through proper probate proceedings

It also appeared in the probate proceedings in the estate of the late United States Senator Leland Stanford that he held an undivided five-twenty-eighths interest. His title, however, was merely an equitable, as distinguished from a legal, title. This equitable interest was vested in the widow, Jane L. Stanford, who conveyed to the trustees of Leland Stanford Jr. University and they, in return, conveyed it to the said A. D. Shepard.

In addition to this, deeds were obtained from all other parties holding any equitable interest or title, but of whose interest or title nothing appeared of record.

The parties last mentioned have been among the most prominent in the history and development of the State of California and are as follows:

H. E. Huntington and Arabella D. Huntington, Crocker Estate Company, Edward F. Searles and Thomas H. Hubbard, Pacific Improvement Company.

The various fractional equitable interests thus conveyed added together made up the entire equitable interest so that at the time of the conveyance by said A. D. Shepard to William H. McDoel on January 31, 1907, the entire equitable, as well as the legal, title to said land was vested in said A. D. Shepard and by him conveyed to William H. McDoel.

After the contract for the purchase of this land was made with A. D. Shepard, the California Butte Valley Land Company had the title examined by Messrs. Knight & Heggerty, one of the leading law firms of San Francisco, and they pronounced the title free from all objection.

The Title Insurance & Guaranty Company of San Francisco, one of the safest and largest Title Insurance Companies in California, issued a guarantee policy of insurance to Mr. McDoel at the time of the transfer of title to him. Before doing so the Title Insurance & Guaranty Company had the title carefully examined by their corps of skilled and experienced attorneys who make a specialty of California titles and devote all their time to matters of this kind. Had they found any defect in the title, the Company would, of course, have declined to issue a policy and make the Company liable for a great many thousands of dollars, as it is a well known fact that Title Insurance Companies always refuse to issue guarantee policies where there is any substantial defect in the title.

In addition to this Mr. Lewis W. Parker, of the law firm of Parker & Hagan, of Chicago as the personal counsel of Mr. McDoel, went to California for the purpose of investigating the title and spent several weeks in San Francisco and Siskiyou County in making a most thorough and painstaking examination. It is needless to say that the result of Mr. Parker's investigation was entirely satisfactory, otherwise he would not have paid the purchase money to Mr. Shepard and taken a conveyance of the land to Mr. McDoel.

The form of deed used in making conveyances from Mr. McDoel to purchasers is the usual and customary California deed of grant, bargain and sale. This is the highest and best form of deed in California and holds the same relative position in California that the ordinary form of warranty deed holds in the central and eastern states. It is the same form used in the deed from Mr. Shepard to Mr. McDoel. Warranty deeds are not used in California, and the books of the Recorder of Siskiyou County, and other counties of California, are especially prepared for the recording of Grant, Bargain and Sale deeds. That is, the printed portions of these deeds are printed in these record books. In preparing the form of printed deeds for our purchasers we were careful to use this same form.

The form of acknowledgment is that provided by Section No. 1189 of the Civil Code of California.

Under the laws of California a wife has no dower interest in the property of her husband. There are two classes of property recognized by the California law called "separate" property and "community" property. A wife has the right to convey her separate property without the consent of her husband and the husband has the right to convey his separate property without the consent of his wife.

Section No. 172 of the Civil Code of California provides that the husband has absolute power to dispose of, sell and convey community property, the only limitation on this right being that he cannot give it away without the consent of his wife.

For these reasons it is neither necessary nor customary in California to require a wife to join with her husband in a conveyance of real estate, or to inquire whether said real estate is separate or community property, where the consideration or purchase price is shown in the deed.

Where a deed is acknowledged before a notary public, no witnesses are required by the laws of California. As the land is located in California, all questions of title, form of conveyance, form of acknowledgment, etc., are governed entirely by the laws of California without regard to whether the grantor and grantee, or either of them, reside in California or in some other state or country.

The Title Insurance & Guaranty Company have in every instance, where requested, issued a policy of insurance to purchasers guaranteeing the title in the purchasers on deeds executed by Mr. McDoel. If these deeds were not in proper form, properly signed and acknowledged, and if they did not in every respect comply with the laws of the State of California, the Title Insurance & Guaranty Company would not have issued said policies.

Printed copies of the original abstract of title are now furnished by the Company to each purchaser.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

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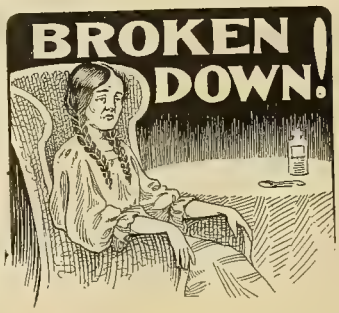
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Lomita, California

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The city of Los Angeles recently voted overwhelmingly to issue $23,000,000 to build a canal 246 miles in length, to bring the waters of the Owens River for its use. It will take five years to build this conduit, and assuredly the many thousands of men who will build it will require vegetables, fruits and meats. Suppose you come to Lomita and help raise these supplies!

Do you know how we grow in Southern California? The number of children of school age between five and seventeen in this county is 82,237. The net gain the past year is 6,313. The total number of children under 17 is 108,707. Of this number 105,910 are native born. Manufactures, railway developments, and productions of the ground and mining have been vast in extent, and the per cent of increase of population in Los Angeles has far outstripped Columbus, New Orleans, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, Louisville and Milwaukee the past 26 years.

In these parts of the United States the raising of crops is not a five months' proposition as in the East, but nearer a twelve months' reality.

There is scarcely a time when something can not be grown for the markets. What is land worth that does business for you ten or twelve months in a year? You cannot expect it to be purchased for the price of land that brings you only one crop in the year.

We expect the "knocker" and the misrepresenter. In fact, he has been here from the forenoon sun already. He is a negative quantity anywhere, so we expect to grow without him. In this world there are three classes: Workers, beggars and thieves. The latter two live on the labors of the workers. Among the workers are the useful workers, the jerkers and the kickers. The first is God's selection. Lomita is seeking useful workers. There is great room for them. Such build good homes, develop the soil, build schoolhouses and honorable churches.

Scarcely two places in Southern California are just alike.

Places only a few miles apart differ. Distance or nearness to the sea, elevation above the ocean, closeness to and contour of mountains, rivers, trees, soil and heat, all have influence on productions.

On account of these differences between places, the descriptions differ. If you know one place you do not know the other place even near by unless you give it study. Hence in describing Lomita we do not describe Covina, and in describing Covina we do not describe Downey, and Downey's description does not fit Lordsburg. For this reason there are strictly citrus fruit conditions, alfalfa places, berry regions, etc. We claim Lomita to be a berry region, good for alfalfa, corn, vegetables, walnuts and peaches and possibly apples. Come and help develop and make yourself a nice home amidst a genial climate free from destructive storms and rigorous winters. There is no winter at Lomita. We have spring and summer only.

Markets are good and are likely to continue good. Each year about 50,000 people make their way into Southern California, thus increasing the demand for food stuffs and each year the area of productive land grows less because of subdivision into town lots.

In no year has there been enough raised in our country to feed the people, hence considerable food stuffs are brought from the East. The stuff will grow here,—what is needed are more industrious farmers and gardeners.

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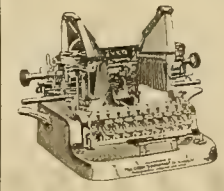
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EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JULY 9, 1907. No. 28.

Clouds and Sunshine

Hettie Stauffer

FOR the benefit of those people who can see blessings in the flitting cloud that occasionally crosses their illumined pathway, may we not in common, compare both our hours of trial and our times of prosperity with the shadows and sunlight of nature, with the thought that there is a possibility of enlightening those persons in the fact that it is by a wisely-directed Hand that they can realize these beautiful words of Longfellow,

> "Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

To do this we must meditate upon, and study carefully, the wonders about us in all their perfection and grandeur, which is in a measure the result not only of the life-giving rays of the sun, but likewise is effected by the cheerless cloud that has repeatedly stolen its march over the earth, and dimmed for a season this great luminary of the day. There is nothing more inspiring, nothing that can lift the very soul and emotions higher above the discouragements of this life, than to study and admire some of the products not made by human hands.

By imagination, may we not enter some garden spot of earth and enjoy the sublime grandeur of the works of God? It is an early hour of the morning. In any direction may be seen the growing plants, upon which sparkles the crystal dew, and which justly claim the benefits to be derived from the mild rays of the great morning star as it seemingly wends its way from the East to cheer all life, and then calmly takes its exit beneath the western horizon; on either side tower the rugged mountains whose sloping sides are covered with the most thrifty vegetation—from the creeping vine and the budding wild-flower, well content in their humble place, for they seem to know that

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"—

to the loftiest tree that proudly waves its branches in the whispering breezes as if to defy any antagonistic spirit that might arise from its more humble companions.

Stealing from the rocks near the summit may be seen numerous streamlets as their waters gently ripple among the ferns and mosses and then enter the river below; while in the valley proper is seen the well-cultivated field of the farmer, the nodding wheat, the corn with its verdant streamer leaves and waving tassels, the clover blossoms unselfishly giving the air their sweet fragrance and the meadow with an occasional peeping dandelion or violet; in the distance lies the placid lake on whose bosom the swan and duck quietly repose, while the water of the flowing river reflects the light of the sun that has moved slowly on until it penetrates every available nook and crevice.

Perhaps unbidden there steals over us an inner consciousness that simultaneously—from the tiniest grass-blade to the rustling forest leaf—there are sent forth emotions that seem to whisper, "Our life is not all sunshine." We stop and reflect, true this vegetation is aware of the fact, that at no other time does it present a more sublime appearance, yet it seems to breathe forth gratitude that it may at times see the dark cloud arise from the distant horizon, the immediate result of which will be to hide from it the smiles of the sun, yet it seems to realize that to enjoy future growth it must endure an occasional cloud—it realizes that all sunshine would soon convert the beautiful valley into a desert.

Since God's best means for developing nature is to give both clouds and sunshine, the truth that it is the common lot of man to experience both times of prosperity and times of adversity should also confront us as being the best and only means for the growth of true manhood. Could we more fully realize this, the hours that we so often consider as clouds to dim our future happiness, would be to us the source of the elements of true greatness, and we, as the vegetation, could look forward to them with a more hearty welcome, knowing that their chastisement, however severe, is the only thing that saves our lives from being barren and unfruitful. "Fear not the darkness, for it may be the spring of the water of life." "As some

herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetness, so some natures need to pass through dark clouds to bring out the excellence that is within them." This fact is made evident when we notice that the most noble characters are often those who have experienced the darkest days, but they have bravely stemmed the tide, knowing that there is no cup so bitter that it is not attended by blessings to those who submissively drink it.

One of the saddest things that comes to us in life is the thought that in this bright, beautiful world there are so many shadowed lives, simply because there are so many persons who are not willing to let the clouds pass away even after the sun puts forth every effort to shed its rays in their pathway. Mountains may be climbed to such a height that the clouds are below and looking upward may be seen the continual rays of the sun. The same is true in life. True, all disappointments can not be evaded, but there is a possibility of rising above the adversities and looking forward to brighter days and letting the prospects of the same brighten our rugged pathway. Life in a great measure is what we make it. To learn to count its blessings instead of its reverses is one of the things that must be done by him who expects to be happy. By doing this, he will not only be cheerful himself but from his countenance will beam such endless rays of sunshine that his presence will often dispel the clouds that may be hovering over the pathway of a fellow-traveler. In any hour of trial, during the shadows of any cloud, however so dark, may we ever strive to allow the sun to burst forth and brighten our landscape with a more glorious light because of the storms that have threatened our footsteps.

Arcanum, Ohio.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

What matters it that all the skies were dark,
And black the night and tense?
With morning came the singing of the lark
And joy for recompense!
What matters it that ever, day by day,
Up rugged slopes we fare—
Do not Love's roses blossom by the way
And sweeten all the air?

Life's pathway is a toilsome one, I know,
Thick-strewn with many a thorn;
But O, the joyance of the noontide glow,
And rosy smile of morn!
Full oft the footsteps falter in the road,
And slacken near the goal,
But one clear bird song seems to lift the head
And cheer the fainting load.

And so what boots it though the skies be dark
And black the night and tense;
Since morning brings the singing of the lark
And joy for recompense?
One day of golden summer amply pays
For winter's storm and sting;
One brief hour of pleasure well outweighs
Long weeks of sorrowing!

"The Secret of Life"

J. D. Reish

In him was life, and the life was the light of men.—John 1: 14.

Life is divided into three distinct classes, viz., vegetable, animal and spiritual.

They all alike contain a fundamental principle called a germ of life which causes the object within which life has been implanted to grow or develop, as we say, but they are distinctly separate one from the other.

Nature's law says: "Like produces like," hence a vegetable cannot partake of animal life except new life is imparted to it from that higher life, nor can an animal enter or even see the spiritual kingdom until spiritual life from the one great spiritual giver, Jesus Christ, be given it.

We say death is a profound mystery. So is life. It is a mysterious, unfathomable something which Divinity alone, the Creator of it, can expound.

Oh life! thou great, unfathomed sea of mystery,
Whose waves are threatening on the shores of time,
Hast thou, through all thy dark and turbulent history,
Been rolling subject to an awful chaos sublime?
Or hast thou by omnipotent hand been bounded?
Thy shores been circumscribed, limited, and defined?
Thy utmost depths by a creative hand been sounded?
Thy billows only thought waves for an almighty hand?

* * * * *

I harken and listen and hear only the sobbing
Of despairing waves dashing onward to death,
The thunder of conflict, and sorrow's deep throbbing
And the wail of the inflow and ebbing of breath.
—From "Unanswered Questions."

The professor of biology holds a little brown seed in his hand and says: "I know exactly the composition of this seed. It contains hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. I know the exact proportions. I can make a seed which will exactly resemble this seed but if I plant the two the difference will become apparent for the seed which I formed will lie dormant in the earth until it finally decays and mixes with the elements; but the God-made seed will spring up and become a plant because it contains that mysterious life-principle which the seed I formed has not."

As mysterious as is the life-principle in vegetable life so is it in both animal and spiritual life.

Consider the unfledged offspring of our aerial songsters lying helpless in its downy home. There is a germ of life though practically inactive, for the body which it is within has not ample strength to contain it were it extensively acting.

Or look upon the little innocent babe lying peacefully upon its mother's breast. Within that form is a germ of life though at present practically latent, for the little innocent is wholly dependent upon its parent for help.

But return in due time, after ample time has been given for the forms to fully develop, and behold! they are changed. What has caused the change? Simply the God-implanted life-germ within, which though seemingly simple, is more than mortal can explain.

There is also a mysterious growth in the spiritual life. The new-born child of God is not as fully developed along spiritual lines as the aged gray-haired soldier of the cross who has followed in the footsteps of his blessed Master ever since the days of his youth.

The form that has life must grow, for to live means to grow and to cease growing means decline and death.

For ages man has endeavored to fathom the mystery of life by science trying to answer such questions as: What is it? Whence comes it? etc., but they sit down in despair with the problem unsolved.

But why all this study and despair over a question that has been solved ever since the advent of our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?

The answer is simple, containing but four short words: "In him is life," but it contains the whole secret, the very essence of true living.

It is because the Godhead lives that any or all forms of life can exist, for the Book says: "In him we live, move, and have our being." Acts 17: 28.

The pessimistic man says:

"What is life? it seems to me,
'Tis toil and pain and drudgery."

But on the other hand the optimistic replies:

"What is life? 'Tis God's kindness to me,
That I may exist all his goodness to see."

Man, the animal that may become spiritualized by going through the necessary operations, contains a life, or soul, that cannot die, because God, the creator of it, cannot die; but it may retrograde or recede to a worse state.

God creates or generates life and the evil one degenerates it. Was this the ultimate end man would indeed be in a deplorable condition; but thanks be to the crucified and risen Lord for the works of regeneration by which man, at his will may return to his original state which was in the likeness and image of the Creator, for thus was he created. Gen. 1: 27.

Christ says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life," which plainly answers the questions: "What is life?" and "Whence comes it?" If Christ is life, life must emanate from Christ, for "like begets like."

The next question that would naturally arise is: "How may we attain life?" John 20: 31 says: "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

We learn from this that we must believe that Christ is life; then he will impart life unto us for we are then, and not till then, ready to receive it.

We have now learned what life is, from whence it comes, and how we may obtain it.

Are we simply eking out our existence upon this terrestrial ball or are we living, truly living? Christ would ask: "Is not the life more than the meat?" Matt. 6: 25.

Have we received a spark of divine life sent down from heaven and are we living accordingly? If not, why not?

PITY THE POOR RAILROADS!

Mr. A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago and Great Western, recently discussed railway rates before the Transportation Club of St. Paul. Taking the complete statistics for 1905, he found that the average rate of interest paid on all the railroad bonds in the United States was 3.65 per cent, and the average rate of dividends paid on all the railroad stock was 3.02 per cent.

"Here," said Mr. Stickney, "is the average margin of profit of all the railroads in the United States. . . There is no other business in the country which is done on so small a margin of profits as 3.02 per cent dividend. No other invested capital gets such small returns as the capital invested in railroads."

Obviously, if the capital invested in railroads can now earn only a little over three per cent a year, railroad rates are as low as they ought to be. When anybody mentions freight rates, the railroads always trot out these average dividend statistics—and prove thereby that rates are already so low that there's no profit at all in railroading.

If anybody asks how much of the stock upon which average dividends of 3.02 per cent are paid is water and therefore entitled to no dividend whatever, they reply that there can't be any water because the capitalization per mile of American railroads is much less than that of the English railroads—which is exactly like arguing that Florida is an ideal summer resort because it is much less disagreeable than Panama.—*"The Cheat of Overcapitalization," in the July Everybody's.*

A Summer In the Rockies

Hattie Dell

On the first day of June, 1906, in company with Albert Hill and family, mother and I started for Grand Junction, Colo., where we were to spend the summer with my sister, Mrs. J. G. VanDyke. I have always had a longing for the mountains and looked forward to this trip with great joy.

There was nothing of much interest until the Rockies showed up like a dark cloud. We were not the only ones watching for them, for from all over the car we could hear, "O, look, there they are." We soon pulled into Denver, and such a crowd hurrying here and there. A little incident occurred here which I wish to give for the benefit of the Nook readers. When we got off the train and started for the depot, a young man came up and asked for my grip, I refused him, being a stranger. He walked off a few steps but came back and took the grip, not waiting to be refused again. He started for the depot and we kept in sight of him and saw where he put the grip down. He was gone before I could thank him, and I was truly very thankful. I know not what thought prompted this act of kindness, but one thing I do know, we ought always to keep our eyes open and on the lookout for an opportunity of doing some one a kind act.



A Street in Boulder.

We ran from Denver up to Boulder, a beautiful little city nestled at the foot of the mountains. Here we saw the State University and many fine dwelling houses, but what attracted my attention most of all were the pretty little streams of clear water running along the shady sidewalks over sand and pebbles. Some way there seems to be something very fascinating for me about clear running water, and it always gives me a strong desire to become better. One morning I was out for a walk before breakfast. I strolled along by a little stream until I came to Boulder Creek. This is quite a large stream and from it the city and surrounding country are watered; the water comes dashing rapidly down over large rocks that have washed down from the mountains. Our cousin drove us several miles up Boulder Cañon. The scenery is grand here.

I had my first experience at mountain climbing in Boulder Cañon. Before starting I pointed out a tree I wanted to reach. Paul Pair, a lad of nine, accompanied me on this climb. He reached the tree before I did and kept calling back to me to come on, but I insisted on taking my time to it, for it made the breath come short and fast; when you think you have a good footing the stones slip and let you back, and you feel like sitting down and giving up trying to reach the mark you had set out for.

How forcibly came to my mind our climb heavenward. When we think we are making good progress in the Christian life we make a misstep, become discouraged and think there is no use trying. But come, let us take courage and be more careful where we step next time. At last I, too, reached the mark, and sat down to rest. How much better I felt than if I had given up. Boulder is a fine place to spend the summer.

We spent three very pleasant days in this shady, delightful place, and then left for Grand Junction. At Denver we took the D. & R. G., leaving at eight o'clock P. M. This took us through "Royal Gorge" at night; also cut off our view of "Pike's Peak." The moonlight ride through "Royal Gorge" was grand. The moon was full and shone down in the cañon, giving such a soft, beautiful light to those monstrous walls, and the moonbeams dancing on the river as it hurried on to the sea, made one feel as though he were in another world. One cannot find words to express his feelings; they lie too deep for utterance. How satisfying to feel that God knows all our

thoughts, and how near he seems when we commune thus with him.

When morning came we were near the divide; it was snowing in June. We gathered our wraps closer about us and wished for the sun. The scenery was fine most of the way. We arrived in Grand Junction about noon and were soon on our way to our summer home.

This was "Aid Society" day for the sisters here. They had met with Sister D. M. Click, and as we drove up to their house they all came out to welcome us to Grand Valley. Sister Ida, and the girls had walked, so we walked home with them. We crossed the large irrigation ditch three times in a mile; once on a foot-log without anything to hold to. Mother ordered a wire put up before she had to cross there again, and I was glad she did for my head felt funny as I stepped on that log with the muddy water rushing under it.

But we soon forgot the foot-log as we came in sight of the home of our dear one. I was satisfied when I saw the large shade trees surrounding the house, for when one is raised among the trees he becomes very much attached to them. A large and cool lawn, many kinds of fruit trees loaded with fruit, and a good garden, made us feel we had not come to a desert country, although we could see miles of desert east of us. These outside things help to make a pleasant home, but what we most enjoyed was to be with our dear ones again. "Absence, with all its pains, is by this charming moment wiped away."

There were only thirteen of us (my brother-in-law and three children being here also), and the head of the family away. We kept things pretty lively on "Poplar Ranch." This was strawberry time, and strawberry short-cake and strawberries with sugar and cream were part of our daily menu. Or you could go to the patch and help yourself, but you had to be sure there is no one around to play a joke on you if you happen to get close to the waste ditch, for the Colorado girls enjoy seeing a "tender foot" step into the water or perhaps roll you in if they get a chance. In a short time Mr. VanDyke, or John as we call him, came home, and we gladly pushed our chairs closer at the table to make room for the one without whom a family is never complete.

John had been away all spring, eighty miles to the southwest, working in the copper mines in Sinbad Valley in which he has a share. He told some very interesting facts of the life of miners, and of the grand scenery along the road. When we were pretty well worked up, he asked how many wanted to go with him to the mines and bring the team back. We talked it over and decided there would five of us go. Will Pair, Archie Miller (William Miller and family were tenting under an apricot tree just outside the yard fence), Beth, and Cora VanDyke and myself. This was Monday morning, June 26, and we wanted to get back by the third of July, so we thought we had better start that evening if we could get ready.



On the Way to the Mines.

Necessary preparations were going on all day, washing, ironing, cooking, baking, and we made ice cream, too. We had quite a time deciding what to take along to eat, and how to pack things so they wouldn't get mixed before we were ready for them to, for John had told us something of the rough roads, but we found later on that the half had not been told.

The most important thing in taking a mountain trip is, to take plenty along to eat. Put in what you think you would eat and then that much more, for living in the open mountain air, walking and riding over rough roads will give you a wonderful appetite.

By six o'clock we were packed up and ready to go. Our provisions were'nt the only things that were packed. Just ask one of the party about it. We had a wagon with two spring seats. Fortunately, however, some of us were small and being a peaceable crowd,

(Concluded on Page 657.)

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XII.—Time Glides On.

MRS. CHESTER had by no means jumped at the conclusion to admit Sibyl as a member of the household at Shady Brook. She had thought it over many times and viewed the question from both sides. She did not know when the idea first occurred to her; but it had taken root at some time within her heart and evidently grew and widened as the days went by. She consulted her husband about it, but he urged her to act upon her own judgment, adding that while in her present moral condition, she seemed hardly a fit companion for Lily, yet that he saw good traits in the neglected girl which proper cultivation alone could develop. "This cultivation she is not likely to receive in her own home and it is sad to contemplate that one of God's creatures should fall below its possibilities because of the withholding of assistance which is in the power of some fellow-creature to give. Of all persons in the world, dear, there is none whom I should deem more capable of drawing forth her better qualities than you. It will require much patience, perseverance and love to choke the weeds, but I am sure you possess all these."

Assisted by the kind and helpful words of Mr. Chester, the decision was arrived at and the task undertaken. That walk from the wretched alley to Shady Brook was an important epoch in the history of two lives. While it meant joy to Sibyl, it meant sacrifice to her benefactress. Mrs. Chester realized this, but casting her care upon Him who "sticketh closer than a brother," she committed the result to Him, trusting in his precious promise that "according to thy day, so shall thy strength be."

Mr. Chester greeted Sibyl kindly and Lily was delighted at her coming. She clapped her little hands and crowed and peeped from between the willows of her cradle, to the supreme joy and gratification of her appointed nurse.

Sibyl's wardrobe was tied in a red cotton handkerchief and consisted of one apron and a pair of stockings, the original color of which we will leave for the washer-woman to determine.

"I don't know how under the canody ob heaven the chile got dese tings so brack. I hab my own speckilations on de subjec ob takin' sech chillen into one's own house." And she cast a meaning look at Mrs. Chester, plying her strength upon the articles the while.

The third morning after Sibyl's arrival at Shady Brook, she failed to put in her appearance. Upon investigation Mrs. Chester learned that she was suffering from a high fever and sore throat. That day nor the next was she able to rise. A physician was called, who said the girl had taken a heavy cold. No one knew how; but Sibyl explained the case by declaring:

"It wuz the bath what Mrs. Chester gev me the evenin' I cum here. I know it wuz that what done it, 'cause I felt chilled like all that night." Then fearing that this might reflect upon Mrs. Chester she hurriedly added: "But it don't matter about the chills nohow."

"Are you not accustomed to bathing?" asked the doctor.

"It wuz the fust one I ever had in all my life; an' I liked it ever so good," she added, trying to look grateful in the direction of Mrs. Chester.

"Undoubtedly this solves the problem," gravely observed the doctor to Mrs. Chester as he took his leave.

Whereupon that good lady resolved to administer the bath process more gradually in the future; and meanwhile time glides on.

Chapter XIII.—Society Around Shady Brook.

THE society around Shady Brook was mostly of that industrious and sympathetic type,—industrious with other people's affairs and prone to bestow their sympathies where they were neither called for nor wanted.

They were mainly church-going people who measured their fellow-man's religion by the fact as to whether he addressed their neighbor as Brother or Sister So and So. Woe to the Christian who fell below this standard; for the society around Shady Brook pronounced that person as lamentably deficient in the higher graces. In matters of faith these religious people widely differed; but on this one great essential they stood unanimous.

It was the society which was rather Pharisaical in its character,—loud in its lamentations for the lost sheep of the house of Israel as well as absolute in its denunciation of those who reached out into highways and hedges to gather in the lambs which went astray.

Let it also be understood that these religious peo-

ple were of the "admonishing" type. Regardless of sect or creed they felt duty bound to tell their brother of his fault. And while they strictly adhered to what they termed "this divine injunction," they sometimes lost sight of the great command: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

So Mrs. Chester was not surprised when whispers came to her that she had done the unwise thing in establishing an individual from a suspicious alley into the neighborhood of Busy Homes. (It is probable that the suburb derived its name from the character of its populace.) And when she was openly upbraided for mingling with the publicans and sinners, she calmly replied to her inquisitors: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

This was a heavy blow to the society around Shady Brook; but for the time each man held his peace and went his way.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING TRIP.

D. M. CLICK.

ON the 13th of May, my wife and I left our home and family near Grand Junction, Colo., and started for Annual Meeting. Our train started at four o'clock in the morning. We traveled by the Denver and Rio Grande from our place to Ogden, Utah. We made a half day's stop at the noted Salt Lake City, and visited some places of interest. The Mormon Temple and Tabernacle are the most interesting. The Tabernacle is the most wonderful structure. It is two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide and eighty feet high. The roof is a single wooden arch. The guide told us that this great structure was put together without a single nail, wooden pins being used instead. It will seat eight thousand people and the acoustic properties of the building are so complete that one can hear a whisper from one end of the large room to the other, or even hear a pin drop.

At Ogden we stopped only long enough to change cars. From here to Portland, Oregon, we took a tourist sleeper and we found the accommodations all that we could ask for. We enjoyed the scenery through Idaho and Oregon very much. We noticed quite a few apple trees in full bloom and we were told by some who lived there that they would have a good crop of fruit.

One day was spent in Portland. This is a busy city. Here we enjoyed the fresh salmon right from the Columbia River. From here we took a run over into Washington and visited J. S. Reeves. On this trip we were accompanied by Eld. John Early, of Montford, Montana. Here we had a very pleasant visit and enjoyed the hospitality of our friends. We returned to Portland and fell in company with Bro. J. E. Smith and family, of North Dakota, who were on their way to Annual Meeting. They proved to be excellent traveling companions. Passing over hills and through valleys clothed with plants and vegetation of all kinds and flowers in grand profusion, we were made to feel that our heavenly Father had richly blessed us in spreading out before us the beauties of nature to cheer our weary hearts.

At Oakland, Cal., we entered upon the Large Ferry and sailed over the bay to San Francisco. This ferry boat is immense, our whole train with several others were carried over at one time. In San Francisco we noticed that much of that great city is still in ruins caused by the earthquake one year ago. We took the Coast Line from San Francisco to Los Angeles and at many points we could see the great Pacific Ocean, which was a treat to us.

Sunday morning we reached Los Angeles and went direct to the auditorium where the Annual Meeting was held. Here we met a large crowd of dear brethren and sisters. We soon found a comfortable lodging place, and now we were ready to enjoy the great Annual Meeting with our people, and truly we had a feast of good things together. Surely the Lord was with his people, and the best of feeling seemed to prevail through the entire service.

The weather was delightful.

The Conference closed on Thursday, May 23, and many of the brethren and sisters left for their homes.

The next day in company with my brother, N. S., who has been in California all winter, we went to Lordsburg where we enjoyed a pleasant visit with our kind brethren and sisters. Here we enjoyed several public religious services. Monday morning in company with my brother Frank, who lives in Arizona, we started for home over the Santa Fe R. R. On our homeward journey we passed several Indian villages and each time many of the natives would crowd around the train to sell their beads and earthenware to the travelers.

We reached home May 30, having traveled nearly four thousand miles, through which the Lord kindly kept and brought us safely to our loved ones again.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all his wonderful works toward the children of men."

THE IDEAL GRADUATE.

HARVARD University aims to send forth men who will seek the truth passionately and further it bravely; who love freedom in thought and action, and promote it steadfastly; who are trained for efficiency in their callings; and who aspire through that efficiency to serve well their fellow men.—*Charles W. Eliot.*

Brown.

THE college, as distinct from the university or the technical school, should aim to produce men of cultivated mind and altruistic spirit. All specific

attainments rest upon and presuppose such cultivation and such spirit.

A cultivated mind is one that has, by long and constant exercise under wise teachers, become so elastic, receptive, appreciative, and strong that it at the same time absorbs the best in nature, literature, science, and art, and can be concentrated effectively on any problem to be solved, or task to be performed. The cultivated man is, by contact with great minds, past and present, set free from pettiness, prejudice, and passion; is sustained and comforted by the vision of eternal truth; is admitted to the fellowship of the sages, poets, and teachers of the world, and is gifted with insight into the things that are worth while.

Even more important is it that education should release a man from his native selfishness and make him a coöperating member of the social body. The ideal scholar is no longer the bookworm, or the anchorite, or Browning's "Grammarian." He is a man who lays his learning on the altar of the commonweal. A man cannot live selfishly through four college years, and then begin to live for humanity. The college itself must be shot through with altruistic impulse, and students must live lives of social service. This is the benefit of "team work" in athletics, and in the meaning of genuine "college spirit." Such "spirit" is not clannishness or snobbishness; it is the determination to live for the college as a rehearsal of a later living for the world.—*W. H. P. Faunce.*

The City of New York.

THERE is a fable of a showman and a chameleon. The showman spread a blue cloth, and the chameleon turned blue; then a green cloth, and it turned green; but a bystander put down a Scotch plaid, and the chameleon died attempting to match its motley colors.

This fable has its moral in its exposition of the folly of that training which is seeking always to adapt to the near, the economic, environment, instead of developing that fiber and character in a man which will make him increasingly independent of his immediate environment, and give him the environment of the race. The timidly practical or the timidly susceptible chameleon is not the kind of college man that the country needs. Of course, the product must depend upon the raw material, the freshman. Education is not alchemy, though the change wrought in a youth by a college training seems sometimes to be the transmuting of a base into the precious metal. The standardization of the product from this diverse material has been sought by requiring in its preparation certain knowledges and disciplines. These are, however, now so varied, with the growth of sciences, the lengthening of history, the adoption of elective systems, and the wide margins between the borders of deficiency and honors, that there is no longer a considerable body of knowledge common to college graduates. The standardization cannot well be of digested fact; it should be of spirit.

Every man who goes out from college should be a confirmed idealist, purposeful to conform, and not to be conformed. This product is not to be made by courses of study, but by vital teachers, by such men as Professor Palmer of Harvard has recently defined as ideal teachers, men of vicariousness, of accumulated wealth of knowledge, of power to vitalize facts, and of readiness to be forgotten. The college is under obligation to make men who will, so far as their abilities allow, embody and express the best aspirations of the race. It is not to be concerned primarily with fitting them to earn a livelihood; but to carry them to those bounds of life made by the greatest and noblest minds, and to give them discipline to go still beyond.—*John H. Finley.*

Princeton.

IT seems to me that a college should produce, not men whose gifts and vision are narrowed to a particular task or calling, but men whose eyes have become accustomed to being lifted to a general view of the world and a general comprehension of their duty in it. For this purpose, the studies of the college should cover those subjects which reveal, not only bodies of knowledge, but also the sources of motive, and accustom men to perceiving the relations not only of bodies of knowledge, but also of men themselves in the complicated field of history and individual action. This is the real argument for a "liberal" education.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

Chicago.

The kind of man a college should produce depends of course partly upon what the college can do in the way of affecting the individual, and partly upon the material with which the college has to work. The latter of course is not altogether at the discretion of the college authorities. Some kinds of people may be excluded from entering college courses. There remains, however, a considerable variety of natural endowment with which the college has to deal.

I do not believe that the college should aim at any one kind of product. There should be diversity of results, as there is a diversity of natural traits. No college should aim to put its hall-mark upon all men in such a sense as to expect that all will be substantially alike.

That the college man should have broad intelligence, goes without saying; that his mind should be quick and subject entirely to the control of his will, certainly is vital; that he should learn tolerance of different kinds of life and different modes of thought, is important; and that he should be democratic in the widest sense of that term,—that is, that he should be above all clannishness and all false class ideas,—is as clear; that he should have high respect for honest

work in whatever form may be necessary, is equally essential. Above all, he should scorn any form of pretense. If, then, he is honest, intelligent, clear headed, and industrious, he will be worthy of his *alma mater*. No college can do more than this; no college should be satisfied with less.—*Harry Pratt Judson.*

Yale.

Our colleges should produce men who will use their brains for the benefit of the public.

This is the object which distinguishes collegiate training from technical or professional training. In a a professional school a man is taught to make a living,—to use his brains primarily for his own benefit. Our social arrangements are such that in so doing he will, to a considerable extent, serve and benefit others also. But experience shows that something more than this is necessary for the welfare of a nation, and particularly for a selfgoverning nation. We must have public spirit,—readiness to work for national ends instead of individual ones. There is no great danger that the American people will fail to produce and distribute the material things that are wanted; but there is great danger that in so doing they will work apart instead of working together, and that they will sacrifice higher and more permanent ideals for lower and more immediate ones.

It is the business of our colleges to face this danger, and to train men who will meet it.—*Arthur T. Hadley.*

Northwestern.

The present generation is devoting itself to the task of bringing the forces of a complex political and industrial life into harmony with an indeal of social service. Such an ideal makes three fundamental demands upon the individual citizen; first, physical force to withstand the constant strain of a complex civilization; second, intellectual power to steer a straight course amid a maze of bewildering detail; and finally, a moral devotion to the welfare of mankind. Such is the interpretation which the twentieth century places upon physical, intellectual, and moral completeness; such is the equipment with which the college should aim to provide each and everyone of its graduates.—*A. W. Harris.*

Stanford.

It is the business of the college to give the young man the secret of power. It should train him to be efficient, self reliant, and capable of team work; to make the most of his actual abilities in the conduct of life. We have faith that with efficiency and self respect most of the manly virtues will be included, and we have little belief in the value of any kind of culture or of erudition which does not have efficiency as its final aim.

Alfred Mosely is reported as saying recently, "What strikes me most (in America) is that your workshops are filled with college bred men. In England a varsity man is educated into frock coat and gloves. Here he is educated into overalls. The keynote of American education is efficiency."

I am in full sympathy with this observation. The purpose of higher education is not to fit men to fill a prearranged station in life, it is not culture for culture's sake, and for the most part not knowledge for knowledge's sake; but for the sake of what can be done with it. Doubtless the American graduate feels at home in frock coat and gloves, or in the conventional dress suit, when these styles of garb are in place; but he is equally at home in overalls, where he has to face the elemental problems of dealing with the forces of nature in the presence of oil or dust or mud. Education should make a man at home anywhere where his duty takes him. The college man should be trained along the lines that will give to him the greatest abundance of life and the greatest individual and social efficiency.

For these reasons the freedom of divergence characteristic of the American university is perhaps its most important distinctive feature. As no two men are quite alike in natural powers and resources, so no two should require exactly the same course of studies for the best final result. The university man in America is not a man who has escaped the necessity of work by rising to a place in a cultured leisure class. He is a man who has been trained to do his part in the work of the world to the best possible advantage.—*David Starr Jordan.*

A SUMMER IN THE ROCKIES.

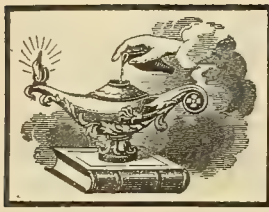
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we did not complain if we were packed in tight; we were off for a good time.

I wish to say right here that when we are going on an outing with a party, it would be a good idea to leave our feelings at home, or at least keep them hidden. If each one would insist on the other having the best, there would be no hard feeling toward each other. Well, our party was this kind, but perhaps a proposition we made on the start is what kept us "good." Any one of us that did not keep in a good humor was to get a ducking. How much we love to be with cheerful, hopeful, loving individuals and just as much dislike a sour, grumbling, fault-finding one. Our greatest need is love; when the heart is filled with pure love there will be no room for these meaner things. "Love one another" is a command and it means much more than most of us think.

(To be Continued.)

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—*William Penn.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Loving God.

PAUL MOHLER.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Love that amounts to anything is a strong emotion, and more than emotion. Back of the emotion must be a strong determination to serve the one who is loved. The heart is the seat of the affections and more. It is the controlling power within that turns the life towards good or evil.

This being true, to love the Lord with all the heart and with all the soul, is to be filled with tender affection for him as well as to have every secret source of feeling, determination and action dedicated to him so that we may think as he thinks, feel as he feels, and work as he works, only on the smaller scale which is ours.

It is easy for those who love God with all their heart and with all their soul to love him with all their might. When we love anyone heartily we gladly give our strength in his service. No labor is too great if it benefits one dearly loved. Affection in the heart for God, causes thought and determination in the soul which directs the strength of the body to his service. This is the natural order.

But not always is this order established at once. Many times thought and determination to serve God precede tender affection, and indeed any strong feeling toward him. Men who felt nothing in their hearts but that which was cold and hard, have determined to believe on Christ, serve him, claim his promises, and, as they came, welcomed each tender feeling for him. One cannot continue such a life long without feeling strong interest and then warm affection for him. Let those who are not satisfied with the warmth of their love for God throw themselves into his service with all their mind and all their strength, and they will be astonished at the quickening of their love.

On the other hand the emotion of love is not enough. Christ values our love in so far as we keep his commandments—the proof of our love. Love that is not expressed in service soon cools into indifference.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might" means that to the Lord we shall yield our affection, toward him we shall direct our thoughts and to him we shall devote our strength in service. To such love, God is entitled, for he first loved us.

Cando, N. Dak.

BEYOND THE GATES.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal."

The beautiful things that are unseen,
Robed in a glorious light,
Some day will dawn in a golden sheen,
And banish our darkest night.

No greener fields on the earth are known,
Neither fairer skies can be;
The stars that shine in our midnight zone
Are lamps on an unknown sea.

Breezes of heaven blow soft and sweet;
Across bright waters of gold,
And angels anthems of joy repeat,—
The love that never grows cold.

Leaves of the trees in emerald green
Reach out fair hands to the skies;
Rivers of life flow gently between
The hills where joy never dies.

We see not the flowers fragrant and fair,
That grace the land of the blessed,
Breathe not the fragrance that burdens the air,
Or know of the heavenly rest.

Jewels whose wealth can never belong
To weary travelers of earth,
Shine on the robes of a radiant throng,
Treasures of heavenly worth.

And stories we know that never were told
To a mortal's list'ning ear.
Songs that are sung, and never grow old,
Gems of the immortal sphere.

There music resounds we never have heard,
Sweet in melodious song
Joy to the souls of angels conferred,
Triumph of right over wrong

Things which we see will pass from our sight
When "all things new" are revealed,
Life-giving love will lead us aright,
When gates of pearl are unsealed.

The way may be long, the path may be steep,
To that rest so kindly prepared,
Courage, weary pilgrim, thou surely shalt reap
The harvest so many have shared.

Are you a Christian? Do you take the frost out of the bridle bits?—*Howard Miller.*

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—Jeremiah 8: 22.

THE thinking world has been interested of late in authentic reports of remarkable results in Christian mental healing obtained by two orthodox clergymen in Boston.

Making use of faith in God and his goodness as their first and most important attribute, and coupling with this the advice of reputable physicians and the practice of psychotherapeutics, these clergymen have succeeded in curing or relieving numerous well-defined cases of nervous afflictions. And their methods have won the outspoken approval of some of the most eminent medical practitioners in this country.

All of which seems to indicate that we may be approaching a revival of such religion as Jesus Christ taught and practiced during His earthly ministry; a "revival" that will doubtless stir up the religious world in a true and lively sense, and may bring many persons to their senses regarding certain fantastic beliefs which have to do with healing, and which are growing rapidly at present.

It is clearly the fault of the Christian church that these last-mentioned beliefs have had a chance to take root and grow, and while they are certainly productive of a measure of good, this measure is largely overcome by the vast amount of irrationality fostered by them.

It is only because the Christian church has wandered away from the prime purposes of its Founder, however, that any such schemes have been able to thrive. It is only because so-called Christians have been neglecting the real essence and spirit of Christianity that their organizations have come to be, as many of them now are, mere formal societies for the propagation of polite discourses once or twice a week.

To say or think that religion, or the faith upon which true religion must be founded, is applicable only to the soul, is to limit its benefits in a way which Jesus Christ by his whole life denied and disproved. A closer knowledge of his earthly ministry than most professing Christians possess, sad to say, shows that he applied faith to every sort of human need and want; that he made it a working part of the ordinary life of the ordinary person; that he counted it a medicine for the body as well as for the soul.

Now, if Jesus Christ did this, it was evidently the thing he intended his religion should foster through the ages. Has his religion done so? Why should it not do so, however?

Eminent physicians, who have spent years investigating the phenomena of diseases, tell us that the state of mind has much to do with the state of body, and that, in some cases, it has all to do with the latter.

These same scientists tell us that faith, in the common acceptance of the term, may be made a prime factor in the fight to resist the onslaught of disease through the mind, which is one of the spots most frequently selected by the enemy. Now, does it not appear reasonable and right that there be some closer connection between the Church and Medicine and Science than has heretofore existed; that instead of the Church withdrawing from these two branches of knowledge, it should come closer and make wise use of the beneficial attributes of each?

For all these years we have had Sin drilled into our brains until to-day asylums are partly filled with poor innocents who are there because of a morbid fear that they have committed the "unpardonable sin." If the pulpit generally would let up a little on Sin and its terrible consequences, and play a little stronger on the sunshine key, with variations on the power-of-mind-over-body part of the instrument, we might see a happier and healthier looking lot of Christians around us.

We would see it. And a healthier world cannot help being a better world, and that is what we are all working for, or, at least, what we claim to be working for.—*Selected.*

STRIKING SENTENCES FROM RECENT SERMONS.

"THE greatest slaves in the world are kings who do not serve."

"Once you admit that there is anything that God has not a mind upon and a holy thought about, and you have knocked out the corner stone of the eternal throne."—*The Bible Record.*

"The Bible was not inspired to inform people upon subjects that they would be able in course of time to acquaint themselves with without inspiration. God does not waste the Holy Spirit."—*The Bible Record.*

WHATEVER leads a man into larger life, whatever widens the circle of sympathies, his service, his knowledge, or enriches his mind and makes him worth more to the world, is truly religious. Whatever limits the life, narrows the soul, is from below. The Lord of Life did not set in man the law of growth into larger life with the intention of finding pleasure only in mocking and obstructing it. If man be in his likeness, who shall set the limits of his life? Into the glory from whence he came he must return.

THE every day care and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon its wheels the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—*Longfellow.*

THE INGLENOOK

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MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

WE have come to that season of the year when nature is making her supreme effort. The early crops are maturing and the later ones are at the height of their development. It would seem that the task set for her is a giant one, and it is, but she will do her part providing we do ours. In very many things nature works only as a partner with man. To be sure, she endeavors to do all her work even if he does less than half of his, but her efforts under such circumstances are a disgrace to her powers and what she can accomplish when unrestrained. In order that she may do her best by the crops we have entrusted to her, we need to give them an intelligent, studied care. This partnership plan is a most happy arrangement. It not only compels us to put forth some effort, but it encourages and inspires us to attain to the highest perfection. And this plan of working with a power greater than that which we can exercise is not confined to the growing of crops.

THE singing birds and humming insects which make up nature's orchestra, tend to soothe one's spirit and compose the energies already toned down by other influences of the season. With patient, continuous effort for a retrospective view and full harvests in prospect, we pause awhile to contemplate both. We take into account the way in which we used some opportunities and also the opportunities that were not used at all, and endeavor to calculate how the future would have been affected had all things been done perfectly. This is one of the ways by which we may "go on to perfection," whatever the line of endeavor may be.

For the most part we are a hard-hearted, unfeeling set, but the hardest of us cannot fail to be touched sometimes and by some things which nature uses to win us to better things. And our ability to understand her and read her messages and enjoy life in its fullest sense is commensurate with the surrender of ourselves to these influences.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

"BRAIN AND BODY."

IN the July number of *Everybody's Magazine* Dr. William Hanna Thomson gives a very clear and interesting study of the relations existing between the brain and the body. His treatment of the several subjects coming under that head is made in the light of the latest discoveries and conclusions of modern scientists in that field and in some respects possesses the nature of a revelation to those who are not close students in that branch of science.

The writer concerns himself first with the belief formerly held that the brain in its relation to the mind was one organ. That is, that it was the whole brain that saw, or heard, or felt, or thought. He shows how mistaken this idea is by illustrations leading to the conclusion that each faculty is controlled by a particular and separate part of the brain, and that even one's several accomplishments call for special and separate brain centers.

Another very interesting matter discussed is that of the quality and amount of brain matter. While the writer acknowledges the correctness of Huxley's demonstration that the human brain does not contain a single lobe nor convolution that is not present also in the brain of a chimpanzee, he declares that mentally man is as far removed from the highest apes as is a fixed star from the earth.

He further says that recent discoveries show that the brain is not the *source* of thought, but is purely the instrument of the thinker, just as the violin is the instrument of the musician who plays it. He concludes this subject by showing that the mental capacity of an individual bears no necessary relation to the amount of brain matter he has in his head,—that men who wear big hats are not therefore "brainy," as many of us who know little of science have learned.

Our limited study of physiology acquainted us with the fact that the brain is divided into two hemispheres or that we have a pair of brains, but perhaps we did not know that only one is developed, that the other remains thoughtless throughout life, and that the one to be developed is determined by the hand that is used most,—the left hemisphere being developed in the right-handed man and vice versa. In this connection the question of ambidexterity naturally comes up. In regard to this the writer says that we might as well expect our visual power to be increased by using both eyes, or our hearing by always listening with both ears as to expect any gain mentally if we thought with both hemispheres. He further argues that since brain

matter itself does not originate a single idea, nature had better not be meddled with, and gives an illustration where the speech centers seemed to be confused by the effort to change from the choice made by nature.

But of all the points discussed that concerning the will and its relation to the mind is the most interesting and most fruitful of further individual study. We quote several paragraphs from this part of the article:

"We are now face to face with the great executive in man, which is not the mind, but a power higher in rank than the mind, namely, the Personal Human Will. Like clay in the hands of the potter, so is brain matter fashioned by the Will, bit by bit, each small area made to acquire a mental faculty according to the purpose of this unmistakable creator.

"There is no word about which the fogs of metaphysics have gathered so thickly as about this word 'Will.' It is these misty conceptions that make it difficult for many minds to accept the facts which prove that a purely spiritual agency such as they imagine the will to be, could cause any definite material effects. A perfectly material thing, like a brain speech center, which can be destroyed by a pointed stick, must somehow, they think, be made by the brain itself, though how any other part of the brain can make a mechanism for words, without itself giving a sign of having a word in it, is hard to understand.

"But there are definite proofs that the will is a specific and positive stimulus to nervous matter, which are made plain when we learn what a specific nerve stimulus is. A ray of light, for instance, is a specific stimulus to the nerve cells of the retina, because no other nerve cells or fibers, except those mentioned, are affected by it. Now we can show that the will is a definite thing by just the same proofs which demonstrate that the actinic ray in a sunbeam is a definite thing, namely, by its effects. Though we cannot see either the actinic ray nor the will, both these agents produce three specific kinds of effects, physical, chemical, and physiological."

Then the writer gives illustrations showing how these three effects may be produced by the actinic ray, and also how the will may produce them, and proceeds: "But the will does much more than bring about such changes; for its right is to rule the mind in its thinking, just as the mind in turn rules the body; in other words, the will should not only direct but control thought. This is but in keeping with the great law of organization of a nervous system, where we constantly meet with structures whose particular office is to restrain and to check the workings of other nervous structures or functions.

"But nowhere is restraint and direction so needful as when the mind is thinking. Thoughts pour into the mind from every direction, and the faster the weaker we happen to be. Let a man be prostrated by a fever and he finds it hard to keep his mind from running to the ends of the earth, until he may actually 'wander' in delirium. In ordinary life desultory thoughts are not only of no use, but may be as injurious as they are worthless. When, as in worry, they are of a disturbing nature, they may jar the mental machine till it wears out by its own friction. The paramount need, therefore, is for some great steadying governor, as that part of a steam engine is well named, or, in other words, we need a will too strong to be diverted by any thoughts from its purpose. Any one who thinks, speaks, and acts only according to purpose, is a giant among scatterbrains, because it is the will only that achieves. We are ever meeting men with brilliant mental gifts who are sad failures merely because they lack tenacity of purpose, which means lack of will-power. To exert influence over his fellows, a man must have a constant inner power of self-control, while he who goes about 'half-cocked' shoots and brings down himself oftener than any one else.

"As the best statement of what one really amounts to, and also of what one most needs in this risky world, we would quote from that old Hebrew collection, the Book of Proverbs:

"'As a man thinketh, so is he,' and 'He who hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls.'"

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Leaves of the trees in emerald green
Reach out fair hands to the skies;
Rivers of life flow gently between
The hills where joy never dies.
—Richard Seidel.

I WISH to say right here that when we are going on an outing with a party it would be a good idea to leave our feelings at home, or at least keep them hidden.—*Hattie Dell.*

WE must believe that Christ is life, then he will impart life unto us, for we are then, and not till then, ready to receive it.—*J. D. Reish.*

Life's pathway is a toilsome one, I know,
Thick-strewn with many a thorn;
But O, the joyance of the noontide glow,
And rosy smile of morn!
—Richard Braunstein.

IT is sad to contemplate that one of God's creatures should fall below its possibilities because of the withholding of assistance which is in the power of some fellow-creature to give.—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

LET those who are not satisfied with the warmth of their love for God throw themselves into his service with all their mind and all their strength, and they will be astonished at the quickening of their love.—*Paul Mohler.*

LIFE in a great measure is what we make it. To learn to count its blessings instead of its reverses is one of the things that must be done by him who expects to be happy.—*Hettie Stauffer.*



Echoes from Everywhere

THE United States has remitted the greater part of its portion of the Chinese indemnity as agreed upon between the powers after the Boxer uprising. This is in accordance with the plans of the late Secretary Hay. President Roosevelt recently received the personal thanks of the emperor of China through the Chinese minister.

THE cedar in lead pencils is soon to give way to a new German composition, says the *Scientific American*. The principal ingredient of the substitute is potatoes. The pencils are now being manufactured and soon will be on the market. It is estimated that the making of these pencils will take about half the time required to make cedar pencils.

GOVERNOR HUGHES, of New York, has vetoed the bill readjusting salaries of New York teachers, on the principle of equal pay for equal work, which had been passed over Mayor McClellan's veto. In his message, the governor says that the measure, if good, should apply to all cities of the state alike, and should be extended logically to all departments of the public service, but he does not think this bill was considered in the light of these implications.

OZONE is, as chemists know, an active form of oxygen. The Japanese, ever alert to apply science in their behalf, make use of ozone in the army to sterilize the water. It is a natural antiseptic and the plan was carried a step farther and applied to the preservation of meats. In a hermetically sealed chamber the meat is subjected to the action of ozone under pressure, after which it remains good, at a moderate temperature. for several weeks. This form of oxygen seems to kill the germs of putrefaction and combines with something in the meat to form a comparatively stable antiseptic.

WHEN the new submarine cable between Iceland and the Shetland Islands is completed, there will be a far wider area which can be covered by the system of weather prediction. By utilizing the Iceland cable and the reports from the Central Physical Observatory, at St. Petersburg, covering the vast stretch of Siberia, the United States Weather Bureau hopes hereafter to possess a knowledge of the state of the atmosphere completely around the earth in the Northern Hemisphere.

THE International Society for the Prevention of Smoke held their meeting in Chicago a short time ago. Among other things the society is finding that the varied ordinances against the smoke nuisance are quite a hinderance to the effectual doing away with it, as many as twenty different ones holding good in the same state. The aim is to have a state law and the laws of the several states to harmonize. Since there is a sure preventive of smoke, a number of delegates contended that the uniform legislation should provide that the mere fact of smoke issuing from a stack was sufficient to prove the violation of the law.

WIDE interest is being taken in the execution of the "Lord's Day act" which recently went into effect in Canada and which is the most stringent Sunday-rest measure adopted by any country in recent times. This law forbids all public Sunday amusements for which money is paid, prohibits the printing or circulation of Sunday newspapers (including the American Sunday "yellows" which have gone so widely into Canada), and stops even the running of Sunday trains except under special restrictions. The law so far is being more or less evaded, and there is much room for difference of opinion as to how far it goes, but test cases are being brought which will soon settle its scope.

MOST people have been amazed while standing in a bank at the rapidity and accuracy with which some of the clerks can count out the coins of all denominations. But even the great speed attained by the human hand directed by a quick mind is not sufficient to meet the demands of the present commercial progress. A machine has been brought out which does this work automatically, counting the coins and rolling them securely in a paper wrapper. There is a kind of hopper at the top of the machine into which the coins are emptied, and they come out below counted and wrapped, the work being done as fast as six men could do it. It is claimed that the machine cannot make a mistake. It is operated by an electric motor.

At a sitting of the first committee of the peace conference, June 28, Joseph H. Choate, the American delegate, made an eloquent speech supporting the American proposition made to the conference in 1899 in regard to exempting all private property, except contraband, from capture on the high seas. In his survey of the subject he showed how America had supported this doctrine by treaties with different countries, and had in practice followed it for over a century. From the manner in which his speech was received it is thought that the proposition which at the former conference was only taken for consideration will this time be approved unanimously.

According to a report rendered by the medical corps of the British army in India the inoculation against typhoid fever has worked well in the army. The report says one hundred and fifty men were inoculated when they started for India, twenty-three of them refusing to take a second inoculation. Fever broke out a few weeks after they arrived in India, and between the fall and the following June there were sixty-three cases and eleven deaths in the regiment to which the inoculated men belonged. Only two cases occurred among the men who had taken the preventive treatment and both of these were men who refused the second inoculation. Both recovered.

For the purpose of securing a rail that will more nearly meet present demands and thus lessen the number of railroad wrecks by a large per cent, a joint meeting of leading railroad officials and railmakers was held June 27. No definite action was taken, as the joint committee of experts, appointed by the American Railway association and the makers of steel rails, who are to ascertain whether any defects in rails resulted from the processes of manufacture, have not yet made their report. The railmakers express their desire to make a rail that will meet the present demand, but say that a heavier rail will necessitate an advance in price, while the railroad officials maintain that the present price is sufficient to include the necessary improvement. The public, of course, has no say, but it is pleased with the prospect that something is to be done to remedy present conditions.

It is not generally known that for two years the government of Canada has been actively engaged in the building of a military road of great importance. The road begins at Edmonton, Alberta, covering a stretch of seven hundred miles to Fort St. John on the Peace river, thence, in an almost direct course, crossing the Rocky mountains in a stretch of two hundred miles to Fort Graham, in British Columbia, and ending up at Atlin, in the Yukon territory, seven hundred miles to the northwest. The road lies through a region as yet for the most part in the hands of nature, and at places she opposes its opening with her sternest barriers. The road is only eight feet wide; at intervals of twenty miles log houses are erected for halting stations. It is expected to have the road completed before winter.

The publication by the interstate commerce commission of its uniform system of accounts for railroads shows it to be one of the most drastic steps toward strict federal supervision since the passage of the rate law. The system goes into effect July 1, covering operating expenses and revenues and requiring the railroads to file monthly reports. The chief accounting officer of every railroad will be held personally responsible for the accuracy of the accounts. The construction accounts are to be so drawn that a current record of the physical value of the railway property is always accessible. Among the chief virtues of the new system will be that of giving to the investor and shipper knowledge of some of the inner secrets of railroad management hitherto guarded with secrecy. The public will know how each railroad in the United States has earned its revenue, how it is spent, and the methods and efficiency of each corporation will be held up in plain view for inspection and comparison.





I LOVE YOU.

I love you, and the little arms
  Around my neck are are softly stealing,
And wistful eyes with all their charms
  Are lifted up to mine appealing,
And velvet cheeks to mine are pressed—
  O, that the bliss could last forever!
Sure to be ever thus caressed
  Elysium one would ask for never.

I love you, and across my face
  Soft fingers pass (where time is sealing
The stamp of years) as if to trace
  And smooth it out by touch and feeling;
While two sweet lips are pressed to mine
  They set my heartstrings all a-ringing—
Sure, child-love must be near divine
  Such comfort to my soul 'tis bringing.

I love you and upon my breast
  Above my heart, her heart is beating
And baby darling takes her rest,
  While sunny summer hours are fleeting.
My heart goes out to God above,
  While gazing on her dainty form,
That he has given baby-love
  To be a comfort in life's storm.
—E. H. Foss, in "Methodist Recorder."

VEGETABLE DIET IN WARM WEATHER.

SELECTED BY CLARA MYERS.

Despite arguments of vegetarians, who are probably not so numerous as they were forty years ago, the people of this country continue to be the greatest flesh consumers in the world. Meat is generally the most expensive food in proportion to its nutritive value, and our large area and fertile soil enable people to afford in daily use what is regarded as a luxury for holidays in most parts of Europe. Most people have heard the story of the Irishman lately over, who was directing his employer to write a letter to friends at home. "Tell them," says he, "that we have mate three times a week here." "But," responded the employer, "you know we have meat here every day." "Yes," replied Pat, "but they won't belave it if I write we have mate every day in the wake." Even in times when economy is enforced by lack of employment or reduced wages, few workmen deem it possible to dispense with the meat ration. They believe that it gives more strength than farinaceous food or fruits. It is probably more stimulating, and in food, as well as in drink, stimulation with many is thought more of than nutrition.

From its rapidity of increase, and the cheapness with which it can be grown and fattened, the hog furnishes much the largest amount of the meat used in this country. Our pork is generally corn-fed, and made much too fat to be healthful for those with weak digestion. And whether for weak or strong, fat pork or fat of any kind is not wholesome; it is deficient in those elements that give strength, ranking, however, in this, with finely-bolted wheat flour. Each of these contains only carbon, one in the form of fat, the other in that of starch. Carbon is excellent for heat-giving, and therefore appropriate food for cold weather; but it is out of date when used in summer. Most persons instinctively decrease the amount of animal food used as warm weather approaches. The bulk of slaughtered animals are killed in winter. In the great majority of rural homes nearly all the meat used on the table in summer is salted fat pork. Now as the experience of thousands has shown that meat is needless at this season, even for hard workers, why not dispense with it and use more suitable, because more nutritious, food in its place?

But meat, even fat pork, will not be set aside unless something really better is substituted. Many who plead for vegetarianism have done lasting injury to the cause they advocate by their absurd ideas about the values of certain vegetables and fruits. We have been told that apples were even more nutritious than potatoes, and that an entire fruit diet in its season was not only consistent with health but the vigor and strength that should accompany it. This is nonsense. Fruit, healthful enough in its place, cannot be made exclusive food without enervation of both body and mind. There is much difference, also, in the kind of vegetables in their effect in promoting bodily and mental vigor. Some are mainly farinaceous or starchy, others, even in the green state, contain material for giving strength and building up bone and sinew. We mistake, probably, in making the potato so largely a portion of our daily diet. It is too starchy, and has too small a proportion of albuminoids and phosphate. Peas and beans are much better. It was probably on these that the Hebrew children were fed during their captivity, as related in Daniel. We are told that at the end of ten days' probation on pulse and water, the countenances of Daniel and his three companions

were fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. This diet was continued three years, in which time God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom, and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. They were all physically and mentally superior to those who had been fed on the king's meat and wine.

It was doubtless neither accident nor miracle that produced this result. If pulse were beans and peas, one or both, no better diet for promoting mental and bodily vigor than these could be desired. They abound in albumen, and have enough phosphate of lime to furnish bone matter for growing children. The healthfulness of grapes as food lies in the fact that they contain a greater variety of nutrition than most other fruits, and in easily digested form. We cook dried beans and peas mainly with fat meats; but green they are equally good and healthful, and better adapted to use during the warm weather.

The popular disfavor into which vegetarian ideas have fallen is due to eccentric objections by their advocates to articles that are the products of animals, but essentially healthful and nutritious. Milk, butter and cheese, eggs, and even honey, have been thus set aside as unfit for food, because they come from animals. Tested by either chemistry or experience, these substances are among the most healthful and valuable articles of diet. If honey, the nectar of flowers, is not fit for human food, it can only be from the fact that men are not fitted to appreciate its excellence. For the making of bone and muscle and repairing of nervous exhaustion, milk and eggs are specific. All of these can be substituted in place of meat with advantage during the summer months.—*American Cultivator.*

FINICAL CHILDREN.

"I SIMPLY cannot eat turnips," announced the elderly matron. "I have never been able to bear them since childhood." "Dear Johnny never eats any meat but beef," says the fond mother, "and, of course, that makes it rather tiresome for the rest of us." And so it goes.

The habits we acquire in childhood stick to us through life, those of the choice of food as well as any other kind. It is nonsense to give in to every whim of a child, founded on a moment's imaginary like or dislike. Still, there is a sweet medium, and in many cases it seems real cruelty to go to the other extreme and force a child to eat food which sometimes seems actually to nauseate him. The best plan is to let him alone and make no fuss over his refusal. In time he will probably come back to a reasonable view of things, or, if he does not, a little moral suasion later will cure him soon enough.

Where a child is actually over-particular and eats very few things indeed, the first thing to do is to ascertain the condition of his health. If this is good, there are still remedies left. Absolutely prohibit eating between meals, and bar such things as candy and cakes. If he is still finical force must be resorted to.

One little girl, however, was cured by a course at a cooking school. There she was obliged to eat everything the pupils cooked, and in time the pride of creation made her anxious that the family should share the things she made—when, of course, she had to join them. And herein lies a useful hint for boys as well as girls.—*North American.*

A HEALTHY POSTURE.

IN a very great many instances, carelessness in walking and sitting, as well as the manner in which we breathe, are responsible for the poor figures, weak vital organs and consequent ill-health, both of body and mind, among women. Narrow-chested women are seldom happy, or cheerful women, and there certainly is nothing attractive in a bowed back and short chest-measure. "Good looks" are not dependent upon regular features or faultless complexion. To get the best out of life, you must learn to hold yourself up—to breathe deeply and regularly, and to exercise all the muscles of the body, internal as well as external. Do not allow yourself to "lop"; it is the most tiresome, as well as ungraceful posture you can assume. When at your sewing, writing, reading, or any other occupation requiring you to bend forward, do not neglect to keep your backbone straight, and do not allow your chin to loll forward onto your collar-bone. If you must assume the stooping posture in order to do your work, do not neglect to straighten up as much as possible, and to hold your head well back, that the neck muscles may act with the muscles of the back in maintaining a straight position of the body.—*Selected.*

TOMATOES AS A FOOD.

No fruit or vegetable is more valuable as a food than the tomato. Tomatoes do not convey very much nutrition to the system, but their effect upon the stomach, liver, and bowels is most salutary. They may be eaten either raw or cooked, as preferred.

There is one caution that ought to be observed, however. If sugar or vinegar is used, it should not be used too freely. The good effect of the tomatoes upon the digestive organs is destroyed by the enormous amount of sugar and the over-amount of vinegar used.

Ripe tomatoes, sliced, and sprinkled with salt and pepper, are appetizing and wholesome.

Tomato-soup is an excellent food for the sick. There are in market good samples of tomato-soup

already cooked that can be procured for such a purpose. The only fixing necessary is simply the addition of hot water. But it would be better for the housewife to make her own tomato-soup. It can be given to the sick in any stage of any disease. It has a soothing effect upon the fever patient; it will not endanger the bowels in cases of typhoid fever, and altogether it is much more refreshing and sustaining than the beef slops and beef-tea that are generally fed to sick people.

When vinegar is used on the tomatoes it ought to be diluted with water. It is a very good way, when vinegar is desired, to use three parts of water to one part of vinegar, and add the salt and pepper to the water and vinegar before it is poured upon the tomatoes.

If sugar is preferred to either of these, it ought to be used sparingly. The sugar counteracts in a great measure the very excellent effect the tomatoes have upon the stomach.—*Medical Talk for the Home.*

BERRY RECIPES.

An Easy Berry Pie.—Make a light pie crust and line a deep tin with it. Mix the berries with sugar and stir in half as much fine bread crumbs or stale cake crumbs as you have fruit. Fill the open crust with this mixture, bake, and when done spread with a meringue made of the beaten whites of two eggs and powdered sugar. Set in the oven to brown lightly. Serve cold.

Blackberry Blanc Mange.—Stew the berries slowly in a little water, strain, and sweeten to taste, set over the fire again to boil, thicken with a little corn starch wet up with cold water, stir all the time until thick enough, then pour into cups wet with cold water, and set in a cold place. Serve with cream and sugar.

Blackberry Pudding.—Butter a pudding dish and place a layer of berries, one and one-half inches deep over the bottom. Pour over this a batter made of one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two tablespoons of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, flavor with nutmeg. Bake until a light brown, turn from the dish with the fruit on top, and serve with sweetened cream or spice sauce.

HASTY PICNICS.

Perhaps the mother suggests having a picnic or the father comes home a little early with a tempting looking bundle under his arm, or one of the children wants to go to the woods—no matter how it starts there is a joyful planning when the Canbys have a hasty picnic. They all like to go to big affairs where there are speeches and singing and swings and games, but privately they confess to liking their own little picnics best. To start with, there are no starched best dresses and new shoes to be careful of, and if one wants to wade in the brook for minnows, one can find plenty of company at the hasty picnics where such sport would be frowned on at the larger affairs.

I am afraid the people who like frosted cakes and elaborate salads and ice cream and four kinds of pie on the picnic table, would not like these little hasty picnics, but that is neither here nor there. They might object to the newspaper table cloth and napkins to match, but Mrs. Canby never goes to a picnic tired out from getting ready, so the boys and girls enjoy the fun all the more. All the children have a hand in the preparations and all enjoy that part as much as the supper or dinner that comes later.

In this house there is a regular picnic outfit, which consists of paper plates from the meat market, several small, bright tin cups, a large bottle for the lemon juice and sugar, paper napkins cut from newspapers, several old knives, forks and spoons, three old school satchels, some old towels and a salt and pepper shaker.

One of the children makes the great pile of sandwiches, another gets the lemons ready, a third boils the eggs and the baby of the flock lends a hand everywhere. The mother plans the food and packs the basket which is to go in the cart with the baby, and then they all set out for the woods or the river or the tiny park. The children have fishing tackle though they seldom catch a fish, and there are various small articles tucked into the wagon. A ball and bat sometimes accompanies them and often whittling is the sole sport of the afternoon. The mother reads or sews or helps with the games, and the father enjoys the quiet of the pleasant shade. Often neighbors or little friends go with them and then the fun is doubled.

And what do they have to eat? Well, piles and piles of bread and butter always. They enjoy baked beans, cold ham, chicken, chopped steak fried in small cakes, veal loaf, cold tongue and various other picnic dishes, but always there is plenty of plain bread and butter. The mother may bake beans while she is getting dinner or prepare a veal loaf for the occasion, but often they know nothing of the picnic at dinner time. Then they always have lots of fruit. Cherries, peaches, apples, grapes, plums and other varieties of fruit are taken along to be eaten in the natural state and thus save the trouble of getting pies and sauces ready.

Usually there are cookies, but the cooky jar in that home is seldom empty so these healthy cakes make little extra work. If they have the picnic near a farm house they buy milk to drink, but the lemon bottle goes to almost every picnic. The juice is squeezed out and mixed with sugar, so that lemonade is prepared by simply adding water. Nothing in the way of soft puddings or stewed fruits is ever taken,

and there is no danger of upsetting the food into something else. Pies are unknown at the hasty picnics but nobody seems to mourn for them when fresh fruits, are abundant.

"What is the use of going to all that trouble?" asked a friend as she watched the children hurrying to get ready for an afternoon's pleasure. "My children have a nice yard to play in and I don't intend to wear myself out going to the woods no matter how much they tease."

"Come with us this afternoon and see if it pays," said wise Mrs. Canby, and sitting on the grass with a pillow at her back and a bit of sewing in her hands, the friend had to admit that it did pay.

The happy children played by the brook, gathered pebbles, sang their little songs, ate the good food and enjoyed every moment of the time thoroughly. They were like birds suddenly turned out from cages, and the mother felt her selfishness in resisting their pleadings so long. She looked at the simple lunch that had cost less than an hour's preparation and remembered how many times she had said it was "too much trouble" to get up picnics. True, the children were in old clothes and looked anything but tidy, but the return trip was to be made in the friendly dusk of evening. She looked at Mrs. Canby's happy face and wondered how much these breathing spells had to do with her sweet temper and serene ways.

"I'm going to give my little ones some picnics too," she whispered penitently, as she watched them with tears in her eyes. I'm sorry for them."

"You'll never regret it," whispered back Mrs. Canby. "These frequent outings have done more for my health and temper than all the medicines I ever took. I wish we could have them all the year round."—*Hilda Richmond.*

LET us see that whenever we have failed to be loving, we have also failed to be wise; that whenever we have been blind to our neighbor's interests, we have also been blind to our own; whenever we have hurt others, we have hurt ourselves much more.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

DEFEND US, LORD.

Defend us, Lord, from every ill.
Strengthen our hearts to do thy will.
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to thy service true.

Oh, let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard.
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and thee!

—John Hay, Late Secretary of State.

For the Children

RICHARD'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

RICHARD was standing at the front gate; rather, he was jumping around by the gate, hanging and swinging on it, and looking up and down the street as if he were waiting for some one.

The truth was, Richard knew something per-fect-ly beau-ti-ful. He had found it out only a little while ago; then he had told it to every one in the house, to all of his neighbors, and to the old black woman who lived in the alley.

But he wanted to tell it to some one else. There was a nice doggie coming along the street. Richard knew he was nice because he belonged to one of his friends. He caught little Fido as he came up, and whispered the secret in his ear; but Fido didn't want to stop, so he pulled away from Richard and went galloping down the street.

"Say, Fido, how do you like it? You can play with her, you know," called Richard.

Fido stopped a second and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "It's all right, Richard;" and away he went again.

After a while there was a pretty old lady coming. Richard liked her looks very much. She held some large pink flowers in her hand.

Richard stood waiting for her to come up. Then he said: "Oh, say, lady, do you know that it's my birthday, and that I've got a birthday present?"

"Why, no," said the lady. "I hope you like your present. Who gave it to you?"

"Why, why, of course I like it—I like it best of anything, for God gave it to me."

"Indeed?" said the lady.

"Yes, yes, indeed." Richard was talking as fast as he could. "Why, no one else could give it to me, you know, 'cause it's a baby sister!"

"Oh, oh!" said the lady; "I don't wonder that you are delighted. God was very good to send you such a present; and here, go in and give her these flowers. Tell mamma they are for the baby sister."

"Oh, thank you!" cried little Richard. "They'll be the first present she'll have."

"Oh, no," said the kind lady, "for when God gave you a sister he gave her a brother."

"Why, why"—Richard did not understand at first.

"Yes," replied the lady, stooping over to kiss him, "when God gave her to you, he gave you to her, see?"

"Why, yes, that's so," he said, as he started to run into the house; then he turned and called back, "I thank you very much."—*Western Christian Advocate.*



THE RURAL LIFE

LONGINGS FOR THE FARM.

D. D. THOMAS.

Sweet life of the farmer boy, buoyant and gay,
Chasing the butterfly over the way,
None of the cares of life harass his soul,
Few of the sins of life over him roll.
Thus may I be,
Thus may I see
My little ones growing up in the country.

Sweet life of the farmer girl, rosy and fair,
Who knows not of burdened life, thinks not of care.
Who now sings a ditty and now songs of praise,
Yet uniform freedom has blest all her ways.
Thus let me be
Thus may I see
My little ones growing up in the country.

Blest life of the farmer wife healthy and strong,
Breathing the summer air mingled with song,
Queenly and powerful in all the land,
Love to the chilly heart, strength to the hand.
Thus may I be
Thus may I see
My little ones growing up in the country.

Grand life of the farmer man, when shall I see
More nearly a model man trusted as he,
Free as the birds that fly, free as they sing.
Unharmed by the bands of men he stands a king.
Thus let me be
Thus let me see
My little ones growing up in the country.
Herring, Ohio.

COUNTRY LIFE NOWADAYS.

FRED V. KINZIE.

THERE is nothing so pleasant as for a city person to get out in the country, out from the hum and hustle and noise of the city, into the fresh air, with blue skies, Mother Nature's woods, hills and dales, and flowers and grass, into the little country home secluded from the "busy" world, and there take a "rest."

How jolly the boy or girl who has been cooped up in the city, the most if not all their lives, when they can get into the country, and enjoy the birds and flowers, fresh air and sunshine, and the stretches of meadows of grass and fields of grain. No such panorama can come before the eyes as the eastern heavens telling of the morning's dawn, or the western horizon at the close of a summer's day, or the stretches of God's green earth lying before your eyes any way you may look. No such music will ever strike the ear as that of the American songsters, heard from dawn till dusk, and from spring till autumn, or the warble of the brook, or the cackle, crow and gobble of the barnyard fowls.

But this is not all. Looking from a religious, an educational, a social, a recreation, a health restorer or a pleasure-seeking standpoint, we see the country boy and girl away ahead of those born and reared in the city. First, they have not the evil allurements that they would have if in the city. Second, Nature's teachings are far superior to those of any of our best educated professors, although the statement should be inserted that, along with this wonderful development of mind, the high school and even college education is very essential. Third, sociability among the country people differs in different communities, the same as in town, but when the people are of a sociable nature there are no more life-enjoying crowds than those who make up the many sleighing parties, husking-bees and other indoor as well as out-of-door games. Fourth, recreation and health are two things which can be gained only in the fresh, pure air which farm-life affords, from the facts that most of the eatables (those which have to be watched so close in the city) are homeraised and homemade, so there is no question as to their cleanliness or purity, also the quietness which generally prevails, enables one's nerves to build up, and the whole body to gain its full vigor and power.

Looking at both sides from all standpoints, we can see that the country boy and girl should count their blessings, and instead of leaving a good home when they are yet in their 'teens, and going to the city with nothing in view but a "good time," should stay on the farm until they know what they want to do. We do not say they should always stick right on the farm and never go to live or work in the city, but first see what you really want to do and be.

Elgin, Ill.

"GOD Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."—*Lord Bacon.*

FROM FARM TO FAME.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Robert Burns.

THE life of Burns was by no means a model one, but as perfection is not found here, let us heed the good in the lives of all men and shun the bad.

He was born at Ayr in 1758. Being the son of a poor, unsuccessful Scottish peasant his early life was spent in hard labor on a sterile Scottish farm.

His education was very limited, being such as he received from his father, who was a somewhat cultured man of a serious turn of mind and noble character. His love for poetry led him to read all that came his way, with the result that his poetical education far distanced his practical. This led him early to making rhymes, which were handed around in manuscript and gained for him local fame.

Being unsuccessful in his native land, he decided to emigrate to Jamaica, and published a small volume of poems to pay expenses.

The venture was successful, beyond his most sanguine expectations, and led to an offer for him to go to Edinburg which he accepted.

No poet was ever recognized as quickly as this uncultured peasant from the banks of the Ayr.

There he was given an almost royal welcome, and gave promise of a brilliant future, but the same temptations that to-day beset the rustic youth in the city worked his downfall. He was thrown into idle company and led into dissipation.

He married Jane Armour (Bonnie Jean) and built with his own hands a cottage at Ellisland, near Dumfries. Here as farmer, exciseman, and poet he led a busy life, but his appetite for strong drink caused him to neglect his farm, lose his position as exciseman, and brought on ill health, which caused his death in 1796, at the early age of thirty-eight.

Burns was a poet of the people. He knew their very life and had much to do with public affairs. Though he erred, and that often, yet his acts were not sordid or mean. He is a good example of good intentions without firmness sufficient for execution.

His poems show an intense love of freedom, justice, and truth, a sympathy for suffering, and an ardent hatred of oppression, hypocrisy, and dishonesty. They were written chiefly in the Scottish dialect which makes them somewhat difficult to read, but still they are worthy of a careful perusal.

Below are some quotations from his poems:

"But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolve
To bear and not repine.

"Where with intention I have erred
No other plea I have,
But thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

"O man! while in thy youthful years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime."

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

"Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HOEING AND PRAYING.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray,
"I've worn my knees through to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'ere corn grow;
An' why yourn beats it so an' climbs
I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his quiet and easy way,
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row;
An' I work this mixture into the soil,
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best,
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord, he does the rest.

"It's well for to pray, both night an' morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying, though
If an answer you would get,
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet.

"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing, clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

—Unknown.

"Let us get up in the morning resolved that we will live a truer life than we did yesterday, make somebody happy, keep our temper, and do something to make the farm life richer and better."

THE ANGORA GOAT.

THE Angora, or mohair goat, comes originally from the Turkish "villayat" of Angora, the principal city of which is about two hundred miles south of Constantinople.

The first Angoras imported into this country were a part of the gifts from the Sultan to Dr. John B. Davis. In 1849 Mr. Davis visited Turkey at the Sultan's request to superintend attempts to raise cotton in the Sultan's dominions. His success so pleased the Sultan that he loaded Dr. Davis with favors and presents, a small herd of the finest Mohair goats being among the choicest of the treasures lavished, in the opinion of the Sultan.

From Dr. Davis' herd came the ancestors of the few and small herds in the United States just before the Civil War.

But there were no mills in this country at that time to make use of their hair, so the little animals were propagated because of their peculiar but pleasing appearance and their gentleness, which made them ideal pets.

When peace came again, the suggestion that, in time, the Angora might become a more valuable economic factor than the sheep or the fields of cotton, met with but slight attention. The whole country was in a state of transition, of reconstruction, and the raising of the Angora was still to remain an amusement rather than an industry.

In the early seventies, George F. Thompson, of the Bureau of Animal Industry—an expert—commenced the task of letting the farmers know the value of the Angora goat as a money-maker, how to breed this interesting little animal for profit, and where to breed it the most successfully. Meantime, strange as it may seem, the "pure bred" Angora had ceased to exist and there is, probably, now no such animal as the "pure bred" Angora in the world.

The reason for this is understood to be, in this country, carelessness. In Angora the cause, though slightly different, gave the same results. The discovery of new uses for the hair of the Angora goat caused the avaricious but short-sighted Turks to increase their herds of mohairs by interbreeding them with the more prolific Kurdish goats, thereby "outbreeding" the more valuable original Angora.

But in this country there were enough of the Angora traits still discoverable to give the hope of eventually breeding back to the Angora. These hopes have been almost realized, although, as yet, the purified Angora cannot truthfully be described as a pure Angora, however little it may retain of the outward signs of the Kurdish admixtures. But these are worth their weight in gold, frequently bringing prices that must be expressed by the thousands.

In Cape Colony, Africa, are over three million five hundred thousand Angoras. In the United States are still a few less than two million but they are valued at over four million dollars according to the latest estimates.

That the Boers are ahead of us in discovering the value of the Angora is due, no doubt, to the fact that the Angora is not a native of this soil; while it will live almost anywhere south of the Arctic Circle, in reality it cannot thrive in any but a warm, dry climate, nor will its hair have the same commercial value, its young be so healthy, its life so long. It only really thrives best on warm, dry, hilly places or on sandy levels. For this reason, any part of the "Great Mesa," in the Southwest, is especially adapted to Angora raising.

Geographically, the "Great Mesa," be it understood, is the northwestern part of Texas, the northern part of old Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and parts of Colorado and Utah. Geographically it is a vast tableland, dotted by smaller mesas, surrounded by mountain ranges that shut from it the rain-bearing winds from the north, from the Pacific, from the Californian Gulf and the Gulf of Mexico. Its average altitude is 7,000 feet, though in many places it is three miles above sea-level. Underlying this entire region seem to be vast underground lakes, rivers and reservoirs, so that nearly everywhere on the "Great Mesa" artesian wells can be made at slight cost. On top of the surrounding mountain chains, the snow lies white the year around, though it is even more of a rarity than rain in the valleys. From this snow that is always falling, always slipping down where it will melt, come the rivers that cut gashes in the "Great Mesa," gashes that are too tremendous for words to express their marvels. From this snow, also, comes the water that is found beneath the soil. Probably, too, from this snow as much as because of its elevation, the "Great Mesa" ten months out of every year is the land of Springtime.

The mean average temperature is seventy degrees. It seldom gets much above ninety nor below forty. Here, the sun shines three hundred days out of the year and the other sixty-five days it is sure to be visible some portion of the hours of daylight.

Because of the dry, warm air, the continual sunshine and dry soil, the Angora's hair is soft, silky, glossy, the color of the hair of a human baby more than anything else to which it can be compared. A single hair is usually from one to two feet in length, finer than the thread spun by a spider, more delicate and lustrous than the line of a silk worm, as well as far more durable.

Out of the hair of the Mohair Angora are made rugs, "mouffton furs," blonde wigs, carpets, tapestries, plushes, "silk" thread, and silk webs, far more glossy and pretty than the fabrics made of the cocoons of the silkworm.

At present, the cost of a pair of ordinary Angora goats is trifling. A yearling ram brings from three to five dollars, a yearling doe, or ewe, a trifle less than the male. They breed the second year and can be sheared from then on, the hair weighing about five pounds to the goat and being worth from twenty-eight or thirty to fifty cents a pound.

Of course, the cleaner the hair, the finer, the softer, the longer, the better prices. I am speaking of the ordinary animals and ordinary prices.

That some goats' fleece is worth hundreds of dollars an ounce is a fact, but such goats and such fleeces are not too abundant. Some ordinary goats' fleeces, when the season has been favorable, are worth from three to seven dollars a pound.

The goats require a herder as they will not defend themselves, and they must be sheltered nights, for an Angora with wet hair will "chill" and die very quickly.

The Angora will eat anything, like the ordinary "William-goat" peculiar to Harlem heights, it will clear a quarter-section of brush and shrubs permanently and effectively. Though it must be kept dry and warm, it is in every respect an extraordinarily healthy creature, subject to few of the diseases that beset sheep and cows.

Its milk is rich, sweet and wholesome, supposed to be good for anyone not almost dead with tuberculosis, certainly it is very fattening and from it cheese and butter can be made to rival any of the Old World goat-cheeses and goat-butters.

The fact that the Angora is a healthier animal than the cow makes its milk an ideal food for babies, very old people, or feeble children.

Some of the goat-raisers say its milk will rival De Leon's Fountain of Youth, but this is, probably, an exaggeration.

At present, the Angora goat-raiser in the Southwest has the advantage of millions of acres of "free range," but the United States Government is rapidly cutting the ranges up into farms, irrigating these farms and giving them away to anyone who will take the land and live on it for five years.

To such a new-comer a small herd of Angoras is the best possible money-maker. The herd will clear and fertilize his land while he is putting up his house and his "shelter sheds." In five years his does will all have given him at least twenty-one descendants and about five dollars apiece yearly for their hair. As in this climate the Angora need not be stall fed, or sheltered (except at night) either Winter or Summer but will just "grow," Angora raising is as near to getting something for nothing as has yet been offered by Providence for the alleviation of the lazy man.

Among the Angora goats exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition were two prize-winners which, owing to the long fleeces they carried, attracted extraordinary attention. One was a doe and the other a buck—both being from New Mexico. The doe sheared fourteen pounds of fleece and the buck sixteen.—*James R. Shelton, in Vick's Magazine.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

A lady who was looking around in a bric-a-brac shop, with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman replied in a subdued tone, "Worth about half a million, madam; it's the proprietor."

"Mama," said little Elsie, "do men ever go to heaven."

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."—San Francisco Monitor.

Matrimonial Agent—I can strongly recommend Mr. Softy. He's financially solid, and he neither drinks, smokes, nor takes snuff.

Applicant—Do you think I will marry a man I can't find fault with?—Fliegende Blaetter.

"But will your new medical preparation cure?"

"Hush! That's not the question. It will sell because the man who is going to write our advertising stuff can describe every symptom of illness man is heir to, and then make the reader believe he's got all of them."—Health.

"Well," said the uncertain citizen, "I failed on that examination to git in the government service—turned me down on geography, an' spellin', an' 'rithmetic, an' now I dunno whether to go to teachin' school, or practicing law, or editin' of a newspaper. I jes' can't decide which one o' the three to tackle!"—Atlanta Constitution.

RECIPROCATING.

"Your family plays the piano later every night," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered the suburban resident, "we're trying to keep the people next door up so that they will be too sleepy to mow the lawn in the morning. And they're trying to mow the lawn so early that we won't feel like playing at night."—Washington Star.

SAW NO ADVANTAGE.

"Oh, Edgar! Did you see in the paper the description of that new house where everything goes by electricity? Wouldn't it be fine if we could live in a house like that! All you have to do to get anything you want is to touch a button."

"That wouldn't interest you, my dear, it would be no improvement. Nothing could induce you to touch a button. Just look at this coat of mine!"—Rire.

NEFF'S CORNER

Now that I have spoken of vacant houses, some perhaps think that every thing is dead at Lake Arthur, everybody who invested here through Neff is "on his back" with a howl, dissatisfied with his investment and trying to get out, and perhaps some wise ones are patting themselves on the back for not coming in and saying, "I told you so." But wait a little, don't laugh too soon. Let me tell you more of the facts. I have not received one word of dissatisfaction. This warm weather people want to "spread out" some if they can possibly afford it, and hence just now there is not as good a demand as usual for the little two-room houses, though I rented one yesterday. All my three-room houses are rented except one that was finished only a few days ago, and that has been spoken for. Another with the roof not yet on is engaged.

Two additions to the town, one to the north and one to the west, have lately been laid out and on one, material is part on the ground for a fine concrete block residence, a pretty two-story residence closer in is nearing completion, the workmen are as busy as bees on the large brick business block at the corner of Broadway and Main, work is being pushed on the bridge across the Pecos, I have two three-room houses under way, and now at a season when most other towns are asleep, Lake Arthur is as lively as you please. A concrete block factory has a force of men busy at work and Lake Arthur is not dead.

To be sure I advised against the building of more houses for rent here at present, but it was not because this thing is overdone—it was because I don't want it overdone. The situation may so change soon that I will call on you for more houses; but whatever I propose, I will propose nothing except what I think will pay you and do good. I am still able to answer questions, so address your correspondence

JAMES M. NEFF,
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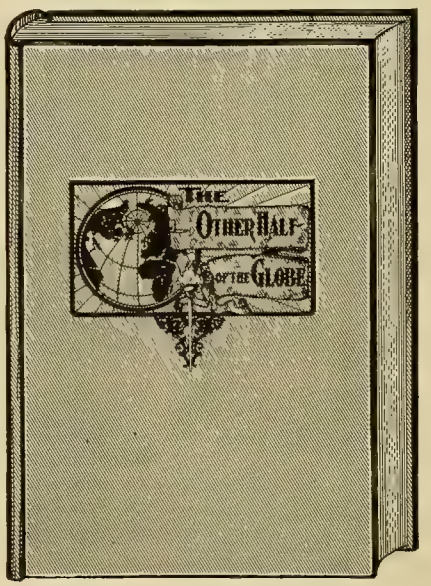
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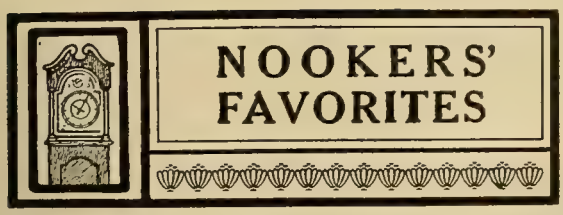
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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charleston shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud in its haven of rest,
On the white wings of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean, how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,
White its light, sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down to the shore;
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angels that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the girdle of suns that the night skies unroll;
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of the rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
Fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like the bow of the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

—Mrs. Amelia B. Welby.

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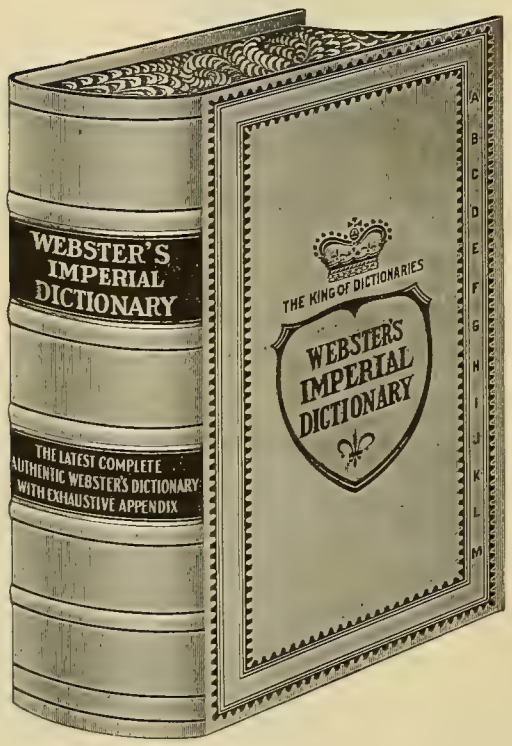
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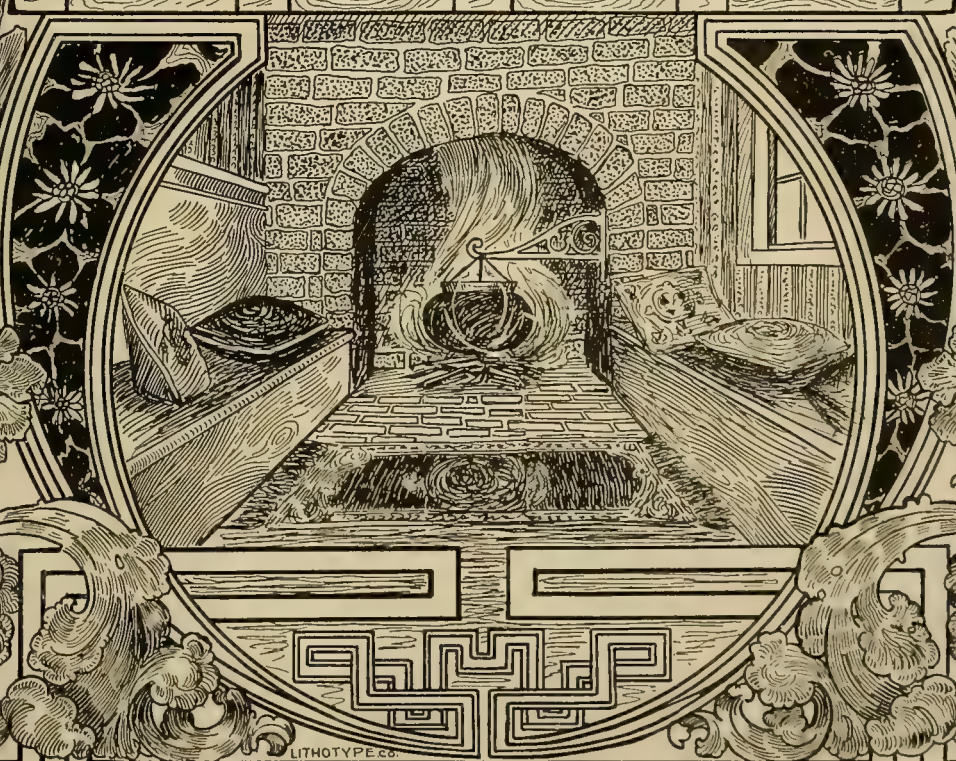
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

—Selected.



LITHOTYPE CO.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

July 16, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 29. Vol. IX

ARE YOU GOING TO

CALIFORNIA, WASHINGTON, OREGON, IDAHO ANY OR OTHER POINT?

TAKE THE

Union Pacific Railroad

DAILY TOURIST CAR LINE BETWEEN CHICAGO, MISSOURI RIVER, COLORADO, IDAHO, OREGON, WASHINGTON and CALIFORNIA Points

Round-Trip Rates

From	To	Tickets Sold	Return Limit
CHICAGO, ...$75.00	SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES and SAN DIEGO, CAL. And Return	Daily, June 1 to September 15.	October 31, 1907.
ST. LOUIS, ... 69.00			
PEORIA, ... 71.00			

Rates apply via usual direct routes through Ogden and Southern Pacific or Salt Lake City and Salt Lake route, returning same, or going one direct route, returning via another. For tickets to San Francisco via direct routes in one direction and **via Portland** in the other, or via Ogden, Southern Pacific and Los Angeles in one direction and **via Portland** in the other, the rate will be **$88.50 from Chicago; $82.50 from St. Louis; $84.50 from Peoria.**

Favorable stop-over arrangements.

From	To	Tickets Sold	Return Limit
CHICAGO, ...$75.00	PORTLAND, ORE., TACOMA, SEATTLE, BELLINGHAM and EVERETT, WASH., VICTORIA, VANCOUVER, and NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C. And Return	Daily July 1st to September 15.	October 31, 1907.
ST. LOUIS, ... 69.00			
PEORIA, ... 71.00			
via direct routes, not through California.			

Rates apply via usual direct routes through Huntington, Billings, or St. Paul, **but not via California.**

Colonist One-Way Second-Class Rates

Tickets on sale daily from September 1 to October 31, 1907.

From	
CHICAGO, ...$33.00	**To Bakersfield, Colfax, Colton, Fresno, Lathrop, Los Angeles, San Diego, Mojave, Redding, Weed, Montague, Sacramento, San Francisco and Santa Barbara, Cal. Parties wishing to go to BUTTE VALLEY should buy tickets to Grass Lake. Rate is $1.25 higher than to Weed, California.**
ST. LOUIS, ... 30.00	
PEORIA, ... 31.00	
CHICAGO, ...$33.00	**To Ashland, Albany and Portland, Oregon; Everett, Seattle, Tacoma and Whatcom, Wash.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.**
ST. LOUIS, ... 30.00	
PEORIA, ... 31.00	
CHICAGO, ...$31.10	**To Boise City, Idaho.**
ST. LOUIS, ... 28.10	
PEORIA, ... 29.10	
CHICAGO, ...$30.50	**To Lewiston and Stites, Idaho; Baker City, Huntington, Pendleton and Umatilla, Ore.; Colfax, Coulee City, Ellensburg, Spokane, Walla Walla and Wenatchee, Wash.; Rossland and Trail, B. C.**
ST. LOUIS, ... 27.50	
PEORIA, ... 28.50	
CHICAGO, ...$30.00	**To Glenwood Springs, Grand Junction and Leadville, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Pocatello, Idaho; Anconda, Boulder, Butte, Garrison and Silver Bow, Mont.; Evanston, Granger and Rawlins, Wyo.**
ST. LOUIS, ... 26.00	
PEORIA, ... 28.00	

Usual direct ticketing routes, except that tickets to California points will not be sold via Portland, and tickets to points in Oregon, etc., will not be sold via Sacramento. Rates to intermediate points will not be higher than to points beyond.

Corresponding rates to other points in related territory.

Favorable stop-over privileges at and west of Pocatello, Idaho.

Stop-over of five days at all points in California **except San Francisco and Los Angeles** on tickets to California destinations.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

GOING TRIP—Going trip must begin on date of purchase of ticket and stopovers may be had at any point enroute prior to midnight of "Going Transit Limit" as shown above.

RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent,
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

To the Settlers of Butte Valley

Watsonville, California, June 18, 1907.

During my recent visit to your beautiful valley I have been particularly impressed with the splendid opportunities offered there to the settler and the favorable condition under which to make a start.

No insect pests, obnoxious weeds or fungus diseases to attack or destroy the growing crop. Pests that elsewhere cost the farmer and fruit-grower tens of thousands of dollars each year.

Here is an opportunity to commence, as it were, with a "clean slate."

Will you let this opportunity pass unheeded? Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, here as well as elsewhere.

From personal experience and observation I know how very expensive, yes, disastrous, in some cases, the lack of a little foresight and some preventative measures have been. The great damage caused the farmers of a locality by the introduction of foul seed is only too well known.

However, the unique situation of the Butte Valley gives you a chance to prevent the introduction of such pests and disease as Johnston Grass, morning glory, Canadian thistle, pear blight, walnut blight, grain smut, rust and weevil. All varities of scale insects, codlin moth, wooly aphis, bitter rot and dozens of other enemies of our cultivated plants and trees.

To do effective work the Butte Valley farmers must organize and obtain the co-operation of the county officers. A committee should be appointed through which all purchases of seeds, plants or trees should be made, thus allowing careful inspection by the County Horticultural Commissioner, besides saving in cost.

Not an ounce of seed, not a box of fruit, not a single tree should be allowed to enter the valley without passing a rigid inspection.

No old boxes or sacks should be allowed at all.

Doubtless the Agricultural Department of the State University will do all in its power to help you, if its assistance is requested.

Co-operative buying, selling and shipping is another subject meriting the serious attention of your organization.

Good schools, buildings as well as teachers, good roads, farmers' telephones, all these and many other problems will engage your best efforts as the population increases.

You will be well prepared to meet them if you organize now on the broad principle of Democracy, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

Wishing you all success, health and happiness, I am

Yours sincerely,

F. L. Willehed MacDonald

Beyond Human Help

was the conclusion they arrived at. The doctors had done their best and failed. It was not a verdict, however, that was calculated to inspire a feeling of good cheer in the hearts of those around her. Mr. Frank Loskot, 943 Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., tells a vivid story of his mother's sufferings and her ultimate recovery through the medium of a plain household remedy. He says: "My mother was in a terrible condition. Her ailment seemed to be a peculiar one. The doctors gave it various names, but she suffered greatly with pains in her stomach. We had three doctors attending her, without benefit. At times the pains would seize her so that we thought surely her end was at hand. Finally the doctors declared that she was beyond human help, and that there was not a spark of hope for her. Everything else having failed, we decided to try the BLOOD VITALIZER, of which we had heard so much. I obtained some of this remedy and commenced giving it regularly, according to directions. It was not long before we noticed its good effect. She continued to use it, and inside of a month our dear mother was so much better that she was able to be up a little. After a while, she was entirely well and has remained so ever since. Her ailment has never returned. We are very grateful for what the BLOOD VITALIZER accomplished."

NEARING THE EIGHTY MARK.

San Antonio, Tex., May 17, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I never like to be without the **Blood Vitalizer** as it has done me so much good. I suffered greatly with my stomach and kidneys but I am cured through the use of your remedy the **Blood Vitalizer.** If I had had your medicine about 30 years ago I would not have been doubled up as I am through gout and rheumatism. I am like an old crippled tree that cannot be straightened any more. I am 77 years old. With kindest regards, I remain

Yours very truly,

305 Division St. Anna Zuercher.

THE DOCTORS GAVE UP.

Garrison, N. D., Jan. 29, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have a son, 12 years old who has been sick for three years. Two years ago, when we lived in Russia the doctors there gave him up as incurable. They said there was no hope for him at all. When I came to this country a Mr. Barth told me to get your **Blood Vitalizer,** which I did. My boy is now well although nobody ever believed that he could regain his health. We are very thankful to you. Yours sincerely,

G. Steinwand.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

is known as a plain household remedy. It comes in a plain bottle encased in a plain carton, but there is the element of cure in every bottle. No one is so low with disease but what this remedy gives hope, and no one so well but what it will still do good.

Do not ask for the BLOOD VITALIZER in drugstores. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is supplied direct to the people through local agents appointed in every community. Should you know of no agent in your neighborhood, write at once to the sole proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.



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Elgin, Ill.

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(Specimen of type)

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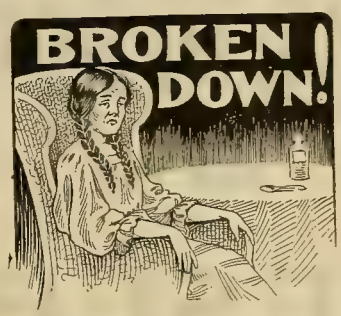
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Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.

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Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.

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R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

Notice to Subscriber

In changing your address from one post office to another, be sure to state what periodicals you are taking and if all are not sent in your name, mention that fact. Quite a good many of our subscribers write and say, "Change all my mail matter," etc., not designating what papers. We have, at least, seven lists of names for our various periodicals, and it makes a lot of extra work to go over all these lists when, perhaps, your name is only on two or three of them. Kindly remember to always state which of the periodicals you are receiving.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

Lomita, California

So long as there is unsold land in this colony, those who purchase acreage of us, can have it to raise corn and barley at the usual rentals, but the parties should take it before Nov. 1. These crops require no irrigation.

The city of Los Angeles recently voted overwhelmingly to issue $23,000,000 to build a canal 246 miles in length, to bring the waters of the Owens River for its use. It will take five years to build this conduit, and assuredly the many thousands of men who will build it will require vegetables, fruits and meats. Suppose you come to Lomita and help raise these supplies!

Do you know how we grow in Southern California? The number of children of school age between five and seventeen in this county is 82,237. The net gain the past year is 6,313. The total number of children under 17 is 108,707. Of this number 105,910 are native born. Manufactures, railway developments, and productions of the ground and mining have been vast in extent, and the per cent of increase of population in Los Angeles has far outstripped Columbus, New Orleans, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, Louisville and Milwaukee the past 26 years.

In these parts of the United States the raising of crops is not a five months' proposition as in the East, but nearer a twelve months' reality.

There is scarcely a time when something can not be grown for the markets. What is land worth that does business for you ten or twelve months in a year? You cannot expect it to be purchased for the price of land that brings you only one crop in the year.

We expect the "knocker" and the misrepresenter. In fact, he has been here from the forenoon sun already. He is a negative quantity anywhere, so we expect to grow without him. In this world there are three classes: Workers, beggars and thieves. The latter two live on the labors of the workers. Among the workers are the useful workers, the jerkers and the kickers. The first is God's selection. Lomita is seeking useful workers. There is great room for them. Such build good homes, develop the soil, build schoolhouses and honorable churches.

Scarcely two places in Southern California are just alike.

Places only a few miles apart differ. Distance or nearness to the sea, elevation above the ocean, closeness to and contour of mountains, rivers, trees, soil and heat, all have influence on productions.

On account of these differences between places, the descriptions differ. If you know one place you do not know the other place even near by unless you give it study. Hence in describing Lomita we do not describe Covina, and in describing Covina we do not describe Downey, and Downey's description does not fit Lordsburg. For this reason there are strictly citrus fruit conditions, alfalfa places, berry regions, etc. We claim Lomita to be a berry region, good for alfalfa, corn, vegetables, walnuts and peaches and possibly apples. Come and help develop and make yourself a nice home amidst a genial climate free from destructive storms and rigorous winters. There is no winter at Lomita. We have spring and summer only.

Markets are good and are likely to continue good. Each year about 50,000 people make their way into Southern California, thus increasing the demand for food stuffs and each year the area of productive land grows less because of subdivision into town lots.

In no year has there been enough raised in our country to feed the people, hence considerable food stuffs are brought from the East. The stuff will grow here,—what is needed are more industrious farmers and gardeners.

One should have from $1,000 or more to begin at Lomita The more the easier to make rapid progress. Please get the right thoughts about our lovely Lomita, give it a careful look-over, and if you see your way clear to become one of us, we shall be glad to take the next best step—sell you some acres.

Address:

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
314-316 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
M. M. ESHELMAN, Tract Manager,
Same Address.
26t13

A Great Opportunity

FOR THE

HOMESEEKER

180,000 ACRES UNDER THE CAREY ACT

Now Ready to File On

This tract is on the North Side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $30.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms, crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success ,as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands take the Oregon Short Line R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & G. S. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JULY 16, 1907. No. 29.

The Public and the Saloon

William L. Judy

THE American people believe that their democracy is truly a self-governing nation, deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, and organized to protect the life, liberty, happiness and prosperity of its rulers, the people. Every institution existing to-day, according to this principle, is promoting the highest public welfare. Ah, ladies and gentlemen, it is so sad to know that such is not the truth. An institution is flourishing in our beloved nation which has no right to exist, because it is gnawing at the vitals of the nation, undermining its happiness and prosperity, corrupting the public morals, and yet we seem to heed it not. This great enemy of the home, the church, and the state is the saloon.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Poverty, woe, sin, corruption, crime, vice, diseased bodies, poisoned intellects, degenerated manhood—these are its fruits. Has it any right to exist? "By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery equal to the dramshop," is the final and repeated decision of the nation's highest tribunal, which has declared that "there is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors at retail."

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine." There can be no sight more pitiable than that of the drunkard. Can it be that his diseased body was made in the likeness of the Creator? What means that staggering gait of his, if not that his intellect has been poisoned by the vile stuff and no longer has control o'er his body? Listen to the words of that great sage, Wm. Shakespeare, when he said, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" The drunkard's higher nature is blunted. The appreciation of the sublime, the beautiful, and the cultured, given to him as a gift from his Maker, finds no sympathetic chord in his degenerate soul. His heart, made to beat with that of the Infinite, responds only to baseness, immorality, and degradation. The bestial, the animal, hold sway o'er his higher sensibilities, o'er the divine part of his nature. No hope e'er swells in his breast. Life means only the continual satisfying of his abnormally developed appetites and passions. "No man liveth unto himself." The drunkard's woe, misery, and sorrow affect also his family and society. The innocent and helpless wife and children must bear the greater share. "By their fruits ye shall know them." What is the fruit of the saloon?—the drunkard. He is its finished product. Has it any right to exist?

This institution is the curse of American civilization, the open sore of our nation. It empties our churches and workshops, and fills the jails, almshouses, and the dens of vice and misery. Virtue and purity are trampled under foot. Even the home, the hope and bulwark of our nation, is threatened. The cursed custom of drink is making us a nation of weak-bodied and weak-minded men. The saloon is corrupting the public morals, whose forces determine the stability of our government. Not one good thing can be placed to its credit. There are no bright pages in its shameful history. Has it justified its existence?

What should be the attitude of the government towards the saloon? Our democracy was organized to protect life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the fundamental purpose of our government. Public welfare must stand supreme. Every temptation to crime and wrong-doing should be removed. It is the government's duty to make it hard to do wrong and easy to do right. It must assume the attitude of unending hostility to every producer of crime, poverty, and misery. Yet, the saloon, though it is admittedly responsible for seventy-five per cent of the crime, poverty, and woe existing in the nation to-day, is flourishing under our government, and has the full protection of our flag. The same stars and stripes that protect the church, the home, and the state, protect the saloon with equal importance.

Our government has agreed for a sum of money to give existence to an institution which thrives on vices, appetites, and passions of men. A question of revenue can never be considered alongside of morals.

License means the government's permission, protection, and partnership. By sharing in profits of the saloon, the government has become a partner in the business. The liquor dealer has no right to earn his bread and butter by taking away the bread and butter from the drunkard and his innocent family. Though it has a license from the government, it has no license from the Almighty. "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." If it is the unquestioned duty of the government to protect the morals of the people, to secure happiness and peace both to themselves and their posterity, why does it allow to exist, yea, to thrive and threaten, the corrupter of public morals, the institution which everywhere tempts the American youth, the hope and promise of the future to begin the habit that steals his brains, weakens his physical strength and endurance, takes his wages and gives no equal return, breaks his mother's heart, and makes his father's hair untimely gray? Why does the government hesitate to destroy this cursed traffic, this archenemy of civic righteousness and public welfare? Oh, when will our nation awake from her lethargy and open her eyes, so long closed, to the existence and condition of this awful curse, which seeks to undermine her welfare and prosperity? God grant that it may be soon.

The government is responsible for the existence of the saloon; and the people are responsible for the government; therefore, the people are responsible for the saloon. Public sentiment rules in our democracy. The voice of the people is law, for they are the rulers of the government. The only way by which to reach the saloon is through the government; and the only way by which to reach the government is through the people. Therefore, the solution of the liquor problem lies with the people.

The existence of the saloon is due to the distorted attitude of the public towards it—an attitude of indifference caused by a lack of education and information concerning it. They regard it as having existed for a long time and as now being necessary. They do not see its real nature. "Does it not help to pay our taxes?" the public asks. Yes, and does it not help also to fill the jails, disturb the peace, and cause crime? The people do not seem to see that the cost of the saloon is sixteen dollars to every dollar of income. The saloon is a deceiver and tries to keep the public ignorant of its real nature. It tries to appear as a necessary adjunct to the community, and as the poor man's club. Though it claims equal rights and privileges with other trades and continually complains of undue interference, yet, unlike any other trade, it disregards every restraint imposed upon it. The saloon does not stay within its limits as a trade but tries to dominate political parties, control elections, and bribe the press. The office-seeker dare not incur its enmity. Votes are bought by liquor. Think of it; the dearest right of a free citizen bartered for drink.

The crying need of the hour is the education of the public. Let them see this cursed traffic in all its hideousness. Show them how they have been so long deceived and imposed upon. A great change in public sentiment must come about. The public conscience has been seared and must be aroused. The call is for men, strong and courageous for the right; men, high minded, and who "understand the living might inherent in a principle." The educating of the public is the one necessary means. If the public finds that it has been buying spoiled meat or adulterated food, at once it demands an immediate redress. It knows that murder and robbery must be punished because the common good so demands. It sees the need of such action and realizes the evil result if allowed to continue. But apparently the public does not see the saloon with all its hideousness and treachery. It does not think of the saloon as criminal and to be dealt with accordingly. Agitation alone can bring this about. Oh, for men, eager and ready to open the eyes of the public, and lift the veil from the saloon! Then, when the iron is hot, strike, and victory is certain.

The future promises success to the cause of prohibition. The final struggle is yet to come. The forces on both sides are strengthening their lines. Listen to this bugle call on the enemy's side: "The trend of public sentiment in this decade is against the liquor trade, and when the trade realizes this fact and confines its efforts entirely to protecting what they now have, and banishing thoughts of what they would like, the better it will be for all." Immorality, crime, misery, and sin are arrayed on the one side; on the other, virtue, civic righteousness, the church, and the home. But we are assured the victory. Prohibition will succeed because it is a civic necessity. A righteous cause knows no defeat. The evil cannot withstand the good. The Lord of Hosts, our God, is with us; and who dare oppose him? "Forward" be our watchword; "on to victory" our battle-cry.

TENDERNESS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Down in the woodland's deep and fragrant gloom,
Where shadows quiver, green boughs interlace,
And soft, cool zephyrs tremble in each space,
The violets grow, arrayed in purple bloom,
All wet with dews, exhale their rare perfume,
We gaze into each bright, uplifted face,
They sweetly smile with soft and tender grace,—
A hint of joy from worlds beyond the tomb.
They seem to wear an angel's aureole,
Such as we see in pearly dewdrops shine.
Their silent speech—an oracle divine,
Breathes forth this message to each listening soul:
"All life is rich that humbly seeks to bless,"—
Oh petaled music of Love's tenderness!

The Song Sparrow

M. E. S. Charles

ALTHOUGH the song sparrow delights in thickets near swamps and in lowlands, it is a very sociable bird and frequents gardens, orchards and door-yards. When nesting near a dwelling it seeks a thicket of mock orange bushes, spireas, etc., or dense, twining vines, as the honeysuckle, clematis and wild grape vines, in which to build its nest. This structure is placed from one to three feet above the ground. The bird can adapt itself to surrounding conditions and when it sees fit to build in the open field, the nest is placed on the ground, often under a bunch of clover, or at the roots of a hill of growing corn.

But whether the song sparrow builds on the ground or in bushes its nest is always well made. The foundation is constructed of stout stems of grasses and rootlets: the nest proper being built upon this of long slender grasses, and not infrequently finished off inside with hair. The eggs, four or five in number, are greenish white, more or less thickly blotched and spotted with dark reddish brown. At first the young birds are fed upon plant lice, small caterpillars and worms. But by the time they are one-third grown they are ready for moths, butterflies, beetles, grasshoppers and caterpillars, which they consume in immense quantities. During the fall and winter both the old and the young birds feed on grass and weed seeds. Two broods and sometimes three are reared in one season, the nesting season lasting from May to August.

By the middle of September the song sparrows will have left the haunts of men and will be found in thickets along roadsides, and on the bushy edges of swamps and creeks, or among the underbrush bordering woods and fields. They are now quiet and retiring in their habits, being rarely seen except by those who look for them. The tide of migration will soon set in, and by the last of November only an occasional straggler will be seen in the places where a month or two before the thickets seemed alive with them.

If in doubt as to the identity of the song sparrow, the wedge-shaped patches of black and brown which often unite to form a large spot in the center of the breast, will settle the matter definitely. Plain and homely in its dress, its sweet notes and its gentle, confiding manners render it a most welcome visitor to our doorsteps where it will soon learn to come for the crumbs that are thrown out: and the same bird will return year after year to the same locality, whenever thus encouraged and in this way it has become inseparably associated with the early childhood of almost every country boy or girl.

The song sparrow is one of our most noted and conspicuous singers. Frank M. Chapman, a reliable ornithologist, says of this bird: "You can not go far afield without meeting this singer," and Miss Blanchan says, "There is scarcely an hour in the day, too, when its delicious, ecstatic song may not be heard." Early in the morning, almost before day dawn, we may hear its resonant notes which are kept up at intervals until nightfall. Being one of our most constant musicians its song is heard from early spring until late fall. It is the opening song of the season, often being heard in central Indiana and Illinois as early as the middle of February, and as late as November. Its song is especially impressive when snow still lingers on the ground and few other birds are heard. When a song sparrow begins a trill it usually repeats it a number of times, and then, as if tired of one tune, turns to another; and yet with all its variations there is always something that distinguishes its singing from that of all other birds. Some of its notes are full and exultant, while others in the same run are low and tender, like the strains of a harp. Henry Van Dyke has paid a beautiful tribute to the song sparrow in his poem beginning:



The Home of Two Sparrows.

"There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;

Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle, joyful song I heard."

Spiceland, Ind.

FILL YOUR PLACE.

ANNA GARBER.

You may travel upon this vast globe of ours, sailing from ocean to ocean, traversing the continents in turn, viewing the wonderful works and inventions wrought by man, admiring the lives of those who have left an immortal influence, beholding the beauties and wonders of Nature, or, in short turn your mind's eye to anything that lives, moves, or has its being on mother earth, and you will everywhere observe the great necessity and importance of this theme—Fill Your Place.

Each one of us has a place to fill; we all have a mission here,—a work to do in this great, busy world. Everything has a place, else there would be no existence, and the most important, and probably the most difficult is that of finding our place. It is essential that there be a fixed purpose; a true aim in life, and a firm decision as to what place we shall occupy in this vast throng of workers. This may be done by environment, inherited tendencies, or in a personal choice, and in making this choice set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it.

We perhaps can not see the need of properly filling our place. Why not drift along with many others who are going at a rapid pace? But they must reach their destination all too soon, so let us be "rowing, not drifting." It is a duty to your Creator, yourself, and others. The world has need of competent workers, and can use you even if your ability is limited, for one talent well used and cultivated is worth much more than five or ten, undeveloped and buried. It is not what we possess, but how we use it.

Then be yourself, and fill your own place, for no one else can fill it for you, neither can you rightly fill the place of any one else, but you may teach them by your own worthy example. In order to fill our place well and be able to cope with the difficulties and trials of life, we must have preparation. The first part of this preparation lies in the development of character.

Make your character, let your reputation be what it will. "You can not dream yourself into character, you must hammer and forge one for yourself." So it is achieved. The person who has enough strength of character to overcome the daily contests successfully, is the one who will be able to fight the great battles.

What are we without character? We are nothing. Where is the place for him who will not render full value for what he receives? The world doesn't need such and is better off without them. This is the greatest part of the preparation that we learn to control ourselves, and frame a strong and beautiful character.

Education is also a requisite, and is obtained by perseverance and diligence; indeed, it is not so much the difference in brain as in the effort put forth that some are better educated than others. Perhaps they have more of that characteristic known as "stick-to-it-ive-ness."

Good manners constitute no small part of our education, and these are an index to good character. Thus character and education go together, and form a happy combination in the same individual. We should fill our place every day by seizing every opportunity to do some little act of kindness, or to speak a helpful, cheering word to those around us, not forgetting the aged one, or the little child.

We must realize our possibilities, and feel that it lies within our power to accomplish great things and to make the world richer by lofty purposes. Greatness does not depend on position but on faithfulness, which is very necessary in accomplishing good results.

"He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

Count a man great who fills his place of service well.

We should have high ideals and great ambitions, but without discontent; it is wise to be looking ahead and striving upward.

Failing to fill our place, or to do our duty, influences others. They may be benefited, or injured by us,—just as we choose to do. If we help them, they will pass it on, but if we hinder them by our own poor life, theirs will also be a failure and just how far the destruction reaches no one can determine. "No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself."

We should fill our place nobly—however small it may be, for the place does not confer dignity on the man, but the man on the place. All have not equal capacities, hence we cannot all expect to do great things, but it is often the little places that count. So it is important that every one do and be the best they can in the place they should fill. What an ideal place this world would be if every one properly filled his own place! We should do right regardless of what others do.

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Filling our place always, brings success and happiness. In order to fill our place successfully, we must sacrifice pleasure for duty,—hence *success means sacrifice*. Successful people find that shade trees and easy chairs are few and far between on the road to success.

And let us remember that it is every day that counts. Success does not come all at once, but it takes both time and work, for there is "no excellence without

great labor." Then I say again, Fill your place in every true sense of the word. Let us live a life of usefulness and great accomplishments, and we will be assured success and happiness both here and hereafter.

Burr Oak, Kans.

"SOMETIMES the hardest struggle about duty is deciding to do it. When the decision has been made, once for all, and the will fixed, the carrying out is not nearly so hard as it looked. Indecision is the unhappiest mortal state to be in. To decide and be done with it is half the battle."



Song of the Roses

Marguerite Bixler

Last evening I restlessly wandered
Into my rose-garden, fair.
For my heart was heavy with sorrow,
And comfort I thought to find there.

But alas! instead of rich blossoms
Scattering their fragrance around
And modestly blushing a message,
Only buds in the garden I found.

All day were they kissed by soft zephyrs,
And golden-winged sunbeams so bright—
Yet, while I longingly lingered,
The buds only whispered, "good-night."

Sadly I turned from my garden,
Pausing a moment to weep,
Then like a burden-worn pilgrim
Sought to bury my sorrow in sleep.

But sometimes in life there are struggles
So vital, so keen and so deep,
Blighting our most cherished heart-hopes,
Such cannot be silenced in sleep.

How long were the hours of night-time,
How mournful the winds in their sighing,
How ghostly the cold, silent moonbeams,
Mocking my heart in its crying.

But morning's dawn chases the shadow,
Each dewdrop, so lately a tear,
Is changed to a smile in the sunshine,
As it whispers, "Heart, be of good cheer.

"This life is not all pain and sadness
'Neath the dark cloud waits the gold and the blue
Myriad are the hearts of compassion,
There's comfort in this, Heart, for you.

"Come, troubled one, cease thy repining,
Blessings rich are awaiting thy way,
Keep busy, be helpful, believing—
Thy strength it shall be as thy day."

Once again I enter my garden,
Oh! the wonderful change that's been wrought,
Crimson-blushing and snowy-white blossoms,
Every nook with rich aroma is fraught.

And thus have the sweet blossoms taught me,
To cheerfully sing on, and wait,
For the One who awakens the rosebuds
Will sometime, for me open a gate.

That leads into a garden celestial,
Where the adored Rose of Sharon doth reign.
In the Homeland of love's purest fragrance
There, our loved ones, redeemed, to regain.

A Summer in the Rockies

Hattie Dell

OUR first stop was at Grand Junction, about six miles from home. Here we laid in a supply of canned goods, and more bread. A mile or so out of town and we were on the desert. We came to a place where there were two ways and thinking they both led to Whitewater, the men thought we would take the shortest. This led us through gates and just about dark we came to the end of the road. Here was a bank from which had been hauled dirt or fine rock. It was a little difficult to find our way back to the right road, but we found it, and soon came to a small irrigating stream, where we camped.

We all seemed more tired than hungry, so we had a lunch, made our beds, and retired. We had neither springs nor feathers; we just spread our covers on mother earth, with the blue sky and bright stars above us. Our sleep was sweet and refreshing, for we breathed no poison air. We were up at four o'clock. While the men looked for wood with which to cook our breakfast, we girls completed our toilet at the little stream. It did not take long to eat breakfast, for it was served in one course.

We were soon on our way up the hill. Walking was fine, the air so sweet and light that it made one feel as if he could almost fly. East of us was the Grand Mesa covered with trees and brush. We could see a house here and there several miles up the mountain side, and streams of water looked like a mere thread. We stopped in Whitewater and the men laid in a good supply of ammunition, for they were going to kill deer, and bear. We crossed the Garrison river and commenced climbing a seven mile hill. John and we girls took it turn about driving. Will and Archie walked the whole seven miles, and shot rabbits. There were a good many flowers along the way; we gathered our hands full, but the hot sun soon wilted them. This was a hard pull for our little team, but we all rested going down the other side. The road on this side was made by blasting the rocks out of the mountain side just wide enough for a road.

At the foot of the hill was a little brook, and as we were very hungry we stopped here for dinner, we had fried rabbit and gravy. The Colorado rabbits are good any time of the year; they are smaller and have a better flavor that the Nebraska rabbits. We had not learned yet to let the fire burn down before trying to cook a meal, so our potatoes tasted a little smoky, and the ashes blew in the gravy. We hinted that we had spilled the pepper into it and the men thought it was good. We decided while eating that each one should take his own dishes to the brook and wash them. What wouldn't come off with water, was rubbed with sand and our dishes were clean, too.

We were now in Uniweek Cañon. There are some fine little farms and log houses scattered along through this cañon. We saw some wheat and oats, but mostly tame grass is raised here. The soil is rich and is farmed wherever it can be had. As we were passing one prosperous little farm, we saw a man at the well. John said that man had killed his neighbor who lived on down the cañon a little way. The wife of the man that was killed told her boys when they grew up they wouldn't be men if they didn't



A Short Level Stretch.

kill the man that murdered their father. It was told that she didn't care anything for her husband when he was alive, but made a big fuss when he was gone. What a wicked heart that woman has. What can we expect of the boys and men as long as there are such mothers in the land. Just let Satan get into the heart of the mother and a ruined home will be the consequence. The fathers are often the cause, too, but if their mothers would have been true Christian women, not many of these men would be as they are. Here is one man's idea of woman: "O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted

fair to look like you; there is in you all that we believe of heaven—amazing brightness, purity and truth, eternal joy and everlasting love." May God help each of us to become the true, pure, faithful woman he would have us be. Don't forget this, sisters, if you let slip all else I say.

The mountains here are not what one would call beautiful, but grand and wonderful. There is but little growth on them, but at every turn one of us would see something new in these mighty rocks. We saw one very pretty waterfall. It was back quite a distance from the road, so we only quenched our thirst from its sweet water where it crossed the road. The sun was too low down to get a snap shot of the fall, and it was the same way when we came back. I was much disappointed for I did want a picture of it. There were two nice farmhouses here, and this man farmed for a mile or more on down the cañon.

Our next stop was at a rock possibly two thousand feet high with a hole through it about five hundred feet from the top. We were all anxious to see what the opening looked like, so the horses were unhitched and left to eat by the fence, and we set out across a hay field. To our surprise, and discomfort, the owner was watering his field, and our feet got a good soaking. We crossed a small stream and picked our way through the thick underbrush until we reached the foot of the mountain; then the climb over and around large rocks commenced. We had a hard, hot climb of it, but by resting several times we all reached the hole. Likely we girls would have been left half way down had not the men given us a lift over the hard places. We were very warm and as we entered the opening, the cool air rushed through making us shiver. There were large rocks piled up all through here and they looked as if they had been blasted out, but people say it is a natural opening. We were not so long going down, but our knees wanted to turn the wrong way before we reached the foot of the rocks. It was getting along toward dark and we hurried on to find a camping place, which we soon found and an ideal one, too, on the bank of a brook with trees, brush and grass. What more could campers ask for?

We were all hungry after such a hard climb, so while the men rolled in logs, and broke up brush for a fire, we girls unpacked the provisions. Supper was soon cooking rapidly and we hastened to spread the table, for the odor from the kettles and frying pan sharpened our appetite still more. How we enjoyed cooking and eating in this way so much more than at home. How much we enjoy a change. We soon called supper. One call was usually enough for the men, for they were never far away at mealtime. And how they did eat! We girls were afraid sometimes we would have to go hungry. I suppose if they could get a word in here they would say the same thing about us. But never mind, boys, we enjoy seeing you eat our cooking as though it were too good to leave any. After supper we sat around the campfire and dried our shoes. The men laid their guns by the bed, so that if a lion or bear came down upon us they would be ready for him.

For several reasons I did not sleep much that night. The wind started up and blew the ashes from our fire right over us, and something in the brush close to me kept stirring the leaves until I was so wide-awake I thought no sleep would come to me that night. But it did come at last to my relief. The morning dawned bright and fresh. The men were up and fed the horses while we slept that "sweet morning nap," and they called to us saying the horses had eaten two loaves of bread that had been overlooked in unloading in the evening. They left just a crust so we would know where our bread had gone. We were scarce of bread anyway, but John said if we ran out, he could make pancakes out of water, and they were good, too. We girls smiled at that remark, but didn't say



Unlweek Cañon.

(Continued on page 681.)

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XIV. In Which Sibyl Exhibits Some Characteristics.

THE days flew rapidly by at Shady Brook, the occupants of which were active, each in his appointed way. Mr. Chester was busy with his college work, Mrs. Chester devoted much of her time to benevolent enterprises and literature, while Sibyl and Lily were engaged mainly in loving each other and every day becoming firmer friends. Unselfish employment is sure to bring its own reward, hence it is needless to add that all were happy.

Meanwhile, some characteristics were developing in Sibyl. Mrs. Chester watched and silently "pondered them within her heart."

One feature which was highly conspicuous in Sibyl, was her love for the weak and suffering. One plaint from Lily, as well as the cry of a kitten in distress put her on the alert and insured her immediate protection. Mrs. Chester observed this and said to her husband: "Surely, dear, that trait alone is a gem well worth the polishing."

While this was true, she was not marked in her deference to superiors, in general, and would, in no wise be imposed upon by any one who was her equal in years and strength. She strenuously thwarted any infringement upon her rights, and her disposition for revenge upon the offender was as noticeable, as was her defense of the weak. In evidence of this she had several times been rude in her replies to some of the village maids who hooted "beggar gal!" at her; much to the mortification of Mrs. Preadle and Mrs. Trot, two pious ladies of Busy Homes.

"I tell you, Sister Trot, it's a shame on't, as well as a neverlastin' disgrace to Sister Chester, to have a gal of that make-up about her. In my estimation, it's a 'peachable wrong to the young folks of this neighborhood round about to have her brung and stationed in their midst. The Lord knows the workin's of the brain, how treacherous it is an' how deceivin! Who'd a' thunk it ob Sister Chester?" concluded Mrs. Treadle with a tragic glance upward, and a groan which was intended, perhaps, to pierce the heavens, but which in all likelihood reached no further than the ceiling.

"'The heart is deceivin' above all things and desperate wicked,'" quoted Mrs. Trot. "That prophecy is fulfilled at Shady Brook, Sister Treadle! from this day forward I wash my hands from humanity!"

Mrs. Chester had once remonstrated with Sibyl, in a quiet manner concerning this propensity, and pointed out the evils which would naturally follow if she persisted in such a course. Sibyl was always deferential to Mrs. Chester, and one word from her benefactor immediately subdued her. And now she burst into tears and sobbed: "I know its wicked an' bad, an' I'm sorry most powerful, but it seems like the strivin's of a sperrit in me, an' when they make fun an' call me beggar gal, I can't keep back the words nohow! I know it's a wicked sperrit makes me say them, Mrs. Chester, an' I will try more as ever not to listen."

Sibyl was in earnest about the matter; and the next day when Priscilla Trot called "beggar gal" at her she did not even move her lips. That night she felt more than conqueror as she knelt beside her snowy bed and prayed: "Forgive me my sins, even as I forgive Persilly Trot."

Mrs. Chester also observed that Sibyl had strong perceptive organs. She was quick to imitate and apt in learning. Since her arrival at Shady Brook she had learned to read and write under the patient teaching of her benefactress. The pleasure she evinced upon mastering the alphabet was something touching. And for a time, in Mrs. Chester's absence, Lily heard nothing but d-o-g *dog*, t-o-p *top*, r-a-n *ran*, and a few other favorites. At length she was able to comprehend simple composition, discriminate between poetry and prose and finally to read the magazines to whose literature Mrs. Chester contributed. There was something in poetry that awed her and she declared that she herself would be a "pome" some day. For many days she coveted this idea, and perhaps no poet ever gave to the world his master piece in greater triumph than that with which she handed to Mrs. Chester her "own first verse."

Upon a crumpled piece of paper, which showed that much scribbling and erasing had taken place, were cramped these words:

"O deep blue sky
Way up so high
Look down on I!"

Mrs. Chester could not repress a smile and Sibyl

accepted that as an evidence that her poem had found great merit in Mrs. Chester's eyes, and looked intensely gratified. For some moments there was an unbroken pause. Perhaps Mrs. Chester was wondering what to say and how to say it. At last Sibyl disturbed the silence by suggesting:

"Do you think as my verse is beautiful?"

"It certainly contains several beautiful thoughts," replied Mrs. Chester.

"Do you think it sounds sort o' like what the great pomes write?"

"I believe most all great poets speak about the wonderful, deep, blue heavens," affirmed Mrs. Chester.

"Thank you, Mrs. Chester. I can't tell you as how happy your words make me! I don't think as I ken ever be as great a pome as you are, but I b'lieve as I have done something what Persilly Trot *can't* do; for it is like enough 'at she has never thought about the deep, blue sky."

Chapter XV. The Building of a Bridge.

"'B'LIEVE me that with the deeds an' struggles o' the present we are 'forded the opertunity o' buildin' fer ourselves a bridge what shell span the waste an' bear us inter that blessed an' redeemin' future where there shell be no past.'

"'With the deeds an' struggles o' the present,'" murmured John Deane, still more emphatically, withdrawing his hand from his throbbing temples; "them wuz her words."

"'The deeds an' struggles o' the present,'" he quoted yet again; then added: "That's a hard sayin' fer the struggles o' the present means suthin' turrible. But Mrs. Chester's words are true, I doubt.

"'A bridge what shall span the waste an' bear us inter that blessed an' redeemin' future where there shell be no past.' I will begin the buildin' o' that bridge this day.

"It will take a deal o' buildin' to make a bridge what is long enough ter carry a fellow inter that mysterius future, an' will 'quire a purty stout un," soliloquized John Deane. "I will make my piers o' repentance, an' the floorin' o' faith in God, what will surely stan' the test, an' the iron spikes what jines the materal shell be b'lief in humanity. I never thought as I could b'lieve in humanity no more; but Mrs. Chester cares fer me, an' she will help me. It'll be hard work, this buildin' will, but I hev the bridge planned out an' I'll begin it, fer I am anxious ter reach that future what has no past!" And John Deane gazed long and earnestly at his mental plan.

It is a hard road that leads from sin to righteousness and must needs be a toilsome and tedious journey. Many faint by the wayside and only here and there a traveler reaches the far-off haven of eternal rest.

Ay, when one has spent his best years in the paths of folly it is hard to retrace his steps. But John Deane started, and that is more than many travelers do.

A SUMMER IN THE ROCKIES.

(Continued from Page 679.)

much. No one seemed hungry—strange isn't it?—so we drove several miles, and stopped by a tiny brooklet and shade trees, made a little fire just to make coffee; we had buns, salmon and fruit and didn't take time to cook anything, for we wanted to get as far as we could before the heat of the day. Cora and I walked on, but we did not go far until we saw strange tracks in the road, so we waited for the wagon.

SUMMER HYMN.

The year draws near its golden-hearted prime,
Fulfilled of grandeur rounded into grace;
We seem to hear sweet notes of joyance chime
From elfin bells through many a greenwood place.
The sovereign summer, robed and garlanded,
Looks, steeped in verdure, up the enchanted skies;
A crown, sun-woven, round her royal head,
And love's warm languor in her dreamy eyes.
We quaff our fill of beauty, peace, delight:
But 'mid the entrancing scene a still voice saith,
"If earth, heaven's shadow, shows a face so bright,
What of God's summer past the straits of death?"

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

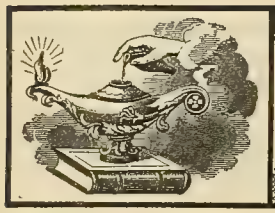
WHY WEAR CREPE FOR THE DEAD?

WHY will Christians persist in wearing crepe? It is purely a custom of heathen origin, and is anti-Christian and anti-rational.

Unfortunately the notion prevails that by dressing in black and wearing long crepe veils the bereaved friends manifest the depth of their grief and the ardor of their love, and thus honor their dead; and that to refuse or neglect to "put on mourning" is to fail to pay respect to the departed one. No more absurd notion could prevail.

If death ended all, then the custom would be appropriate; but for Christians who believe in the resurrection of Him who "brought life and immortality to light," and has gone to prepare a place for us and ours, to perpetuate a heathen custom that had its origin in the notion that death and the grave end all, is not only inconsistent, but absurd.

Of course the manufacturers and dealers in crepe and other "mourning" fabrics will perpetuate the custom as long as possible, because it puts money into their pockets; but is it not time that Christians break away from the tyranny and expense of this heathen custom? How ridiculous, how superstitious, how heathenish to see, at a funeral, the bereaved ones draped out in long, costly, trailing veils, and hats and bonnets that indicate all the blackness of despair.—*Religious Telescope.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

D. L. FORNEY.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

SOME scriptures could very easily be fulfilled were there no qualifications.

The first great command as Jesus numbered them, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," would, if it stopped right there, be very easily observed. But when it must be "with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength," the limitations are such that those who comply are not so numerous.

So also the command in our text; with the last two words omitted there would indeed be a grand rallying host to the unfurled standard. But with the qualification *as thyself* a Gideon's band can scarce be rallied.

Could men read their own lives into the scriptures it would be an easy matter to have sufficient love to satisfy. But when it is required to love a neighbor *as thyself* it is necessary to dig deep enough into our natures to find a love that is founded on the Divine. The self nature must be pushed aside to make room for a neighbor on the same platform with ourselves. A love that is broad and deep and true as the love of God must possess the heart to love our fellow as we love ourselves.

Cain no doubt loved his brother till he allowed the spirit of envy a place in his heart, then all was changed. But with a heart of love that is true, acts of love spring forth from its virgin soil.

Two brothers lived neighbors. One alone without wife or children, the other had wife and children. Each possessed a field of grain. The first said to himself, "I have no wife or children and do not need so much grain as my brother who has a family." So during the night he carried a number of shocks from his own field to that of his brother. The other meditating on his brother's condition said, "His lot is lonely and he does not have a wife and children to bring joy to his life as I have." So during the night he transfers a number of shocks of grain from his own to his brother's field. In the morning both rise to find they possess as much as they had before giving any away.

Paul places a very high ideal in this one command when he says, "For all the law is fulfilled in one word even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Savior's answer to the lawyer's question, Who is my neighbor? answers the question as to whom we are to love as ourselves. Not him alone who lives on adjoining lots. Did we open our eyes we might see both the man in need as well as the man whose kindness should receive recognition. Each is neighbor to the other. *Love thy neighbor as thyself.*

Reedley, Calif.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

J. KURTZ MILLER.

THIS noted preacher has gone to his reward years ago, but he is not forgotten. He cannot be forgotten in Brooklyn. In a beautiful little park at City Hall, he stands life-size in bronze, on a granite pedestal some six feet high. At the base are orphan children and a poor widow (in bronze) looking towards the man who was their friend. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world" James 1: 27.

Thousands of people pass this little park every day going to and fro at business in the heart of our great city. The other day I paused before the image of this man of God, and counted over twelve different varieties of the most beautiful flowers planted in artistic designs. Beecher's little tribute to flowers flashed into my mind. It was this: "The most beautiful thing God ever made, that he forgot to put a soul into, was a flower."

Oh how we do love the beautiful! But listen! Sin is ugly—makes you ugly! Your only remedy is the Word of God. It will beautify your life, and build for you a character which is worth far more than any earthly monument made by man.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Doth faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known:
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what he has begun:
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you will see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock:
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, It shall be done sometime, somewhere.

—Browning.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

THE golden quality of this best-known and loved of Charles Wesley's hymns is attested by two indorsements that cannot be impeached; its perennial life, and the blessings of millions who needed it.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide
O receive my soul at last!

Wesley is believed to have written it when a young man, and story and legend have been busy with the circumstances of its birth. The most poetical account alleges that a dove chased by a hawk dashed through his window into his bosom, and the inspiration to write the line—

Let me to Thy bosom fly

—was the genesis of the poem.

The popularity of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" not only procured it, at home, the name of "England's song of the sea," but carried it with "the course of Empire" to the West, where it has reigned with "Rock of Ages" for more than a hundred and fifty years, joint primate of inspired human songs.

Compiled incidents of its heavenly service would fill a chapter. A venerable minister tells of the supernal comfort that lightened his after years of sorrow from the dying bed of his wife who whispered with her last breath, "Hide me, O my Savior, hide."

A childless and widowed father in Washington remembers with a more than earthly peace the wife and mother's last request for Wesley's hymn, and her departure to the sound of its music to join the spirit of her babe.

A summer visitor in Philadelphia, waiting on a hot street-corner for a car to Fairmount Park, overheard a quavering voice singing the same hymn and saw an emaciated hand caressing a little plant in an open window—and carried away the picture of a fading life, and the words—

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

On one of the fields of the Civil War, just after a bloody battle, the Rev. James Rankin of the United Presbyterian church bent over a dying soldier. Asked if he had any special request to make, the brave fellow replied, "Yes, sing 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.'"

The clergyman belonged to a church that sang only Psalms. But what a tribute to that ubiquitous hymn that such a man knew it by heart! A moment's hesitation and he recalled the words, and, for the first time in his life, sang a sacred song that was not a Psalm. When he reached the lines—

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last,

—his hand was in a frozen grip of a dead man, whose face wore "the light that never was on sea or land." The minister went away saying to himself, "If this hymn is good to die by, it is good to live by."—*From "Story of the Hymns and Tunes."*

THE OPINION OF STATESMEN.

IT is frequently charged that the glowing reports of the results of missionary work are given by missionaries and are colored. It is of interest therefore to hear testimonies from those who are not missionaries.

At the Student Volunteer Convention held at Nashville last February a number of statesmen were present and made remarkable speeches.

The British minister came from Washington to tell that Christianity had been the greatest factor in raising the standard of morality in Persia, India and elsewhere. He pronounced the highest eulogy that language could express on the untold value to the British Government, socially and intellectually, of Christian missions in heathen lands.

Mr. Foster, who has been the representative of the United States in the East, testified that the missionaries were the greatest boon to China, that they have had the most to do with the present awakening of that vast empire.

Minister Condit of Peking, and Mr. Denby, formerly dean of the diplomatic circle in Peking, have given similar testimonies. They all repudiate the charge that the rebellion came through the missionaries, but that it came rather from the wicked foreigners who have tried to make a prey of China. The Chinese have little love for the drunken and licentious sailors who infest their ports, or for the dishonest traders who seek to take advantage of them, but for the missionaries they are coming to have the greatest respect and admiration.—*Selected.*

"O GOD, thou knowest what is the battle with each one. Wilt thou help every one of us to gain victories in his own place and over his own nature. May we not be weary in well doing; may none of us feel as though it were too long a strife, or too hard to bear."

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MAKING WORK.

THOSE who are wide-awake and have a fair understanding of their capabilities and of the numberless opportunities for putting them to the test, and who are true to the laws of their being, are sorely tried in their endeavor to exercise the necessary amount of patience and forbearance toward those who see very little to do and who actually do less. The short span of a lifetime seems to be quite out of proportion to the amount of work we could otherwise accomplish and even to that which seems to be demanded of us.

But it is possible for one to exaggerate these demands, and when this is the case it may result in harm. With the majority of industrious people the prospect of an amount of work to which they feel themselves fully equal, acts as a spur to their diligence. But when the amount appears far out of proportion to the strength, in most cases it has a weakening effect. Of course no one is expected to do more than he can do, and in the light of the assurance, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," the above condition would indicate that some are making unnecessary additions, —are adopting duties that were never meant to be such.

While it is true that we may not judge truly in all things as to what may fall rightfully upon our neighbor as a duty, by nature we have so many things in common that we cannot go wholly astray in our judgment. To test the reliability of the indication mentioned above, let us take the case of a housewife and mother,—the one whose duties are manifestly many and whose will to do them is generally in the same proportion. When she speaks of tasks demanding double the strength and time at her command, ask her to enumerate them, and see how quickly you can reduce them to reasonable proportions.

The harm that comes from this tendency to make work may come in two ways. First, as already stated, the prospect of a task far beyond one's powers of accomplishment may rob one of her strength; and second, it will in time blunt one's sense of discrimination so that real duties may be placed among those things that are left undone, while the "made" duties receive most attention. By all means let us be industrious, but let us be careful that we do not presume to disprove the declaration that duty is proportioned to strength.

UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

UNDER the title, "The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem," the July *Review of Reviews* discusses an article appearing in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in which the writer endeavors to show how the personal element should figure in the relations existing between the laborer and capitalist. The theme is broad enough to furnish a text for discussions and applications in other fields than that of the business world. We quote a portion of this review in order that we may have the force of the argument to carry the thought further.

"It is frequently asserted nowadays that the personal, or human, element in the relations between employers and wage-earners has been virtually effaced by the advent of corporations. Indeed, this has been generally accepted, and cynics have spread the belief that conscience, good-will, desire for justice, and inclination for mercy are all matters of a past age, having no legitimate place in the labor market of the present, wherein the impersonal machine-like aggregation of capital snaps up the offer of the labor organization for the commodity it has for sale,—the muscle and brain power of its members.

"Assuming an official position in a corporation does not nullify any law of human nature or repeal any of the conditions of human existence. Corporate policies are made by men and carried out by men, and men cannot become economic abstractions. Despite the changes in our business world, personal contact has not been changed between the employee and his employer; it is merely the point of contact that has been altered. This means that the foreman question is to-day one of the most vital points in our whole scheme of industrial relation.

"If this fact were more generally observed by corporations, better results would be attained and fewer strikes take place. The foreman is the key to this situation, but the employer selects the foreman and shapes the general policy. To regard the workman as an 'economic problem,' to be driven with mechanical regularity, is a sad mistake. The personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be present if good results are desired.

"By a system of frank and cordial recognition of the contribution made by the employee to the prosperity of the enterprise, by trusting the men themselves, and letting them feel they have a 'friend at the top,' much trouble may be averted. To treat all

fairly, to do the best that business will reasonably permit, to give free and unprejudiced hearing to reasonable requests and grievances, and to discuss these matters in a respectful and businesslike way, will go far to promote good feeling and loyalty among workingmen."

Almost every social and economic problem, as well as that of the laborer and capitalist, may be largely solved by the course suggested above. In no point are intelligent, self-respecting people so sensitive as in that which concerns their rights as intelligent people, and when we learn to give "honor to whom honor is due," no matter whether he works with brain or brawn, we will go far toward removing the friction that at present causes so much trouble in the various fields of activity. An honest application of the golden rule is pretty sure to give satisfaction all around in any case, and when it is made after a study of the question from its different angles, it is hardly possible that any one could be accused of unfairness.

Most of the trouble and sorrow with which the world is afflicted may be traced to a lack of understanding between individuals. We use our reasoning powers and our tongues for almost every purpose except that of making ourselves understood where an understanding is vital to our welfare and that of others. When the several parties interested in some one subject can leave self in the background and come together and frankly discuss the matter, the outlook for the peaceful adjustment of all differences is most encouraging. But before this happy condition of affairs can prevail it is evident that some of us will need to change our minds as to what constitutes real dignity and manliness. There must be an understanding on this point before any other can be considered.

THE CATALOGS OF OUR SCHOOLS.

We are so constituted that some one thing must hold the preponderance of interest at all times; it is almost impossible to divide it equally among several objects. For nine months our student boys and girls gave first attention to the several text-books, the mastering of which their course of study required. Now something else,—perhaps altogether different,—has taken their place.

The arrival of catalogs from a number of our schools during the past few weeks set us to thinking on this line. Ordinarily, a school catalog, or a catalog of any sort for that matter, is treated in a somewhat indifferent way, but there comes a time in the life of a fair number when a school catalog outrivals the most interesting novel in its power to hold the attention. The years since are not so many but that I can recall the day when a lone school catalog found its way to the back country where I lived. For days its pages held a fascination for me above everything else, and the influence of their power has no doubt had much to do with the years since. To-day, as I leaf through the current catalogs before me,—not very different in make-up from the one that was of most absorbing interest to me,—my mind goes out over our fair land to the boys and girls who, experiencing the same hunger for knowledge, are eagerly devouring these precious books. Amid numberless attractions their favorite school catalog holds first place.

May this door open up to them not only the fountains at which they may satisfy their present longings, but may it reveal to them the highest possibilities of a useful life; and may the number that pass therethrough increase.

CHANGING ADDRESSES.

Daily there come to the House requests to have addresses changed. Some of the writers are very precise, and their requests can be carried out without any delay or uncertainty. But others! One writes and says to change his paper from one place to another, but does not say which of our papers he is taking. That means delay and loss for the House, for there are several lists of names and they cannot be looked through without loss. Sometimes we are asked to change a paper to a given address, but the old address is not given, and this occasions delay and loss.

If our readers will write plainly their name, the name of the periodical which is to be changed, the old address and the new address, they will help us greatly and will be better satisfied themselves.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Their silent speech—an oracle divine,
Breathes forth this message to each listening soul:
"All life is rich that humbly seeks to bless,"—
Oh petaled music of Love's tenderness!
—Richard Seidel.

Greatness does not depend on position but on faithfulness.—*Anna Garber.*

When one has spent his best years in the paths of folly, it is hard to retrace his steps.—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

When it is required to love a neighbor *as thyself* it is necessary to dig deep enough into our natures to find a love that is founded on the Divine.—*D. L. Forney.*

When we have learned, by earnest studying, to let foolish things go and take hold of the way God likes us to live, I think all the dreadful part of death, like disease and accidents, will go away.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

The only way by which to reach the saloon is through the government; and the only way by which to reach the government is through the people.—*William L. Judy.*



Echoes from Everywhere

Baron Speck von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, will likely have to give up his position in the not distant future because of ill health. He has filled the place with credit and his departure will be greatly regretted.

A tornado on the night of July 6 did damage to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars near Long Pine, Nebr. Three persons were hurt. The fire station was blown down and the jail destroyed. It is reported that heavy damage was done the crops.

Following the example of New York City, an attempt is being made in Chicago to establish noiseless zones around hospitals. The movement is a good one and deserves to meet with success. The noise of a city has an injurious effect on many well persons, and on the unwell it is very much worse.

Premier Petkoff, of Bulgaria, was slain March 11. July 4 his murderer was sentenced to death, one accomplice was condemned to life imprisonment, and the other to fifteen years' penal servitude. Petkoff was the leader of the Stambouloff party; Stambouloff was assassinated twelve years ago.

Professor Stetson of Kalamazoo College, Mich., calls the epidemic of unwritten law a menace to the nation. "The evils of the unwritten law are serious. The unwritten law means the destruction of the juidicial system if juries sworn to apply the written law disregard the instructions of the court in one class of cases. If it is possible in these cases, why is it not in others? The jury system is shaken to its foundations. The unswerving fidelity of jurors to their oaths is our greatest safeguard. If the jury plays fast and loose with the law laid down by the legislatures and interpreted by the court, the administration of the law is greatly weakened. This brings a decay of the repect for the courts. People are smiling at the farces acted too often in court. The old reverence for the jury system is being destroyed, while the administration of criminal law falls under suspicion. This condition leads to anarchy. There is no safety for any one if the unwritten law can be substituted for the written law."

The report comes from London that the English claims on China at the time of the Boxer uprising were for actual expenditures incurred, and for that reason Great Britain was not called upon to remit part of the amount agreed upon. This reply was given by Foreign Secretary Grey when asked whether the government would follow the example of the United States.

Japanese railroad laborers in Montana on the morn- of July 4 raised two Japanese flags over the box cars in which they were living. The fact was telegraphed to the sheriff, and he went out and tore down the flags. He gave them to understand that if they wanted to fly their flag it must be done with the American flag above it.

Judging from newspaper reports of the recent celebration of American independence, the people are not making any progress toward a safe and sane celebration. Love and loyalty to country and thanks to the Giver of liberty are not shown by noise and the killing and wounding of a large number of persons. After the day is past and the terrible results of it are clear to all, is a good time to plan to see that in future years there is no such record made.

There is a report that the United States government would like to secure a good harbor in Lower California, and even that the whole peninsula, which is a little larger than Illinois, might be bought. Since a large number of warships are to be kept in the Pacific, a harbor located in Lower California would be a great advantage. But it is not likely that Mexico would sell even a harbor, much less the whole section, unless there was an opportunity to gain something somewhere else.

Great Britain is not willing to surrender the right to capture private property on the sea in time of war; and so the doctrine advocated by America will not be accepted by the present conference at The Hague. But it is good that the matter has been brought up, and in time it is sure to prevail. Great Britain, on account of its immense navy, has little to fear or lose and much to gain by holding to the right of capture. But its policy is selfish, while that of America is unselfish.

THE building of a railroad from Miami to Key West, Fla., is not an easy task. Climatic conditions during the summer are very unfavorable, and the annual expense for medicines and medicinal attention for the laborers is from thirty to forty-five thousand dollars. Many obstacles have been overcome, but there are other great ones to be met, and it cannot be said just when the road will be completed. The cost is estimated at about a hundred thousand dollars a mile.

JAMES R. BREWER, Secretary of the Maryland State Board of Charities, claims that vaccination is primarily responsible for the alarming increase in the number of cases of tuberculosis. He claims also that tuberculosis is conveyed into the human system by means of vaccine virus taken from cattle. The penalty for refusing to be vaccinated he hopes to see replaced by a law prohibiting vaccination. There is a difference of opinion as to the value or harm of vaccination, and it will be well if the question can be settled.

THE Japanese think the Emperor of Corea is intriguing against them. At The Hague there is a deputation of Coreans who claim that Japan has broken faith and its pledge to maintain Corean independence. It would be almost impossible for an outsider to get at the facts; but it is natural that the Japanese should gain as much as possible, and if one may judge by reports of their actions, given by missionaries living in Corea during the war between China and Japan, they are not over-scrupulous as to the means employed to gain their ends.

MAYOR SCHMITZ of San Francisco, though in jail, has sent to Auditor Horton a formal demand for his salary for the month of June and for the three hundred dollars contingent fund allowed the mayor's office for July. The situation is a peculiar one, and Auditor Horton has decided that his only safe course is to refuse to pay mayoralty demands unless they bear the signatures of both Schmitz and Gallagher, the acting mayor. When Schmitz is sentenced a new mayor will be selected. It seems strange that a man who rises to the highest position in a city cannot refrain from using his position in order to gain for himself that to which he has no right.—LATER.—He has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

A NEW citizenship law which went into effect July 1 may deprive several thousand people of United States citizenship. The law says: "When any naturalized citizen shall have resided two years in the foreign state from which he came, it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen, and his place of general abode shall be deemed his place of residence during the said two years." This law will affect more Germans than men of any other nation, for many of them after gaining fortunes in America return to their native land to spend their last days. As they years ago renounced their allegiance to the emperor they may become men without a country; and this prospect is not pleasing.

GARIBALDI, the Italian patriot, was born a hundred years ago July 4, and the centenary of his birth was celebrated in Rome by a great parade. But some of those celebrating seemed much more bent on disorder than on honoring the memory of Garibaldi. There were many cries of "Death to pope and priests!" and the cry of "Death to the priests!" was raised whenever the procession passed a church. Squads of police escorted the marchers, and many troops had been brought into the city. The Vatican was surrounded by troops and the bridge leading to it was strongly guarded. The day ended peacefully, but this was due to the precautions taken by the government.

GROTON school, Mass., which has been reserved for the sons of the wealthy, has found its standard of scholarship so much lowered that a committee was appointed to devise means for raising the standard, and the committee has suggested that pupils be sought all over the country. The school will not be reserved exclusively for the wealthy, but next year places will be reserved for those who wish to enter by competitive examination. Scholarship is a better standard than wealth, and Groton school should improve under its changed conditions. The exclusiveness of wealth is not good for a school, nor is it good for a country like ours where all the people are supposed to be equal.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the richest man in America and probably in the world, the owner of more than a third of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in response to a summons appeared in the court of Judge Landis in Chicago July 6 and told some interesting facts concerning the company's business. One of them is that a dividend of forty per cent has been paid for several years in succession. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is largely the owner of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. These facts will be of importance when the fine for violating the law is to be imposed. If the maximum fine were imposed by Judge Landis it would amount to more than twenty-nine million dollars. This would be scarcely six months' earnings of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. But the case will be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and then a decision will be given which will go far toward settling some questions which are now before the courts in several sections of the country. We believe the law will bring to time and punish those who have so often violated it.



The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

VIII. The Overheart.

A SAD and terrible thing had happened, turning the Lesser Chum's world upside down. Bert Lester, closest friend of all his little coterie, was drowned. The Lesser Chum had witnessed the entire tragedy: the hurly-burly of attempted rescue, the familiar little figure laid unfamiliarly stiff and still under its white draperies in the Lesters' darkened parlor, and worst of all, the lowering of the small casket into the earthly cell, whose ugliness no kindly garniture of branch and blossom could wholly disguise. Wide-eyed, without comments, he had seen the strange chain of events through to the end; and at bed-time the night after followed his mother silently up to his room. He was a long time undressing; and his relief was very evident indeed when she said, as he snuggled himself into his pillow:

"I'm coming to bed myself, in a few minutes, so I will leave the gas burning."

He did not ask her to remain, so with a lingering hand-pat she went down to the sitting-room. But she had barely settled herself, when the Lesser Chum's quavering voice called from the head of the stairs. She laid down her magazine and went back, seating herself on the side of the bed, where he could curl up against her, with his head in her lap.

"I just couldn't stand it, mother," he exclaimed, pitifully, "All the time I kept thinking and thinking."

She smoothed his hair.

"There's one thing for which we may be glad," she said, in a comforting way. "It was not so hard for Bert, as it was for us."

He opened his heavy eyes wide.

"Not so hard?" he repeated. "To go down in the water like that, and—and—" he caught his breath with a shivering sob.

"Son," his mother said, earnestly, stroking his hot hand, "there is nothing really dreadful about dying, itself, except as we make it so. At the most, Bert only felt badly for a few moments, and then it was just as if he went to sleep."

"But what if he should wake up, and—down in —there?" he faltered.

His mother's fingers tightened.

"Oh! Allan, darling! You did not suppose for a minute that he is in that grave, did you? Why, Bert himself was the part that thought of nice things, that played with you, and understood when you talked to him. No one could put that in the ground."

"But they did!" the Lesser Chum persisted, in dogged misery.

"When fire or a cyclone destroys a house," his mother said, slowly, "the little particles go here and there, some into the air in smoke, some to the ground in ashes, or splinters of wood that in time decay. But God never loses them; He saves them and uses every one, over and over, in the plants and trees that grow up to furnish more material. So it is with Bert's little body. Don't you see it was exactly like a house, with automatic telephones running out from it, that we called seeing, feeling, hearing, and the rest of the senses? But he will never need it any more. The particles will loosen and fall apart, and God will save them to use in some pretty flower or tree."

The Lesser Chum lay very still, looking puzzled and forlorn.

"But where will Bert stay, then, and what will he do for a house to live in?" he asked. "I should say a 'think' would get lost, all loose in the air like that;" —the old stumbling-block of many a wiser student.

"I'm coming to that," said the Greater Chum. "If God, who is the big, beautiful, loving 'think' that manages everything, even the stars that are so far away we cannot see them,—if he cares so much about the tiny particles of matter that neither feel nor love him back again, as to save them all so carefully, we may be sure he cares enough about every little child of his to keep it safe always. Don't you see that we are really like little bits of him, working, loving, growing to be what the Bible says we are, the image and likeness of God? So we couldn't be lost, for God is everywhere. Besides, he has left word for us, in the same Bible, that when the body-house we live in here is no more good, he will have another all ready for us to move into, that nothing can spoil. I suppose Bert has got to feeling quite at home in his, by this time."

The Lesser Chum drew a long, quivering sigh, as if the picture were too good to be relied on.

"Then you're sure that—he—isn't—"

"Quite sure!" the Greater Chum responded, confidently. "He may be playing over home, this minute, in his wonderful new body that, though we could not see it, is so strong that he could go walking with it right up through the air, as Jesus did. He will be glad when you are happy, and not like you to feel bad about him, ever, any more than if he had gone into the country for a visit, or camping, as he did last summer. Anyway," conclusively, "the minute I heard what had happened, I asked God to make it all right with him, and his father and mother, and the rest of us; so I know he will, for he never has failed me, when I asked such things."

Numberless small dilemmas of the past, straightened out in this same divinely practical fashion, rose before the Lesser Chum's mental vision. Unspeakable relief stole into his shadowy eyes.

"I hadn't thought to do that," he said, slowly. "Everything seemed so queer, I kind of forgot."

"When you are older, darling," the Greater Chum went on, "you will learn more about the great, wonderful, mysterious force that holds the stars in place as they revolve around each other, that keeps the little particles together, and draws different ones to each other. You have studied about Sir Isaac Newton and the apple, haven't you?"

The Lesser Chum nodded, following, though not very clearly.

"Well, all that great strong power that draws and draws is just God, keeping everything safe. Our loving him and each other is part of it, and that is why giving up to love makes us happy. When we have learned by earnest studying and trying, to let foolish things go and take hold of the way God likes us to live, I think all the dreadful part of death, like disease and accidents, will go away. Won't that be beautiful, Allan?"

There was no answer. Leaning closer, she saw that the Lesser Chum's eyes were fast shut, and the coverlet rose and fell with his quiet breathing. He had gone to sleep, comforted by the Love he could understand because it was shown him in the love he knew.

"Of a truth," said the Greater Chum, as she shifted his head gently to the pillow, "philosophy is the long road, and a child's innocent trust the short cut to the peace of God."

"DON'T say it was only a word. It takes very little to hurt a soul. To block the wagon going down hill, to prop the wagon going up, needs but a pebble. The art of kind words—words of encouragement, of comfort, of sympathy, of appreciation—is a beautiful art, not half enough cultured."

LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS.

Down in a field one day in June
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near the buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grew so trig and tall!
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck
In just the daisy's fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dressed in gold and white
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight
We'd better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing,
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

—Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE SOUL OF WOMEN.

"THE brain women," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "never interest us like the heart women." Men are so often wearied with themselves that they are rather predisposed to admire qualities and tastes in others different from their own. "If I were suddenly asked," says Mr. Helps, "to give proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference he has made between the souls of men and women, so as to create the possibility of the most comforting and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine." But though no man may love a woman for her understanding, it is not the less necessary for her to cultivate it on that account. There may be difference in character, but there must be harmony of mind and sentiment—two intelligent souls as well as two loving minds—

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

—*Great Thoughts.*

SPRAINED JOINTS.

An injury resulting from any violent wrenching or twisting of a joint without a fracture of bone is termed a sprain.

Immediate attention is an imperative necessity in sprains, since in no injury do swelling and pain more promptly supervene. The marked and rapid swelling following a sprain is usually occasioned by the exudation of fluids taking place not only around the injured joint, but also within the joint, the latter frequently to so great an extent as to force the two articulated surfaces apart.

Any motion or weight upon the joint when in this condition is intolerable, and in every case effort should be made to check exudation promptly, relieve the swelling and pain, and relax the tension of the muscles adjacent.

Nothing meets the emergency better than hot water, —as hot as can be borne,—and this is usually quickly at hand, even in the most primitive camp. The joint and adjacent limb should be plunged into the water, which may be kept hot by the addition of small quantities from another vessel kept over the fire. This treatment must be continued for hours, if necessary. It should continue at least until the swelling and pain have been reduced. An all-night treatment not infrequently results in the possibility of using the limb the next day, although such a procedure is not to be recommended.

Cold water is nearly as effectual as hot in checking the symptoms. In some cases, it seems equally efficacious and even more comforting. In either case, the treatment must be prolonged, and the temperature of the water faithfully kept at the point of greatest efficiency.

Other remedies are also valuable, if the physician has them at hand, but all are used with the same end in view—of relaxing muscular tension; combating the swelling, and relieving pain.—*Youth's Companion.*

SUBSTITUTES FOR ICE.

Ice is not a necessity. It's a luxury, a comfort, a convenience. We have got used to it. We like to use it in refrigerators. We are fond of ice water and other iced drinks; and in moderation they are not very bad for us. So long as we like to have ice, we are entitled to have it; and to have it at a reasonable price; in time we shall have it, and have it cheaper than ever.

But it is not a necessity, and there is no way of getting it cheap quicker than to lessen the demand for it. Meantime, there are ways for keeping food cool enough for health which cost less than ice at ordinary prices, says a writer in the Hartford *Courant.* These are some of the ways. None of them are experiments. They have all been long tested.

For cool drinking water, wrap around a bottle of water an old woolen sleeve or pantaloon leg or a newspaper, and tie in place. Soak the covering well and set the bottle in a saucer or bowl of water, in a draught or breeze if you can find one. The porous cover of the bottle will suck up water from the saucer, which should be part full, and kept wet. The evaporation from the cover will cool the water in the bottle many degrees cooler than the air—as cool as is really desirable for health, unless in special cases of medical treatment. The water will be nearly as cool as can be drawn from any faucet where pipes run through cool cellars, or deep ground. And where waste water is to be paid for, as when a water meter is used, the cool water in the bottles costs much less than from the faucet. This is nothing but the old way of the armies of many nations of putting a felt wrapper on the soldier's canteens. It is like "the Fayal monkey" which was a clay pig with a handle and a spout made of porous baked clay, which was filled with water and hung in the shade where the air could pass across its surface. The water which percolated or "sweated through" the clay evaporated and cooled the water which was left in the monkey. This was for a long time the ordinary, and almost the only, way in many ships and many tropic countries for getting cool water to drink.

For a cheap refrigerator (forty cents to a dollar) —half fill a milk pan with water. Set a florist's saucer or a soup plate bottom side up, a flat stone or anything heavy enough not to float, in the middle of your pan for the floor of your refrigerator, above the water level. Set your milk jar, butter, meat, whatever is to be kept cool on the floor or shelf you have built. Wet a large flower pot and turn it upside down over your provisions. They will keep all right for a day or two.

A section of unglazed tile covered with a large saucer may be more convenient than a flower pot; or a large refrigerator may be built of bricks on the cellar bottom, covered with a board and a felt or woolen blanket laid on it—the whole to be kept wet on the outside.

Butter or anything which easily takes the flavor of its surroundings, should be wrapped in paraffin paper before it is set into such a refrigerator.

A refrigerator with porous walls will, of course, soon become impregnated with odors of anything set in it, and should often be renewed or cleansed. This can be very easily and cheaply done by burning out the clay with excelsior, shavings or paper. The flower pot should be dry before it is burned or it will crack.

Such a refrigerator is no experiment. For more than a year a well-known Jersey dairyman, whose butter regularly commanded a fancy price, kept his

cream for churning and his butter waiting for market under a big, wet flower pot in the cellar bottom (in a covered glass bowl, of course), and as well as if ice had been used.—*Vick's Magazine.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Creamed Young Beets.—Cook with two inches of the stem on, to prevent bleeding and do not clip the top root. Have ready a cupful of cream, heated, with a pinch of soda. Rub the skins off, top and tail the beets, and slice them then into the cream, setting the saucepan containing it in boiling water. When all are in, stir in a tablespoonful of butter rubbed into one of flour, pepper, salt and a teaspoonful each of sugar and onion juice. Simmer two minutes to cook the flour, and dish.

Cucumber Salad.—Cut medium sized cucumbers thin and one nice sized onion sliced thin, and salt well; let stand two or three hours and squeeze the water off of them and then make a dressing of good cream, sweet or sour, and vinegar and pour over them and sprinkle with pepper.

Mock Angel Food.—Two cups flour, two cups sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, one saltspoon salt; sift altogether several times; add one and one-quarter cup boiling water. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs, bake slowly.

Duchess Cream.—Four tablespoons tapioca soaked over night; drain off water; put in double boiler with a little hot water and boil until clear. Small cup of sugar, juice of one lemon, a little salt, and pineapple (canned sliced pineapple is best) chopped, and juice. Stir into tapioca. Let cool; then add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs.

For the Children

THE WOOD PROCESSION.

"Now, children, you'll have to clear out of this," said the head carpenter briskly. "It's too bad to rob you of your playground, but we're going to set fire to this pile of trash, and it would be too dangerous to have you near it."

The little folks reluctantly gathered up their shovels and pails. For a whole month they had a lovely playground in the big sand pile, and now they were to lose it. Every day during that time an older boy or girl sat on an old stool in the shade keeping an eye on the happy children, and all the mothers rejoiced to think they were safe and having a good time. A row of old buildings had been torn down, and a large brick house was to be built as soon as the trash and old boards could be disposed of.

"Are you going to burn all those boards, Mr. Gray?" asked Margaret Kirby, who was looking after the little folks that morning. "It seems too bad."

"You see, Miss Margaret, no one would buy that stuff, and it costs too much to get it cut up into kindlings. I'd willingly give it away, but no one wants the stuff."

"Children," said Margaret suddenly, "how many of you have little wagons?"

"I! I! I!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Now, Mr. Gray, if I get some big boys to help, and the little children haul this wood to old Mrs. McGuire's house, may we do that?"

"Yes, if you can get it done to-day," said Mr. Gray. "The children will soon be tired of the task, but I'll give you till evening to dispose of the old wood."

In less than two minutes Mr. Gray was alone in the big yard. The children were scampering for their wagons and Margaret was getting together all the big boys in the neighborhood. The first thing old Mrs. McGuire knew of the plan was when a procession of little wagons turned into her yard all loaded with pieces of old boards and shingles.

"The saints be praised!" cried the old lady, hurrying out with two pairs of glasses on. "Whatever is the meanin' of this?"

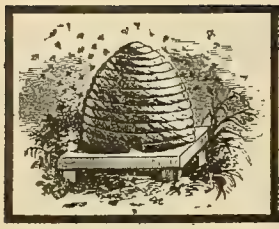
"We are bringing you a little wood," explained Margaret. "They were going to make a bon-fire of it to get rid of it, but the children will bring it to you."

"I thought the children would soon give up" said Mr. Gray, coming out to see the little wagons still making trips to the yard and back again. "These boys and girls deserve a whole lot of praise."

The big boys broke up the long boards and loaded the wagons, while the girls helped the children all morning. It was a very busy time, but a very happy one, and by noon every trace of the pile of wood was gone. Mrs. McGuire was crying over the woodhouse full of dry wood and telling the children they had made her very happy.

"I have another old house to tear down on Summit street next week and"—began Mr. Gray, and all the children shouted, "May we have another wood procession? We can give the wood to Mrs. Kelton."

And what do you think Mr. Gray did? He made a large box out of old boards and filled it with sand for the little people to play in whenever they want to, for he says they save him a great deal of trouble, and the wood keeps some poor person warm a long time. Don't you think it paid them to give up one morning's pleasure to carry wood to poor people?—*United Presbyterian.*



THE RURAL LIFE

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I remember, I remember,
When I was just eighteen;
I think I was the wisest youth
This world had ever seen.
It was a childish fairy tale;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I don't know lots of things
I did know when a boy.

I remember, I remember,
This old world seemed so slow;
I'd teach it how to put things through
When once I got a show!
It was a boyish "guess again";
But now 'tis sorry play
To find how hard I have to play
To get three meals a day.

I remember, I remember,
The things I planned to do,
I meant to take this poor old earth
And make it over new.
It was a very pretty dream;
But now 'tis little cheer
To know the world, when I am gone,
Won't know that I was here.

—Nixon Waterman.

MAKING PAINT BRUSHES.

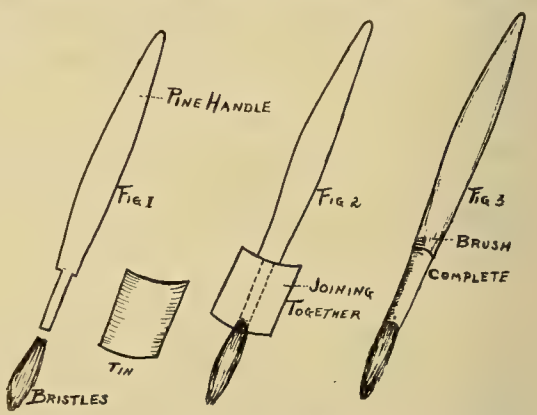
D. Z. ANGLE.

SUITABLE paint and good brushes are necessary in painting farm machinery, buildings, and vehicles, and we wouldn't advise the use of anything inferior in either, tending to produce unsatisfactory work. So we say, Buy good paint and good brushes.

But probably the average farmer does painting only occasionally, at intervals of months, so he needs few brushes, and those he does get are laid away after using slightly, to get stiff as a board, by the bristles being immersed in or covered with oil and lead and dried on. In that condition the brush is worthless, or *is* until cleaned or softened, which is a job that, rather than undertake, many prefer buying a new brush. Thus many a good brush is thrown away as useless, only for the want of a little care and attention to preserve or render it serviceable. When through using brushes for a time, they should be thoroughly washed with lye soap and hot water and cleaned of all very sticky paint and oil. Then when ready to use again they will answer as well as new ones.

But if a brush is neglected it may be cleaned or softened by thoroughly saturating with spirits of turpentine, and working the bristles with the hands until well loosened and separated from each other.

In painting vehicles and machinery especially, one needs several brushes if several colors are used on the same article; sometimes four or five brushes can be used to advantage in painting a wagon, which is usually painted two or more colors. Large brushes go faster and are suitable for flat surfaces, while small



ones are convenient to use in the niches and corners, for striping and at angles where two colors are liable to get mixed.

But if one doesn't care to purchase so many new brushes, the small ones may be easily made from an old large brush which still has a number of good bristle bunches. To make one take a bunch of bristles as large as your needs require, probably a bunch from an eighth to a half inch thick would do. Make a wooden handle of pine about the size of a lead pencil and cut a piece of tin like that shown in illustration, Fig. 1. Place the three parts together as shown in Fig. 2 and wrap, clamp and secure tin tightly around handle and bristles. By a little careful practice, a result is obtained as shown in Fig. 3, thus saving a little time and money and helping develop latent talent.

"THE farm is not simply a place for raising hay and grain and rosy-cheeked apples; it is the one spot in all the world where we may live nearest to the heart of Him who fills to overflowing every heart and hand that are reached up to Him."

BERRIES.

It may seem rather late to talk of work in the berry garden. Also, to some it may seem work for nothing, but in this there could be no greater mistake, the returns are certain from all work of the right sort done among the fruit vines and bushes, but, of course, no returns can be expected before a year, perhaps not always then, for an unusual scourge of insects or late frost may ruin the crop.

After the fruit is harvested, all decayed, misshapen and superfluous canes should be removed with a pruning-knife. Remove the oldest wood each year, and thin out so that the sun and air may have a chance to get in their work all through the bushes. If this pruning is well done each year, the old roots will continue to send up new shoots, and all will remain vigorous and healthy as a newly set row.

All the canes thus removed should be burned entirely, not left around for insect eggs therein to hatch and attack growing canes. A small ash-heap looks tidier than a brush-heap, also. All weeds and grass should be hoed from around and between the bushes, using a hand-hoe, wheel-hoe or horse-hoe, depending on the size of the patch.

There are always some weeds among the roots that must needs be hand pulled. If very weedy, it is best to rake them away, but if only scattering, they may be left in the patch. Now a liberal dressing of barnyard manure should be applied. This will serve to prevent other weeds growing, and also enrich the soil and prevent the roots drying out if a dry summer follows.

Raspberry and blackberry canes should be cut back, but we have not found it best to cut gooseberry or currant canes. This may not be good according to some fruit growers' methods, but it has furnished magnificent results among our bushes for several years, with a spring removal of the weeds, and a routing of the insects early in spring.—*Ohio Farmer.*

"MIDDLING GOOD" NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

"He is a middling good farmer." That is what we hear said about some men.

I believe I'd about as soon have a man hit me a whack over the head as to call me *middling good* at anything, for then I could conclude that I was just as near to being a first-class failure as a man could be and miss it.

Middling good is neither good nor bad. When you hear a man ask another how his health is, and he says, "Middling good," you know that he is just grunting around, not able to do a full day's work, nor sick enough to have the doctor. The crop of corn that is middling good is nothing that is worth taking pride in or showing to folks that come visiting.

It beats all how many "middling" farmers there are in the world. You meet them everywhere. Shut your eyes and you can think just how their farms look. Just on the edge of being tip-top, and still narrowly escaping the condition that makes them good for nothing. Only a little more work and a little more care would make those farms splendid. A few more touches with the hoe would give these men fine crops of corn. A trifle more of good planning and care would enable them to get ahead and be counted among the successful men of their times.

And yet, they are satisfied to be reckoned among the "middling" farmers. Why is it?

A middling good apple is not one that you and I care much about. Not much taste to it one way or another. You had just about as soon gnaw a toadstool as to try to get any good out of a middling good apple.

Now, it is not necessary for any of us to be "middling" farmers. When we get up to that point it is really easy to reach higher and better things. All you need to do is to dig your toe nails a little harder and you will fetch it.

The nipper is what counts. When you are almost up it is time to grit your teeth and hang on like death. If you slip back then, you are done for. *But you need not slip.* The man who is bound to win *will* win every time.

How is that? Is it a fact that every man can be something more than a "middling" farmer? It certainly is a fact. Do you think that when God passes opportunities around he intentionally slights you or me?

"But some men have the start of others because they have money and other good things left them. Some are born smarter than others, too. Those things count."

I expected you would say that; and I say back to you that in my humble opinion those things do not count a cent's worth. In fact it often seems as if the boy who has everything done for him by his father,—farm all paid for, money left for him in the bank, a good name and all that,—is the very one who comes out the "middling" farmer. He is more selfish, more stuckup, more apt to live on what his father before him did, than the boy who has to begin right at the bottom and dig for all he has.

The only thing that counts is the will to do.

The man who wants to keep his farm up nicely can do it. If he wants to grow better crops, he can do it. If he wants to be happy, a good husband and father, a respected citizen, he can do it.

Now, this is encouraging. It shows that we do not need to stop when we get to the "fair to middling" point. Just a little more of nipping in; just a little more thought, planning and doing, and we shall be at the very head of the heap. Let's do it!—*Farm Journal.*

THINGS GETTING TOO COSTLY.

THE existing conflict between labor and capital at San Francisco will very likely mark the beginning of the wave of liquidation and readjustment which is certain to oversweep this country within the next year or so. Here is a city which was almost wiped out of existence by the hand of an inexorable—shall we say avenging?—Providence. In no place in the world could there be a louder call for industry, forbearance and mutual confidence—and yet instead of that we have the spectacle of everybody boosting prices and pulling in different directions. Material men and labor unions have vied with each other in squeezing the public until at last the public, like the worm has turned. The point seems to have been reached where capital refuses to invest at hold-up prices—and by "capital" we do not mean millionaires or big, soulless corporations but the general run of everyday people—all those that ever have a dollar to spend for any purpose.

The crisis was bound to come. No tide is so high that it does not in due time reach its climax and begin to ebb. The bulk of everything we eat, drink, wear or use represents labor, and with wages constantly on the rise a point is inevitably reached where retrenchment must take place. If everyone would but be content to be moderate in their demands there would not need to be any crises or hard times; no strikes or lockouts or labor riots would take place and the world would maintain an even tenor of prosperity, with all hands employed, all reasonably well paid and in the end all much better off. But now each element and each individual aims to load on "all the traffic will bear," and we have increased cost of living and rising prices generally; every raise reacts and in turn stimulates new raises all around the circle, and thus the very conditions which indicate prosperity eventually cause a panic.

"Catching" diseases like "prosperity" however breed their own anti-toxins; these periods of hard times are not calamities for they are verily needed, in the present state of things, to counteract in the blood of society what would otherwise become fatal. Lucky are those who by foresight and self-restraint can keep themselves immune from the ravages of these financial epidemics which bring so much misery to the heedless.—*The Pathfinder.*

PERPETUAL PEACE IN PROSPECT.

ALMOST the last official work of the late Secretary Hay was the framing of several arbitration treaties, in consultation with the diplomatic representatives of the respective powers, following closely the lines of arbitration compacts which had already been signed between a number of prominent nations. One of these treaties was sent to the Senate, to test its temper. It was immediately and rather vigorously turned down. It was an imperfect arbitration treaty. No such treaty must be the model presented now for universal signature, if peace is the result to be attained. But it was not the short-comings of the treaty which the Senate discussed. The rebellion arose over a clause concerning the authority to make consignment of certain cases to the Hague Tribunal, in language which curtailed the treaty-making prerogatives of the Senate and increased the power of the Executive. The Senate of the United States is very jealous of its constitutional rights—and very wisely so.

The perfect arbitration treaty must avoid that clause, for it must not discriminate between cases. It must bind the signers to consign *all* unadjustable differences, of whatever nature, to the High Court, and to abide by the verdict. It must make the appeal of either party to the Court sufficient to transfer the question to its jurisdiction. And that is substantially all that the treaty-constitution of the world need be.

At all hazards, it must omit one other clause common to all of the foregone arbitration treaties. It must omit the reservation from submission to the court of questions touching a nation's honor and integrity. There will doubtless be the rub with the mighty nations which must take the lead; for when a nation feels confident of its power, "honor and integrity" at once becomes a term to conjure with, a term to agitate, a term to thrill with absurd and silly pride, a shield for any possible affront or ambition, a senseless, meaningless term until some sinister sense is instilled for the purpose of accomplishing an ulterior desire. With puffed cheeks and swelling chests we strut about and talk of our nation's honor and integrity which must not be assaulted, Hague or no Hague, unless we wash away the smirch with blood!

O tempora, O mores! As nations we are back in the clutches of barbarism and appealing to the lost code of penalized dueling. Men who were spoiling for a fight with those they felt sure they could vanquish used to carry about on their shoulders a chip which they call their honor and integrity. If there ever was a smirch put on one man's honor by another, did that man ever really wash it out by shedding blood? The nation longing for conquest can easily force or find an assault upon its honor for its patriotic citizens to rave and fight about. But if a nation's honor was ever effectively impeached or assaulted, did that nation ever restore its integrity by firing cannon at the subjects of its wrath? Our nation's honor is not so fragile that an indignity from another nation can possibly justify the hell of war. The idea is barbaric in any case. The thought is preposterous if there exists an international law and an international tribunal. If a nation claims sufficient cause against another and would rather go to war, with all its hor-

rors, than carry its contention into publicity, for the serious consideration of a neutral court, it is no uncertain indication that that nation should be forced to arbitrate.

The nations cannot well avoid finally seeing it in this light if they are called upon to give the matter sober thought. If the Hague Congress presents to the world a complete arbitration treaty—if it dares to —drawn for all nations alike, making war as criminal as the murder which it is, making it obligatory upon every signer, on the appeal of any nation with which there is a difference, to refer the question without reservation to the Hague Tribunal, I believe the treaty will be signed—after the first shock of opposition has passed—and every nation will at once become both sheriff and police, to keep the peace and enforce the law. The only possible result will be that wars will cease unto the end of the earth, that the bow will be broken, the spear cut in sunder, and the chariot burned in the fire.—*Willard French, in July Lippincott's.*

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

Some one's selfish, some one's lazy;
Is it you?
Some one's sense of right is hazy;
Is it you?
Some folks live a life of ease,
Doing largely as they please—
Drifting idly with the breeze;
Is it you?
Some one hopes success will find him;
Is it you?
Some one looks with pride behind him;
Is it you?
Some one's full of good advice,
Seems to think it rather nice
In a "has been's" paradise—
Is it you?
Some one trusts to luck for winning;
Is it you?
Some one craves a new beginning;
Is it you?
Some one says: "I never had
Such a chance as Jones' lad."
Some one's likewise quite a cad—
Is it you?
Some one yet may "make a killing,"
And it's you.
Some one needs but to be willing,
And it's you.
Some one'd better set his jaw,
Cease to be a man of straw.
Get some sand into his craw—
And it's you.

—Baltimore American.

"No man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded."

FUNNYGRAPHS

"You told him to diet himself," said the young doctor's wife.

"Yes," replied the young doctor, "I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that."

"Do you think that will help him?"

"It will help him to pay my bill."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Do you suppose Jinx's Hair Restorer does anybody any good?"

"I know it does; I am personally acquainted with one man whom it has helped amazingly."

"Give him a big head of hair?"

"No, gave him a big bank account; I am speaking of Jinx."—Houston Post.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

The old saying that "Chickens come home to roost," has many a good application. It is also true that the good we would do is often outdone by our own mistakes. The following needs no further comment:

"She was dressed smartly, and when she met a little urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she said: 'You are a wicked boy; how could you rob that nest! No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs.' 'Oh, she don't care,' answered the boy, edging away, 'she's on your hat.'"

Examiner (to medical student)—"Now let us take appendicitis. On what grounds should you decide that an immediate operation was necessary?"

Medical student—"On the financial condition of the patient."—Bon Vivant.

He Has Felt Them.

Boy—"My mother bought some slippers last week."

Man—"Felt?"

Boy—"Yep. Three times already."—Denver Post.

His Ancestors' Way.

Before a great fire of logs in Helicon hall, the seat of his recent Utopian colony, Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land:

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The duke happened to meet him and said:

"'Do you know you're walking on my land?'

"'Your land?' said the tramp. 'Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?'

"'I got it from my ancestors,' said the duke.

"'And where did they get it from?' went on the tramp.

"'From their ancestors,' said the duke.

"'And where did their ancestors get it from?'

"'They fought for it.'

"'Come on, then,' said the tramp fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, 'and I'll fight you for it.'

"But the duke, retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer."—The Pathfinder.

NEFF'S CORNER

Of course everything doesn't turn out to just suit everybody every time—if it did, well where would be the occasion for the exercise of patience and courage? Now I have no very serious troubles to complain of; if I had I wouldn't burden you with them. As it is, I know a number of you will be interested in the explanation that follows:

You know a number of persons have made investments with me on the association plan, each to share pro rata in the profits. I wrote some and perhaps announced once in this corner that I could invest small sums sent me on this plan where they would at once begin earning 24 per cent. Now the July dividend has been declared and it turns out to be only 15 per cent, and some will wonder why. Well, the first several remittances that I received were invested in a property that was rented and bringing a monthly income of 2 per cent on the amount paid for the property, as stated. There were two lots with a small house and a tent on one of them. It was the house and tent that were bringing the income. During the windy days of spring the tent became wrecked and the tenant moved into a larger house. The wreckage of the tent and one lot have been sold, and the proceeds, together with money that has come in later, have been loaned at 12 per cent and so, on the whole, we are able, without using one cent of the original investments, to declare from profits alone a dividend of 15 per cent and still leave a small surplus of undivided profits on hand.

And after all, 15 per cent income is not bad, I am not complaining and no one else is. Perhaps some of you whose outstanding funds are earning less than 15 per cent would like to write me about it. If so, address

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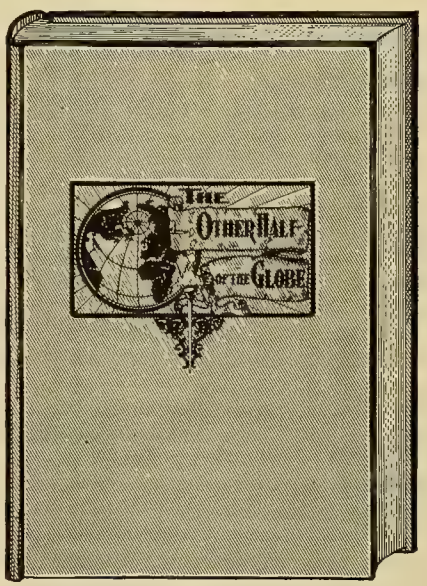
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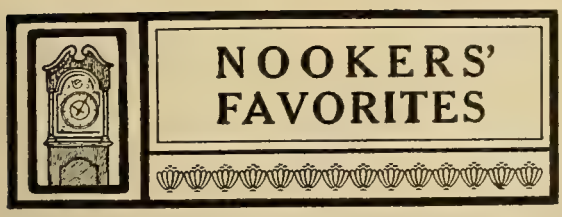
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COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds,
Not to one whose passion,
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish crown,
Not to the haughty tyrant
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame,
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not in the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose store-house
Yields to the hungry food,
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted
Cometh a blessing down.

—Author Unknown.

THE LITTLE MARTYR OF SMYRNA.

It was in the fateful ages when the Christian martyrs died,
And the gods of high Olympus in their glory were defied,—
When, throughout the Roman Empire there were festivals and feasts,
Where great Jupiter was lauded by his pontiff and his priests.
It was in these tragic ages, that with bacchanalian songs,
Through the streets of fair Smyrna surged one day the maddened throngs.
"Find us Polycarp, the Christian;" rose the wild discordant cries,
"To the lions with the Christian! By the gods of Rome, he dies!
"Drag him forth to the arena! Let the beasts devour their prey,
'Less he swear, by Rome's great Cæsar, to forsake the Christ this day!"

So the mob, in growing fury, surged the streets with swelling roar,
But the Bishop of Smyrna found they not at any door.
It was then a soldier pointed to a sunny-headed child,
On whose boyish face the beauty of his dozen summers smiled.
"Ask of him," the ruffian shouted; "ask the lad; he knows him well;
In his home the man sought refuge, ask the lad and he shall tell."
So they turned like wolves upon him, fierce for prey, and hungry-mad
And he stood a lamb among them, though a lion-hearted lad.
"Knowest thou of any Christian, or where Polycarp be found?"
Cried a Roman soldier fiercely as upon the child he frowned.
And the boy, his pale face lifted, with his fearless, fair blue eyes,
In whose depths life's hopes were dawning like the morn in cloudless skies,
And there seemed a sudden halo round the brave but youthful head,
"If thou seekest but for Christians, I am one," he fearless said.
"What! Oh, ho! thou bold-tongued nursling!" cried the first with fiercer frown,
"Make no boasts, or by Olympus, thou shalt burn ere sun go down!
Lead us hence. We seek thy bishop, Polycarp, that evil knave.
Dare refuse and to the lions thou shalt go and naught can save!"
Then the boy's face flushed indignant: "Call him not a knave!" he cried,
"He is bishop of Smyrna, servant of the Christ that died."

Then a cruel arm uplifted, smote him sudden to the ground
And the soldiers mad with fury gathered eagerly around.
"Fool! thy hasty blow hath slain him," cried a guard, "it was too soon!"
"Nay," another sneering answered, "drag him forth; he doth but swoon.
Doth he think to move our pity by his tears and weakling cries?
Drag him forth! His lips shall answer, or from worse than this he dies."
"See, he moves, he was but feigning. He shall tell us all he knows.
What, defeated by this youngling, we who brave the fiercest foes?
Now, then, speak, thou stubborn traitor, where shall Polycarp be found?
Say the truth, lad, or thou diest as thou liest on the ground."

Then a gleam of saintly beauty lit the simple childish face,
And a look of pain and anguish to a heavenly calm gave place.
"Him ye seek to slay is noble and he serves the Christ that died,
Kill me if ye will, but never will I tell where he doth hide!"
Turn away, oh ye that witnessed, ye who saw the deadly blow,
Was it man who struck or demon? Answer not—God's angels know.
So the awful lot was chosen, so the cruel fate was told,
And that even, when the sunset crowned Smyrna's hills with gold,
On his weeping mother's bosom with the smile that death had given,
Lay the bruised and martyred body, but the spirit was in heaven.

—Ernest W. Shurtleff.

OUR HIRED GIRL.

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook the best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet;
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow
In th' old cook-stove, so's 't won't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard-pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I can't git no cooking done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When she's around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 't mows our lawn;
An' he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swan!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen he'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough an' run, child, run!
Er she ain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door an' we
Heerd a maccordeum, Pa says, "Lan'—
O'—Gracious! who can her beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
Better say,
"Clear out o' th' way!
They's time fer work, an time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
Er we can't git no courtin' done!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Fifty acres of the best corn land in Iowa or Illinois.

An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

A price guaranteed by government of 40c a bushel, paid right on the farm.

This would make an income of $24.00 per acre, or $1200 on the 50 acres.

Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

This income of $1200 is the very highest that could possibly be expected. It is several shades above the average, especially when considering occasional poor crops, freight charges, etc. And yet, even considering these things, this corn land is among the best land in the world and millions of dollars are made on it every year. If a man has a good corn farm in Iowa or Illinois he thinks he is pretty well fixed.

OR

20 acres of Hazelwood irrigated land.

An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

A price of from $10 to $12 per ton in the stack, owing to its being only a two hours' wagon haul to Spokane. (It has never been less and often more. Alfalfa is retailing now in Spokane for $15 to $17 per ton.)

Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

Price $250 per acre, or 20 acres for $5000.

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By raising fruit or vegetables several times as much can be made. From $300 to $500, and even as high as $700 per acre, has been made on land no better than this, and, considering the market, not so good.

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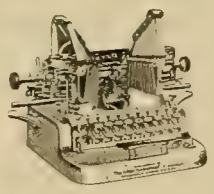
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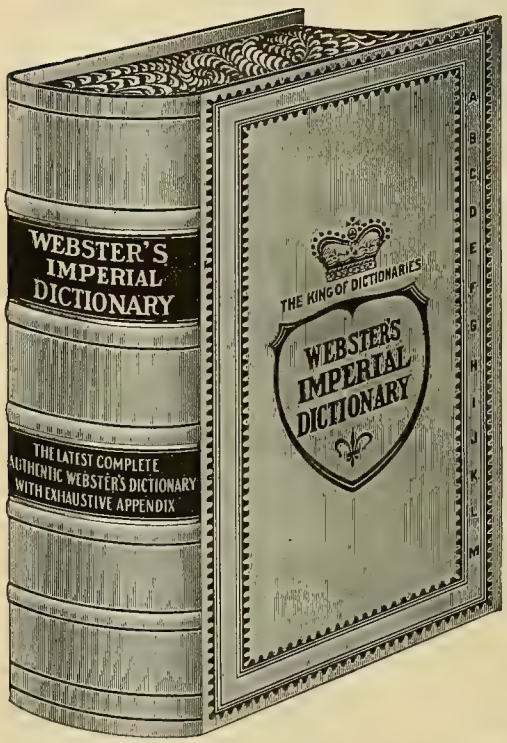
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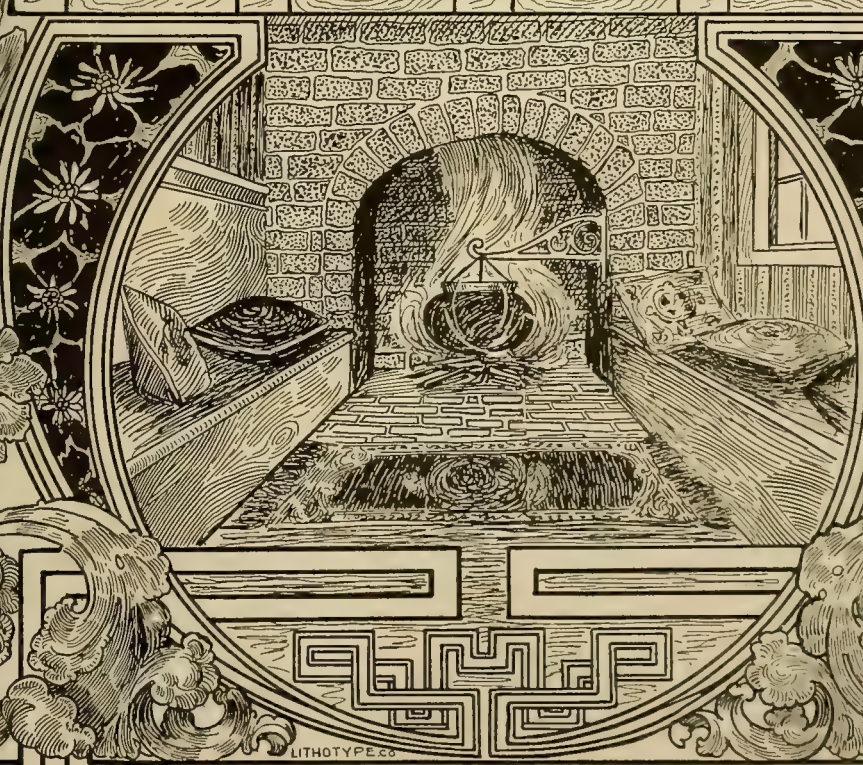
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A Weekly Magazine

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—Selected.



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via direct routes, not through California.	And Return
Tickets Sold	Return Limit
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From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent,
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

To the Settlers of Butte Valley

Watsonville, California, June 18, 1907.

During my recent visit to your beautiful valley I have been particularly impressed with the splendid opportunities offered there to the settler and the favorable condition under which to make a start.

No insect pests, obnoxious weeds or fungus diseases to attack or destroy the growing crop. Pests that elsewhere cost the farmer and fruit-grower tens of thousands of dollars each year.

Here is an opportunity to commence, as it were, with a "clean slate."

Will you let this opportunity pass unheeded? Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, here as well as elsewhere.

From personal experience and observation I know how very expensive, yes, disastrous, in some cases, the lack of a little foresight and some preventative measures have been. The great damage caused the farmers of a locality by the introduction of foul seed is only too well known.

However, the unique situation of the Butte Valley gives you a chance to prevent the introduction of such pests and disease as Johnston Grass, morning glory, Canadian thistle, pear blight, walnut blight, grain smut, rust and weevil. All varities of scale insects, codlin moth, wooly aphis, bitter rot and dozens of other enemies of our cultivated plants and trees.

To do effective work the Butte Valley farmers must organize and obtain the co-operation of the county officers. A committee should be appointed through which all purchases of seeds, plants or trees should be made, thus allowing careful inspection by the County Horticultural Commissioner, besides saving in cost.

Not an ounce of seed, not a box of fruit, not a single tree should be allowed to enter the valley without passing a rigid inspection.

No old boxes or sacks should be allowed at all.

Doubtless the Agricultural Department of the State University will do all in its power to help you, if its assistance is requested.

Co-operative buying, selling and shipping is another subject meriting the serious attention of your organization.

Good schools, buildings as well as teachers, good roads, farmers' telephones, all these and many other problems will engage your best efforts as the population increases.

You will be well prepared to meet them if you organize now on the broad principle of Democracy, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

Wishing you all success, health and happiness, I am

Yours sincerely,

F. L. Willehed MacDonald



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The stamps are classified under twelve different headings, making ten different texts on each of the following subjects:

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A traveling man writes from Centralia, Ill., saying: "Enclosed find one dollar. Send me Eternal Revenue Stamp Books for it. I got three of them yesterday from a man in Paris, and Christian workers who saw them to-day persuaded me to part with them and send for more."

Price, each, ...10 cents
Per dozen, ...$1.00

Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Illinois.

Lomita California

At this writing, July 5, the great steam thresher is pounding out the barley on twelve hundred acres of this ranch. This business is done on a large scale. It requires about thirty-five men and twenty teams to run the machine. There are eleven wagons hauling the grain to the machine, and two men feed the cylinder with forks. The well drillers are hauling their machinery up on the hill preparatory to drilling a fifteen-inch hole for water. Fifteen-inch steel casing will be used. The surveyors are running the town lines and fixing the boundaries of the acreage. M. M. Eshelman has his barn up and is living in it, and lumber is on the ground for his house. Harvey Frantz has his big tent on the ground and is hard at work carpentering. Things are doing at Lomita. Those who purchase acreage and want more land to farm to corn and barley should make application at once for land to rent. All rents begin November 1.

Six years ago Mr. McNally bought ten acres and put six into vegetables. At the start he was in debt $500. Now he owns 37 acres, built a seven-room house, and has money in bank. He is out of debt. Vegetables and poultry were his specialties, and he found a good market all the time.

Perhaps few places offer better opportunities for industrious Brethren. With great and growing markets that can be reached early in the morning, what can industrious producers receive for their toilings? Only good, sound money and plenty of it. In this land of the afternoon sun, you have more than toil and revenue. You have climatic conditions where you can, in a few months, beautify your home, and make fragrance and beauty run hand in hand. Is this worth something in this life? It certainly is.

Fruit growers are getting fancy prices for their produce this year. Each year there are more eaters all over these United States,—hence more produce is required. Where can you have better chances than in this country where something can be grown all the time? Always something for the market, and, of course, always something for the pocketbook.

Another excellent thing is, that no difference how much you may labor during the day, you need not swelter with night heat. Here you can lie down and take sweet sleep with several covers on you in the night, and surely you are rested in the morning. It is the cool nights which bring to you such delightful feelings the next day. Is this a good asset? Surely it is.

And if you will come to Lomita you will show you how to keep your drinking water nice and cool all day long without ice. Soft water in plenty is worth while.

There are lots of people who will try to tell you what they do not know, but if you will come and see Lomita and use your good eyes and sound mind, you can possess knowledge to tell those unknowing ones what they ought to know. Facts and truth are good enough for Lomita. We want to withhold no good thing in our statements nor tell anything with gloss and varnish on it. Just the truth, no more, no less. Come and let us show you our offerings

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The Age of Innocence

By Walter Russell.

8vo. Published 1904.

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If you want to feel young again; if you want to live your childhood days over, read this book.

It will please the boys and girls as well.

A beautiful book indeed it is, worthy of a place in the best-kept library.

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This book is sold by the publishers for $2, plus the postage. On account of a bankrupt sale we are able to offer you this book at less than half price.

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These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $30.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms, crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success ,as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands take the Oregon Short Line R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

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DREAMS.

LOIS L. THOMAS.

The chirp of the birds in the orchard,
The croak of the frogs in the spring,
The sigh of the breeze through the maples;
And the faces that haunted my dreams,
When a child I leaned by the gateway
That led from the pasture lot,
Impressed, with I know not what
Meaning, my opening, vibrant soul.

But the song of the bluebird was sweeter,
E'en the croak of the frog had its place,
While the sigh of the breeze through the maples
Seemed the breath from a far-off world.
Yet, I felt them as only a setting
For the faces that haunted my dreams.
Those faces! From fairyland, elfdom,
And even from lower worlds brought;

They smiled and they leered through my slumber
And filled me with joy, and with fright.
But the face that has lingered the longest,
When all of the rest have grown dim,
Which soothed me when others affrighted,
Which kissed me when others had leered,
Is the one which had kissed me at evening,
The one which would wake me at morn.

Herring, Ohio.

ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

ENERGY of character is a vital force. It lies at the very foundation of a successful life. It animates and rouses to action the dormant faculties of the soul, and leads to the successful accomplishment of noble deeds and daring achievements. Accompanied by perseverance, it has discovered continents, tunneled mountains, conquered armies, captured cities, and brought into instant communication nations separated by intervening oceans. Good fortune, without effort, has never made the man or enabled him to attain greatness.

"Each man makes his own statue, builds himself," and energy is the motive power which secures his development, and enables him to achieve renown. Life has many rugged paths; obstacles intervene; lions are in the way. Who shall overcome? Who shall scale the towering cliff and gain the far fields beyond? The bold, the daring, the energetic alone may hope to pluck the flowers that bloom on the banks of life's gentle stream as it nears the ocean of eternity. But the energy must be under the control and guidance of integrity, to attain its object. Some one has said, "The moral grandeur of independent integrity is the sublimest thing in nature." It is indeed an essential element in every true character.

In their struggle to reach distinction, how often do men ignore honor and justice! With earnestness they toil for the glittering prize, regardless of the means by which it is to be attained; but when it is reached, they find they have sacrificed their manliness, their dignity of self-respect, to grasp a shadow. Their very success is a total failure. We have many manifest illustrations of this truth among the distinguished men of our own times and country. With becoming energy and boldness, they have sought for wealth and renown, but have bartered away their integrity, and thus lost all.

"'Tis moral grandeur that makes the mighty man." And integrity to attain its end, must be accompanied by moral courage. The knights of olden time who gained renown by their gallantry and daring, had courage as the guarantee of their success. But there is more heroism in *daring to do right* than in facing the cannon's mouth. Many a man has stood fearlessly the storm of death on a hundred battle-fields, who would quail under the finger of scorn and surrender without a shot to the scoffs and jeers of the vulgar crowd. *Moral courage* gives power to do right, when it is popular to do wrong; when fortune frowns, temptations assail and discouragement and gloom hang over the timid soul like a pall. *Faith,* too, is an element of success which must not be overlooked; faith in man that observes the lineaments of integrity amid the ruins of sin and believes in the progress and elevation of the race; that faith in God which is the "substance of things not seen;" which pervades the soul and has its temple there; which is not weakened when the hand of God afflicts, but becomes purified and strengthened by the trial; that faith which finds a striking illustration in the loving child nestling in the bosom of its fond parents. But faith implies *hope,* and hope cheers the desponding soul even in the darkest day. It is a pleasing thought that "no star goes down but climbs in other skies." Faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is *charity.* Not that charity which seeks the praises of men, but that which seeks the relief of human woe; which by loving acts and sympathizing words gladdens the life of the disconsolate, and leaves sunshine in the sorrowing heart and especially

that highest exercise of this quality, *charity towards the uncharitable.*

These are the leading characteristics of a whole mind, and the elements of any true successful life. Other qualities of seeming less importance are always blended, like the higher shades of a perfect picture, and all essential to the end in view. The goal is distant and can be reached only by the most careful training and earnest effort. The prize and the crown are elevated and can be gained by no false climbers. These elements must be harmoniously combined, and each faculty of mind and soul imbued by the love of truth, and energized with the spirit of enthusiasm and prayer.

Seeing the West Through the Eyes of a Missourian

Ada Kircher

NO doubt many of you saw the same things I am about to mention, yet you did not see them through my eyes, so if I do not tell it as you saw it, please just remember that we are two entirely different persons with a pair of eyes apiece that see differently.

One bright, warm May day, I found myself comfortably seated in a chair car with an acquaintance, a fellow ex-pedagogue, by my side telling me all sorts of trials and tribulations that beset the paths of a schoolma'am that she had encountered since she had taken up her position in the school of two.

While I listened I handed my ticket to the conductor, one of those tickets you all remember so well, and will you think I never saw a wolf in my life, if I say it was fully three-quarters of a yard long. The conductor deliberately stretched it out its full length and looking over his glasses asked with the look of a mischievous school-boy, "Where are you going? To the Philippines?" I answered, "If I were judging by the length of the ticket I should say around the world." To which he replied, "It's long enough, I'm sure."

At Kansas City I met my traveling companion. I am very much in doubt whether I should give her name or not. You would all know her if I should tell who she was, if indeed you were not all related to her. For it soon became quite a joke among us that every one was related to Mrs. C—. There, I very near told, but I'll be more careful.

After some anxiety and a great deal of patience, a berth was secured and the train was boarded, the anxiety being caused by the loss of a telegram which wasn't lost at all, only stored away carefully in one of the pockets I had provided for myself for this special occasion. Not being accustomed to wearing pockets at home, I forgot about this receptacle, and so the telegram could not be found until the next day when I had no need of it, as is the case with all lost articles.

We partook of dinner at the dinner hour and found our baskets contained more, or so at least it seemed, than before we had eaten. The lids actually refused to go down and we anxiously awaited the supper hour expecting when our excitement had cooled a bit, to lighten our lunch baskets considerably, only to find the lid further from closing than ever; and indeed, we were several days' journey from home before we could get the basket and lid to condescend to meet on any terms.

Eastern Kansas looked very much like Missouri, although I am sure they do not like for me to say so and I like no better to say it, for I have always considered this little spot, bounded on the west by Harrisonville, as we used to say in our geography classes, on the north by East Lynne, on the east by Garden City, on the south by the creek (out west they would call it a river, for I saw rivers there with less water in than this creek, Eight-Mile, has when it's gone dry), the garden spot of the world. I'll tell you what I think about it still after I get through with my narrative.

In central Kansas we traveled all afternoon in sight of round hills covered with rocks, which I might have imagined to be mountains had I not known better, for the simple reason that I spent one winter teaching in the heart of Amarugia, climbing just such hills every morning and descending them every night, only the Amarugia hills were closer together and more so.

Towards evening we came to more level land where the grass, alfalfa and wheat looked as if it was no joke about planting the little yellow kind. The grass was so short that it was no trouble to see the long ears of the jack-rabbit protruding from the grass, and in fact his whole body could be plainly discerned. That, however, was not much of a sight to me as our jack-rabbits at home have just as long ears as these western Kansas jack-rabbits and a much more graceful hop. But the lack of grace on the part of the Kansas jack-rabbits might be due to the wind, for who ever saw any one carry himself gracefully when the wind was blowing a gale?

My companion decided to look through her lunch basket after supper to see if anything was spoiling. The lid was raising amazingly and she knew something inside was the cause of it. Her search resulted in nothing but three spectacle cases that had somehow

gotten themselves into her lunch basket. She immediately rid herself of these, only to find that the lid was further away than ever. At the same time I found my cookies upon the floor, but no room in the basket for them anywhere. I couldn't, for my life, see how we got all those things in the basket at home, and the lids closed, too. It must have been because the atmosphere is lighter here; we do not have the extra pressure to assist us.

It grew dark and we then had time to look around us inside the car. Our car was not half filled; the occupants were all middle-aged or over, except myself.

Our neighbors were already old acquaintances of ours, although we never met before that day. We had taken a walk through the train of ten cars, which is no small walk, looked into two hundred and ninety-six faces, met many people I had never seen before, but we were acquainted just the same. Right here let me say that they were most all relatives of Mrs. C., or else they were related to some of her relatives, or knew some one she knew, or else, perhaps, were old neighbors of hers. I would just like to add that when I see people collected in groups trying to straighten out their relationship and find out really how they are related to one another, I am sometimes glad that I do not have that trouble. Any one who bears the family name on either side is my kin and their number is not very great, though there is one thing I miss when I go to Annual Meeting and that is the reunion part.

Just before retiring we gathered in one end of the car and there erected a family altar, for were we not a big happy family? We sang, and then kneeling together we thanked our heavenly Father for his kindness and protecting care over us, asked his further guidance and protection and asked his watch-care over those left behind.

Thus ended the first day of that long contemplated trip to the Western Coast. Not quite ended, for this retiring was new to some of us and to people burdened with a superabundance of modesty, it was quite disagreeable to have such close neighbors and then, too, sleeping in a berth has to be learned just like riding horseback or skating on skates and, indeed, my companion, who said she never could sleep behind, found some difficulty sleeping in front, and once found it difficult to retain her equilibrium so much so that she reached the floor before she could again regain it. She also said the motion of the train would not let her sleep. As for me, after a few nights I was so thoroughly spoiled I could not sleep unless the train was in motion. I was just like a child in a cradle, when the train stopped I awoke, and I began to be alarmed lest when I reached Los Angeles I should have to be rocked to sleep.

Harrisonville, Mo.

BEWARE OF AVARICE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

I REMEMBER once looking at an old German print, containing a terrible sarcasm against the sin of avarice. It was a picture of Satan carrying a miser on his back to purgatory. The miser, true to his intentions, was trying to strike a bargain with his Satanic majesty, and was saying, "Say, old fellow, what is the price of coal down in your region? Would there not be a chance for a fellow to make a few thousands down there? Hey?" It was wonderful to see the leer with which the "old fellow"—his Satanic majesty—regarded him. It was as much as to say, "What, would you cheat the very devils themselves, and that, too, when you are yourself on the high road to hell?"

It has been said, "The devil cheats all souls but one, the miser cheats the devil." His soul becomes corroded, so covered with rust that the true metal is nowhere to be seen. He has lost fellowship with all humanity, and stands a blank in God's creation. His business is to ruin and defraud others. Prayers, tears, widows' prayers and orphans' tears, avail nothing with him. Money he must have; money, though souls are ruined and betrayed; money, though the earth is made a vale of tears; money, though dug from the lowest depths of hell.

The miser often perishes through his own devices. Some years since, in making improvements in the city of Paris, they tore down a large stone building that had once been the residence of Frozzard, the miser, who had suddenly disappeared from the world a century before. In digging among the foundations, the workmen discovered a trap door, rusty with age, and fastened with a spring lock, itself nearly consumed by rust. They forced open the door. There were steps leading to a vault beneath, silent and dark as a tomb. They procured lights and descended the steps. There, among chests of gold and silver, hung a human skeleton. The clothing was hanging in tatters from the fleshless limbs, and from one hand had dropped a lamp on to the ground beneath. The skeleton was that of Frozzard, the miser. He had been solicited for a large loan of money to enrich the royal treasury. Unwilling to incur the displeasure of Louis the Sixteenth, and fearful that the money would not be refunded in those dark and troublesome days of the French nation, in order to make it appear that he had not the sum demanded, he had caused these vaults, secretly, to be built, and the money conveyed into them. The sequel is easily told. A spring lock had fastened him in there and he had died there, gloating over his treasures, and feasting his eyes, even in death, with gazing on the god of his idolatry—gold.

A Summer in the Rockies

Hattie Dell

WE were now on West Creek. This is quite a good-sized stream and such a beauty as it is, winding around the foot of the mountains, through the brush, rocks and trees. The surroundings are rather wild looking, no signs of civilization except the road, and some places it was hard to see where



West Creek.

that was. We wondered how our little horses, Queen and Nellie, would get over some of the large rocks in the road, but they seemed to know just how, and when and where to step, and with our careful driver, the roughest places were crossed and not even a fruit can broken.

We all walked over the worst places except John. There were two reasons for our walking; one was, to save the horses, and the other was, we didn't care to ride. We carried a tin cup, and drank of this sweet crystal water to our heart's content. This is much better than ditch water. I just wish to say to the inhabitants of Grand Valley, ditch water is good when you can't get any better. This is certainly a wild, beautiful place, just such a place as I have often longed to spend a week or two in,—an ideal spot for any one who loves natural scenery. How restful it is to get away from the world's noise and fashions, to get away from sham, into the real thing. Nature is always what she pretends to be; nature is just as God made her; man is not; nature smiles on all; some people smile when on the street, but frown in the home. I do not thank any one for a smile when it is just to hide an unkind heart; anything but a deceitful, untrue human being. May God help us to be what we profess.

We could not remain on this enchanting ground, but must pass again out into the sunshine. We looked back to the shady retreat with somewhat of a longing to spend a few days strolling among the rocks and trees, and playing in the water as it rushes onward to the river. John said early in the spring they caught fish with a pitchfork in this creek, but we did not see one fish. It must have been just such a place where the Virginian took his bride to spend their honeymoon. We camped for dinner on the sand under a few trees. After dinner some of us stretched ourselves out on the sand to rest awhile. About four o'clock we came to a cabin where we stopped to get hay, milk and bread. The woman told us the river was up and we could not ford it, but would have to cross in a boat and swim the horses. We crossed West Creek for the last time just a little above where it runs into the dirty Delories River and is lost.

When we came to the river and saw the muddy boiling water, and the little boat we were to cross in and thought of the horses crossing, and perhaps being washed away, we realized that all was not joy in the journey. The wagon had to be taken apart, and a few pieces taken over at a time. The horses were left till last, and how we dreaded to see them start. They were surrounded by men and dogs; some Mormons lived close and they helped. At last the poor frightened things plunged into the water, and we held our breath, but they came out all safe and sound. In a half hour or so we were on our way again.

We followed along the river several miles. Some places there was just room for a road between the mountain and river. We might compare the river to an impure life, and West Creek to a pure one. We don't want to forget that as a man thinketh so is he.

Professor, don't forget you cannot be a Christian without this purity of heart. You may profess, but you cannot deceive God. He knows our thoughts. I know some people who are trying to hide unclean hearts under plain clothes. What a disgrace and hindrance such people are to the cause of Christ! "Be sure your sin will find you out."

John said we would camp on Cottonwood Creek, so we would have water, but when we reached it we found one small hole of water. However, we took a bucket and went up stream a little way and there found the water running a little so we carried what we used to cook with. We were surrounded by sage brush here, and had to make our beds in it. We decided that the first one of us that complained of not feeling well would get a good, big dose of "Rocky Mountain Tea," and the smell of it was enough to keep any one from getting sick. We were only a short distance from the river and could hear it rushing madly over the large boulders that had fallen from the mountains. We were walled in by immense walls, all around us. All we could see was the moon and stars. It was full moon and a bright, still night. I could tell by their heavy breathing that the others slept, but how could I? I felt alone, as though I were miles away from every human being, but very near the Creator of all these wonderful things we were permitted to behold. I never felt so impressed with the glory of the heavenly bodies before. The heavens do certainly declare the glory of God. Readers, look into them often, it will do you good. We miss so much of life's sweetness by being thoughtless of the things we have all about. We ought to get the best out of everything.

The next morning the water was running quite lively to our glad surprise. While the girls started breakfast I played truant, and followed the brook to the river. When I returned I found John with pan and spoon in hand. I said, "Water pancakes for breakfast." He went to the brook, it was just a few steps from our table, filled the pan half full of water, then for the flour, baking powder, and salt. I laugh now as I see John stirring his pancake batter, and hear him say, "You can laugh now, but we'll see how you eat them when we get to the table." He must have used some kind of sleight-of-hand performance to turn those cakes, for they were turned without knife, or pancake turner; just a quick jerk of the frying pan and over they went. Reader, I know you are anxious to know if those cakes were good. I should guess so from the way they disappeared. I took one bite and choked on that,—it was like chewing gum. Now really, John, they didn't taste so bad, but I couldn't eat for laughing.

A few miles up the cañon we came to Salt Wash, or Poison Creek. There is but little water here, but the rocks are covered with a frostylike substance, making them very pretty. Thirty head of cattle had drunk of the water and died that spring. It is claimed a little of this will not kill, but when animals get a taste they want more and drink till they die. Isn't it just so with the dreadful liquor habit? Taste it and you are crazy for more. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" is wise advice, and they are very unwise who do not listen to it. You drink until all that is manly in you dies. If our men would say, No, it is beneath our dignity, and we women, It is beneath our purity to think, say, or do anything that will lower our characters in God's pure eyes, we would not see sorrow and shame in so many faces.



Salt Wash.

The road was so very rocky through "Salt Wash" we walked almost all forenoon, and were a tired, hungry, thirsty set of travelers when we pulled into camp a little after noon.

(To be continued.)

At top or at bottom all true men and women are laborers. It is unmanly and unwomanly to shirk. A lounger is a lounger, a loafer is a loafer, a tramp is a tramp, a pauper is a pauper, a thief is a thief, regardless of dress, education, or social position. He who lives by the sweat of another man's brow is a parasite, whether he lives in a palace or a hovel. If education brings us to shame of honest effort, if it causes us to shrink from calico or blue jean, if with it we refuse to lay hold of shovel, pick, plow handles, or dinner getting, if this is the appointed task, if it alienates us in any way from this great teeming world of honest, earnest work, it is a base counterfeit, and we are the worse for having it.—*The Universalist Leader*

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XVI. A Page from Another Life.

RAISE my pillar a bit higher, Liz. Now turn up that lamp somewot. Ken yer read printed matter?"

"Yes, Granny, a little on't, ef the words is not too long an' hard."

"Well, git them papers, then, inside the kiver o' that book. I allus meant to read 'em sometime, an' now my eyes is too old an' dim."

Liz obeys and takes from their place of concealment two creased printed sheets. They are those which Mrs. Chester had left there almost three years ago.

"Now read out, an' mind 'at yes speak loud. There is a rumblin' in my ears to-night."

The title of the sheet is "Saving Words." Liz stops many times to spell ere she can read the sentence: "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out."

"That sounds ruther kind," says the old woman, "I spose it means the Lord."

Liz reads on: "Though—thy—sins—be—as—scarlet—they—shall—be—made—whiter—than—snow."

"I em glad o' that," remarks Granny; "but the way yes stops so often on't sort o' jars my mind. Tell yer pap to come an' read it fur me. He is better in eddication than ye be."

Liz again obeys, and soon her father enters.

"'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief,'" falters John Deane in a subdued and trembling voice.

"Do yes think as that means everybody?" stammers Granny.

"I think as it does," he answers, "in fact I feel sure on't."

"How do yer know?" queries the croaking voice, now almost in a whisper.

"I kin tell froum example. I know as only a few months ago I wuz the very chiefest of sinners; but I em sure the grace o' God is savin' me, I think as the piers o' the bridge is well nigh completed," he added in a whisper to himself.

"Ef I han only listened to them words afore my feet had got so fur in sin," she muttered, "I could have a better hope. Do yer think as yer ken hold out to the end o' the journey, John?"

"With God's help, I b'live as I ken," he answers.

And now the old woman's mind begins to wander again and she is begging at the Foaming Goblet.

"I hev pawned the last article," she pleads, "an' I am well-nigh burning up with thirst. Only jest one glass! It's not much to ask fur!"

John moistens his handkerchief and lays it upon the fevered brow.

She sleeps until the grey light of dawn is stealing through the little pane of glass, and then says: "Git some water an' cool my lips, John."

He puts the cup to her trembling lips, then assists her head back upon its pillows. "I—feel—sort—o'—chilly-like," she gasps. One withered hand is quickly thrown above her head, and the angel of death draws the mysterious curtain down over the poor, red eyes.

Chapter XVII. A New Acquaintance.

We now ask the reader to turn for a moment from old acquaintances and behold the beauty of a new sweet face. It is Stella's.

She is the child of Mrs. Chester's beloved sister. Her deep eyes and alabaster temples seem to belie her ancestry and almost move one to touch the lily hand in order to be convinced that she is of the earth, earthly. In her beauty, she is fragile as a flower before the blast, and in her purity like a December snowflake suddenly discovered in April's slush and mire. She has come from the thronged heart of the great rushing city to enjoy for a season the rest and quiet of Shady Brook; but in gazing upon the marvelous face, one might almost fancy that she came thither from heaven instead.

In time past she had been the devoted friend, and almost inseparable companion of little Clifford, and his death had made a wound within her heart which time was slow to heal. For long months afterwards she was a rare visitor at Shady Brook, the loneliness of whose rooms made her heart ache, she told her mother. And though she seldom spoke Clifford's name to Mrs. Chester, the manner in which she wandered from room to room with vague unrest, and stood by the gurgling stream with folded arms and dreamy eyes, was plainer language to the bereaved woman than any words had been. After Lily's advent, her visits became more frequent but the fact was plain

that one attraction of that home for Stella had departed to return no more.

Very dear to Mrs. Chester's heart is this lovely child,—dear because of her own sweet self, and none the less dear because of her association with him whom she had loved and lost.

So Mrs. Chester folds her within her arms and says: "My own sweet Stella! Welcome to Shady Brook!" and is repaid by the soft reply:

"My dearest Aunt Katherine!"

Chapter XVIII. Confiding Childhood.

After Stella's arrival at Shady Brook "the hours flew on golden wings." The girls were soon fast friends who exchanged all sorts of girlish confidences and shared each other's joys and sorrows. Sibyl confided to Stella the important fact that she was now a "pome,"—"a real-for-sure one," she added with an air of greatness. "Becourse, Stella," she continued, "I don't spect to be as grand a pome as Mrs. Chester for a long time yet. It might be," she admitted in a serious tone, "that I will never reach her ekul, but I hev writ one beautiful verse. Mrs. Chester says as it's beautiful an' she knows. She calls it my first lit'r-ary effort. I don't exactly know what that is, but I think it means suthin' sort o' high like. Read the verse and tell me what you think on't."

Stella read it over and pronounced it very good. "Only Sybil, you should begin every line of poetry with a capital letter."

Just at this moment the "sperrit" began to strive within her, and taking the poor crumpled piece of paper from Stella's hand, she buried her verse away down in the uttermost depths of her pocket.

"I don't think as you ought to boss me when I am so much older as you are."

"How old are you, Sibyl?" asked Stella, good-naturedly.

"I'm fourteen years old, and that's mighty near bein' a woman, mind you," said Sibyl with a faint tinge of a threat in her voice.

"Well, forgive me, Sibyl, I did not mean to offend but only wanted to be a help to you. You see I have gone to school a great deal more than you have, and while I can be a help to you in books, you can help me in many other things. You can teach me where to find the freshest moss and brightest flowers, and help carry my basketful of nuts when my arms get tired. Now let us be good friends again, Sibyl."

And thus the days move on and Sibyl was a better girl for Stella's companionship. One touch of Stella's hand would often cause the "sperrit" to cease its angry strivings within her breast. And after a time Stella told her all about her great sorrow and loss in Clifford's death; and Sibyl repaid this expression of confidence by unburdening to Stella her own great grief inflicted by Priscilla Trot and the other girls of Busy Homes. Poor Stella! Poor Sibyl! Each knew the depth of her own bitterness, and each sympathized with the other's woe.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

FRANK G. REPLOGLE.

As we ponder weak and weary,
In the glowing heat of day,
We are often prone to wander
From our heavy tasks astray.

Oftentimes we feel disheartened,
When we see so much to do.
And 'tis then we need the courage
Of the resurrected Jew.

Ah, 'tis then that we look heavenward,
And, as we breathe a gentle prayer,
All our troubles quickly vanish
On the unseen wings of air.

We should ever then press onward,
Being shod with gospel peace,
Having Christ as our Great Teacher,
That our knowledge may increase;

That when life's great school is over,
And the testing day has come,
We may there receive our credits
For the heavenly school to join.

Then we'll join our former schoolmates
In one larger class above,
And we'll graduate in heaven,
Crowned with laurels of his love.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

J. S. FLORY.

Quite recently I was permitted to take an extended trip by team over a part of the great Maxwell Grant in Northern New Mexico. Think of one holding of land containing one million and a quarter acres of land. It is a good thing these great land grants are being divided into smaller bodies. Some of our persevering brethren have gotten hold of some fifteen or twenty thousand acres of the said grant and are pushing ahead with vim to colonize the same with enterprising farmers.

In our run around over the valley, taken possession of by our Brethren, we visited the old home place of the famous scout, Kit Carson, so well known to the early settlers of New Mexico. Some of the walls of his old adobe fort are still partially standing. In company with Brother Isaac Frantz, of Ohio, we gathered some mementos from the old fort walls and drank from the beautiful crystal stream near by. The old scout claimed there was a fascination for him in the spot he had chosen as his home he could find nowhere else in the broad west; one was the climate, another the water with its beautiful fish, and another the game of the mountains.

A long lifetime he spent here, an enemy to the

savage who contested his rights, and a friend to the government of the white man. Often he led military expeditions back and forth from the waters of the Missouri to the Pacific coast. Gen. Clark for a time had his headquarters at this same old noted fort. There is now a famous Spanish lady living on the premises which are surrounded with a fine orchard of trees fifty to seventy-five years of age and in the seeming vigor of young trees. She says that in the forty-six years since she has lived there, this year is the first that there was a failure of a crop of fruit. She has fine commodious buildings so built as to form the pleasure court so common to Spanish residences.

She insisted we should come and see her rooms, expensive paintings and pictures of many noted persons. Her home was furnished in luxuriant and costly style. A more courteous and agreeable woman in her home I never visited. She is a queen, indeed, of the broad plains where she reigns in seeming satisfaction. She is a devoted Catholic, but is a warm friend to all about her or who come to visit her. She has a special friendship for Sister M. H. Mikesell, who frequently visits her. She bids God speed to the efforts of our Brethren to make a settlement near her own lands.

The short visit to this locality was full of much interest and it seems to me that with an eye of faith I could see our Brethren taking possession of these beautiful valleys and broad acres of New Mexico, as they have done of Colorado and the regions of the Pacific slope.

Westward the empire of civilization is spreading its wings. "Go west" has not lost its old-time music to the ears of the restless emigrant. Thus history repeats itself, empires and kingdoms rise and flash as meteors in the sky, then disappear for a time; because with man, all is mortal.

PLANTS THAT GO TO SLEEP.

It was Chaucer who first discovered that some flowers nod, go to sleep, and awake again, apparently refreshed. Indeed, as he watched the English daisy (*Bellis perennis*), one smaller and more pink tipped than that which thrives abundantly in American fields, and observed how at sunset it moved its rays in an erect position, held them closed during the night, and then opened them wide at sunrise, he concluded that it had wisely indulged in a long, refreshing sleep.

At present, it is acknowledged that the majority of plants are inclined to sleep by the hour. With some it is only the bloom which closes, to unfold again after refreshment, while with many others it is the leaves which exhibit the most pronounced sleep movements. So complex, moreover, are some of these movements of leaves when preparing for a night's rest, so do they rise or fall to cover the flowers or ripening fruit and thus protect them from cold dews, that the immortal Swedish botanist, Linnæus, speaks of their performances as being analogous to the action of birds, when spreading their wings to shelter the young snugly. Indeed, although both Chaucer and Shakespeare had noticed the sleepiness of plants, it remained for Linnæus to collect the first accurate information on the subject.

The story is told that his attention was drawn to the protecting sleep movements of leaves through the gift of a rare exotic, a species of lotus which had come to him during the absence of his gardener. He at once planted it, then bearing an exceedingly beautiful red flower. It was after nightfall when his gardener returned, and Linnæus, eager to show his treasure, guided him to the greenhouse. No bloom whatever was to be seen; merely many large, languidly drooping leaves.

Thinking that some one had rudely picked the flower, his disappointment was deep; but in the morning, to his surprise and joy, the brilliant bloom again appeared, fresh and vigorous. That night he and the gardener again visited the exotic. Every sign of its former glory had vanished. Its aspect was entirely changed. Through fingering the whole plant well over, however, they at length discovered the daytime beauty, sound asleep under over-leaves.

It was after this observation that Linnæus's interest was quickened in this particular trait of plants, and he collected the number which formed his celebrated floral clock; for with some of the flowers their periodical opening and closing is so regular as not to vary fifteen minutes throughout the season. Indeed, he observed forty-six flowers with a determined hour for sleeping.

This adherence to a certain time for closing is now attributed to the punctuality of their insect friends, visiting them through the offered bait of nectar, which perform faithfully the service of carrying their pollen. As soon then as these conscientious insects have made their rounds for the day, the flowers close to protect their remaining sweets and golden dust from worthless pilferers.

It is not altogether because of exhaustion that the leaves of some plants sleep, but because light which acts as a stimulant to them, is withdrawn. Even it is possible sometimes to cajole them into waking by holding near them a lighted candle; as also some flowers are fooled into making sleep preparations whenever there is an eclipse of the sun. Neither can it be only the absence of light which causes them to sleep, since the common goat's beard, from its habit of closing irrevocably at twelve o'clock, is popularly called by the English people, "Go-to-bed-at-noon." The pimpernel of Tennyson (*Anagallis arvensis*) is another early sleeper, seldom being found awake after midday.

The evening primrose (*Onagra biennis*) is scheduled to open at six in the evening and to close at dawn, being nocturnal in its habits. The spring beauty (*Claytonia Virginica*), known to every child that treads the woodlands, is not only a rare sleeper, but so in dread of rainy or cloudy weather that it invariably dozes through such times. The field convolvulus (*Convolvulus arvensis*) is another flower especially sensitive to the approach of rain; while on the contrary the quaintly pretty chicory (*Cichorium Intybus*) opens its white, pink, or blue florets only in the early morning hours throughout midsummer, or else when the atmosphere is hazed.

Flowers that sleep when the sun goes down and awaken in the morning are observed to regulate their acts with the length of the day, as it increases or declines. Apparently they cannot sleep while it is yet too light, nor awake before darkness has sufficiently vanished. The wayside tansy (*Tanacetum vulgare*) indeed has leaves so sensitive that not only do they close in darkness, but whenever exposed to too powerful a light. Again the leaves of some plants, if brightly illuminated, will at once endeavor to direct their edges toward the light. The common day flower (*Commelina Virginica*) has a most curious habit of sleeping itself away. Early in the morning its bright blue flowers may be seen lively and awake. About noon, however, after its special insects have made their rounds, it closes its petals tightly, which melt away before sundown into a mucilaginous substance resembling jelly.

Hardly one more interesting to watch, or more accessible to all could be named than the pretty little wood sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*), abundantly grown in pots as a house plant through the winter. At nightfall its peculiarly sensitive leaves sleep by drooping their three leaflets until touching back to back, in which position they are far from likely to be chilled during the night. At sunrise, however, these leaflets again regain their horizontal position. During the day as well the seedling leaves of this plant exhibit restless, interesting movements. In fact, it has been observed that the flowers and leaves of young plants close much more thoroughly than those older ones. As children, perhaps, they need abundant rest. Generally it is said of the wild lupine (*Lupinus perennis*) or sun dial, that its leaves from morning till night turn to face the sun. At night these leaves sleep. All clover leaves sleep. Often in the morning some one lazy about awaking will be found with its inner surfaces appearing as though gummed together.

This element of sleepiness is indeed most difficult to eradicate from the flowers and leaves of wild stock. Gardeners and propagators have fondly thought to have it conquered, when unexpectedly it returned, often at most inopportune times. A wondrously fine collection of carnations which were sent west, with high hope for the prizes they might secure, fell soundly asleep en route, and neither coaxing nor coercing would tempt them to open their petals until the exhibition where they were displayed was well over.

The large sensitive plant (*Cassia Chamaecrista*) and the wild senna (*Cassia Marilandica*) have the most curious ways of hanging down their stalks, rotating on their axes, and folding their leaflets together whenever they are touched or rudely knocked against. This is owing to their extreme sensitiveness. They then appear much as they do when asleep. Although it is not generally appreciated, the sensitive brier (*Morongia uncinata*) can be grown with facility in many more Northern States than those to which it is a native, and the delight of watching it grow is keen indeed. The many pairs of small leaflets which it bears are even more sensitive than those of the cassias. To tread over much of the dry soil it inhabits in the South, and then to look backward, is enough to foster the notion that witches had been at work in the plant world; since the path of the traveler is then as distinct as the wake of a ship. Flaccid and drooped, the innumerable little leaflets appear to have lost all interest in living.

In parts of Arabia where the rose of Jericho is native, the people carefully regard its movements as being divinely regulated for their special information concerning future events. There these shrubs produce blossoms flaming red in the bud, and turning gradually to white as they expand. The stems, moreover, are not upright, but spread over the ground in large circumferences. They are intensely sensitive in rainy weather. At such times they draw up the stems closely together and assume a globelike form, while with the sun's return they again spread open. The simple minded native, thinking of marriage or of taking any other important step in life, goes first to inspect these shrubs. If on his first sight of them, their stems should be drawn together, the omen is against him, and more likely than not he will cast off the undertaking. On the contrary, should the stems be spread open, all his happiness is before him, and cheerfully he pursues his way.—*Alice Lounsberry.*

* * *

"I'LL WAIT A WHILE LONGER."

I'll wait a while longer before I despair
Before I sink under my burden of care.
Night cannot last always—there must be a morn;
So I'll wait for the daylight; and watch for the dawn.

I'll wait a while longer; to-morrow may be
The brightest and fairest of morrows to me.
The birds may be singing, the blossoms may start
In bloom and in beauty. Be patient, O heart!

I'll wait a while longer, before I give up;
I'll drink, if it may be, the dregs from the cup.
Still watching, still hoping, still longing for day,
I'll wait a while longer, and waiting, I'll pray

—Selected.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Idols.

EZRA FLORY.

"Little children, guard yourselves from idols."

NOTICE that this is expressly uttered to believers. Glance back over the epistle to get the force of the charge.

"I am Jehovah, thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20: 2, 3.

Jehovah means, "He that is to come, he that is, he that was," Rev. 1: 18, hence eternal and for this he rightly is the supreme object of worship.

Every man needs a god. Every man has a shrine of worship. There is no man who has not somewhere in the essentials of his being, a deity that he worships. It may be a false god, but the very actualities of life, the devotion of our powers are all worship. Voltaire said, "If there were no god, it would be necessary to invent one."

The word *idol* means *appearance*. It is something you trust in more than in the invisible God. 2 Cor. 4: 18.

Israel was in peculiar danger here. It is said India had 300,000,000 gods, while Persia made sacred everything connected with fire. Egypt worshipped insects, animals, birds, the Nile, while Greece and Rome had multitudes of gods. But the sad fact is that all these ancient gods are still worshipped.

The demands of cruelty that compels child labor in many cities tells us that Moloch is still worshipped, while the base cravings of heartless men are thus satisfied. Who ruined over thirty-four thousand young girls last year in the state of Indiana, causing premature death? Why are there forty thousand prostitutes in New York City to-day? The answer is, because Baal is still worshipped. Jesus said, "Ye cannot serve God and *Mammon*," yet thousands in America are bowing to "the almighty golden calf."

Suppose an old Roman were to come to life, do you think he would guess the worship of Bacchus dead when he should be told that there are two million drunkards in the United States? If the Greeks could behold our styles and fashions, should they think the worship of Venus dead? Some years ago a minister read an announcement by the Salvation Army that at a stated time they would exhibit some idols. He went expecting to see idols from Africa, India, or China. To his surprise they showed on one card, pipes and tobacco; on another, feathers and ribbon and such like.

Some make pleasure their god. On a single Sunday afternoon recently twenty thousand people entered the gates to a race course. Too hot to go to church (?).

Some worship their children, some fine homes, some worship themselves. Some worship their appetites, "Whose god is their belly." Philpp. 3: 19. Others worship their occupation. Heb. 1: 15, 16.

"He taketh up all of them with the angle; he catcheth them with his net, and gathereth them in his drag: therefore he rejoiceth and is glad. Therefore he sacrificeth unto his net, and burneth incense unto his drag; because by them his portion is fat, and his food plenteous."

Read the lessons to us through Judges 3: 5-8 and Solomon's downfall. Turn to Matt. 4: 10 and Matt. 22: 37, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Let there be no compromise on fundamentals. Many professed Christians are stumbling-stones. They go to church on Sunday but think little about worship of God all week.

The preventive philosophy of the Bible is unique. It does not stem devotion but seeks to divert it into other channels,—"worship God."

"Every hour
I read you kills a sin
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it."

LOOK AHEAD.

THERE are some people who ride all through the journey of life with their backs to the horses' heads. They are always looking into the past. All the worth of things is there. They are forever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. There is no romance in the world now, and no heroism. The very winters and summers are nothing to what they used to be; in fact, life is altogether on a small, commonplace scale. Now, that is a miserable sort of thing, it brings a kind of paralyzing chill over the life, and petrifies the natural spring of joy that should be forever leaping up to meet the fresh new mercies that the day keeps bringing. —*Brooke Herford.*

CALLED BACK.

IDA M. HELM.

He was not an old man, yet twenty years had passed since he, a barefoot boy with pockets bulging with balls, marbles, corks for fishing lines, nails, jackstones, handkerchiefs, in which he sometimes tied his fish bait, and many other things that are dear to a boy's heart, went over this road each morning on his way to school, his heart glad in its carefree youth. Close by the roadside there were ripened blackberries, and he stopped and filled his mouth with the juicy fruit just as he did so long ago.

He went and just beyond the little strip of woods, the school-house came into view,—the same house in which he studied his lessons so many, many times. He always loved to study his geography lesson and he liked history, but he dreaded arithmetic ; he hated the grammar and he looked with contempt on his physiology, and in the spelling class words that were spelled with four letters he was sure to spell with seven, and when they were spelled with seven he would spell them with four; he *never* could remember where the silent letter should be used.

Now years have passed and he had come a long distance to visit his early home, and memories of many happy little incidents that had occurred in the playground in those by-gone days flitted pleasantly through his mind, and his school-day troubles he remembered with a smile.

He continued on his way down the road till he came to the little white church now unused and neglected, where he used to go with his parents on Sundays. He walked up the grass-grown path and as he pushed open the door it creaked on its rusty hinges ; dust and spider webs covered the walls and benches and hung in long festoons from the ceiling. It looked strange and lonely in there. As he walked up the aisle he uncovered his head, for a feeling of reverence came into his soul and he felt that God was present in the house that was dedicated to his name. This was the place where he had made sacred vows to his Maker years ago, vows that he had slighted and broken. Now they returned and appealed to his conscience as though God himself were speaking to his soul. Feelings of sorrow and shame for his carelessness and wrong-doings swept across his breast and he knelt and renewed the vows that he had once reverently made and then so lightly broken. Then he started on his way with an earnest purpose to be faithful to his covenant and vows to his Redeemer in the future.

Long, long ago, a man yet young in years, fleeing from his home, stopped in a lonely, mountainous country to spend the night and while sleeping with his head on a stone for a pillow and with no earthly protection near him, he heard the voice of God speaking to him and declaring that he would be his protector. A feeling of safety came over him and with reverential fear he made sacred vows to God. He said, "Since God has promised to protect and bless me and bring me again to my father's home in peace, I will serve him," and he continued, "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

God is ever faithful to his promises, but man is so forgetful. Jacob went on his way and God watched over him and abundantly blessed him, but when surrounded by his wives, children and servants and when prosperity showered blessings in abundance upon him, Jacob neglected to keep his promise that he had made to God. But God continued his watchful care over Jacob, just as he had promised to do, and brought him again in peace to the home from which he had been an exile so long, and when he had brought him again in peace to his own country God again spoke to Jacob and said, "Jacob, arise and go to Bethel and make an altar unto God that appeared to thee when thou fleddest from thy angry brother, Esau; pay the vows that you promised but did not keep." So Jacob returned to the place where God had given him such rich promises and where he had accepted the Lord to be his God and he erected an altar and paid the vows that he should have paid long before.

God has called each one of us to come and follow him and he has promised us far richer blessings than he promised Jacob that night when he slept under the canopy of Syrian stars. Have we accepted Christ and entered into covenant relation with him ? If we have, are we true to our promises ? If we are not true to our vows, God is calling to us through his Word and through his Spirit; he is saying, "Return to the place from which you started and build again the broken altar and renew your broken promises ; pay the vows that you promised, but have not paid. I am ever true to you." Any place where God is we may erect our Bethel, it is a door to heaven which we may open with prayer and commune with our Maker. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," are the words of the Bible.

It is our duty as well as privilege to remember and obey our Maker, but how humbly grateful we should be that God remembers us. If we would, at all times, feel conscious of our own weakness and of the power and love of God and of our dependence on him, he could give us many rich blessings from which we bar ourselves by not trusting fully in the Giver of every good gift.

"Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love."

Ashland, Ohio.

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THE UNEXPECTED MESSAGE.

EVERY day there flash over the wires messages of few words, which say that mother or father, husband or wife, brother or sister, son or daughter has left the shores of time; and though some of us may not receive such a message for a long time, our turn will come, and with tear-blinded eyes we shall be trying to re-read a message which has suddenly filled our heart with sadness. Like a bolt from a cloudless sky the crushing word comes, and for a time all seems dark. We know that life is very uncertain and nothing in the world more certain than death; and yet we are never quite prepared for the grim visitor when he comes. And if we are far distant from loved ones, thinking that all is well with them, the wound made in the heart is the deeper.

Some of these wounds leave scars that time does not remove. We go our way through life with the burden of a great sorrow resting upon us. During our active moments we are hardly conscious of it; but sometimes, often, involuntarily, the heart cries out for the loved one and the name is spoken. How many times do we catch ourselves calling "Mother!" She has passed into the great beyond and we can no more counsel with her, no more go for help to one on whose love and unselfishness we can depend with entire confidence. If we could have looked ahead ten or twenty or thirty years, and could have known how we should miss her and long, too late, for opportunities to do something for her, her cares and trials with us would not have been so great and we should not now look back with so many regrets. And the fact that she believed in us and said we were more of a comfort than a care for her, but adds to our feeling of unworthiness. But our sighs and tears cannot change the past, cannot ease the burdens of much-tried and very patient love, borne through weary years.

It is the uncertainty of life, the not knowing which words will be our last to those we love, that makes it so important that no mistake be made, no grief caused, nothing done that will leave place for future regret. How different life would have been if we could have looked ahead, how much more kindness would have been shown. But when the message has come it is too late to blot out words that should never have been spoken or written.

We cannot live and escape the sorrows which are a part of our common heritage. The first man and woman who ever lived one day received the sad and unexpected message that their son was dead. That was the first one of the kind; but how many, many millions have followed it. And so it will be while time continues, until the last enemy, death, is overcome. We do not seriously consider this matter in youth, and for that reason thoughtlessly make wounds which never entirely heal. But as the years pass and much of our life is in the past we begin to be more concerned for the feelings of others, more anxious that there be no cause of bitterness, no hasty words to recall. And thus it should be, for if we do not gain wisdom as the years come and go we are living in vain.

He who has not received his message announcing loss, has it coming; and he and all of us, if we are wise, will leave undone the things which cause pain to another now, and later will fill our hearts with sorrow. It is a question of doing the right thing and the best thing.

* * *

OUR RECORD.

ONLY a short time ago there was given in a daily paper an account of a young man who had been arrested because he was thought guilty of crime. He said that he was innocent, but on account of his guilt in other instances he was believed to be guilty in the case in question. It was his record, not proof that he had committed crime, that was putting him in prison for trial. He blamed his record, but did not seem to realize that he had made it himself. His record was bad, to be sure; but he was bad before it was.

Men and women are generally judged as this young man was. What has been in the life in the past is most likely to be in it in the future. So men reason, and they are nearly always right in doing so. If a man has stolen, what is more natural than to think that he will repeat the offense? It is because men are judged by their deeds that we want to know a person some time before saying what we think of him. Experience has taught us that things are not in all cases what they seem, and in order to be on the safe side we reserve judgment. And no one can be censured for having a reasonable amount of caution.

Men make and unmake their own reputations. And it seems to come natural to believe that a man who has always been upright cannot be guilty of a gross crime or sin, while it is impossible for most people to believe that a man who has been wicked can do a good act and show that he has a conscience. Perhaps this is

due to the fact that the one who passes judgment knows that under the same circumstances he could not keep himself innocent. But it is not safe to pass judgment in that way, for the one who is condemned probably is not half as bad as our evil imaginations have painted him. The reputation of many a pure man has been injured by those from whom we should expect better things; so that a man's reputation will not in every instance protect him from evil.

A good reputation is of great value, but a good character is much more valuable. One of the main sources of trouble in the world is that men strive so hard to gain a reputation for being or having something which they cannot be and cannot have, and which would be no real value to them if it were theirs. A good record, or reputation, is almost indispensable if one wishes to accomplish anything in any field. Suppose a man has failed along some line and wants to begin again in the same line. How hard it is for him to inspire confidence in those whose coöperation he must have if he is to have another trial; but if he has been successful he finds plenty of men who are anxious to go in with him.

In the main, we make our own records, though sometimes they are made to appear what they are not. We are responsible for our characters; no man but ourselves can injure them. Some of the best people who ever lived have suffered mentally and physically through evil and false reports. Christ made himself of no reputation; he took his position as a poor man in the world; he sought no such power or influence as would have been his if he had come and occupied the throne of David. But because he was what he was during his life among men, his influence has been increasing through the centuries, and will increase till the end of time.

The reputation is the shell, the character is the kernel; and they generally go together: that is the rule. It is useless to blame our record for shutting us off from some things which we should enjoy having. We made it; or, rather, we are it in nearly all cases; for the maker cannot be separated from the thing made. It is the part of wisdom to look ahead and take this fact into consideration, and direct our course accordingly, for by so doing we shall escape disappointment.

SCHOOL OR SOMETHING ELSE.

At this time of the year the boys and girls from one end of our country to the other are considering the school question, which is whether they shall continue their studies or quit and join the bread-winners. With many, of course, this is not a question at all. Some of them look upon the preparatory school and the college and university as a part of their destiny, while others know that at the earliest possible moment they must quit the school for the shop. But still it remains true that the school question is one of great concern in homes of nearly all classes.

It is one of the most important questions that parents and children have to decide, for on their decision in large measure rests the destiny of the child. In most cases it does not take much to influence those considering the question and have the decision given for or against school. But some boys and girls have in them such a thirst for knowledge that they will accomplish what to their friends seems to be the impossible. Objections may be raised, obstacles placed in their way with a view of discouraging them; but they will overcome all and have their education if life is given them. We like to see young folks with this disposition, for they are the ones who do things, who develop the best there is in them.

But shall they go to school or to work? It all depends on the boy or girl and the school attended. We don't like to see education sought purely for the sake of financial gain; for it is worth more than money. We should like to see all well educated, for the right kind of an education broadens and brings out the best. And so, though we know that many are worth less to the world after going to school than they were before, we advise our young friends to get a good education and use it for the right.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

But the face that has lingered the longest,
When all of the rest have grown dim,
Which soothed me when others affrighted,
Which kissed me when others had leered,
Is the one which had kissed me at evening,
The one which would wake me at morn.
—Lois E. Thomas.

There is more heroism in *daring to do right* than in facing the cannon's mouth. Many a man has stood fearlessly the storm of death on a hundred battle-fields, who would quail under the finger of scorn and surrender without a shot to the scoffs and jeers of the vulgar crowd.—*Richard Braunstein.*

We miss so much of life's sweetness by being thoughtless of the things we have all about. We ought to get the best out of everything.—*Hattie Dell.*

We should ever then press onward,
Being shod with gospel peace,
Having Christ as our Great Teacher,
That our knowledge may increase.
—Frank G. Replogle.

It is our duty as well as privilege to remember and obey our Maker, but how humbly grateful we should be that God remembers us.—*Ida M. Helm.*

The preventive philosophy of the Bible is unique. It does not stem devotion, but seeks to divert it into other channels.—"worship God."—*Ezra Flory.*

The miser often perishes through his own devices. —*Richard Seidel.*



Echoes from Everywhere

It has been agreed between the governments of Canada and of the United States that the owners of all buildings on the boundary-line must decide in which country they shall live, and must move the whole building accordingly. The purpose of this agreement is to reduce the smuggling evil and otherwise to put an end to lawlessness on the border.

July 14, while the national celebration of the achievement of French liberty was in progress at Paris and President Fallières was returning from a review of the troops, he was fired upon by a man from the crowded street. Two shots were fired, but neither took effect. While it is said that the man may be a tool of the anarchists, it is believed that he is simply an alcoholic with a disordered mind.

According to government reports for the last fiscal year, 1,463 vessels aggregating 510,865 gross tonnage, were built in the United States, this being a greater number of vessels and far greater tonnage than during any other year for half a century. The record shows a steady decline in the building of schooners and a corresponding increase in steamers, but there is now appearing a considerable number of schooners equipped with auxiliary motor power.

The Department of Agriculture is conducting experiments in Fresno county, California, with a view of reclaiming alkali lands by drainage. Operations are now confined to a large vineyard near Fresno, where alkali has come to the surface. There are many thousands of acres of these alkali plains in the county, which are now useless, but it is believed that their drainage could be easily accomplished through the use of electric power for pumping purposes.

The Roman biblical commission has attained the first positive result of its labors in the pope's decision that a revision of the whole Vulgate shall be undertaken. When the council of Trent declared that the Vulgate should be held as the authentic text, this historic Latin version was given officially the position that it had acquired by custom ever since the barbarian invasion of western Europe. The first authorized edition was issued by Sixtus V in 1590. Pius X proposes to hand the work of revision over to the Benedictine order.

The Japanese Association of America has issued a statement declaring that Japanese children in San Francisco are no longer denied the right of education. It says that there are as many Japanese pupils in the public schools as there were before the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, and they are receiving the same treatment and the same advantages that are given to the pupils of other nationalities, and are admitted to the same schools. The statement is made to correct assertions in the recent addresses of the chambers of commerce of Japan.

The *Scientific American* notes an interesting innovation in railway passenger transportation in this country in which, during this month, the Union Pacific railroad will place in service twelve gasoline railway motor cars. The cars are intended for branch-line traffic where the fast and frequent service required cannot be maintained by ordinary trains except at a loss. The latest type of these cars makes sixty miles an hour with a two-hundred-horse power engine, reaches high speed within six car lengths, and can be stopped within one hundred and twenty feet.

The United States Steel corporation has decided to erect new machinery in its Pittsburg steel plants, and relegate nearly one hundred engines to the scrap heap, as the result of recent experiments with a new device for utilizing as fuel the gas that is blown from the blast furnaces, thus saving a few cents a ton in the cost of producing steel. At the new steel city of Gary, Ind., more than twenty of the new engines will be installed, at a cost of $155,000 each, and vast additions are to be made to the plants of the Pittsburg Steel Co., at Monessen, Pa.

Residents of the district around Vesuvius have put to practical use the lava which has flowed from the volcano in past and recent eruptions. Naples and its vicinity appear to be a world of lava. The streets are paved with it. There are lava staircases and statues, drinking troughs, bric-a-brac and even jewelry. The guides make profit out of it by pressing coins or other objects on partially cooled fragments and selling these to visitors. On the ashy sides of the mountain there is enough lava to build a large city. In appearance it resembles a shoreless frozen sea of dull black that shimmers strangely purple in some lights.

An agreement has been reached between the secretary of war and representatives of the Catholic church in the Philippine Islands regarding a number of important matters of controversy which will remove the necessity of prolonging threatening litigations. The church is given possession in absolute title of three hospitals and a college valued at $2,066 000, while it relinquishes to the government all claims to the estate of Santa Potenciana and the hospital of Santa Lazaro. The Spanish Filipino bank dispute was also settled.

The National Education Association recently in convention at Los Angeles, Cal., in their closing session adopted a very interesting resolution. In it the association indicts the children of the United States, the charge including four faults: First, a tendency towards a disregard for constituted authority; second, a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom; third, a weak appreciation of the demands of duty; fourth, a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. The resolution approves the efforts of the simplified spelling board and other bodies to promote the simplification of English spelling. Other resolutions declare that the "forces of this world should be organized and operated in the interests of peace and not of war."

The price of industrial progress is shown more forcibly than ever in a set of figures lately compiled in Pittsburg. That city has long been the capital of the world's workshops, and it is fitting that it should furnish such authentic information as to the cost in blood of the coal and iron and steel that modern society demands of its workers. For every fifty thousand tons of coal shipped in the Pittsburg district, a life is snuffed out somewhere in the process of production. For every 3,800 cars that carry freight, a life is sacrificed to help pay the freightage. A human life enters into every seven thousand six hundred tons of the annual seven million tons production of iron and steel. For every eight hundred and seventy tons of steel rails put upon the market, one of the men whose sweat and strain made it marketable has laid down his life.

One of the coal experts of the U. S. geological survey said recently that at the present rate of consumption the anthracite deposits of the United States in 75 years would be practically exhausted. He urges manufacturers to use bituminous coal. "We have found it entirely feasible to abate smoke in power plants, great and small," said another expert, "but it is next to impossible to prevent smoke issuing from the chimneys of residences burning soft coal. Therefore it would seem that the logical thing to do would be to utilize the rapidly waning supply of hard coal for the homes and use the soft coal in the factories and power plants. The real problem before the East is the abatement of smoke from soft coal. New York is now showing that this can be done in the experiments that are being conducted by the New York Edison Co."

New immigration laws, with numerous restrictions upon the reception of undesirable foreigners have now gone into effect, with no appreciable effect on the stream of immigrants passing through Ellis Island at New York into this country. Immigration officers generally say that they believe no great reduction in the number of migrating Europeans will follow from the new rules. These acts, which congress passed last February, were designed chiefly to prevent the embarkation of undesirable foreigners and so save them the expense of the voyage to America. It was not so much the intention to cut down the immigration as to regulate it. The new law requires the steamship companies to examine the immigrant thoroughly before accepting him for passage, and makes the companies subject to a fine of $100 for transporting any physically or mentally defective person or any afflicted with a loathsome or contagious disease. The government physicians put the newcomers through just as rigid an inspection as ever, but through the workings of the new law a far smaller percentage was obtained as likely to be deported. Immigration Commissioner Watchorn believes that the number of persons sent back to Europe will be nearly cut in half. The new law increases the head tax from $2 to $4 for each person.

The pasteurizing of milk as a preventive of typhoid fever finds an advocate in Capt. Thomas Franklin, treasurer of the U. S. military academy at West Point, who in a letter to Secretary Straus says: "For four years I have pasteurized every gallon of milk used in the cadet mess. We average one hundred and eighty gallons a day, almost all of which is drunk by the cadets. Previous to the time when we began to pasteurize the milk we had cases of typhoid every year, and just before I put in the cadet mess the necessary plant we had quite a number of cases. Since the milk has been sterilized there has not been a case of typhoid fever in the corps. It may be a coincidence, as opponents of pasteurizing will assert, but I think not."



IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer and the play;
With the patient droop of the tired mouth,
And the "mother has had her day."

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies, three,
And she stepped about the farm and house,
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears.
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining that far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here:
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must let her rest to-day,
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.
She should let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

An old saying familiar to many is, "It is better to be out of the world than out of fashion." What slaves men, and especially girls and women, who ought to know better, do make of themselves, in order that they can be considered in the style. Often the peace of the home is sacrificed, and the hard-earned money of the husband and father used to procure articles of dress and furnishings for the house that are really not needed. In order that they may appear in the latest, debts are often made that greatly embarrass and hinder.

Everybody should have good, warm, comfortable clothing, and every house should be comfortably furnished, but people do not stop at that. Too many are not satisfied with what is comfortable and respectable, but every nerve is strained, and often to the detriment of health, to procure that which will place them as leaders of fashion in their set.

All admit that some of the fashions are hideous, and yet many women have not the moral courage to ignore them and act out their better taste and judgment.

What a work some women of high position could start in the nation had they the moral courage. Often we see people who are professed Christians aping fashions that are not modest. Low-necked dresses and bare arms do not become girls and women professing godliness. The wearing of black is all right at funerals or elsewhere, but in order to be up to style, I have known poor people to spend money for a black suit to attend the funeral of a friend when they had to go in debt for it.

There are some other things that belong to foolish fashion, that we are glad to say are, little by little, passing away. One is, for the men to keep their hats on in the church at worship at funerals. If ever there is a serious time it is at a funeral, and the apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthian brethren on the subject of how men and women should appear in Divine worship, says, "For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God." Which shall we follow, the Scripture or fashion and custom?

Newburg, Pa.

THE GIRL WHO GOES TO COLLEGE.

Let your little domain be sweet and bright, but withal, dear girl, see to it that its ornamentation is refined. Flee the tawdry gewgaws of bad taste as you would a pestilence. Cheap and perishable nothings are positively detrimental to character. I recall with painful vividness the appearance of a room in the dormitory of a boarding-school.

Two pretty, well-dressed girls occupied that room—rather, they stayed there. In point of fact, the empty nothingness of cheap ornaments really occupied it. The neat and substantial table, provided for the purpose of study, was draped with a cheap white cover, gaudy with embroidered pansies of impossible hue and size. Upon this table was heaped an indescribable mass of curios, plush manicure sets, Christmas cards, easeled

photographs—in fact, as to contents, that table rivaled the "what-nots" of our great-grandmothers' day. Every part of the room was occupied by ill-assorted rubbish, collected by way of ornamentation, much of it brought from homes whose standard of beauty was thus proclaimed.

At their evening study-hour they sat uncomfortable, for there was no place for the accommodation of books or paper, since the study table supported its collection of little gods. It is hardly surprising that their school life was a failure, since no amount of suggestion seemed fruitful in remodeling their chosen standard. Some luckless day they will clutter some unhappy man's home in like manner.—*Jessie Rogers, in the Pilgrim.*

SCORED "COMIC" SUPPLEMENTS.

In a speech in Washington, J. T. Kelly, national director of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, vigorously attacked the comic supplements to the newspapers. He issued a warning as to the effect which may be produced upon infantile minds by reviewing the weekly efforts of the "Katzenjammer Kids" and "Happy Hooligan," which he stated have become a burden to the average intelligent reader.

"The perusal of such stuff as is to be found in the alleged comic supplements is bound to have a most harmful effect upon the minds of children, and should be eliminated from the columns of the home newspapers," said Mr. Kelly. "I will not allow the comic supplements to enter my house, and I intend to use such influence as I possess in a warfare against their publication."—*Selected.*

HOW THEY MAKE BREAD IN PERSIA.

Persian bread is not baked in a loaf as we bake it, but in a thin sheet which looks like an immensely large griddle-cake; and the people of that country speak of "bread" instead of saying "a loaf of bread" as we do.

They do not have stoves, and for an oven they dig a hole in the ground. They make it about six feet deep, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and plaster the inside with a mortar made of clay.

When baking-day comes, they build a fire in this pit or oven, and keep it burning until the sides are hot, and a good bed of clear coals is left on the bottom.

While the oven is being heated, the dough is being made, and when everything is ready, a piece of dough about as large as a fist is spread on a piece of sheepskin. With a careful swing, the dough is slapped against the hot wall of the oven, and in a moment is as quickly taken off baked to a nice brown.

Fuel is very scarce in Persia, and it takes a good deal of it to heat one of these ovens. For this reason, two or more women will do their baking at the same time, and, instead of baking every week or oftener, as we do, they bake but once a month.

After the bread is baked, it is tied in a cotton cloth and hung up, or thrown into a corner, just as happens to be the most convenient. If baked for a shop where bread is sold, it is at once hung on a line stretched in front of the shop, and is left there, exposed to the dust and flies, until it is sold.

The way the bread is used and eaten seems to us even stranger than the way in which it is made. If a Persian entertains his friends at a banquet, they find at each place on the table one of these breads, folded like a napkin. There is nothing else,—no knife, fork, or spoon, as we should find; and the bread must take the place of them, and serve as a plate at the same time.

If anything like a stew is served, each guest tears a piece from his bread and uses it to sop up the liquid with. If he is served with something more solid, and not quite solid enough to be picked up in his fingers, he tears off another piece and makes it serve as a spoon, after which he eats it; and all this time the bread has been serving as a plate. After everything else has been eaten each guest eats his plate, and no one has a lot of dishes to wash.

Such bread as we have would not make a very good plate even if baked in thin sheets, but the Persian bread is very tough. When chewed it becomes sticky. It is very nourishing and is "the staff of life" in a far greater degree than bread like ours could ever become.—*Eva R. Gaillard, in Junior C. E. World.*

CONCERNING CIRCULATION.

It is proverbial that the average individual knows practically nothing about the house in which he lives—his own body. He is not to be blamed for this, however, for it is only within recent years that physiology has been taught in our schools and even now it is only a smattering that is imparted—a few leading facts committed to memory, that is all. The little that man knows of his body is therefore mainly confined to what he can see of it, but that which is hidden is infinitely more wonderful and mysterious than that which is continually in evidence. One of the most marvellous things in relation to the body is the blood, but the knowledge most people have of it is gained by experiencing an injury, which causes it to flow. They know vaguely that the blood is contained in arteries and veins, but of the miles of tubing contained in the body to convey the blood to all parts, the wonderful and complex mechanism by which it is constantly kept in motion, they know absolutely nothing. Life depends upon the incessant circulation of the fluids of the body, especially the blood. If the motion slackens, sickness is present; if it ceases, death ensues. Motion is life. There are some profoundly interesting facts

in connection with the circulation of the blood, some of which are unknown even to those tolerably familiar with physiology. For instance, the rate at which it travels. How many people are aware that the blood courses through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour? Think of it! One hundred and sixty-eight miles per day; six thousand, three hundred and twenty miles in a year! And how is this wonderful speed of the blood current maintained? There are three important factors in the process; the heart, the valves in the veins, and the respiratory act. The heart is a muscular force pump of extraordinary power, that works incessantly and independently of the will, being under the control of what is known as the involuntary nervous system. Each contraction of the heart forces the blood through the aorta, into the arteries, which divide and sub-divide in all parts of the body, terminating in what are known as the capillaries, minute, thread-like vessels that fill up every part of the tissues of the body. Here the blood parts with its nutriment and collects the refuse matter. The capillaries combine to form small veins, which gradually unite into larger and still larger veins, until the impure blood reaches the heart, and is pumped into the lungs for purification. The veins are furnished with valves that open toward the heart only so that the blood cannot return, but must proceed around. Then the heart pumps the blood into the system, the valves in the veins prevent its return to the parts from whence it was collected, while respiration by emptying the chest cavity creates a vacuum, which exerts an enormous power of suction, thereby hastening the return of the blood. Truly, the human body is a temple of mysteries, not the least of which is the circulation of the blood.—*Health.*

WAYS OF UTILIZING OLD BREAD.

In our modern American household it seems to be very difficult, in fact almost impossible, to dispose of bread after it has become at all hard, although it might insure stronger teeth and healthier bodies if we ate more of it. But, as the facts stand, the great question in many homes is how to utilize bread which, though sweet, is too hard for acceptable table use. So I will give a few tested ways.

Crummets.—Break the bread in small pieces, pack in a basin, cover with sweet milk and let soak until softened. Then mash thoroughly, season with salt, pepper, sage and summer savory, add one egg to every pint of bread and flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. Fry in salted hot lard, or butter, and serve hot.

Egg Toast.—To four slightlybeaten eggs add one-half cup of milk (sweet), and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dip the slices of bread in this and fry in hot salted lard, or butter, and serve hot.

Milk Toast.—Put a quart of milk into a double boiler, heat scalding hot and thicken with a batter made of two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful salt, and cup of milk. When thickened pour the milk over nicely toasted bread. Very nice to eat with fresh apple sauce.

Do not be wasteful of bread. Save all pieces in a paper or cloth bag. When thoroughly dry roll fine and and place in a glass can. Do not cover too closely. These crumbs will be found invaluable for puddings, scallops, and in moulding croquettes. They are always ready and if kept in a dry place will be nice and fresh.—*Selected.*

SMOTHERED CHICKEN, VIRGINIA STYLE.

Singe a broiling chicken and split it down the back. Clean and wipe with a damp towel, but do not place it in water. Break the breast bone with a potato masher and place in a baking pan with the skin side up. Spread the breast generously with butter, using at least one-quarter of a pound. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and put a small cupful of water in the pan. Cover tightly and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting frequently, then remove the cover, turn the chicken, recover and cook for thirty minutes longer. Place the chicken on a hot platter, remove the pan to the top of the fire and stir one tablespoonful of flour into the liquor, stirring until smooth and brown, when add a cupful of milk, and again stir until the boiling point is reached. Season to taste. Strain and pour over the chicken. Serve smoking hot, garnish with fresh green parsley.—*Selected.*

COMPARISONS IN MEASURES.

Juliet Hite Gallagher contributes the following useful information to the *Housekeeper:*

Three even teaspoonfuls of dry material equal one even tablespoonful. Four teaspoonfuls of liquid equal one even tablespoonful. Four tablespoonfuls equal one-half gill. Four gills equal one pint. Eight gills equal one quart. Four quarts equal one gallon. Eight quarts equal one peck. Eight gallons equal one bushel. Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid equal one cupful. Twelve tablespoonfuls of dry material equal one cupful. Two cupfuls equal one pint. Four cupfuls of flour equal one quart. Two cupfuls of solid butter equal one pound. Two cupfuls of granulated sugar equal one pound. Two and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar equal one pound. One pint of milk equals one pound. One pint of water equals one pound. One large coffee-cupful of dry brown sugar equals one-half pound. Three and a half cupfuls of corn meal equal one pound. One cupful of raisins equals one-half pound. Ten eggs equal one

pound. One white of an egg equals one ounce. One yolk of an egg equals one ounce.

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone!
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put off our foolish tears.
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

For the Children

MACARONI.

"WHERE are the cloves, and the nutmegs, and the mace? And you've forgotten the rice too!"

"Why, mother," answered Elizabeth, "I must have lost the list; I couldn't find it when I reached the grocery. I hunted everywhere, and I thought I'd remembered every one; but all I could think of was cinnamon. It's so hard to remember all the different things you send me for."

"Well," said mother, "I'll have to write another list, and send you right down again."

"Oh, dear!" said Elizabeth crossly.

"Wait a minute, auntie," said Cousin Kate, who was helping with the work that morning, "and I'll tell Elizabeth how to remember those things without your writing them down. They grow just like 'Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow.' Listen while I sing it, Elizabeth:

"How cloves, mace, rice, and nutmegs grow,
You, nor I, nor nobody knows;
How cloves, mace, rice, and nutmegs grow,
You, nor I, nor nobody knows."

"Oh, lovely!" cried Elizabeth, all smiles now, and off she ran down the street singing this new song over and over again lest she might forget:

"How cloves, mace, rice, and nutmegs grow."

That was the beginning of much fun for Elizabeth. Every day or two mother sent her to the store to order things, and each time Cousin Kate made them into a song for her. Once it was:

Sing a song of cocoa,
A pocketful of rye,
A pound and a half of round steak
Baked in a pie.

Another time it was:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a dozen lemons;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill brought home the lemons.

After Cousin Kate went away, Elizabeth managed to make the songs all herself sometimes. The day mother wanted gooseberries, she sang all the way to market:

Here we go round the gooseberry bush
So early in the morning.

One day mother needed four things. "I'll not write them down, dear," she said; "but you can make them into a song as you go."

Elizabeth worked hard until she had fitted them into a tune. Then she had to laugh at her own song, as she sang it under her breath.

"I just know Cousin Kate would like it," she thought.

Yankee Doodle came to town
With oatmeal, eggs, and honey;
Stuck a codfish in his cap,
And called it very funny.

As soon as she had told Mr. Smith the things, she hurried back and sang it to mother, and they both agreed that it was one of the best songs ever made.

"I wonder," said mother, some time later, "how Mr. Smith happened to send up macaroni. The eggs and honey and oatmeal and fish have come, and macaroni besides."

Elizabeth was cutting out cookies with a little cutter.

"You told me to order it, mother, and I did," she said.

"Why, surely not, dear; for we have a very large package of macaroni now that has not been opened."

"But, mother, excuse me; I think you did, because it's in my song:

"Stuck a codfish in his cap,
And called it macaroni."

"Why, no! that's not right, either! He called it very funny, didn't he? Why, mother, isn't that queer?"

"Yes," laughed mother; "he called it 'funny,' to sound like 'honey.' It was the feather that Yankee Doodle called macaroni."

"I must have got the song all mixed up when I was talking to Mr. Smith!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I didn't suppose I'd ever make a mistake so long as I had the things all made into a song."—*Ellen Lake, in the Morning Star.*



THE RURAL LIFE

EGGS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

To many persons an egg is an egg, and is simply either good or bad. If good it may be used or marketed and if bad it is worthless except to forcibly present to the object of the possessor's disfavor.

The farmer takes his wheat to market and expects pay according to the plumpness of the grain and its state of preservation, but the egg producer expects to market his produce without considering those factors.

However that may be, the professional egg dealer who wishes to realize the most from his eggs grades them carefully. The commonest method of grading is "candling." The eggs are held between the operator and a light and he classifies them by the manner in which they transmit light and by the outward appearance.

A perfectly fresh egg fills the shell, but begins at once to shrink. A first class egg should be of good size, clean, fresh, and of the particular color demanded by the market to which sent. When they fill all these conditions *perfectly* they are known as "fancy hennery" and sell at from three to five cents above the general market price. As an extreme case last winter one of the wholesale dealers of this country received forty cents for fancy hennery and twenty-four cents for seconds, which are really a good grade, just as number two corn is about as good as is usually found on the market.

Eggs are named from their condition. "Firsts" are clean, fair size and fresh. Of these the best are "extra first." "Seconds" are not quite up to the standard in freshness or appearance. "Dirties" and "smalls" are defined by their names. "Checks" or "cracks" are those that have the shell broken, but the lining membrane intact. "Leakers" are—leakers. "Spots" have been kept unturned till the yolk has settled and become attached to the shell, causing a visible spot when candled. When the contents are removed the yolk is broken. "Blood-rings" have undergone twenty-four hours or more of incubation and have developed a trace of blood around the shell. "Watery" eggs are found in very hot weather or when chilled. The white is so thin that when shaken it appears addled, causing it to be cast aside as worthless.

The *dirties* and *checks* are used by the poor people, cheap boarding houses, and baker, while those not positively malodorous are dessicated. When too for decomposed they are sold to the tanners, who use them in leather dressing. Those that are yet usable are used to clarify wine, glaze roasted coffee, in manufacturing dyes and photographers' dry plates.

During the spring months many are put into cold storage where a temperature of about thirty-two degrees is maintained.

Formerly the summer eggs were sold for little and in some cases merchants refused to buy at any price; but with increased facility for preserving and transporting, the prices are better.

Strange as it may seem, the color of the shell determines the value to the extent of a cent or more per dozen. Providence and Boston—in fact all New England demand a brown shell, New York accepts either with a preference for white, while California stands for white.

It is generally conceded that perfectly fresh eggs have the finest flavor, those having been kept for a long time being inferior even though they have kept perfectly. Experiments prove that the flavor is affected by the food of the fowls, those from hens fed on food mixed with wild onions being unfit to eat.

There are various methods of preserving, but for strangeness a Chinese method heads the list. Duck eggs are buried in the ground for ten or twelve months. The hydrogen sulphide formed breaks the shell and escapes while the remaining part becomes hard.

Experiments have proven that the yolks are yellower when the fowls are fed on green food, the difference being due to iron. Dried clover makes a good substitute for green food.

The advice of a prominent dealer who is considering the purchase of eggs on the merits is—"Get a breed that lays good large eggs, even though not so many, have clean nesting places, gather every day, and send to market as soon as possible—not holding longer than one week."

Don't wash your eggs. Washed eggs will not keep in cold storage.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THERE is no virtue in the one-day sprint that requires the six-day snooze.—*Technical World.*

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

Dear Nook:

After keeping silent for some time I will come again. Thought in my last article I would get around about once a month, but failed. In my last I had to complain about the dry weather. The latter part of April conditions changed very sudden, rain after rain and flood after flood. Hundreds of acres in the rice fields were lakes from a few inches to from two to three feet deep. Seeding in May was much retarded and some that was planted had to be re-sown. May 10 we had the highest water there is any record of in these parts. Now we are suffering for rain.

The rice looks well as a rule and pumping plants are running day and night. The melon and corn crops were ruined, first by excessive rain, then too dry. Roasting ears, cucumbers, snap beans, etc., have graced our tables for a month or more. Should we get rain, I will take the fodder off of my first and second corn planting and plant corn again. Have seen only a few melons, except what were shipped in from Texas.

Grapes have fruited well,— fine, large bunches and nicely ripened. Took off about ten pounds to-day. Our fig trees are a sight, they look as though there was not room for any more and are just commencing to ripen. Much more might be said, but my article is growing so I will stop.

Would like to say, however, to all the Nook family, every letter I send to the Nook brings letters and cards of inquiry on various subjects. Now, dear Nookers, I love you all, but when letters and cards come in abundance we can not answer them unless a few stamps are sent. A self-addressed stamped envelope is best. True, one stamp costs only two cents. Envelopes and paper costs a little and time is worth something. We do not mind depriving ourselves of a few hours' sleep to answer or give information to the best of our ability, when stamp is sent. Love and best wishes to all. J. I. Miller.

Roanoke, La., July 1, 1907.

CONCERNING THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

When a horse buries his nose in the water it is because he likes it and because it is good for him. It refreshes and invigorates him on a hot day. When horses are being worked in hot weather, an occasional application of a wet sponge to their mouths and nostrils will save them from much discomfort and misery. A good deal of fun has been poked at the straw hats with which many persons protect the heads of their horses from the blazing sun, and yet they are a most useful and humane invention. Something, if nothing more than a tree branch, should be fastened to the horse's bridle for a protection, whenever the animal is exposed for hours at a time to the rays of the sun.

"You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway," said a horse doctor. "That is because the horses are allowed to drink while they eat, the same as mankind. Our horses, let them be as thirsty as can be, must still eat their dry fodder, their dry hay and oats and corn, with nothing to wash them down. But in Norway every horse has a bucket of water beside his manger and as he eats he also drinks."

The check rein besides causing horses more torture than any other device of man, also impairs their usefulness. The horse with his nose thrust in the air can not see his way, and is much more likely to stumble than when driven with a loose rein. The strain upon the neck makes the animal less efficient, besides causing discomfort, a fact that is made clear by the constant efforts to relieve the strain by tossing the head from side to side.—*Selected.*

AMERICAN FARMERS' GOOD FORTUNE.

Good fortune appears to attend the American farmer, despite the belated season. The prospect for making up from foreign plenty the shortage caused by delayed sunshine and abnormal temperature at home, is small. Europe, as has been shown, has its own crop deterioration to consider; Australia, India, and the Philippines will give no marvelous returns in food production ; South America is optimistic, but the extent of its harvest is yet uncertain. Lessened bushels of grain and lacking bales of cotton mean continued high prices,—not to be beaten down, because nowhere in the world is an opulence of yield visible.

The American farmer is much better off than he expected to be when ice and snow in May caused alarm. On the whole, his delayed harvest, though lessened in quantity, may give him a return almost as satisfactory in dollars and cents as some of greater volume gone before. With a wheat surplus from last year in his granaries, he is in a position to contemplate with equanimity the coming twelvemonth.

The consumer may have to face a problem of increased living expense, but the farmer, even if his corn gives only a moderately satisfactory yield, will forget last spring's gloomy perspective and consider himself well treated. From this source, at least, we need anticipate no material lessening of our national prosperity.—*From "A Year of Delayed Harvests," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.*

We should insist upon the better cultivation of the land. For on that one item depends your future growth and prosperity, and there is no other item to which you can look, no other source of wealth than that which comes out of the cultivation of the soil.—*James J. Hill.*

HOW TO FORM A LOCAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

"Would you like your town to be a model one?" This qustion was put to the wealthiest citizen, the most prominent politician, and to the first physician of a promising manufacturing town. Answers in the affirmative were given without hesitation. "What method would you pursue to accomplish this result?" was then asked. The answer came more slowly ; in fact, it would scarce be called an answer, for no method was suggested.

But it was not among the wealthy and influential that the work was in reality commenced. Instead, the wise organizer of the local improvement society took into her confidence a bright-faced boy some fourteen years of age To him she imparted the plan, and ere long he had a little band of followers, each pledged to "plant a flower, destroy a weed and clean up a yard in M——."

It was not an easy task to explain to the little band who gathered in her parlor one afternoon, or to make them understand her interest in cleaning up the town, but she persevered and before they left she had the idea of "America made beautiful for Americans" thoroughly instilled in their minds.

Reform work is always uphill work and local improvement is no exception to the rule. Although there are few but would feel a pride in their town if it were cleaned and beautified, there are few who really care to take the trouble to clean it up. Among the wealthier parts of the town there are well-kept lawns and paved streets kept clean anl pure, but in other parts of the city unsightly bill boards, ragged lawns and paved streets kept clean and pure, but in combine to make it untidy and unsanitary.

Down into those parts of the town went the band of children under the supervision of the organizer, and the work of improving the quarters began in earnest. One point impressed upon every member was the obtaining of recruits, and it was not long before the children from those parts of town began to join the little force that was slowly but surely working a great change in the appearance of the place.

Five regulations were enforced and five rules given to guide the work. The first were necessary to check the zeal of the over-enthusiastic workers and were, viz. :

1—No property shall be trespassed upon and all grounds must be entered only after the full permission of the owner has been obtained.

2—Perfect politeness towards all persons must be maintained, else the work cannot succeed.

3—Full reports of any work done in furtherance of the cause must be given to the organizer.

4—No opportunity shall be neglected because of the smallness and apparent insignificance of the task.

5—All meetings of the organization shall be attended promptly and reports given cheerfully.

Other localities or different workers may find these regulations unsuited to the existing conditions, but in the case cited they worked admirably. There were no complaints of trespassing against any members, all work received the guidance and kindly criticism of the president, and bits of paper, occasional weeds and small placards were not left untouched to spoil the effect of the larger work.

Many of the children were ignorant of the work to be done when they joined, and one child said, "I b'long to the society to pick up paper." Others had little more knowledge other than that expressed in the pledge before quoted. For them the following rules were adopted :

1—Each member should make an effort to keep his yard and the street in front and alley behind his home free from paper, rubbish, weeds and other matter injurious to appearance.

2—Each member should endeavor to pick up bits of paper and to remove placards from all poles on his way to school or work. Such placards and advertisements are entirely against law, and are a great eyesore to the town.

3—Each member should persuade a neighbor to join the movement for a cleaner town and should try both by words and by example to induce other residents of his section to keep yards, alleys and streets clean.

4—Each member should willingly join all other members in concerted movement upon any very bad location where single efforts are unavailing. Such places when found should be reported at once and a time set for a general cleaning.

5—Flower planting should be done by all members as extensively as possible. Try to have a flower in the place of each weed. Report flowerless gardens and if owners are willing seeds will be furnished and members will plant and care for same.

The above were found adequate for the use of the band of workers, and the results accomplished more than justified their adoption. There were many scoffers who predicted the falling through of the scheme, when the children began their work. There are always scoffers where reform work is attempted but the President was not easily discouraged.

The first concerted attempt made was the cleaning of a small vacant lot owned by a rich citizen and jammed in between two tenement houses. It became a dumping place for tin cans, old bottles and an astonishing variety of rubbish. Permission was granted by the owner, who remarked that "If the youngsters had a mind to clean up that hole, he was willing enough."

Some thirty members joined in the work, which was begun at nine o'clock one Saturday morning. Some

of the children had previously visited the neighborhood, and when the time for commencing had arrived three or four children from the tenements on either side had joined the group. Tin cans and bottles were gathered up, bones and old shoes placed in a pile, and when the work was done a rag man removed an accumulation of years. When noon came the little workers had the lot in very fair order. The owner had also consented to allow them to plant whatsoever they desired upon it and the afternoon was devoted to preparing the ground and planting seeds.

The ground was divided into portions and one assigned to each child, who dug it and fertilized it with leaf mold brought from the woods outside the town. Vegetables and flowers were planted carefully, the hardy, common kinds only being chosen, and when the work was finished a woman from one of the adjacent tenements came to the fence, and nodded approval at the change. "Sure, 'twas a handy bit," she said, "but as for meself, I'm powerful fond av flowers and it's a foine bit av work ye've done."

The watering pots were left with the children in the adjoining houses to tend it faithfully. Thus not only new recruits but active members had been gained. The garden throve and with the weekly overseeing of the President, the children of the neighborhood took entire care of it. Many of the products were purchased by the proud mothers of the little workers while others turned in to the President were sold to provide funds. In the fall, many vegetables were entered in the annual sale which has become a settled feature of the work.

This is but an instance of the work accomplished during the summer. Waste lots were planted and neglected back yards brought forth fruit. In the neighborhood of each lot planted, new children were enlisted and when they had proved themselves efficient, the work was left in their hands.

The original band, besides caring for their individual gardens, cultivated an acre of ground in the suburbs of the town. Many garden owners who had never availed themselves of the space under their care were perfectly willing for the boys to plant it should they wish. If a member lived near, the work was put into his care after the planting was finished; if not, recruits were sought and nearly always found and the garden became their share of the labor.

A prize was offered to the child bringing in the largest number of placards, bill circulars and other advertising nuisances, and though the work was slow, poles, fences, trees and barns were freed from rubbish and paper. Many prominent citizens began to notice the improvement and one day the mayor visited the determined woman who had cleaned up M—— to thank her for the change she had wrought. "It is not I," she answered, "but the children you must thank;" and she told him how, little by little, they had carried on the campaign. A meeting of the town officials gave a vote of thanks to the little ones for their work and to their efficient leader.

If the methods used in the town of M—— be copied, I think there will be no difficulty in accomplishing the desired results. Unlimited patience is of course a requisite for all work with children, but when thoroughly imbued with the idea, the children are enthusiastic and efficient aids. Then, too, what interests the children generally interests the parents also, and through them the co-operation of the grown-ups is often obtained.

In my opinion, the success of civic reform lies with the coming generation and my advice to those desirous of attempting the work would be, "select a band of bright, intelligent children as your assistants, adopt thorough, business-like methods and rules, and make no restriction upon the number of members."—*Mary H. Northend, in Floral Life.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

Where the Difference Lay.

"I don't see why that idiotic swell set should turn down Nuritch."

"Well, he's a self-made man, you know."

"Yes, but so is Snodgrass, and they admitted him."

"Ah! yes, but he was made in England, don't you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother Goose to Date.

Little Bo Peep lost her sheep,
But she was both wise and sweet;
She knew full well what fate befell—
And followed them to Wall Street.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig got loose and killed a goose
And Tom got put in the calaboose,
Had Tom but thought of high finance
He'd not have met with that mischance.

There was a crooked man who made a crooked deal;
He sold a crooked railroad a lot of crooked steel.
He made some crooked dollars and wore a crooked air,
And lived a life of crookedness a Pittsburg millionaire.
—The Commoner.

The Mean Thing.

"You don't say a word about the pie, dear," said Mrs. Nuwedde.

"What could I say, love?" replied her husband.

"You might at least say they reminded you of mother's pie."

"They do. I saw the good old soul making them."

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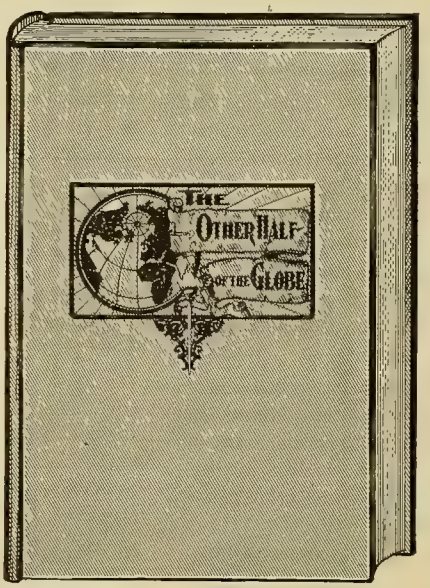
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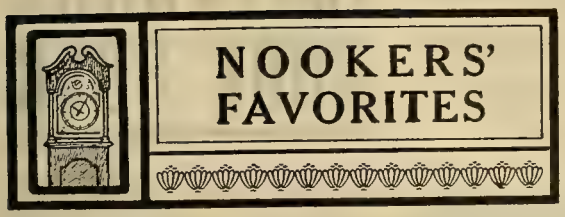
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THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair;
It stands in the corner dim;
But the white-haired mother, gazing there
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dust of long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate;
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to make;
But she sees the nod of the father's head,
So proud of his little son,
And she hears the word so often said:
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in her busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The days of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way
The center of everything.

—Harper's Bazar.

THE PATHWAY OF GOLD.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
As I sit on the sand, and she on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise,
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to;—she reminds me of some pretty story
And says; "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far away city,
The beautiful city of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise,
She steps to the boat with the touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamond pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove,
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The Magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like the way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod:
But she rests at the end of the path, in the city
Whose "Builder and Maker is God."

—Queen Victoria's favorite poem, written by Homer Green.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout
For things at home are crossways and Betsy and I are out,
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

"What is the matter," say you? I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us, we've passed by very well,
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I've talked to Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime,
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper, we both had for a start,
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart.
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was something concerning heaven, a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember, was when we lost a cow.
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only "How."
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had,
And when we were done talking, we both of us was mad.

The next that I remember, it started in a joke,
But for a full week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
The next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
She said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept working, and all the selfsame way;
Always something to arg'er and something sharp to say.
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o'dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week,
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinking and thinking, the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why then I won't live at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we've agreed together, that we can never agree.
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day.
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home if I was taken away.

There's a little hard-earned money besides that's drawin' tolerable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at—,
Put in another clause there and give her all of that.

I see you are smiling, sir, at me giving her so much,
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blythe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps.
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the lucklest man in town.

Once when I had a fever,—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me, when she was out of sight,
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any you've ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right.
And then in the morning I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper that first to me did occur,
That when I'm dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying there in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

—Will Carleton.

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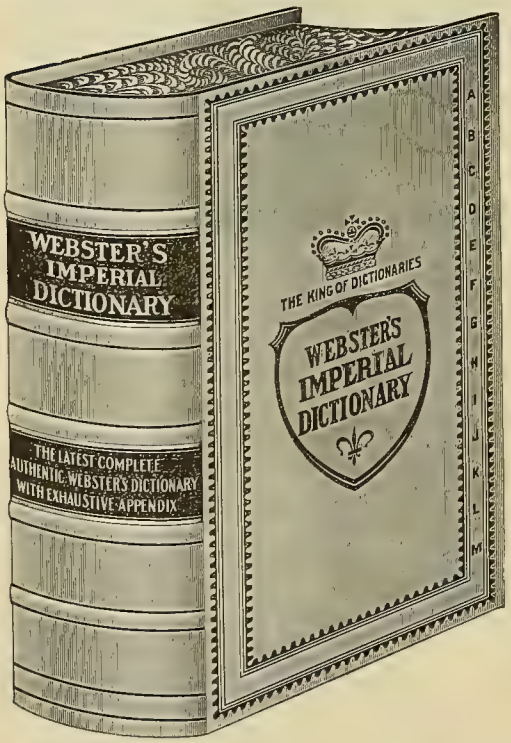
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Richard Braunstein

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Wakens as might some sleeper at a kiss;
A flush—a flame—and dawn, a butterfly
Bursts, golden-winged, from night's black chrysalis!

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If we're sick, broken down, weak and poorly, we cannot enjoy life, neither are we able to do the part required of us; we are a burden to ourselves and our fellow-beings.

But nobody needs to be sick, that is, for any length of time. You may feel that something unusual is the matter with you. You may lose strength, your appetite, your ambition.

You may feel tired, worn out, dizzy and nervous. You may have a headache, pains all over, you may feel sore in the muscles, the back and kidneys. You know that you are sick, but still you don't know what ails you. These are nature's danger signals. It is your blood. Impure blood is the cause of most diseases of the body. It produces rheumatism, gout, la grippe, neuralgia, kidney complaint, jaundice, backache, fevers, skin diseases and other ailments. It causes trouble for both sexes, men and women; for all ages, young and old.

In order to enjoy good health, your blood must be in a normal condition, as blood is the life. It is the element of life.

It is, therefore, important that we should know something about this life element and how to keep it pure and in a healthy state. Every movement of our body wears out some flesh or tissue and these "wearouts" must be repaired. The material for these bodily repairs comes from the blood. The blood builds up the vital organs, strengthens and regulates them and enables them to perform their functions regularly, according to the laws of nature. It carries the waste matter from the different parts of the body and removes it through the pores of the skin and other channels. If the blood is thick and sluggish it will fail to perform this work; the channels become clogged up and disease follows.

What is needed is an agent that will help nature remove the cause and build up the system. Nature has wisely provided for these emergencies. You must look to the vegetable kingdom for relief. In its herbs, roots, barks, flowers, seeds, etc., lies your salvation. These act without hurting your system.

Among known remedies there is probably none which has met with such marked success in accomplishing this as **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer,** a purely vegetable preparation. It does not remove the cause temporarily, but attacks the evil at the root, destroying the evil, roots, trunk, branches and all. It does this because it not only purifies but makes new rich, red blood. It builds up, strengthens and invigorates. Thousands have testified to its merits.

A BUSINESS MAN WRITES.

Wagner, S. D., April 14, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir.—I must write and tell you what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I had rheumatism for a number of years, and finally got so that I was unable to walk. Last summer I went to New York to be treated for it, but I returned home without being any better. I then thought I would try the **Blood Vitalizer,** and must admit that it is the best medicine there is. My own case proves it. I am well known through South Dakota, having been in business for over eight years. I can not describe the wonderful change the **Blood Vitalizer** brought about in my condition. People wonder what cured me. If it had not been for the **Blood Vitalizer,** I would have become an invalid.

Yours respectfully,
M. Kennedy.

NO MEDICINE LIKE IT.

Lone Grove, Texas, Feb. 18, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sirs.—The **Blood Vitalizer** which I ordered of you arrived in good time and order. It gives me pleasure to state that it is all that you recommend it to be and a great deal more. It has been a great blessing to me. I am sixty-four years old and all broken down in health. Through God's blessing I am a new man since using the **Blood Vitalizer.** There has never been any medicine like it. I could not walk when I sent for your medicine, but now I am well and in better health than I have been for twenty years. I shall ever feel grateful to you. May God bless you in your work. I gained nine pounds in twenty days and my case is the wonder of this country.

Yours very truly,
W. H. Bates.

Do you wish to gain strength, to gather flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fiber and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated? If so commence a treatment with **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** at once. The very first bottle will convince you of its merits. **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** is not an article of commercial traffic. It is not put up in a humdrum way for the purpose of sale but is prepared with the most scrupulous care and exactness as a medicine for sick people. Every bottle, as it leaves the laboratory, is supplied with a registered number duly recorded. For good reasons, the proprietors do not supply the **Blood Vitalizer** to druggists or others interested in "traffic" goods, but to the people direct through special agents appointed in every comunity. For further particulars address

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.

Lomita California

Lomita, California—Los Angeles County—has 82,237 children of school age, between 5 and 17 years, an increase of 6,363 over last year. This is our "best crop." And ample provision is made to educate all of them. Teachers are paid from $70 to $90 per month in the country schools. The school buildings are modern with every convenience for the health and progress of the pupils. Morals are good. Prohibition or Anti-saloonism is growing surely Pasadena, Riverside, Pomona, Long Beach, Redlands, Ontario, Glendale, Tropico, Lordsburg, Inglewood, and many smaller towns and country precincts are free from saloonism. So will Lomita be. It will grow beautiful flowers, hence one can have delightful surroundings. When the nut trees, the apple, peach, plums, pear, prune, apricots, nectarine, quince, loquat, orange, lemon, and other useful fruits with berries and scores of kinds of vegetables dot the acres of Lomita, and the Sunday school, and church services and the day school and the library, all are running in the interests of mental, moral and spiritual training, won't it be a delightful and joyous peace for old, young and middle aged? One should not set all his mind upon money and material, but balance himself by giving time and thought to the realm of higher good. Come and be of use in this field. Aim for the best in all lines. Here are opportunites to "grow up" in every good thing.

Los Angeles in a few years will have water for a million of people. From that city to San Pedro is all down-hill. On this down-hill plain the city is fast growing. It will reach the sea at San Pedro. Already a strip a half mile wide from Los Angeles to San Pedro is a part of Los Angeles. Lomita is only a few hundred feet from this City strip. Should a 100-foot street be built in this strip from the busy city to the sea and the wealthy people build palatial homes along this boulevard, what would land at Lomita be worth? Mr. Allen Manvel when president of the Santa Fe Railway, said in 1892: "Some day there will be a city from Redlands to the ocean, and then happy will that man be who owns five acres." Very right was his fore-vision. Get your five or ten acres now in Lomita, for that city is fast on its way down here. Mr. Manvel was a great financier and was long on foresight.

Brethren and others are selecting five and ten acres. Active steps are being taken to pipe ample water for each home. No water tax collector every month. All it costs you is maintainance and operation and you can have a voice in that. It costs you something to keep up and run a plow or wagon. So it does this water plant. That is all. Your plow produces your revenue. So does this water.

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will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

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The Peace Palace at The Hague

William L. Judy

MAN has lived amid strife and bloodshed ever since the time when he emerged from the cavern of darkest savagery, when he dwelt in caves, fed on fruits and flesh, and fought with the rudest weapons. Though he approached the stage of civilization, yet he knew not peace. A tribe was ever on the lookout lest a neighboring tribe should swoop down upon their village, destroy their homes, murder the men, and take the women and children captive.

Man took on civilization; he learned the principles of right and wrong; he knew the value of friendship and peace; but notwithstanding all this he did not give up his love of strife. Brute force was the final arbiter in every difference small or great. Monarchs knew that their doom was sealed when their armies were routed on the field of battle. Mercy dwelt not on the throne. Nation hated nation; crown feared crown. Such was the state of affairs existing until very recent times. One nation seemed to have no thought of evil against another: the two were friends on the surface; but beneath dwelt treachery and hatred whose embers would burst into a blaze at the slightest provocation and become a mighty fire of destruction.

War is the concentration of all human crime, the essence of cruelty, the direct relic of barbarism. Butchery, devastation, death—all unite to make it the horror of horrors. No mercy, no love, no manly instinct can be found amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The description of what is called a battle is but that of murder and hell. Facing each other, drawn up ready for the fight, stand lines of soldiers, inspired with a spirit of revenge, of hate, of desire for destruction. The command is given, the fire opens, they charge to meet each other. From the mouths of a thousand cannon pour forth shot and shell in one continuous blaze. Clouds of smoke fill the field. The noise becomes almost unbearable. Friend or foe cannot be distinguished in the confusion. Here they flee; but there others open a fresh attack. The general rides up and down the lines, bravely urging on his men. But look! away rushes the fleeting steed without his master, who has fallen pierced through the heart. Still mightier and bloodier grows the conflict. Bullets whiz through the air, shells burst above the soldiers,—but who heeds them? The men fall in heaps. On the line moves, over the bodies of the fallen, some of whom are lifeless, while others groan with pain.

The firing gradually ceases, the smoke clears away, the din of battle is heard no more, and the troops leave the field stained with the blood of thousands who have fallen. Where only an hour before was deafening noise, now all is quiet. But soon the stillness is broken by shrieks of anguish, cries for help, and the last desperate effort of the dying soldier, whose lifeblood is ebbing away, when in his last moments, as Death stares him in the face, his thoughts go back once more to the home of childhood, to his wife and little ones, whom he had bid farewell not long since—and then, cursing with his last breath the awful carnage, he closes his eyes forever to the light of the calm, clear sky above him.

Let us turn away from such a horrible sight. Surely the destruction must end on the battle-field? Oh that it would! It has changed the hopeful wife to a desolate widow, who must care for babes yet too young to feel deeply the loss of a father. It has broken the mother's heart—she who prayed day after day that her son might soon return in safety. It has bereft the father of the only hope and support of his declining years. Does it end here? Oh that such were the truth! Industry is paralyzed; trade ceases; property and life alike are unsafe; dire distress follows. War—better call it wholesale murder—dulls the finer instincts of a race. It requires years for a country to free itself from the scourge of war. Think of it! A "Christian" nation sending forth the flower of its youth and manhood to engage in the murder of fellow-men! Can it have the least justification? Who dares to say that it is not the curse of humanity? Is it not murder? Then why not drive it from the earth?

Into a world stained with the blood of war, into a world rent with strife and confusion, came Jesus Christ, the lowly Galilean, heralding the dawn of a new day, and bringing as his first message to a troubled world: "Peace on earth, good will to man." E'er since that first Christmas night the message which the angels sang was taken up by men until to-day the whole world listens with gladness to the heavenly strains; and even now the dream of poets and philosophers for ages past is being realized.

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold.
When peace shall o'er the earth
Her ancient splendors fling,
And the whole earth gives back the song
Which now the angels sing."

Just five days ago the second Congress of the World, including representatives from every one of the forty-five nations of the globe, assembled at The Hague, where there is being erected through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie what will be known as the "Peace Palace at The Hague." Never has the hope for universal peace been brighter. Nations are beginning to feel that they are members one of another; that their interests are common; that they cannot do without each other; that they must help one another. Our own nation (thanks be to God, far removed from the jealousies of the Old World!) ought to be proud that it can be called the greatest peace society in existence. The great stepping-stone to Universal Peace is arbitration,—an idea founded on the simple principles of the gospel of Christ, a masterpiece of Christian statesmanship, a movement towards a more enlightened civilization.

The South American republics, Chile and Argentine, ever contending with each other, agreed to arbitrate every difference that would arise between them. In memory of this notable action ('tis a beautiful story) they erected high up on the Andes, on the border-line between the two countries, a statue of Christ and the Cross, bearing the inscription: "These mountains shall crumble into dust ere the people of Chile and Argentine break the peace, which at the foot of Christ, they have sworn to keep."

That never-dying name, in whose memory the hearts of the American people will ever go out in gratitude and remembrance, the noble Washington, though he attained his greatness through war, though a master of that art, though the most of his years were spent on the battle-field, and though his praises as a general were sounded o'er all the earth, yet, after he had devoted his life to his country's cause, when he was about to bid his beloved nation farewell, gave as his parting word: "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind (war) banished from the earth."

What a grand and glorious picture the Future shows to us! Behold the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World! What a sublime idea! At last the world has come to realize that

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Ah, there, hovering o'er all, rests the Cloud of Peace, sheltering humanity from the woes of war and guiding to this earth of ours rays of sunlight that have their origin in the Sun of Righteousness, the Prince of Peace. "He shall judge between the nations, and shall reprove many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up hand against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." Oh then what joy 'twill be to live! when wars shall be heard of no more, when peace shall reign, when all shall be harmony and love, when in the early dawn the sun in the heavens shall burst forth with all its splendor in the eastern horizon to greet a world beneath it living in peace and fellowship; and when as it shall sink into the clouds of the western sky, coloring them with its myriads of brilliant hues, it shall light up the western heavens into a scene of happiness and quiet; and when just so the Son of Righteousness, the Prince of Peace, shall reign supreme o'er all the earth, illuminating it with the heavenly brightness of his eternal glory, and shall transform it into his kingdom above, the everlasting life to come.

Midsummer

Richard Braunstein

When wan midsummer holds the land,
Close-clasped within her magic hand,
A mellow haze enwraps the ways,
Where placid-browed, the far hills stand.

Blithe brooks that laughed and leaped with spring,
By pebbly banks no longer sing,
No more rejoice, but sink their voice
To dull and drowsy murmuring.

From hedge to hedge the eye can trace,
Sheer, silken filaments of lace,
By spiders spun ere yet the sun,
Had glimmered o'er the morning ways.

Oppressive silences enfold
The songless wood and sleeping world,
When noontide spills, along the hills,
Her lavish largesses of gold.

And yet, though stilled the song of streams,
Most gracious is my lot, I seem;
All joyous still by copse or hill
To wander, comraded with dreams.

Our Village Schools

J. M. Blough

THE people of India live in villages; the whole population is counted by cities, towns and villages and there is no country population as you have it in America. There may be but a few houses, yet it is called a village or forms a part of a village if there are other houses near. So when it comes to schools they are all town schools and you do not find schoolhouses out in a field somewhere a half mile from any home but right in the town or village.

The Government aims to supply schools throughout the kingdom and has done very much to this end, but for some reason or other there are still many villages without schools. Many of the castes do not desire schools and do not send if they have a chance. Thousands more could go to school if they would but there is positively no desire. The parents say they must have the children to work at home, and so keep them for the smallest reason. At some places it is necessary to offer special inducements in order to get a school started at all. But as time goes on and people see the advantages of an education they demand more school privileges.

Throughout India mission societies have taken advantage of the school as a way of doing mission work, for this reaches the children and is a good way of gaining the friendship of the people. Our own mission is supporting a number of village schools with the hope of thus reaching the hearts of the people and turning them to the Lord. At present in Bulsar taluka we have three schools in three villages where there are no other schools of any kind. Several schools had been opened in other places for a while, but for some reason or other were closed.

In these three schools we have Christian teachers and we aim to have them teach the Christian religion as much as opportunity affords. They live right in the villages and so have plenty of chance of talking with the people, and the people do not think it much of an intrusion for he is the school-teacher. The children when not hindered by their parents learn rapidly about Christ and Christian truths, but sometimes the older people of the village object. They say if Christianity is taught they will not send their children, but in these three villages it is not so.

In these villages there are Sunday schools, too, and in them they study from our quarterly the same lessons you study in America and this is a splendid chance to teach them the true religion. In these they learn to pray and learn Christian songs. First as they begin to sing there is no harmony and scarcely a tune but it is far from desecration for they do the best they know and will God not be pleased? In this way we hope to fill the minds of the children with Christian truth and lead not only them but through them many others to Christ.

These schools give also this advantage: When we go to the village we have a place to go to and to stay and at once an opportunity to begin work for the Lord. For if the people are friendly enough to want a Christian school they will give the Christian preacher a hearing when he comes, but it takes long, hard work to bring them to where they are courageous enough to confess.

There are often difficulties in the way and sometimes schools must close or be suspended. A few weeks ago one of our schoolhouses was burned down. It was only a grass hut but answered the purpose, for most of the people live in just that kind of a house. We tried to rent a house but could not; we tried to have the people to build one and they would not; monsoon was near so if we did not wish the school to close there was but one way and that was to build a new house. So we set to work at once and the teacher took it in hand. It is now about done and cost about $10 and this is large enough for the school and a room for the teacher to live in. The land is free.

You may be interested to know what wages these teachers get. They get from $2 to $3 per month. One school is large—over fifty on the roll—so in it there are two teachers one of whom is a Hindu but we hope he may be a Christian soon. He has learned much Christianity and says there is nothing in his way, yet he has not come out boldly yet and accepted Christianity. The principal gets but $3 per month. The Christian teacher is one of our boys and was married just two weeks ago and now he and his wife live there in the midst of the village, the only Christians for miles around. Here it takes courage to be a Christian. Pray for the Christians of India.

I wish you could have a glimpse into one of these schools. All the boys (for scarcely does a girl come) are seated on the ground floor and hold their slates and books in their hands over their crossed legs. The only furniture is a chair and table for the teacher and he is awkward in the use of them. The boys are very poorly dressed and sometimes you can scarcely call it dressed but they know no better and there is no one to point his finger at them nor despise them, so they are happy. They sit in school with their caps on and frequently their bunch of long hair trails out behind. You would think it funny but here no one

does. But they learn to read and write and so on and some become prominent men in their community, for their parents have no education at all. The parents become proud of their children when they can read, and why should they not? Would they just be so proud to see them become Christians? We hope for that day.

Bulsar, India.

"The Convict"

Harry B. Bradford

STANDING behind two sets of bars; those of the cage and those on his body, is this "Horse-tiger," as some ancient zoölogists were pleased to call the beautiful animal we know as the zebra.

You will notice that, like the tiger, the stripes run nearly at right angles on the parts of the body where they occur, so that those on the legs are horizontal, while those on the body are vertical.



This is a portrait of the zebra which was presented to President Roosevelt by King Menelik, of Abyssinia, and was said to be the most beautiful one he ever saw. He has been given the name of "Dan," since his arrival at the Washington Zoölogical Gardens, and all that you ever heard about the stubbornness of that uncertain animal, the mule, is found most wonderfully developed in Dan.

Some considerate prisoners put on their good behavior when behind the bars, in hopes of an early emancipation, but Dan is not that far-seeing in this particular direction. He behaves as stubbornly as his natural gifts in that line allow him, and nature has been most generous in providing him with unlimited tendencies of that character. He can kick, and bite, and back up against the door when his care-taker wishes to bring him a pail of water. The name "care-taker" is especially appropriate here, as any one must certainly take care or be sorry, while around Dan.

Notwithstanding the fact that he came from the mountainous districts of East Central Africa, he is able to keep himself quite comfortable here at the zoo. His quick, twitching tail keeps his rear, semi-anatomy clear of the housekeeper's burden, while his large, muscular head-fans waft a soothing breeze along both slopes of the *striped, backbone mountains* to the rear.

This, so strikingly marked animal is indeed very beautiful. The strong contrast between his rich, black stripes and the creamy white color between them is very effective. His forehead reminds one of a Chinese puzzle, but as we follow the lines down his finely-shaped nose, we are attracted by the soft, chocolate-brown color in which they are merged. The nostrils are of brownish, mouse-color while the spot between them is nearly pure white, His hoofs are much like those of the mule, very small and clean.

Zebras in the wilds are confined to the mountainous districts, where they roam in bands, like the wild mustangs of our western plains. They are very keen-eyed and are very difficult to approach. The old ones are very rarely ever captured, as they place sentinels upon some prominent crag, overlooking the surrounding country, to warn them of any approaching danger.

Zebras, when taken quite young, may be trained in harness, but there is always that mule-like tendency at the other end of the reins, which puts a decided limitation on any extended travel with them.

Kensington, Md.

SEEING THE WEST.

FURMAN R. CLINE.

THAT "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives" is a statement that cannot be fully realized until one launches out and sees for himself. With this desire to see a little beyond the state line, three of us boys bid adieu to McPherson College soon after commencement and started for the west. Our first stop was at Rockyford, Colo., a place flowing with sugar beets and melons, and located in the richest valley of Colorado.

Amidst all the charms and beauty of nature we sped onward and in a short time found ourselves looking with awe and astonishment at the handiwork of God in the Rockies; the magnificent peaks towering heavenward as if eager to reach the sunlight above, while the little streams at their base busied themselves with carrying nourishment to the fertile plains and valleys below. The great chasms, waterfalls and snow-capped peaks all added much interest to the trip until the curtains of day warned our weary eyes that the same Power which created these scenes of beauty, must also be obeyed, so we closed our eyes for a few short hours, and awoke the next morning and beheld the barren plains and mountains of Utah stretching in all directions until suddenly there sprang into sight the great city of Salt Lake, made famous by the Mormons having their temple located at this place, and whose beauty and grandeur cannot be expressed to one who does not know the meaning and realize the significance of a $4,000,000 structure. The Great Salt Lake also adds to the notoriety of the place and can be reached by a fifteen mile ride on the cars.

Eastern Nevada along the railroad, being mostly barren with the exception of a few narrow fertile valleys, did not attract much attention until we reached our temporary destination at Reno, which is located in the western part, close to the California line.

It is a beautiful little city with all classes and nationalities represented. Being on the main railroad line and close to the mining districts, it is the headquarters for the whole of Nevada; gambling and saloon-keeping are the principal occupations. Stretching out in all directions from this place are to be seen beautiful valleys where dairying and farming prosper.

The mineral resources of the state are enormous; it has some of the best-paying gold mines in the union. Fishing and hunting add to the state much attraction and many tourists take up their abode in the mountains and spend their leisure hours in and about the hot springs which are very numerous.

Still looking westward, we soon expect to see the orange groves and large trees of California and to enjoy the gentle sea breeze for a few weeks before returning.

Reno, Nevada.

HE WAS AN EDITOR.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

A haggard, pale and wretched man
Once I met,
Who from that day to this I can
Ne'er forget;—
Clothed in garb of sundry dyes
Cut in every shape and size—
Low and plaintive were his cries—
Shunning everybody.

"Friend," said I, "pray tell me
All thy woes!"
"Oh," said he, "the die is cast—
All my cheerful hopes are past;
Now I must give up at last
Pleasing everybody.

"When I first began my labors,"
Said the man,
"Then to try and please my neighbors
I began;
But I've led a sorry race—
Owning now no resting place,
Save the short six feet of space
Due to everybody.

"If you try to please mankind
As you go,
Plenty of labor you will find
Here below;
First a hit and then a miss,
Sometimes No and sometimes Yes—
Pleasing everybody.

"Should the world declare you wrong,
Never heed,
If your cause is true and strong,
Sow your seed;
On life's stage act well your part,
Serve your God with honest heart;
But give over from the start,
Pleasing everybody."

Fort Hancock, N. J.

WHY do we not always smile when we meet a fellow being? This is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul. Little children do this involuntarily. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is the magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand or the left between strangers as they pass each other, never without a smile. This, then, is the "fine art of smiling," like all fine art, true art, perfection of art, the simplest following of Nature.—*Helen Hunt.*

A Summer in the Rockies

Hattie Dell

WHILE we were quenching our thirst at the spring the cook looked out of the door and said, "Hello Van! Bring your folks in to dinner." What a welcome invitation that was to us, and we accepted it at once. The men had eaten dinner and gone to work, but there was plenty left. Oh! how good everything was! We had beef, potatoes, rice, fruit, two kinds of pie, bread, butter and coffee. It seemed to take more to satisfy me than the rest and I accounted for it this way,—I didn't eat pancakes for breakfast. We were the first women folks to visit Sinbad Valley and we had consented to spend the evening at the cabin before we left to look up a camping place. We crossed a ravine and camped several rods up the hillside opposite the cabin. There was a large rock under a tree that served for a table. For our beds we took cedar boughs. There wasn't much spring to them, but the odor from the broken boughs mixed with the sweet mountain air, and the moon peeping through the tree tops, invited us to a refreshing slumber.



The Copper Mine Hill in the Distance.

The first afternoon was spent climbing the mountains to see the copper mines. Two of them have been worked to some extent, but they were doing more prospecting and road making than mining when we were there. I think the mining is done mostly by blasting to loosen up the ore. By this time they have their leaching mill up and are getting copper ready for market. If the mines turn out to be good they will likely get a railroad built up in there, but it will take an immense lot of hard work, it seems to me. This is a new place and not much going on yet.

In the evening we went down to the cabin where we met several of the miners. They insisted on spending the evening in singing; they had song books and John had his hymnal. I think there were nine of us joined in the singing and we made the little log cabin ring for an hour or more with religious songs. I think most of the men were Christian professors. One of them had been a Sunday-school superintendent and one a minister, and some didn't make any profession, but they all seemed to think Van, as they called him, and his religion could be trusted at all times. Does it pay to be true to your profession?

The next day Will and Archie went down the valley to a ranch for hay, beef, butter, sugar and milk. We girls baked bread in the cabin stove. The cook kindly offered his oven when he wasn't using it, and tended our bread if we weren't in when it needed attention. We boiled our beef, and made potpie in the broth for supper. Oh! but it was good!

The men wanted us to spend the evening at the cabin again, but we asked them up to visit us. We pulled in the dead trees and brush and had a big campfire. They brought their song books along again and we sang until we were tired out. Singing sounds fine in the open air among the hills, and I am sure we all enjoyed it immensely.

After our company left the men made plans for a hunting expedition the next day. They had quite a time making out what they would do if they should run up against a bear. We were up bright and early. After breakfast we prepared lunch for the men and they were off with our warnings ringing in their ears to be careful and not let a bear get them down. We had to bake again that day. Where did that bread all go we had just baked? We set the bread, took it to the cabin, and then commenced climbing the hill where we were camped. We followed the trail and found it very difficult some places, but by resting several times we at last reached the top. We hoped to see some deer down in the cañon, but all we saw was a few birds, though we saw fresh deer tracks. After wandering around awhile we struck a new trail and followed it back to camp. We rested and read in the afternoon. The men came home in the evening with a bob-cat head. They saw a deer, and bear; the bear was close, but they waited for a better chance to shoot, and he was gone.

The cabin men spent the evening with us again. They tried to make plans to have us stay longer, and we surely should have enjoyed it, but we wanted to get home Tuesday evening, so we would have to leave in the morning. It was ten o'clock the next day when we said good-bye to the miners and Sinbad Valley, and turned our faces homeward. John staid and one of the miners went back to Grand Junction with us.

(To be Continued.)



At the Mines. (The woman and children arrived after our party.)

TYING THE SPINAL CORD.

MODERN surgery confesses to no impossibilities. All the old standards of performances have been swept away by intrepid experimenters, and to-day no case is pronounced hopeless until death has actually ensued. In the realm of organic disease such marvels of cure and removal have been accomplished that the word "operation" no longer suggests the extremity of the case. It signifies the ordinary course of procedure. A few ailments still baffle the physicians and surgeons, such as cancer, for an example, but they are being continually attacked, and the belief is expressed that eventually they will yield to treatment and operation.

One of the most remarkable achievements ever scored is just announced in New York as a demonstrated fact, being no less than the tying together of the severed ends of the spinal cord. Broken vertebræ have been heretofore mended or removed to relieve pressure, and "back-bones" have been tinkered up after severe jolts and smashes. No longer the man with the "broken back" or the "broken neck" is regarded as beyond salvation.

But when the cord itself has been sundered, science has yielded, until four years ago a patient was brought into the Brooklyn Hospital suffering from a bullet wound in the spine. Examination by the late Dr. George Ryerson Fowler demonstrated that the ball had severed the cord and was embedded in the bones. He concluded that the man would die without help and that the only help possible was the reunion of the body's main conductor of nerve force. This operation was performed and the patient survived.

The years passed, with signs of slow progress toward recovery, but while the sufferer was getting better Dr. Fowler died. That was a year ago, and his chief regret for passing was that he could not live to determine the success or failure of his experiment. It has just been announced that the man with the sewed-together spinal cord is cured and will henceforth be able to move about practically as well as a normal person.

In view of such accomplishments there is assuredly encouragement for the men and women of great wealth to contribute richly to the maintenance of the hospitals of the country. They are served to-day by an army of faithful, zealous, skillful men and women, who have devoted their lives to the pursuit that is often unremunerative because of their attention to the field of experimental surgery and medicine.—*Washington Star.*

* * *

"THE babe's helplessness is its strength. Moses, the infant in the ark by the river-side, was safer than a knight in armor or the king surrounded by his embattled hosts. The homage of the world to childhood is a certain proof that man is not totally depraved and is a sure hope that the world may be redeemed from sin. Every problem of social, governmental and religious life centers in the child."

* * *

THE records of great men's lives that have come down to us all bear testimony to the tremendous uplifting force of womanly influence in the background. A still, small woman, of whom the world never hears, is sometimes the lever grinding and making possible the effort of those whom the world delights to hear. *London Free Churchman.*

* * *

MANY a noble desire sleeps in the grave of weak resolves.—*Hoss.*

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XIX. Mrs. Treadle Moralizes.

"Do say!" cried Mrs. Treadle, holding up both hands. "Do say, Sister Trot! Is it an actu'l truth that things have come to sich a pass as that? *To sich a pass,*" she gasped again, meekly lowering her hands and folding them, as though in mortal pain, upon her breast.

"If I hadn't saw it with my own eyes, Sister Treadle, we might doubt the truthfulness on't. I had hearn tell how Sister Chester 'lowed that gal to gether moss an' flowers on Sabbath days, so not wishen to misjudge the gal nor Sister Chester nuther, I went up to them woods myself an' watched there till she come."

"An' you actu'ly saw her, then?" gasped Mrs. Treadle.

"I did. I sent Persilly there to watch last Lord's Day gone, but forgettin' her mother's words, she went with Janie Sharp to the Commons and got a lovely mess o' young mushrooms, what we had for lunch on Lord's Day evenin'. Well, 'you can't put old heads on young shoulders,' as Sister Sharp said, when I spoke severe like to Persilly for not heedin' my commands. So, yesterday, thinks I, I'll go myself and see what I shell see. I waited there an hour or so, an' was afeared I'd be too late to tend the Sabbath school; but then I thought how wrong it is to murmer an' meekly said: 'The Lord's will be done.' Immediately after sayin' this I commenced to sing 'God moves in a mysterious way,' an' after that, 'He leadeth me.' Says I to myself, 'If the Lord, in his mysterious way has led me here, I ought to be content to wait.' Then I straightened up a few items, sich as my grocery bill an' milk account, as I happened to take the little book along, thinkin' as perhaps I'd have to wait awhile. Well, after while I sees a figger comin' through the trees, stoppin' every now and then to gether up some blade o' grass, or posey; then watch the birds an' listen to their songs, feedin' them with crumbs an' seeds what she had in her pocket. She didn't see me till she was nigh unto my presence. 'My gal,' says I, 'is this the way that ye are breakin' o' the blessed Sabbath day?'

"A rushin fire burst from out her eyes an' she was about to speak; but all of a suddent then she dropped her eyes an' stood in front o' me in deathlike silence.

"'Come here, you ignorant gal,' says I, 'an' I will learn you the Savior's prayer.'"

"That was very Christianlike in you," interrupted Mrs. Treadle.

"I felt it to be my Christian duty," meekly acknowledged Mrs. Trot, "but the gal answered me that Sister Chester learnt her that a long time ago.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'all the worse for you if you don't practice on't. How ken you pray "Thy will be done," an' then come up here breakin' o' his holy Sabbaths by huntin' flowers an' sich?'"

"An' what did she say to that?" asked Mrs. Treadle.

"You could never guess, an' will be shocked when I tell you. She said she was not doin' as much devilment by getherin' flowers as I was by pryin' around an' watchin' her."

"That settles it in my mind, Sister Trot. I hev been thinkin' o' pointin' to that gal the evil o' her ways for long days past, an' now I hesitate no more. It is written: 'In the presence o' one or two witnesses every word shell be established.' That voice is from the highest heavens, an' him that has ears to hear, let him hear. Git on your bonnet, Sister Trot, an' don't despise the Lord's commands."

In less than half an hour afterwards a sharp ring was heard at the door of Shady Brook and was answered by Sybil herself.

She did not appear strictly amiable in her attitude toward the visitors, but asked them to walk in. "Mrs. Chester's gone out, an' will not be back for an hour, p'r'aps," she exclaimed, drawing forth a chair for each.

"It's not Sister Chester as we wish to see just now. We hev come to point out the dooty which belongs to you as a gal what has intruded on a Christian community."

Sibyl's eyes flashed fire but instantly drooped again.

"I hev hearn tell on't how you rail agin the Lord's pure Sabbaths an' despise his laws by getherin' plants an' sich, when you had better be upon your knees repentin' o' the sins o' your forefathers, to say nothin' o' your own blasphemies. I hev waited in times past for Sister Chester to admonish you, but the time is come when I ken wait no more. Speak out the truth, an' don't add sin to sin by utterin' falsehood in the

very face o' one who saw you in the act o' desecratin.' That face is Sister Trot."

No response.

"I rebuke you, not so much in my own behalf as fur the sake o' the sons an' daughters 'round about, though as Sister Trot can testify, my groanin's o' spirit has been severe enough."

Still Sibyl answered not a word.

"I trust the Lord'll be gracious to Sister Chester an' forgive her fur bringin' the calamity o' your presence upon the camunity o' Busy Homes"! continued Sister Treadle.

But that lady made a stroke in the wrong direction this time.

"One thing Mrs. Chester has learnt me, an' that is as it is wrong to parley with folks as is only fit for victims o' the lunytic asylum," answered Sibyl without a twinge of conscience in her voice.

"The Lord knows the workin's o' the brain!" shrieked Mrs. Treadle. "Sister Trot! what a vizable vindication o' that truth this is!"

Mrs. Trot was standing with arms thrown wildly up and looked as though she had suddenly been transformed into the statue of fury.

As for Sibyl, she calmly walked into another room and closed the door behind her. But soon the amazed ladies were brought partly to their senses by some loud and wonderful words. It was a new "pome" of Sibyl's:

"High ditty, ditty
Now what a pity
That women like this
Disgrace the city!"

Mrs. Treadle's hand was soon upon the doorknob. Mrs. Trot immediately followed suit, and the last words she was heard to say were these: "Sister Treadle! I wash my hands from humanity!"

Chapter XX. Within The Nursery.

"HERE I come, girls," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, bounding into the nursery and depositing a fresh bouquet in a vase upon the mantle. "Peep, Lily!" she laughed, bending over the cradle and pressing a kiss upon the little face. The wee hands instantly grabbed for mamma's sparkling eyes, whereupon mamma clasped them within her own, and lifting the little maiden upon her knee, called her "My spotless dove."

Mrs. Chester made it a rule to spend a part of each day visiting and frolicking with the girls. They were fond of contriving little surprises for her and just that morning she had received a note asking her to take dinner in the nursery at ten o'clock. The note was in Stella's handwriting and contained a postscript imploring Aunt Katharine not to disappoint them. Mrs. Chester dispatched a note in reply, saying that she would not disappoint them for the world.

So, when she entered the nursery at ten o'clock sharp, she found the feast ready, and Sibyl's best doll, Lily Katharine seated upon a high stool at the table, awaiting the arrival of the guest. This doll was the patient work of Sibyl's own creation, and while its features were not artistically designed, it received every attention due a respectable child, even down to the wash-rag, to which its ragged cheeks bore especial testimony.

The feast consisted, mainly of flowers and fern and spotted leaves, with here and there an apple for variety.

Mrs. Chester was stationed at one end of the table with little Lily on a high chair at one side and the solemn-looking Lily Katharine at the other. Stella sat next to Lily Katharine and Sibyl occupied the head of the table, as it was agreed that she should act the role of hostess that day.

Mrs. Chester remarked how good everything tasted and then asked the girls how they intended to employ themselves during the afternoon.

"I," replied Stella, "have promised Sibyl to take full charge of Lily, as she has something important to attend to."

Mrs. Chester smiled and looked interested in the direction of Sibyl, who met that look with an air of thorough greatness and answered it by saying:

"I'm busy writin' a childern's story. I've been workin' at it for a week or more. It's about a little boy what had a faithful dog. The boy fell in a pond and would a drowned only the dog pulled him out again. I'd like to make it 'pear how as the dog carried his master home," concluded Sibyl, passing a cup of water to her guest, "only I'm afeared as it 'ud tear the little feller's pants."

This was followed by a wholesome peal of laughter, which neither Stella nor Mrs. Chester could repress. Sibyl looked highly gratified and asked: "Do you like that as good as you did my pome, Mrs. Chester?"

"I believe I do. It may be that you will be a great writer sometime. Only, Sibyl, you must not work too hard and tire that busy brain of yours. You have much time yet."

Saying this she withdrew to her duties downstairs and the girls to their work of clearing away the table.

"There never was as good an aunt as Aunt Katharine," affirmed Stella, removing the cloth from the table.

"Nor never will be!" prophesied Sibyl, lifting the solemn Lily Katharine from her place of prominence.

(To be Continued.)

"A MERE dreamer never succeeds. It is your interpreter of dreams, your man who can translate visions into actualities, who has power with God and man. He who can put his dream into a poem, a song, a psalm of life, an invention, an interpretation of unfolding events, becomes the real ruler among men."



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—The Cloud of Glory.

CHAS. O. BEERY.

"Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle."

WHEN did the cloud of the Lord cover the congregation of the people; and when did the glory of the Lord fill the tabernacle?

Read this entire chapter and you will find that the Lord gave to Moses most specific instructions in reference to the erecting and the furnishing of the tabernacle. After Moses had carried out these minute details of direction, the cloud of the Lord covered the tent and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.

This chapter records more than sixty definite instructions given by the Lord to Moses; and Moses rendered strict obedience. "So Moses finished the work." "Thus did Moses: according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he."

As we picture the congregation of Israel covered by heaven's glory cloud and their tabernacle filled with the glory of the Lord, let us bear in mind that God manifested his glory and his protective presence as a reward for faithfulness in obedience.

As a congregation of God's people, let us continue to yield loving obedience to his New Testament will that the cloud of the Lord may cover us from all harm, and that the glory of the Lord may fill these tabernacles of clay.

Because God so loves us and Jesus died for us, let us finish the work. According to all that the Lord Jesus commands us in his Word, let us do.

Tyrone, Pa.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

To join the church is the natural thing for a Christian to do. It is the public profession of faith in Christ. It is an effective way of letting one's light shine, and so of glorifying God and leading others to glorify him. It brings one into line with the forces of righteousness, and so encourages and strengthens those who labor to elevate humanity. It increases interest in the kingdom of God and in the means used to extend it.

Church membership is a strength to those who are in doubt, a relief to those in trouble, a comfort to those whose friends have been taken away. It is a reminder of our relation to Christ, and of heaven, our future home.—*American Messenger.*

THE SECRET.

Men wondered why, in August heat,
The little brook with music sweet
Could glide along the dusty way,
When all else parched and silent lay.

Few stopped to think how, every morn,
The sparkling stream anew was born
In some moss-circled mountain pool,
Forever sweet and clear and cool.

A life that, ever calm and glad,
One melody and message had—
"How keeps it so," men asked, "when I
Must change with every changing sky?"

Ah! if men knew the secret power
That gladdens every day and hour,
Would they not change to song life's care,
By drinking at the fount of prayer?

—James Buckham, in Wayside Altar.

THE BEAUTY OF THE CHRIST-FILLED LIFE.

CLARENCE SCHROCK.

THE true Christian's life is a very beautiful one. But the lives of all professed Christians are not beautiful, and this is because they are not Christ-filled as they should be. It is a sad fact, but true nevertheless, that many professing Christians do not have the real Christian spirit at all. This ought not to be. What a dark picture of Christianity such lives are before the world. They are anything but beautiful.

But the Christ-filled life is truly beautiful. It possesses a beauty that is enduring, a beauty that even the most worldly-minded creature cannot help but see.

Christ's life was a life of love. Who can measure the great love of Christ for humanity?—a love so great that he spent his whole life in service for the good of others, and at last died a most cruel death, all for the same purpose. Oh! the depths of such love, the beauty of such a life! Was it not a model life? Surely it was.

Even those who profess infidelity speak of Christ's life as a model one. Can they say the same of your life and mine? If we are Christ-filled, as all Christians should be, our life like his, will be one of service, a life of self-denial for the good of others. What else can Christ mean when he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me"? The individual who lives for self, has not yet learned the alphabet of Christianity.

Our lives in order to be useful and beautiful, must,

like our Savior, be spent for the bettering and uplifting of our fellow-beings.

The Christ-filled life is one that is filled with good deeds and kind acts. It, like Christ's, must be filled with love, kindness, meekness, and a forgiving spirit. It is a life that can sympathize with others.

Oh, how many souls are dying for want of human sympathy. In this fast age, when the great bulk of humanity is rushing blindly on, thinking only of self, what a blessing it is to meet, amid the vast throng, someone, who takes the time to extend a helping hand to some downtrodden, sorrowing individual! Such was the life of our Savior, and such are the lives needed to-day.

Our lives should be Christ-filled to overflowing. They should be filled with such great love for others, that we would willingly deny ourselves of anything for the good of another. O, dear reader, if you would possess the beauty of the Christ-filled life, let your life be filled with love, let it be filled with kindness, and ever be ready to extend a helping hand to the fallen, and shed a sympathizing tear with those in sorrow, and your life will be the means of helping others heavenward.

Such was the life of Christ. Is it not a beautiful one worthy of imitation ?

Beattie, Kansas.

THE WORLD'S WISDOM.

For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. —1 Cor. 3: 19.

To be wise in the ways of the world—this is the great ambition of millions of men and women. They imagine foolishly that the acquirement of worldly wisdom is a passport to the things they most desire. Laboring under this delusion, they attempt anything that will advance them in the surface estimation of others. And the end of such persons is always the same.

They fail, and are disappointed.

They take the wrong path to happiness or contentment. The road that leads to these desirable places is marked by a signpost that reads : "The Wisdom of God."

But is it possible for any human being to be a partaker of the wisdom of the Almighty, the Creator of the universe and all that therein is ? Are we not so far below his omnipotence as to be utterly incapable of in any measure sharing his power—for wisdom is power ?

Are we too far below him to enjoy the things he has given for our comfort and well being ? Are we too far below him to be his children ? And may not the children be partakers of that which is the Father's ?

It is here we make the mistake. Too often do we belittle ourselves. Too often do we account ourselves as nothing in his sight. We are made in his image, according to his word. We are entitled to dwell with him in some world to come. Why, then, should we not be eligible to some share of his wisdom here and now ?

There is no good reason, for the simple fact that we are thus eligible.

The wisdom of God is righteousness, and what man or woman is not capable of being righteous, and what one, being so, is not making use of the wisdom of God ?

It is because we cannot, or do not, see beyond the narrow confines of this life that we think of ourselves as capable of thus enjoying the attributes of Divinity. We count those things of greatest value which have to do with our temporal and physical welfare, when, in reality, they are but means to an end, and that end always righteousness. We see the fleshpots and think our knowledge of them will be of vast use, overlooking all the while the greater things of the spirit, which is immortal, and neglecting the very virtues and efforts that will lead us to a place far above anything that is to be gained by this ceaseless quest of the material and tangible.

The best of all our possessions are intangible. Love, friendship and brotherhood are beyond the touch of hands or the sight, but they exist in such strength as to regulate us in the most important of our affairs. The really strong things of life after all, are those which are without the physical grasp. As a rule, those within the reach of the human hand fade and dwindle away the nearer we approach to their possession, while those of the spirit grow more beautiful and to be desired as we approach them.

And so the first thought of each day should be to add to it some measure, however small, of the wisdom of God—the righteousness that lies back of all he has done and all he is doing for this world. Life is replete with opportunities for the obtaining of this —they spring up around us like wild flowers in the country on a summer day—and, if we neglect these opportunities, we fall short of our possibilities in the line of spiritual and eternal development.

To know the things of the world is right and necessary, so long as we make use of this knowledge in the bettering of our own lives and those of others, but to think that the sum of such knowledge will entitle us to the full benefits of this earthly experience is to dream a dream that is as false as it may at times seem fair.—*North American.*

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be; but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means. —Robert Browning.

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ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Last week on another page we noted the action of the National Education Association when in the closing session of their meeting in Los Angeles, Cal., they passed a resolution declaring that the American youth is growing up wrong. The charge is a most serious one and concerns us not only as individuals, but as a nation. The grounds for the charge should be closely studied and if they are found to be upheld by actual conditions, it is high time to be doing some pruning and training.

Four points are mentioned in the charge, all more or less related and any one of which, if true, is of sufficient importance to justify the action taken. By way of an introduction for a more thorough individual study let us notice these points briefly. First it is declared that among our children there is a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority. That is, the children of the United States do not have the proper regard for that power which would direct and control them in many of their relations with each other, and for those who exercise that power. We will have to depend largely on personal observation to test this statement, but we can take a look at present conditions and see whether they in any way may give rise to, or encourage, such a tendency.

The first thing to meet us in this study is the stubborn fact that many people who enjoy almost unnumbered blessings and privileges in our land have no use whatever for "constituted authority," and on all occasions preach the doctrine of unrestrained license. Their influence is bound to leave an impression on the plastic minds of the children who so closely study and copy the grown-ups around them. But we cannot leave all the blame here, for not all our children come under the influence of the out-and-out anarchist. The subtle works of the citizen who preaches loyalty to constituted authority and at the same time puts into practice the most dishonest schemes for circumventing the government, is, I believe, a greater influence in molding the mind of the American youth. And in this connection we dare not go outside the family where God-fearing fathers and mothers, in their dealings with the government, observe a very different, and questionable, standard of honesty from that which they use as between man and man; and where those in authority are mercilessly criticised, in season and out, even in the insignificant details of their duties.

Considering these three agents and the power of their influence compared with that of the genuinely loyal citizen, without waiting for the result of our observations, we must conclude that the National Education Association has either expressed the true condition in a very mild way, or that our children are all of the "backward" kind,—exceedingly slow in taking up the pernicious teaching that is being drilled into them in so many ways.

The second accusation is that there is a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom. The third, a weak appreciation of the demands of duty. The fourth, a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. All these are either natural and inevitable outgrowths of the first or together produce it. At any rate they are inseparable. The spirit back of all may be easily expressed in the one word, disobedience,—that which has wrought havoc in families and nations ever since the world began.

The condition is one that demands a remedy if we are to preserve our homes and our nation. We should seek the wisest way of applying it and be careful that we do not go far afield in our endeavors to hunt out the guilty parties. It is a manifestation of the eternal principle of a thing producing after its kind,—of reaping as we sow.



LEARNING TO REST.

We pride ourselves on our many accomplishments, but it is an evident fact that few of us have mastered a very important one, and that is, how to take a rest so that we shall not do violence to the real meaning of the word when telling some one of the feat. At this season of the year, when workers are returning daily from their rest, so-called, with about fifty per cent less energy and zeal for their work than when they went away, the fact of our failure is bound to force itself upon us.

The cause and the remedy are things that ought to be sought out, and it is with the hope that some thinking may be done to this end that the reader's attention is called to the matter.

In the first place, everyone, speaking for himself, is in need of a rest. Whether this condition is due to the actual strength-consuming nature of our work, or to the way in which we have gone about it, or the numberless detractions of this complex life, we shall not presume to decide or even stop to discuss.

The facts are that we are all tired out, we want to get rested, and we, seemingly, do not know how.

The first step is plain enough and most of us make no failure in getting that far,—we must let go of our work, or of the thing that tires us. The second step is not so easy and few are able to take it with any degree of success. That is, to lay hold of nothing having the nature of the former work in its power to weaken. This is where the mistake is generally made. The one who would recuperate seeks a diversion which proves to be work instead, robbing him of the little strength he had. The question demands that we be so well acquainted with ourselves that we can judge beforehand of the effect of any course sought for recreation.

But perhaps we are not so ignorant or lacking in judgment as conditions would seem to indicate. It is my honest opinion that we miss the supposed mark wilfully, in most cases. That we seek to have a "good time," however the reaction may affect our work, instead of seeking that which will put us into better condition to pursue it. It seems a rather uncharitable conclusion, but it is about the only one left us when we see intelligent men and women returning from their vacation with no ambition to take up their work again. Where the conclusion is the right one the remedy, of course, is a new heart, giving rise to better and higher motives.

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.

Owing to the fact that the passenger traffic between Elgin and Chicago is of considerable importance, with several lines bidding for the trade, the railroads go to extra trouble to accommodate their patrons. Trains are made up here which make the trip regularly at the time of day when there is the most travel. Many people prefer the through trains, but when these are delayed for any cause the locals are taken advantage of. At certain times of the day when through trains are scheduled to run there are no regular locals. In this case if the through train should be much behind time an emergency train is made up to carry waiting passengers.

The event of this train taking the place of another that has failed to meet its obligations reminds one of similar instances in other lines of activity. The resistless, on-rushing sweep of affairs these days shows little sympathy for the one who is behind time. Some have found out to their keen disappointment that other things besides time and tide have the faculty of leaving the straggler in the lurch. A certain work is planned and then carried to completion in this way or that, according as skilled workmen can be secured. At all events it is finished, and he who is not on the ground at the proper time and thoroughly prepared to do the part expected of him is soon made aware of the fact that his load is "being taken in on another train."

We hear a great deal of talk about filling *our* niche, as if we had a patent right to a certain amount of work with the credit and all else belonging thereto, no matter how much we might dillydally in the performance. There is a place for all of us, it is true, but it is ours only on condition that we are ready to fill it at the opportune moment. It is ours not by inheritance but on condition of our worthiness.

This is the only safe method by which the world's work may move forward unhindered, and the only fair method by which its perquisites may be distributed. It gives zest and attraction to the most dull tasks and is the unfailing source of inspiration to the true worker.

Our work is to do what is before us to be done, and it is none the less ours because some one else has failed to do it.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

War is the concentration of all human crime, the essence of cruelty, the direct relic of barbarism. The description of what is called a battle is but that of murder and hell.—*William L. Judy.*

Should the world declare you wrong,
Never heed.
If your cause is true and strong,
Sow your seed;
On life's stage act well your part,
Serve your God with honest heart;
But give over, from the start,
Pleasing everybody.
—Richard Seidel.

Our lives in order to be useful and beautiful, must, like our Savior's, be spent for the bettering and uplifting of our fellow-beings.—*Clarence Schrock.*

Oppressive silences enfold
The songless wood and sleeping world,
When noontide spills, along the hills,
Her lavish largesses of gold.
—Richard Braunstein.

As a congregation of God's people, let us continue to yield loving obedience to his New Testament Will that the cloud of the Lord may cover us from all harm, and that the glory of the Lord may fill these tabernacles of clay.—*Chas. O. Beery.*

I wouldn't stop to think of any smirch on myself, if I could give a happy answer when God asked if it was well with the child.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

If we learn rightly to understand and use industrial education, it will be really the foundation for our book education.—*Ida M. Helm.*



Echoes from Everywhere

A FRENCHMAN has patented the idea of using an egg-shell for an incandescent mantle with the acetylene flame. He literally uses the egg-shell. It does not shatter or break and gives forth a soft, pleasant light. The only preparation needful is to make a hole at each end of the shell and place the shell in position with the burner inside. The burner head throws out lateral flames which impinge on the interior of the egg-shell.

UNDER the recent law passed in Norway women have been granted the parliamentary franchise on the same condition that it was previously granted to them in municipal elections; that is, to every woman twenty-five years old who is taxed on an income of $113 in cities or of $84 in rural districts. This practically assures the attainment of universal suffrage by adult representatives of the female sex in the course of a few years. The new law will give full suffrage to about 300,000 women.

THERE has recently been invented a machine for boring into rock and making tunnels in an extraordinarily rapid way. In addition to the rapid opening of ground for the more economical development of metalliferous veins, it will remove the necessity for the present expensive work necessary in many instances to provide outlets for the water. This machine, it is claimed, will cut a hole eight feet in diameter and make five feet per hour. It is claimed that it will cut from twenty-five to eighty lineal feet per day of twenty-four hours.

PARIS is experimenting with what is called steel pavement. It is really a concrete pavement reinforced with a steel framework. The metal part of the pavement is a plate of perforated steel with strong bolts of steel running through it between the perforations. Each section has some resemblance to a steel harrow, only the prongs project equally on each side and they are square and blunt. It will be superior to asphalt in ultimate economy and to wood both in the better footing that it affords to horses and in the fact that it will not admit of dangerous ruts developing. The sample laid cost $5.40 a square meter (a little more than a square yard), but when the work is done on a large scale it is believed the price can be cut to about $4.50.

THE Bowery savings bank in New York made an unprecedented showing for a savings bank when the deposits reached a total of $100,000,000. The president of the bank stated that the enormous increase in deposits in savings banks indicated in the most gratifying manner the continuance of the great national prosperity and the subsidence of the suburban real estate speculative fever and return to normal conditions for security of their earnings on the part of the masses, to whom savings bank security and the six per cent interest made the most attractive proposition for the thrifty and conservative element.

WE shall have to cease laughing at the man who makes extravagant assertions as to what may be accomplished by the inventive world in the future. Jules Verne's story, "Around the World in Eighty Days," aside from making interesting reading, was considered an absurd improbability. Less than two months ago a man named Lieut.-Col. Burnley Campbell landed at Dover at the completion of a trip around the world which occupied forty days and nineteen and one-half hours. Good connections throughout the trip favored the traveler or several more days would have been required.

THE Boston school committee has approved the recommendation of the superintendents to establish with the next school year a girls' high school of practical arts with a four-year course, conditions for admission to which will be equivalent to those of the regular high schools. The theory of this school is to give opportunity to those pupils whose talents lie in the direction of doing and expressing rather than in acquisition. On the academic side courses will be created in English, history, art, modern languages, mathematics and science, but those will be treated in their relation to some practical line of work. On the industrial side the school will be divided into two classes, one for those seeking to become homemakers, and the other for those who aim, at least for a time, to be self-supporting. For the first class emphasis will be given to all phases of domestic science and arts, and for the second a foundation will be laid in some distinct taste, so that the pupil may be able to enter upon the higher form of the various women's industries.

William Crittenden, of California, who was the first student under the Rhodes scholarship to reach Oxford, Eng., and also the first to finish the full course, has returned home, having finished the three years' course in two years. He speaks in the highest terms of his treatment by the Oxford students and the English people generally.

July 22, the steamer *Columbia* on its way from San Francisco to Portland, with two hundred and forty-nine people on board, was run into by the lumber-laden schooner *San Pedro* and was so disabled that it sank in a few minutes after being struck. The collision occurred about midnight when many of the passengers were asleep. A number, mostly men, made their escape from the sinking vessel, but the captain and perhaps fifty passengers were lost. The accident occurred within the fog belt.

The *Scientific American,* of July 20, describes a new process for photography in colors which has been brought out at Paris by Messrs. Auguste and Louis Lumière. They are able to take a photograph in colors upon a single plate and in an ordinary camera, with exposures of one second or less. The work is done by the use of a specially prepared plate. The new process marks quite a step in advance, and color photography will no doubt come into extensive use. Besides the great interest for amateurs, it will render service in the different sciences.

July 21, in an address before the Chautauqua assembled at Chautauqua, N. Y., C. F. Aked, the "imported" pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church of New York, questioned the right of any one to live in luxury while others starve. He said, "Our lives are wrong, if we are living for ourselves, thinking, planning, toiling, accumulating, enjoying, for ourselves." Such utterances, coming from one so influential, ought to put to thinking not only the oil king, who is a member of the Fifth Avenue church, but others who spend their lives in ease while others toil and yet never get beyond the reach of want.

The enforced abdication of Corea's emperor, by which Japan assumes control of that country is thought to be a fortunate affair for the hermit kingdom. It is said that the system of government was so antiquated and the methods so obsolete that it was impossible for the nation to prosper. In taking over the control of the country Japan has acted with great moderation. Owing to the fact that she has few soldiers in Corea at present, there are likely to be disturbances for some time until she can get matters well in hand. China is the only country that will be uneasy over the change, but she will be afraid to say anything.

The American Shipbuilding Co. recently has completed at Lorain the largest dry dock on the Great Lakes, which also is among the largest in the world. The Lorain dry dock is seven hundred fifty feet long and one hundred twenty-five feet wide. It will accommodate two boats at once, and with few exceptions could dock the largest ocean boats. The ocean dry dock at Newport News is one of the largest in the world, and is only one-seventh larger than the Lorain dry dock. The ocean dry dock is eight hundred sixty feet long and one hundred sixty-two feet wide. The Lorain dock will take the largest boat upon the Lakes. Recently the dock held two large boats and a tug at one time.

Some of the new laws that went into effect in Texas a few days ago are as follows: Permitting medical colleges to deal in human bodies. Prohibiting cock-fighting. Making it a misdemeanor to drink intoxicating liquor on trains. Prohibiting free passes or franks of any sort. Creating an eight-hour day for telegraphers and full train crews. Abolishing negro school trustees. Requiring insurance companies to invest seventy-five per cent of their Texas earnings in the state. Taxing those who sell pistols fifty per cent of the gross earnings on all their business. Closing brokerage houses, exchanges and bucket-shops, as the law does not permit wire service to them. Requiring five days' notice of liquor license applications, thereby making saloons sell at their own risk for the next few days.

The cry of the pessimist that we are on the eve of a period of hard times would seem to be without any foundation whatever. In regard to money necessary for the movement of the season's crops, it is gradually dawning upon the financiers of the east that the interior is able to take care of itself in this regard. Western banks and trust companies have for a long time been loaning money in the east. People have come to understand that stringency in Wall street does not indicate a scarcity of cash for legitimate operations. The approach of the presidential campaign will doubtless have a dulling effect upon trade, but hardly more than usual.



Mrs. Barnett's "Wandering Boy"

Hattie Preston Rider

In Four Parts. Part One.

AT the doorway of the handsome reception-room Aunt Hetty shrank momentarily back, screening herself behind her niece's tall, stylish figure. But the timidity passed. With quiet dignity she followed Alicia under the carved arch, and presently found herself seated in the angle of a cosy corner. Half a hundred curious eyes had observed her; but she missed the fact, for, as she leaned back in the gilded chair, a lady rose to read a report of the temperance work in some foreign field of unpronounceable name. Aunt Hetty folded her work-worn hands, and let her beauty-loving eyes rove over the rich furnishings about her. Twice a month, back in Riverdale, a dozen mothers met to discuss household ways and remedies for childish ills, from croup to playing hooky. All who had tots too tiny for the school-room, brought them. Aunt Hetty glanced half-yearningly, half-humorously, over this gathering, which Alicia had designated a Mothers' Club. What a menagerie a lively baby would have constituted, in their elegant midst!

The temperance report drew to its close. Several others followed. Then Aunt Hetty saw the president, a bright-faced young woman, rustle down from her chair of state and approach the piano. Some one struck a few chords, and a rarely sweet soprano voice began the familiar air:

> "Where is my wandering boy to-night,
> The boy of my tenderest care,
> The boy that was once my joy and light,
> The child of my love and prayer?"

As the second stanza began, Aunt Hetty's lips set themselves in a hard line of self-control, oddly contradicted by two big tears that welled up in her keen, blue eyes. The only boy her warm heart had ever mothered was safe from all that the song set forth. His curly head had lain under the daisies these thirty years. But as the liquid notes of the singer floated through the rooms, queer, rebellious thoughts sprang up in Aunt Hetty's soul. Conscientiously she tried to hush them, however, as discourteous to those whose guest she was.

A social hour followed the program. Directly Mrs. Barnett, the president, walked over and clasped Aunt Hetty's hand warmly.

"I saw you come in," she said, brightly, "I wanted to know you right away. Do you believe me, it seemed as if I had been waiting for you. Was it not odd?"

The president's laugh was unconventional and sweet as her face. But she looked at Aunt Hetty with a curious eagerness that brought a faint color into the elder woman's cheek.

"It's dear of you to say that, my child; and I've been wanting to thank you for your beautiful singing."

The president slipped into the chair Alicia vacated.

"How did you like the program?" she asked. "We get so accustomed to the round, it is often helpful to know how they strike one just coming in."

Aunt Hetty, suddenly remembering her late reflections, felt a guilty twinge.

"The readings were very interesting;"—she hesitated. "But in our little Mothers' Circle at home we always bring the children. Maybe 'twas that made it seem different. And—"

"And you missed them," the president suggested, sympathetically. "But these mothers are more free to give their minds fully to any subject, than if children were about. Besides, I think all who need them have competent nurses."

Aunt Hetty's eyes grew dark.

"There's no one able to take care of the child like its own true mother!" she declared, warmly. "Some mothers I know, though, are only half acquainted with their children. Why, when you were a-singing, I couldn't help but think—"

"Well?" prompted the president.

"I couldn't help but think why didn't that mother whose heartache was giving us all we could do to keep from crying, just begin when her boy was little and pure to make home so pleasant he wouldn't want to go to those other places, and bring him nice boys to have a good time with. I thought I'd have gone after him myself instead of sending somebody else, and made him so interested with me he couldn't have stayed away."

Two red spots came into the president's cheeks.

"I know. One feels as if there was absolutely nothing one would not do, in such a case. But that is emotion. When it comes to actual doing, it is quite different—I'm honest, you see,"—with a little laugh. "If your boy went to a place such as the song suggests, you could not really go and fetch him away. One must keep one's own garments unspotted."

Aunt Hetty shook her head.

"I wouldn't stop to think of any smirch on myself, if I could give a happy answer when God asked if it was well with the child."

A swish of silken garments and a gay voice interrupted them. But the look that flashed for an instant across the president's face cut Aunt Hetty's tender heart like a stab. Had she been too frank in her impersonal criticism? The fear sent her off on a remorseful quest, from which she returned to earth only as Alicia and she were walking with a dozen others to the street corner for the car. There were gossips even in the Woodlawn Avenue Mothers' Club, it seemed.

"Mrs. Barnett always seats herself for the best light on her complexion!" half-laughed, half-complained a sallow member. "She looks ten years younger, in that new suit!"

"Well, anyway!" retorted the speaker's bosom friend, casting a glance of challenge round the group, "if I had a boy like hers, I'd choose something different for a solo, even if I could not sing it with such melting pathos!"

There was an embarrassed silence. One or two giggled. A few frowned. Then the car rumbled up; Alicia, catching a glimpse of Aunt Hetty's face as they climbed aboard, wondered at its expression of blank dismay.

Next morning as Alicia handed her husband his coffee across the breakfast table, he laid down his paper with a shocked exclamation.

"That young Barnett was shot last night in a club-room row!" he announced. "Here's an account of it, with big headlines!"

Alicia turned pale. Aunt Hetty, unfolding her napkin carefully over her lap, sat upright with eyes of incredulous horror.

"Not killed?" Alicia asked, in a shaken voice. "And in such a place! Ralph is the brightest boy I know."

"'Received Bullet Intended for Companion,'" read her husband, taking up the sheet again. "'Shooting Result of Quarrel Over Cards. Victim Carried Home Unconscious.'"

Alicia drew a breath of relief.

"It may be a warning to him, if he recovers."

A quick frown creased her husband's forehead. "It might be a warning to parents to keep their boys out of such places," he replied.

Alicia looked hurt, for the instant.

"How are you going to manage that, Will? I don't know what I should do if we had boys; but surely one couldn't lock them up."

"It would be better," he insisted, grimly. Then glancing across at Aunt Hetty, who was still regarding the big headlines very much as if they were to blame for the calamity they chronicled,—"Wouldn't you try that, aunty?" he asked, with sudden quizzical, affectionate lightness.

"There's one way of locking them up," she answered, with a tremulous laugh.

He nodded understandingly.

"Aunty shall have supervision of the lads, if they ever need it," he declared; adding soberly: "You'll call at the Barnetts' to-day, Alicia?"

His wife shook her head.

"There are the Children's Home bills to audit; and I've an appointment at Madame Hoye's, I'll run over as soon as I can manage. They have so many friends."

All that miserable forenoon, Aunt Hetty roamed restlessly about the house, the president's sweet, hungry eyes haunting her like a ghost's. After luncheon, she declined Alicia's invitation to the modiste's. Late in the afternoon she slipped on her wraps and walked half-guiltily down the avenue toward the number given under those black headlines in the morning paper.

418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.

* * *

MOTHER LOVE.

Take the glory of the conquest and the grandeur of the morn,
The splendor of the triumphs out of toil and patience born,
The beauty of the cities and the armies of the just
Moving down the golden valleys to the victories of the dust—
But the mother love that wraps around a wayward child its wings
Is sweeter than all triumph and is stronger than all kings!

The mother love is patience bearing all the years of care,
With faith to take the burden up and strength to lift and bear;
The mother love is warder of the rosy gates of life,
With kiss good-bye to little ones who go to face the strife,
And arms of old endurance waiting there to clasp and greet
The loved who wander back again, the lost with weary feet!

The mother love is gentleness that mellows through the years,
With lips to kiss the brow that aches and song to stay the tears;
The mother love is tireless in the vigil that it keeps
To guard the couch from danger where the bloom of love-hood sleeps!
Oh, wayward, weak, and weary, and ye who walk in sin,
Be sure the heart of mother love will ope and let you in!

—Baltimore Sun.

A BOY'S SISTER.

An elderly lady and two young girls walking together on the street one day, met a boy known to one of the girls. Stopping to speak to him for a moment, she introduced him to her friends. When they had bidden him good-afternoon and passed on, the lady remarked:

"I think that boy must have a very nice mother and sister."

"He has. Mrs. Lee and Nellie are both lovely; but how did you know?" replied the girl in surprise. The lady smiled. "I did not know it, but I guessed it from his manner. A boy who is snubbed at home does not act like that one when he is out. Only home kindness and courtesy and a training that love gives can make a boy such a frank, easy, well-bred gentleman," said she.

The girls looked at each other for a moment, and then one voiced the thought of both.

"I'm going to be careful how I treat Ned after this. If people are going to judge me by him, I'll have to be on guard; and I know you are right about it. There is Will T——. When you speak to him he always shuffles his feet and puts his hands in his pockets and hangs his head and stammers. His sister is always chasing him out of her way and scolding him, and her mother acts as if she were ashamed of him, and sends him off out of sight when there are callers. I earnestly believe he would be as nice as Rob, too, if he only had the same chance."

"Quite likely," said the other girls. "I know he is good-natured and bright, when he forgets to be awkward and embarrassed. I think I shall have to look out, too, and make sure that my little brother is a living demonstration of my amiable disposition," and, though she laughed as she spoke, under the laugh was a tone of real earnestness.—*The Classmate.*

SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Keep Shoes New.—Wipe off all dust, then wash the shoes in milk. When the milk dries, polish with a dry flannel cloth. This will keep them new and soft and they will not crack.

To keep overshoes looking like new, and make them wear longer, wash thoroughly, and when dry, apply a little vaseline and rub briskly with a soft cloth.

A good home-made fire extinguisher is easily made. Three pounds of salt and a pound and a half of sal-ammoniac, thoroughly dissolved in a gallon of water, and kept in well-corked bottles, will speedily put out any sudden blaze.

To rid the kitchen of flies, take a small stove shovel; just heat it red hot and pour over it a few drops of carbolic acid, having closed the doors and windows. In a few minutes open the room and the flies will be found to have disappeared entirely. Only a faint odor of the fumes of the carbolic acid will remain, which will serve to prevent the flies from again congregating.

When a sink becomes greasy, especially one of those made of glazed ware, instead of spending hours of labor in endeavoring to clean it, put a little paraffin oil on a piece of flannel, and rub the sink with it. It will remove all grease, thus saving much time and labor. The smell of paraffin can be removed by washing with hot water and soap, and then flushing with cold water. At the same time this will also clean the pipes.

Breakfast Food.—Soak over night a heaping cupful of oatmeal in two cupfuls of cold water, salted to taste, and in the morning a few minutes' cooking in a double boiler will produce a thoroughly cooked, nicely flavored breakfast food.

Ice Cream Substitute.—Take two or three eggs, beat them well up in a basin; then pour boiling hot tea over them. Pour gradually to prevent curdling. It is difficult for the taste to distinguish it from rich ice cream.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES.

When retiring for the night take with you a leaf of the castor oil plant *(ricinus communis)*. After bruising it to bring out the odor, wave it a minute or two about the room to get the air filled with the odor, which is disagreeable to mosquitoes. They soon will disappear; not to return that night.

This plant is grown by many families for the beans, and the new variety, zinzibarensis, is one of the most decorative plants for the lawn, besides being equally effective for mosquitoes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The father and mother of an unnoticed family who in their seclusion awaken the mind of one child to the idea of love of perfect goodness, who awaken in him a strength of will to repel all temptation, and who send him out prepared to profit by the conflicts of life, surpass in influence a Napoleon breaking a world to his sway.—*Wm. Ellery Channing.*

For the Children

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

This story has been told to a good many children and there is a great deal of difference in the answer to the question. It remains to be seen what the *Northwestern* children think.

Bessie and Bertrand were twins. They came into the jolly old world on the same birthday. They had known their father and mother for exactly the same number of years. They had learned to read out of one book, and learned to write sitting sole to sole on the floor with one big slate laid down on their flattened knees, and two lines of "copy" carefully written facing two ways from the middle of the slate. Bessie was such a loyal sister that she always wanted to copy Bertrand's line, and it took a good deal of careful explanation on mother's part to convince her that if she copied Bertrand's line instead of her own, hers would be "down side whoppermost" as funny Uncle Godfrey called upside down.

One time the twins fell into a deep part of the creek together and poor Bessie came near being drowned. That forever—or the biggest end of forever—spoiled Bessie's liking for the water, but Bertrand was just as bold to wade in and take impromptu baths as he had been before the accident.

One day mother sent the two on a very important errand. They were to take a letter to Aunt Maggie's, and in return Aunt Maggie would give them a very important letter to bring back. It was to be pinned in Bertrand's pocket but he and Bessie were to be equally responsible for it.

"You can cross the creek down by the old log, children. I was there yesterday and the water is very low. Some of the stepping stones are quite dry. Take hold of Bessie's hand, if she wants you too, Bertrand; and Bessie, if brother says it is all safe try to be a brave little girl and not cry. Mother would not send you if it were dangerous, and children who live in the country must get used to creeks and cows and snakes and wasps and thunderstorms. City children have other things to be afraid of and to get brave about. But these are our battles."

So the twins set out while the dew was still on the grass. They had doughnuts and apples in a little pail, for the walk was long and they were to start home as soon as Aunt Maggie's early supper was finished. Then they would be on familiar ground long before it began to grow dusk.

Hardly had they got safely to Aunt Maggie's when a great thunderstorm came up and it rained hard most of the day. But before the middle of the long afternoon the sun came out hot and the wind was strong, so that the road was pretty dry, and the children could set out safely on their return home.

All went well until they came to the creek when, lo and behold! the stepping stones were all under water and one end of the old log which had been high and dry in all their memory of it was floating. Bessie stopped with a little cry of dismay, and her face turned quite pale. "I can *never* cross," she said. Bertrand coaxed and scolded by turn but the child stood resolutely on the bank, her knees shaking under her. "I tell you, Bertie, I *can't!* I should fall right in," she said piteously.

"Let me show you something," said Bertrand who was a regular water nixie. Off came his coat, his shoes, his stocking, up above his knees he rolled his pants and in he waded, carefully it is true, but without any fear and waded clear across to the other side. Then he came back. "Will you go now? And hold my hand?"

They debated the matter for a long time and at last one argument won—mother would be frightened if they did not get home on time. Bessie would suffer anything rather than make her mother suffer, so off came her shoes, and stockings, and skirts tucked up, holding tight to brother's hand, tears rolling down her cheeks and in danger of falling through sheer fright, the little girl made the trip safely. Then they stopped to dress again.

Suddenly Bertrand dropped his coat with a shriek. "There's a snake in it! A snake in it! A snake in it!"

Sure enough, while the coat lay on the bank a little snake that had had his home under one of the stepping stones near the edge of the creek, spying the dark pocket, slipped in it to be high and dry from intruders. Startled by the motion of the jacket being carried across the creek he had coiled himself up more tightly in the snug little pocket and it was his first endeavor to poke his head out that revealed him to the boy.

The children stood respectfully away from the jacket and waited for Mr. Snake to come out. They poked with a stick, starting back with little shrieks, but Mr. Snake thought too much of head and tail to have them severed. So he stayed in the dark and sniffed doughnut crumbs.

All of a sudden Bessie looked at the sky. "It's most milking time," she cried. We've *got* to get home and that snake's *got* to get out of there!"

"Let's leave the old thing and send father after it," suggested Bertrand.

"But that letter is in your pocket, and it has money in it and someone might steal it."

Resolutely Bessie started to pick up the coat whereupon Bertrand set up a regular howl. "You'll get poisoned! You'll die!"

But Bessie set her face like a flint. She picked up the coat by the tail and shook it vigorously, at the same time giving it a fling away from her. Mr. Snake fled in dismay and hid himself in the long grass. Bertrand positively refused even then to touch the coat and Bessie carried it all the way home. She felt shivery, and two or three times thought she felt snaky touches on her hands and arm, but they arrived safely, boy and jacket and money and all.

Now *you* tell—which was the brave one of the twins? That settled, we need say nothing about the coward.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*



THE RURAL LIFE

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains
Of the work he has chosen to do,
He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains,
And—may be—a hypocrite, too.
He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face,
And the shadows all dancing behind;
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a sceptre or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy in Lippincott's.

THE "OLD NATIONAL ROAD."

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

In these days of hard road agitation, we are apt to look upon the subject as of recent origin. Such is far from being correct.

When Washington marched with Gen. Braddock to that fatal field he realized that settlers were necessary to hold the Northwest Territory, and to get settlers to emigrate, better roads were needed.

Throughout his life he adhered to the dreams of a highway reaching and penetrating the great Northwest, but nothing practical was done till seven years after his death.

When we gained possession of Louisiana Territory, the government realized that something must be done to bring the parts of the country nearer each other if the West was to be held for the nation, for a dissimilarity of interests and non-intercourse lead to separation.

Threats of a Southwestern confederation was one of the causes which led to the acquisition of Louisiana, the settlers south of the Ohio demanding a free outlet to the ocean by way of the Mississippi.

Soldiers of the Revolution and other wars were given lands in the Northwest Territory as remuneration for services, and something had to be done to encourage them and other loyal persons to settle there.

Congress made appropriations for a road, known officially as the Cumberland Road, to extend from Cumberland, Md., to the Mississippi at E. St. Louis, a distance of about seven hundred miles.

The road was to reach a point on the Ohio somewhere between Grave Creek, near Wheeling, and the northern limit of Steubenville, the state of Pennsylvania stipulating that it pass through Washington, Washington Co., and Uniontown, Fayette Co.

In 1806 work was begun under the supervision of engineers of the regular army. It was built in as nearly a direct line from one to another of the four points mentioned as the contour of the country would admit.

West of the Ohio the country was more nearly level and the course was straighter, the only points fixed by Congress being the state capitals of Columbus, Indianapolis and Vandalia. The road was, however, only fully constructed to Vandalia, Ill.

Congress fixed the width at four rods and the grades to not exceed five per cent.

In many places the fence and plow have encroached upon it till it is much narrower, and much directness has been lost by making it conform to section lines and town streets.

The government expended $6,824,919.33 on the road, much of it coming from the sale of land along the route.

The coming of the railroad called a halt in road-building, in fact Congress considered the wisdom of substituting a railway from Columbus west to the Mississippi.

The last appropriation was made in 1838, and the last work was done the next year.

The road was completed to the Ohio in 1818 and settlers came to the river, then floated down the river on flatboats to their destination.

Down this stream and along the road across the states rolled one continuous westward tide of humanity seeking for homes, with an intermittent counter-current discouraged with the hardships of pioneer life.

A federal commission had charge of repairs, though it was the intention of Congress to donate it to the states as was afterwards done.

Toll gates were established, the tolls being used for repairs.

Much of the original foundation remains, and if the dreams of an Atlantic-Pacific highway ever become a reality, its route will doubtless in the main coincide with the existing road as the steam and electric roads, and telegraph and telephone lines do now.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

PROGRESS IN POULTRY.

When Columbus reached the shores of America there was not a chicken to be seen anywhere. The Indians of the Isles, those of the continent stretching north along the Atlantic, as well as the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Incas of Peru, were wholly unacquainted with the luxury of hen eggs, and had never heard a rooster crow. The wild duck of course was known everywhere that water flowed, and the wild turkey was familiar to the residents from northern Mexico to Hudson Bay, but nowhere in the Americas was there a duplicate of the now so common occupants of the coops and barnyards. It was not until well into the sixteenth century that chickens were imported into the colony of Virginia, and nothing but the common dunghill fowl was known in what is now the United States until the new republic was well under way. So the poultry industry, as we now know it, one of the marvels of the modern world, was practically the growth of the nineteenth century, and principally of the last sixty or seventy years. It was not until the fanciers took up the business and began scientific breeding that the varieties were increased and improved until at present they number more than a hundred.

As explained heretofore in these columns, the original of all our poultry was the jungle fowl which was found wild in India, subsequently domesticated and spread over China, Japan and other countries of Asia. It does not appear, however, that any effort was made in these countries to evolve improved breeds, and in Egypt they still have the exact duplicate of the chickens that pecked in the straw around the pyramids during the reign of the early Pharaohs. The original supply was brought from Asia to Europe, but it is England and America that have been foremost in developing new breeds. The results accomplished by the fanciers in these two countries in recent years have been nothing short of marvelous. By careful selection and mating, persistent experimentation, a system of culling and excluding along the lines taught by the Darwinian philosophy, fowls of all sizes have been produced, from the diminutive bantam to the mammoth Rocks, one a tiny bit of feathered vanity weighing only a few ounces, and the other weighing many pounds.

Results equally as wonderful have been accomplished in color effects. There are varieties in red, black, brown and white, with nearly all possible combinations, besides buff and Andalusian blue. Not content with this, the fanciers have shown that they can lace, stripe, spangle or bar the feathers of their birds in any way to satisfy their individual fancy. In fact, it seems that about all there is left for them to do along this line is to put their initials on the feathers of their birds, which, in the light of what they have already done, is not as impossible as it may sound. While this is interesting, however, it is the commercial feature of the business that commands attention. The magnitude of the business, reviewed from the standpoint of national finances, is truly amazing. Poultry and eggs, as is well known, constitute an important part of the food supply of the country. Indirectly, the business represents an invested capital of hundreds of millions of dollars. One poultry farm alone in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, covers eighty-two acres, thirty-five of which are taken up with the buildings and yard, there being 12,000 square feet of floor space under roof. The owners have a contract for furnishing a large hotel in New York with 600 dozen eggs every week, and another to supply a New York firm with 3,000 dozen weekly. The plant is lighted throughout by electricity, heated by steam and watered by a system of pipes fed by an immense living well. From this one example an idea may be formed of the gigantic proportions reached by the poultry industry in the United States, as there are many other establishments almost as large scattered throughout various States of the Union. The business is growing all the time and what it will eventually develop into under modern inventive genius and American enterprise, stimulated by certainty of great dividends, is beyond the reach of the most far-seeing prophet.—*American Farmer.*

THE WEST AND WALL STREET.

The West has learned to discriminate.

Time was when the West, embittered by hardship, spoke unkindly of the East as an oppressor. That day has passed. For the East, as a section of the nation, are only friendship and sentiments of mutuality. The Westerner no more holds the Eastern business man, manufacturer, or banker, responsible for Wall Street's limelight performers than the East connects the Western farmer with Jesse James.

The West is keenly hopeful and is somewhat proud of the unusual financial power that has come to its hands. This power is the direct gift of fields and herds and flocks. The indications are that it is going to continue; for with the better understanding of how to suit production to climate and how to utilize the discoveries of advanced agriculture, a general and overwhelming crop failure is unlikely. Only a succession of bad years can have permanent effect.

On the other hand, many thinking Westerners, realizing the Western sentiment toward the operators of Wall street, without passing judgment on its correctness, fear the indirect effect of Eastern business stagnation, which would affect the West through alarm in financial circles, as well as in lessening the market for the West's products.

To this extent, they say, the West is an interested party,—but the average Westerner does not study the situation so analytically, and for the present watches the ups and downs of "the street" as he would a lurid drama, himself being merely a spectator.—*From "The Middle West and Wall Street," by Charles Moreau Harger, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.*

GOING TO SCHOOL.

IDA M. HELM.

It was May the fifteenth, the last day of school. Charlie and Annette walked slowly homeward; they finished their work in the district school but they had had longed to go on with their education and fit themselves for the best service possible; they wanted to go to college and to learn and not to loaf; they knew that the object of education is to make men and women, and visions of true and noble men and women rendering the best service to themselves, to the community, to the government and to their God ever hovered before their mind's eye.

But there was one great obstacle in their way; they had no money with which to pay their way to college and they knew that their parents could not afford to give them the needed money. So they walked along and talked of different ways by which it might be possible for them to earn the necessary money.

"Teacher said we ought to be educated in industry as well as in books," said Charlie, "and if we can earn *our own* money with which to pay our way to college, and if we learn rightly to understand and use industrial education it will be a great advantage to us; it will be really the foundation for our book education. Just think of it, Annette, what would education amount to to us without industry?"

"What would it?" replied Annette, "I can answer the question better by referring you to Stephen McShane. You know as well as I do how his education affects him; there is no diligence about him whatever; people say his parents coaxed so for him to go to college that he went, but he went only to have a good time and the year he should have been graduated he came home the week before the examinations began, and of course he never received his diploma. Now he walks around dressed up like a dude and he thinks it's smart not to speak to people that have never been to college. When I was in the store the other day Stephen came in looking grand (?) and I heard Mr. McShane say to him, 'You don't amount to anything; wish I would have put you to work instead of sending you to school and put my money to a better use."

A look of contempt passed over each face as they spoke of the mistaken young dude and they said, "He is a silly fellow," and Annette added, "I guess there are not very many that act like Stephen."

The next day when Charlie came in to dinner Annette said, "Oh Charlie, mamma and I have a fine plan by which I can earn enough money to go to college next winter. Mrs. Love was here this forenoon and she offered me two dollars and a half a week if I will go and help her with her work and take care of the baby. You know she is such a nice woman and is always so kind to her hired girls. I intend to do my best while working for her so I think we will get along all right. There will be fifteen weeks till school begins and if I stay all the time I will have thirty-five dollars. Now if you can earn that much we can both go to college next winter. Of course we won't have any money to spend uselessly, but the object in going to school should be to get an education and not to spend money. We can rent empty rooms and mamma will spare enough furniture from home to furnish them and we will board ourselves so that will not cost us much. Mamma is going to fix my old clothes over so I will not need to buy but very few new ones. Mrs. Lowe has been to college and she says some of the students sell their school books when they have finished them and she is sure I can get them at reduced prices. After I have earned a few dollars Mrs. Lowe will pay me; then I am going to speak to the professor and have him help me to get secondhand books; they will do just as well as new books. What do you think of that, Charlie?"

"Well, that is a fine plan," echoed Charlie. "And your plan brings to my mind an idea that I shall not tell you of till supper time."

All the afternoon Annette wondered what Charlie's plan might be, and when he came in at supper-time her imaginations were swept away by the real being made known to her. He had known for quite a while that Mr. Slocum could not get as many men as he would like to hire to work by the day on his large farm, so in the afternoon he had walked across the woods to the field where he was at work and offered to work for him through the summer. Mr. Slocum said he would give him a dollar for every day he would work for him till harvest begun then he would give him a dollar and a half a day through harvest, and Charlie agreed to begin work on the Monday morning following.

The diligence with which Charlie and Annette worked during the summer and the care and thoughtfulness that they showed for their employers' interests spoke very plainly in favor of their being diligent in their school work and making a success of their education and of their life-work.

The kind of education that people need is the kind that they can make use of, but to spend years in the schoolroom lavishly spending money and giving one's

time to studying books that he will close on commencement day and never open again and perhaps never give them more than a passing thought, is simply a waste of time and money. With a foundation of industry and a good common practical education, one can live a life of usefulness and happiness. For men that the world needs are

"Men of strength, men of faith,
Men of worth and honest toil,
Men, who knowing, dare maintain
The sacred birthright of the soil.

"Men who love their fellow-men,
Men who know their sacred trust,
And in knowing how and when,
Stand for God and all that's just."

R. D. 2, Ashland, Ohio.

SENSE OF SIGHT IN ANTS.

THE old theory that ants could not see and were guided entirely by sense of smell has been demolished by a series of experiments reported in the *Revue Scientifique*. A little platform of cardboard was set up near one of their nests with inclined plane leading conveniently down to the entrance. Then a number of the insects and a quantity of their eggs were placed upon the platform.

For a few minutes the ants seemed greatly perturbed, but they very soon found the inclined plane and at once started carrying the eggs down it to the nest.

A second inclined plane was located on the opposite side of the platform, but they took no notice of it. The experimenters then twisted the platform around so that the second plane pointed to the nest entrance.

Without hesitation the ants ceased using the old plane and took to the new one, showing conclusively, it is argued, that they were not following a trail by scent but were getting their bearings by some other sense.

The next step was to mark some of the ants with a view to seeing whether each individual always used the same path and the same entrance to his nest. It was found that no such thing was the case.

They all seemed to know the entrances and to have a sense of their direction. They struck out new paths for themselves and always reached their destination without fail. This was regarded as establishing some form of vision.

Finally, an electric light bulb was set up near one entrance to the nest. It seemed to have an immediate attraction for the ants, as they unanimously used the entrance on that side coming to and going from the nest. Then it was changed over to the other side, causing great excitement apparently among the insects, which ended in their changing over to the newly illuminated way.

Changes in the brilliancy of the light seemed to have no perceptible effect on the ants, but they never failed to detect the change of direction. All possible precautions were taken to prevent the heat from the lamp from reaching them, so that it is regarded as certain that they perceived the light.—*Sun.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

Watch 'Em.

"The American souvenir hunter will steal anything but a cellar full of water," says Admiral Robley D. Evans.

Yes, and if ever our cellar fills up we are going to watch the high financiers in our neighborhood.

Queerly mixed metaphors are sometimes used in extempore speech even by very good orators. Witness this from Hon. W. E. Gladstone: "We must not take our stand on the shifting sands of schemes which are hatched from day to day." Also this from another member of parliament: "The pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the British army."

She—I saw you in a street car the other evening, Mr. Saxby.

He—Did you? Well, I didn't see you!

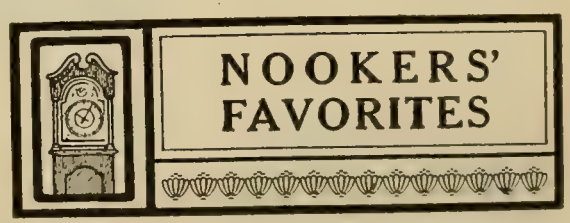
She—I suppose not! I was standing!

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AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,

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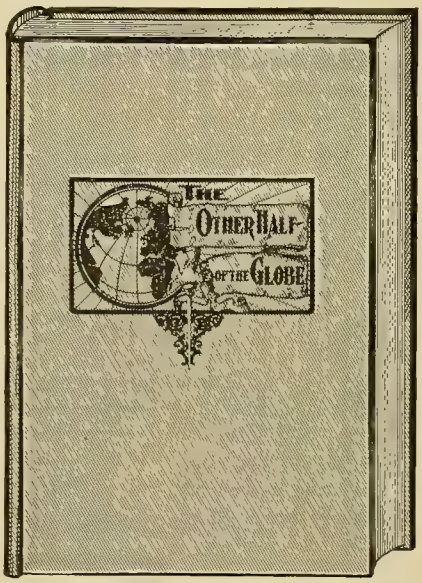
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Biting shorter the short, green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clear brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see,
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

—Alice Cary.

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

Alice Lee stood awaiting her lover one night,
Her cheeks flushed and glowing, her eyes full of light.
She had placed a sweet rose 'mid her wild flowing hair;
No flower of the forest e'er looked half so fair
As she did that night, as she stood by the door
Of the cot where she dwelt by the side of the moor.

Her lover had promised to take her a walk,
And she built all her hopes on a long, pleasant talk;
But the daylight was falling, and also, I ween,
Her temper was fading, 'twas plain to be seen;
For now she'd stand still, then a tune she would hum,
And impatiently mutter, "I wish he would come!"

"You may say what you like, 'tis not pleasant to wait
And William has oft kept me waiting of late;
I know where he stays, 'tis easy to tell,
He spends many an hour at the sign of the Bell;
I wish he would keep from such places away,
His rakish companions do lead him astray."

She heard a quick step, and her young heart beat fast
As she said, "I am glad he is coming at last;"
But it was only a neighbor who hastened to speak,
And he marked the quick flush on the young maiden's cheek
As his aged eye twinkled with pleasure and glee,
As he merrily said, "So you're waiting, I see."

"Now don't at all think I'm intending to blame,
For love ought ne'er be a subject of shame;
But I tell you to warn you. I fancy, my lass,
Young William is getting too fond of the glass!
And, oh! if you wish for the love that endures,
Say that the lips that touch liquor shall never touch yours."

He went on his way, but the truth he'd impressed
Took root and sank deep in the young maiden's breast,
And strange things she scarce could account for before
Now appeared quite plain, as she pondered them o'er.
She then said, with a look of deep sorrow and fright,
"I really believe that the old man is right.

"When William next comes I will soon let him know
He must give up the liquor, or else he must go;
'Twill be a good chance, no doubt, to prove
If he is really sincere in his vows of deep love;
He must give up at once and forever the wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

She heard a quick step coming over the moor,
And a merry voice which she had oft heard before,
And ere she could speak a strong arm held her fast,
And a manly voice whispered, "I've come, love, at last.
I'm sorry that I've kept you waiting like this,
But I know you'll forgive me, then give me a kiss."

But she shook her bright curls on her beautiful head,
And she drew herself up while quite proudly she said,
"Now, William, I'll prove if you really are true,
For you say that you love me—I don't think you do;
If really you love me you must give up the wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

He looked quite amazed. "Why, Alice, 'tis clear
You really are getting quite jealous, my dear."
"In that you are right," she replied; "for, you see,
You'll soon love the liquor far better than me.
I'm jealous, I own, of the poisonous wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

He turned, then, quite angry, "Confound it!" he said,
"What nonsense you've got in your dear little head;
But I'll see if I cannot remove it from hence."
She said, "'Tis not nonsense, 'tis plain common sense:
And I mean what I say, and this you will find,
I don't often change when I've made up my mind."

He stood all irresolute, angry, perplexed:
She never before saw him look half so vexed;
But she said, "If he talks all his life I won't flinch;"
And he talked, but he never could move her an inch.
He then bitterly cried, with a look and a groan,
"Alice, your heart is as hard as a stone."

But though her heart beat in his favor quite loud,
She still firmly kept to the vow she had vowed;
And at last, without even a tear or a sigh,
She said, "I am going, so, William, good-bye."
"Nay, stay," he then said, "I'll choose one of the two—
I'll give up the liquor in favor of you."

Now, William had often great cause to rejoice
For the hour he had made sweet Alice his choice;
And he blessed through the whole of a long, useful life,
The fate that had given him his dear little wife.
And she, by her firmness, won to us that night
One who in our cause is an ornament bright.

Oh! that each fair girl in our abstinence band
Would say: "I'll ne'er give my heart or my hand
Unto one who I ever had reason to think
Would taste one small drop of the vile, cursed drink;"
But say, when you are wooed, "I'm a foe to the wine,
And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

—Harriet A. Glazebrook.

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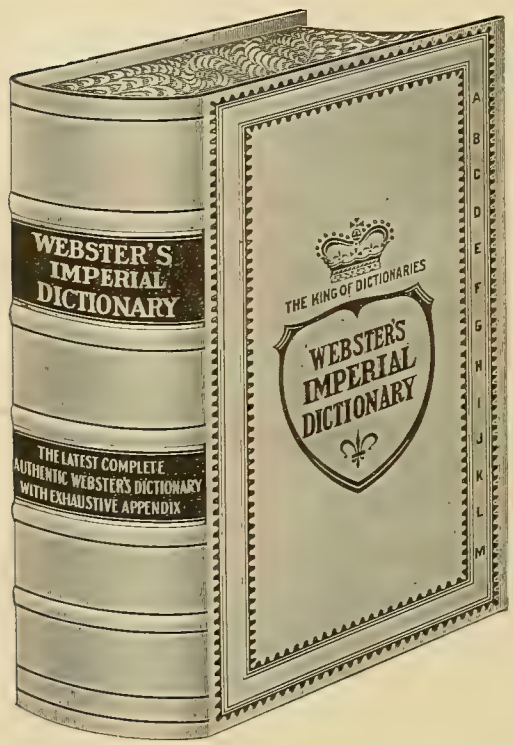
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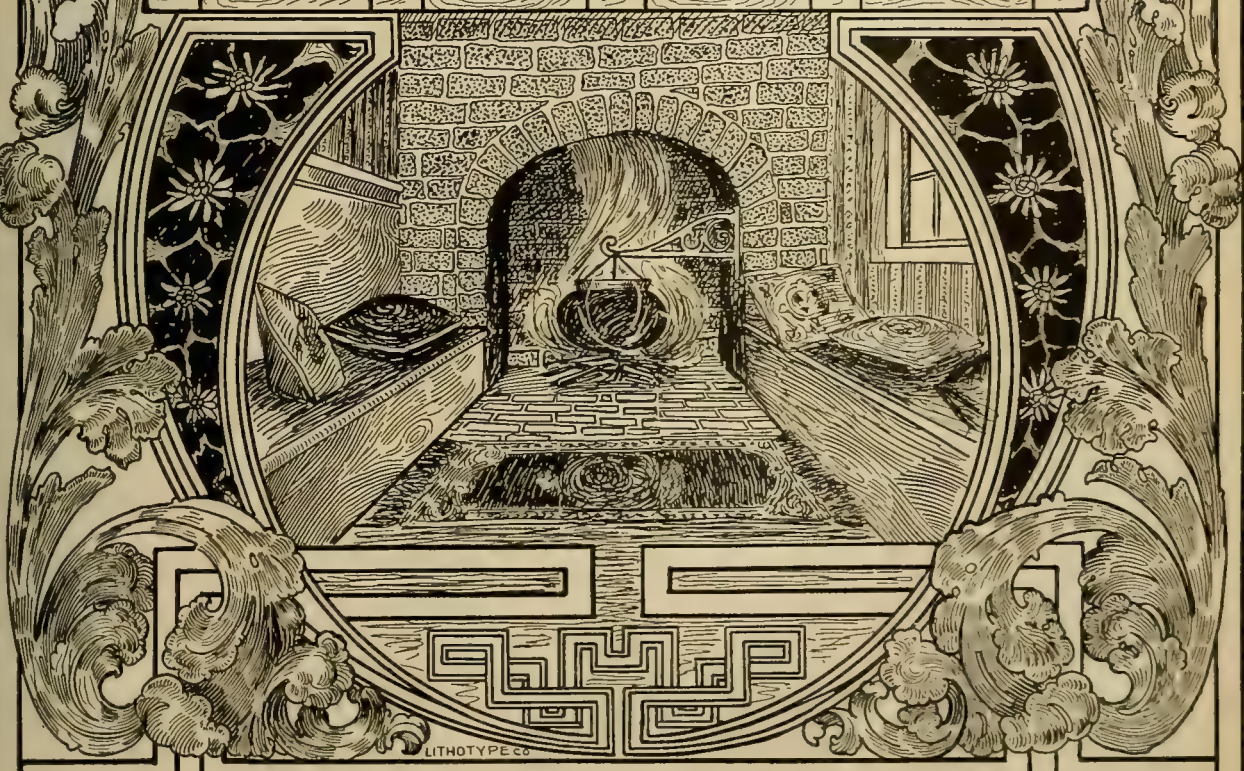
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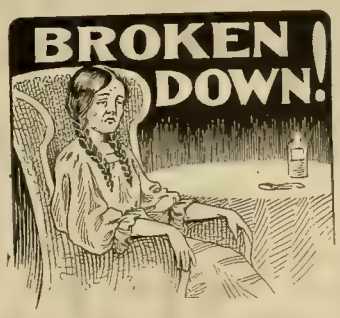
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

Lomita, California

By permission of Messrs. W. I. Hollingsworth and company I shall talk to you this week about church or godly matters. As heretofore announced the Company has set apart six lots on Brethren Avenue, worth about $800, for church purposes. These lots were dedicated to the Lord by prayer, by Elder S. R. Zug, of Elizabethtown, Pa., at the close of the last Annual Meeting, and it is our desire to labor to have a neat churchhouse on those lots early next year or sooner if possible. There is no churchhouse nearer than four or five miles. This community, made up largely of steady Germans, is favorable to our purposes.

It certainly is a good wish that a goodly number of industrious and holy members should be moved by the Spirit to come hither to help build up the cause. Quite a number have so promised, and it is further desired that among the number coming there may be plenty of young, earnest, self-denying members who can do work for Christ in the surrounding towns.

God did not put all the temporal blessings at one place but wisely distributed them, leaving quite a number at Lomita. Come and help develop them. I am trying by the help of our dear Father to keep the spiritual life above the temporal things, and in this I know our Lord will be my partner. I am not looking for human "bosses," lovers of manhonor, but I do pray for makers of the life that now is and that to come." Feeders of the flock of God are heartily welcome but no place for those who scatter the sheep with mere opinions. **"What does God say in His WORD,"** this counts in Lomita just as it counts elsewhere. The Diatrophes can do us no good, but the Johns and Marys can be powers for good. All of John 13: 35 practiced all the time means great increase both in holiness and in numbers. We can have a model people if we all will.

Once organized into a working band, then with a good house to worship in, the grounds set to God's beautiful flowers and shrubbery, and a clean people prompt to study the truth and just as prompt to obey it, Lomita certainly can be a praise to our beloved Father. But we dare not expect all honey, for where there are honey gatherers, there hornets may come and create great commotion. I have seen very good hives of bees badly damaged by a few determined and vicious hornets. Whole congregations have been wrecked by human yellow-jackets. They do nothing but use their stingers.

The land company very kindly gave the opportunity to those members who first come to purchase at a figure somewhat below the regular price because the first ones usually have the most hardships and their earnest efforts are sure to enhance the value of the other's lands. I hope those who contemplate a change will take advantage of this offer before outsiders pick up all the tracts adjoining the town site. The Company platted only ten acres for town purposes leaving the future to those who purchase next to town to increase the village. Usually no such chances are given to settlers. It certainly is worth something to have your acreage right by the town.

Each settler ought to have some means for a house and to purchase such things as are necessary to begin. The more money the better to make things come quickly. Of course, in the spring a crop of potatoes, and other vegetables will go far towards helping out in the necessities. One should grow first, the things that take a short time to mature for market. With sufficient water and plenty of brain and muscle, one ought to get on where things grow for market nearly every month in the year. If a lving can be made where the productions grow only a few months and storage must be resorted to that the other months may bring the living, what may be done where the food stuffs grow every month? Could you make a living under such conditions? I can. It is up to you as to what you can do. The WILL has much to do with it.

I want you, however to come and investigate for yourself, and not be influenced wholly by me nor at all by any one who does not know just what is at Lomita. Consult people who have made a success here, and you can then form a more correct judgment. There are altogether too many people trying to tell something about countries of which they know nothing but heresay or from unjust prejudices. Let us be above this worldly kind of business. I shall take pleasure in time to come as I have in time past, in being of service to my Brothers and Sisters and to any other for their good.

I remain yours in Love of Jesus.

M. M. ESHELMAN,
314 Wilcox Building,
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An Important Date

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150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act Will Be Thrown Open For Entry on October 1, 1907

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THE BRETHREN

should now be arranging to go to the opening for entry of 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal in Idaho on **Oct. 1, 1907.**

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will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907.

Table of Rates

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. AUGUST 6, 1907. No. 32.

Seeing the West Through the Eyes of a Missourian

Ada Kircher

In Five Parts. Part Two.

NEXT morning Grandma looked very bad and said she felt like she wanted some coffee, so our near neighbor and I started to find that gas range we had been told about. We went the entire length of the ten cars only to be told by the conductor that the range was at the other end of the train, so we retraced our steps. There we were told that they had the range aboard all right but unfortunately had no gas. Soon the conductor returned from the other end of the car and told us that it was a mistake, they had the gas all right, which I had never doubted, but had no range.

We were in southeastern Colorado, in the claim section. We saw sod houses here and there. The first irrigating ditches came into view, also the prairie dogs were sometimes visible. Then we saw a pack of wolves and we began to realize we were in the "Wild West."

We saw some stock grazing upon the plains but not nearly as many as I expected. At home we put twelve to fifteen head upon a twenty-acre pasture with the assurance that if it is at all a seasonable grass year there will be an abundance of grass for all.

Out here they told me it would take fifteen acres to pasture one head the entire season and I do not doubt it at all, and furthermore believe that oftentimes fifteen acres, and more, too, are not enough and the cattle and other stock die of starvation, judging by the number of dead carcasses we saw. I am sure I saw by far more dead stock than live stock. I am not speaking of southeastern Colorado alone, I am speaking of the southwest generally.

We met a sister from northeastern Colorado and Mrs. C. asked her how they manage to make a living in Colorado. I felt very sorry for the sister, so I asked Mrs. C. if she would like to have Missouri judged by the Ozarks.

We stopped at a little station called Bloom. There was some trouble with the engine, so we got out to look for the Bloom. There was no bloom to be seen on anything and not much of anything that could ever hope to put forth a bloom. I pulled up a stalk of buffalo grass and found it reached into the ground three inches and it's no telling how much farther down its roots ran. I also took a twig of sagebrush with me from this city of Bloom that arose so stately and serenely out of the desert. It was a very peculiar city,—a city of one house—and the occupants were visible at doors and windows. I perceived a boy with jaws swollen and handkerchief tied thereabout, and I became alarmed lest the mumps were abroad in the land, and I went inside where I confided my fears to a good sister from Kansas, telling her also that I always had been taking everything contagious obtainable even if I had had it before. To which she replied, "Oh! I don't think its the mumps. Why, there is nobody to catch them from way out here." At this place I saw the first alkaline pools I had ever seen and shouldn't have known what they were had not a kind sister told me. I just thought somebody had spilled a barrel of salt.

Presently a bird flew by,—the first I had seen that day, and further along there were four burros too lazy to lift their heads as we passed.

We next saw the Spanish Peaks. They are very beautiful. They are a beautiful misty blue at the foot, shaded to a white at the top, a bright and shining white. They seem to be playing hide and seek with us, sometimes in sight and sometimes out of sight.

There seems to be no thing in this country for miles and miles but sagebrush and sand with an occasional cactus or a few cypress trees.

Just before we reached Trinidad we saw some very beautiful mountain scenery. We also entered another irrigating section where they raise alfalfa and sagebrush and buy everything they eat, judging from the amount of tin cans we saw scattered round and indeed we soon became so proficient that we could tell just what sized town we were approaching by the

amount of tin cans and rubbish we saw scattered round.

Through this section of country we saw many sod houses and adobe houses, which are very beautiful when finished nicely. Somewhere I remember seeing one containing six rooms and several verandas. It was truly a modern western castle.

We entered another typical western town containing but one house other than the sod houses. That one was the ever-present Indian addition that we find in every southwestern town.

Alkali seems to be plentiful and does not make a secret of itself like hard-pan does at home. That's one advantage for the land-buyer in this section.

South of us there was a big blue wall and I could not help wondering how people tell out here when it is going to storm. I would be looking continually if I lived out here. At a distance the mountains look so like a big, heavy cloud.

At Trinidad every one detrained for a rest and to look at the beautiful station house and hotel. It is called Cardenas. It is made of a rough concrete in old mission style, having a tile roof. It is of rectangular shape, open on the south and encloses all except the south side of a plot of grass with a fountain in the center.

At almost every place we stopped for lunch we found one of those splendid eating houses and stations and they were invariably built in old mission architectural style.

As we traveled through the mountains we saw several dugouts. The mountains are covered with pines, cedars, hemlocks and spruce trees, possibly others I did not learn to know.

We saw several mining towns. They were built of tents and box houses. I wondered why people build all other kinds of houses when stone is so plentiful.

Springer is a town in an irrigating section among the foothills. Water seemed to be plentiful. Everything looked well, but why have spring wagons covers on them and the fence posts rocks piled around them?

In many places in this country one can go for miles and never see a house or a person, and one is made to feel as if we can truly say to the immigrants, "Room for all, my brother, come."

The sky was so blue, the air so balmy and we knew we were again nearing an oasis. Then we saw a river and later a little town called Shoemaker and back of the Shoemaker's was a cement factory. In this town the houses were made with the lath and cement on the outside and then painted.

We saw nothing but cliffs with trees growing on the edge for a long distance. What an opening for the cement industry! Occasionally we saw a green spot where someone had built a nest and made use of the river.

At Las Vegas there is another of those splendid Mission Lunching Pavilions.

Now I know what a corral is. When the Westerners come to our country they call the pig pens the corral. The cow lot is the same, and the horse lot receives the same cognomen. The chicken run fares no better than the rest and so I wondered how these vastly different places could all be a corral. Now I see they have a round lot and only one. We would call it a lot made either of stone or logs and that is the only fence far or near.

We wound around among the mountains for hours with an occasional snow-capped peak in view. Mrs. C. said she was very tired of them, and to be strictly honest I was wanting to see some prairie for a change, but I would not acknowledge for the world that I was tired of the mountains because I lost too much sleep over my anxiety to get my first view of them the night before.

We were now passing through red country. The soil was very red and I saw so many saloons. I am wondering if the towns weren't sufficient to be painted red and if some of the painting had reached over into the country.

My companion was very tired, so we decided to retire early and not get out at Albuquerque because we would not reach there until late at night. However, we had no more than comfortably disposed of ourselves until the call came that we would be in Albuquerque in fifteen minutes and would stop to see the Indian Museum. "What shall we do?" asked Mrs. C. "Make ourselves presentable some way or another as quick as we can and go," said I, which we did. We were all ready by the time we reached there, that is, as nearly ready as most people were that went, for it seems as if nearly everyone had retired.

The museum contained everything made by Indians, showed their way of living, even the camp-fire was imitated by an electric light. It also contained a fine collection of Mexican drawn work and tennerife lace.

Thus ended our second day's journey towards the Jerusalem of the West, Los Angeles.

TENNYSON'S "IDYLS OF THE KING."

LEON F. BEERY.

All through this poem there is one main theme,—the war between Sense and Soul; and this is exemplified most strongly in the criminal love of Lancelot and Guinevere. That is the hinge on which the whole story swings. Were it not for that, the tale would doubtless be quite different. Of course others of the Round Table were spoiled in character by Sense get-

ting the better of Soul, but the former deceitfulness is the principal action of the plot.

In following up the war between Sense and Soul in the different characters, let us first look at the king himself. Arthur was a good king, the best of his time. He was pure and right, and just in all his dealings with the people of his kingdom. Never was any guile or wickedness in his heart, and he maintained this standard of goodness and purity and justice to the end. Soul probably had many a hard fight with Sense in his life, but Soul nearly always came out victor. There is scarce a single instance where Arthur yields to Sense. His speech beginning with line 419 of "Guinevere," in which he gently rebukes her for her fault, and the calm submission with which he realizes the fate of his order, and his words in lines 408 to 410 of the "Passing of Arthur," clearly show the predominance of Soul in the heart, and that he is resigned to the circumstances and knows that the time has come when the old order must change and yield place to the new.

With Lancelot the greatest sensual sin is his criminal love for Guinevere, the Queen. Arthur, in creating his knights, made them vow to live faithful to their own wives, if they had any, and to show no partiality to the wife of any other particular man. Lancelot broke this vow in the aforesaid way. This crime was the thing which started the downfall of the court. And yet in spite of this Lancelot was one of the best knights of Arthur.

Gareth is another example of one in whom Soul nearly always had the victory. Perhaps the first outburst of any predominance of Sense is when he asks for his boon in line 632 of "Gareth and Lynette." In all probability he was somewhat elated over his mother's taking away the condition she imposed upon him at first, and was anxious to show what he could do. However, in the whole journey to Castle Perilous with the maiden, he shows a good spirit, and never once gets angry at her slurs. Again, when he fights with the supposed "Death," when, as he splits the helm, a blooming boy is revealed, he shows mercy, and does not kill, but has a feast and makes merry over him.

As an example of the so-called "bad knights," who let Sense get the better of them, let us take Tristram. The sin of Tristram consists in deserting his wife, Isolt of the White Hand, and paying attention to Isolt the wife of Mark, king of Britain. His murder by Mark is the just reward of his wickedness.

Now on the woman's side of the court we will first look at Guinevere, the Queen. As before stated, her great sin was her love for Lancelot. A realization of the consequences of this sin is more or less apparent to her all the time, but it comes to her most strongly when the end is drawing nigh, and especially when Modred espies the two together. It is shown in line 53 and following in "Guinevere." And again she realizes the result when Modred again catches them unawares, their final meeting-place having been betrayed by the sly Vivien. The Queen knew from the first that she was doing wrong, but she kept letting Sense get the better of Soul, and thus came to the end she did.

Lynette is a very good example of the alternating dominance of Sense and Soul. When Gareth was chosen for the quest she asked for, she showed a spirit of indignation, which was perhaps justifiable, considering that Gareth was then but a kitchen knave. All along on the journey to the castle where her sister was imprisoned she showed the same spirit, even till after the second warrior had been conquered, and Gareth is having a hard fight with the third, when she exclaims, "Strike, strike, the wind will never change again." From then on Soul is on top, and she recognizes the worthiness of Gareth, and as this recognition ripens into friendship and love, she at last, as told by Tennyson, weds Gareth.

Enid generally had Soul uppermost in her heart. When Geraint commanded her that morning to ride on before and speak not a word she calmly obeyed as far as her conscience would let her. Even in the trying situation with Earl Doorm she dares to cross his will, and remains constant to Geraint. The Earl supposing him dead, insults Enid in such a manner that Geraint, who was not dead, suddenly springs upon him and kills him with a single blow. After that Geraint is changed and he and Enid live together in joy and peace.

GLENSONSIE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Glensonsie, I love thee, I love thy green hills,
Thy tangles of copsewood, thy bright, sparkling rills.
How often the mem'ry of happy days steals
O'er me as I wander among thy green fields.
The quail in the clover, the dove in the trees,
The loud-screaming jaybird, the hum of the bees,
The bark of the squirrel so blithesome and free,
That call back my boyhood, are music to me.

Glensonsie, I love thee, I wish not to roam
To countries far distant, for here is my home.
'Tis true here I've labored till down o'er my brow
The moisture was streaming, but what care I now?
By the sweat of our faces we all eat our bread
And he who will toil not had better be dead.
My wife and my children have lightened each care,
In each joy and sorrow have had a full share.

Glensonsie, I love thee, 'twas here in my prime
That gray in my temples was scattered by time.
Yet love I to linger beside the small rill
That flows by the cot on the uppermost hill.
If brilliant with verdure, or glittering with snow;
When fanned by the zephyrs, or when piercing winds blow,
Thou ever art lovely. Till life's sun shall set,
Glensonsie, I love thee, and ne'er can forget.

Mulberry Grove, Illinois.

The Catbird -- Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

THE outskirts of the woodland border, the thickets in the meadows and the honeysuckles in the garden harbor one of our sweetest and loveliest songsters, the catbird. While it is called "saucy" by some persons, it is so confiding along with its familiarity that one can but love it the more for its impertinence.

The catbird is very neat and trim, both male and female being alike. It winters from southern Illinois southward to Cuba, Mexico and Central America. It is a cousin to the house wren, but the sub-family to which the catbird belongs is composed of the thrashers and mocking birds. It is the best mimic among the birds that come north, and deserves the name of northern mocking bird. This would be much more appropriate, for its present name has added much to the disrepute of the bird. The upper parts are of a dark slate color; its crown and tail dull black. It comes to us about the middle of April, and leaves for the South in November. Most of our familiar birds are very wild and unapproachable in their winter homes. The robin and catbird rarely enter gardens in the South, the latter preferring the seclusion of the dense underwood in the forest, the former being more abundant in larger woods.

Carefully open the canopy of dense green of an upright honeysuckle or mock orange in the garden and discover the glossy, emerald green eggs, three to five in number, in a nest well made of sticks, leaves, weeds and strips of bark, and lined with fine rootlets. The breeding season begins in May and they frequently rear two broods of young.

The catbird picks up from the ground every worm, grasshopper, bug, beetle and caterpillar it can find. Chinch bugs, weevils and cutworms make up a considerable portion of its insect food. There is no mistaking the fact that this bird sometimes causes serious annoyance to fruit growers. This trouble is met with chiefly in the prairie countries of the West. F. E. L. Beal in *Farmer's Bulletin* No. 54, of the United States Dept. of Agriculture, says that with the settlement of the western prairies comes the extensive planting of orchards, vineyards and small fruit gardens, which furnish shelter and nesting sites for the catbird as well as other species, but without providing the native fruits upon which they have been accustomed to feed. Cultivated fruits can be protected by the planting of such wild fruits as are preferred by the birds. Some experiments have been made with caged catbirds and it was found that the fruit of the Russian mulberry was preferred to any cultivated fruit that could be offered. In the eastern and wellwooded parts of the country a large part of the vegetable food is obtained from wild vines, wild cherries, sour gum, dogwood, elder berries, greenbrier, spice berries, black alder, sumach and poison ivy.

As a singer the catbird ranks high. Even the note which gives it its name, is not disagreeable. It is a soft "mi-eu," very much like the cry of a small kitten, and is uttered softly or loudly, according to the state of emotion. This summer a pair of catbirds made their home near the house, and we soon became quite intimate friends. They come to the door for the crumbs which are thrown out to them, and, as if fearing their breakfast may not be ready early enough, I am frequently awakened about four o'clock in the morning by their fluttering about the open window of my bedroom. Their singing has been a delight ever since they came, and I am hoping they will return next year. One day I heard, as I at first supposed, an oriole singing. But after listening for a short time I thought I detected a soft "mi-ew" at the close of each strain. To make sure I started in search of the singer and soon had the pleasure of focusing my glasses on the bird, and found it to be what I had suspected—a catbird. If it had left off the last note the imitation would have been perfect. For weeks that bird sang the oriole's song every day from morning till night.



The Catbird.
Courtesy of American Homes and Gardens.

Passing along the street the other day I heard excited cries from a pair of catbirds nearby. I began looking for the cause and found a young bird on the ground thoroughly soaked by a recent shower. It was evidently just beginning to fly, and the added weight of the water-soaked feathers made it impossible for it to fly from the ground. I placed it on the fence where the old birds immediately joined it.

Spiceland, Ind.

The Personality of Jesus Christ

Henry W. Mack

THE life of Jesus Christ was pre-eminently the life of the spirit. He blessed those whom he met by radiating to them a part of his own beautiful inner life. When men came near him they experienced a congenial warmth of feeling as exhilarating as the springtime sun and rain on beds of flowers. Back of what he said and did was a reassuring Personality. There was something in the man more convincing than even his message; something which made men say, "I don't know why, but I can't help but believe this thing—I feel it to be so."

Jesus Christ dealt in great soul worths and measured everything in terms of its ultimate value. Those ultimate values were always the great things of spirit and soul. He always knew, but it is just dawning upon us, that spirit is the only reality. He kept his finger on the pulse-beat of the times and interpreted the everyday experiences of mankind in the light of its spiritual significance.

Jesus must have been an aspiring soul,—he never drifted. He always had definite things on hands to do and held his life tenaciously to great purposes. He grew into the consciousness of his work as surely as the great painter feels his to be with color and canvas, or as Milton came into the consciousness that he was to help the race up by his immortal epics. Like all men who live primarily the life of the spirit he had a tremendous consciousness of God. This is apparent at twelve years of age when he is found in the temple "about his Father's business" and is emphasized throughout his teachings. He felt the best in him to be like unto God himself; and coming so early into this great consciousness of the closeness of God, his spiritual growth began early, yet his was only a perfectly natural, normal development under the same spiritual laws by which we grow and expand. This one thing he was careful of, however: *He made everything in him and about him incidental to his spiritual development.* The evolution of soul in him was rapid indeed but not more so than is possible with any of us if we can keep the conditions for its growth so auspicious as he did. But there's where we fall down. If we could live in the limpid, pure atmosphere of the spiritual heights where Jesus Christ was always found we could approach somewhat of his psychic or soul development. His largeness of soul then was the key to his matchless personality. Now let us try to discover a few things fundamental to this largeness of soul.

First of all, it is *keeping our attention concentrated at all times upon the great things of spirit and soul.* It is being open and responsive at all times to all impressions of him which we may get through our mind, our senses and our hearts. Browning says it is seeing God

"In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
* * * The submission of man's nothing—perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to his feet."

It is reflecting in our own lives the best in the lives of our friends and being tolerant of their opinions. Hardly anything contributes more to personality. It is searching for the truth at all times and thinking incessantly about the great questions of life and immortality. "What am I here for? Where did I come from? Where am I going? What to me is God?" are the important things to think about. In short it is progressing in things of soul and getting closer to God every day of life. "If happily we can find out God," wrote Paul to his congregation.

A second condition for largeness of soul is *absolute self-control.* Dr. King says. "The problem of character is ultimately the problem of self-control." Self-control comes through the will. That is why God endowed us with wills. Possibly I cannot will not to think about a thing, but I can will to think about some other thing. In this way I can always think about worthy things.

There are many things to be controlled, but perhaps nothing more so than our own emotions. We should school ourselves in avoiding periods of great emotional excitement, whether of joy or fear or what not. Nothing is more detrimental to psychical development than emotional excesses. There's no real soul development in the emotions attending shouting or hallelujah preaching and praying. God doesn't do things under such high tension. It's too dangerous The reaction is inevitable. After all, we always settle down to the "c-major of life." Nothing is more exhaustive of nervous energy, therefore nothing can be more contrary to permanent healthy development. "Moderation in all things" was found to be essential way back in the twilight of history and it hasn't lost any ground. Student on the football field, don't go mad over your victory; young man in a quandary, keep cool, Christ always kept so; and ye who are studying for his kingdom be calm always.

There are other things in which self-control should be exercised. Our ambitions, our passions need lots of it. We need a great deal of it to hold our ambitions rigidly to a strictly spiritual development. It takes self-control to refrain from thinking envious thoughts about our associates who are getting along faster than we are; and self-control when we keep silent in-

(Continued on Page 755.)

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XXI.—Significant Names.

"YOU must not speak so loud, Sibyl," rebuked Stella, almost in a whisper. Then added: "Yes, I know that Clifford's books and clothes and little toys are very dear to Aunt Katharine."

"She's upstairs cryin' over them now," whispered Sibyl back. "I saw her when I brung the dickshunary. I don't know the day since I'm at Shady Brook as she has not looked over all his things. An' then to think as Mrs. Treadle cum an' told her that it was 'stravagant an' sinful like to keep them things locked up, when she might be wearin' them on Lily. She told Mrs. Chester as how by doin' so she was not follerin the example o' the Lord and his basketful o' fragments. I settled the varmint, though, the other day when you and Mrs. Chester went down the Holly to see that poor sick gal, by tellin' her as she was only a victim fit for the lunytic asylum."

"Oh, Sibyl!" cried Stella in amazement, "you surely did not speak like that?"

"Yes, I did, though, I took it as long as she throwed her 'flections straight at me, but when she said as she hoped the Lord would be merciful an' forgive Mrs. Chester, I couldn't stand it nohow."

"I don't know what Uncle Benjamin and Aunt Katharine would say if they knew you spoke like that," remonstrated Stella. "Mama told me once that it is impolite to contradict persons older than one's self."

"Mrs. Chester told me so more as once, but I'm a sinner like everything, an' when the sperrit strives I do things," and something choked her.

"Well, brighten up now, Sibyl," entreated Stella, "and let us find the meaning of those names. See! here is Benjamin; that means 'comfort' and 'blessing,' and is a true definition, for I know Uncle Benjamin is a great comfort and blessing to Aunt Katharine. Mama says he is."

"An' to everybody else what knows him," adds Sibyl.

"Then here is Katharine," continues Stella, scanning the pages of the dictionary. That means 'purity' and is a true definition also."

"There never was a corrector meanin'," comments Sibyl." "Now what does Clifford mean? We'll, take 'em in turns, you know."

"I can't find that name," replies Stella, running her fingers down the margin.

"Well, it don't make no difference. I know as it means 'angel' anyhow; for Mrs. Chester allus glances up'ard when she says that name."

"I believe, too, that it does," answers Stella. "And that makes me think of something which I must tell you: Once when Aunt Katharine took Clifford and I walking, a lady paused to admire Clifford with his golden curls and large blue eyes. Everyone thought him beautiful and this lady said that he looked just like an angel."

"An' now he is one," whispered Sibyl.

"Yes. That lady said that all that was wanting then was wings."

"An' now I spose he's got them, too," suggests Sibyl.

"I think so," answers Stella. "He used to often dream about shadows floating over him; he called them white shadows. Mama says she thinks they were the wings of angels."

"Oh," exclaims Sibyl, "don't stop,—tell me some more!"

"Well," confides Stella, "I remember how Aunt Katharine's eyes immediately filled with tears when the lady said that; and how she always looked so far away when Clifford spoke about his dreams. I did not understand it then, but Mama told me afterwards that Aunt Katharine always thought he would not live long."

"I wonder why?" almost breathlessly questions Sibyl.

"I do not know," replies Stella with trembling lips "unless it was that his hair was so very yellow and his face so very, very white."

"Well, don't speak about it any more—just now," says Sibyl, noting how that memory moves her. "Now what does Lily mean?"

"Sweetness."

"Well, I tell you there never was a sweeter lily than that one layin' in the cradle yonder," declares Sibyl.

"Now here is Stella; that means a 'star.' Uncle Benjamin always calls me his star. He says I often

cause him to look heavenward. Isn't that a beautiful thought, Sibyl?"

"Yes; now find Sibyl!"

"I can't find that name either," declares Stella after much searching.

"Do you think it might mean strivin' sperrit?" queries Sibyl.

"Indeed, I cannot tell," Stella acknowledges with a rather suspicious air.

"Or ugliness, p'r'aps," continues Sibyl.

There is a painful pause, then she persists: "Do you think I am so very ugly, Stella?"

The honest Stella looks completely puzzled. "It is wrong to tell a falsehood, Sibyl; and—and I do not like to tell you the truth," she adds in her childish frankness.

Sibyl is not offended, but meekly asks: "Can't you see nothin' purty about me?"

"Yes," answers Stella, with a glad smile, "when you speak to Lily and talk about poetry I often see something in your eyes that is almost beautiful."

"Thank you. Now find Mrs. Trot an' Mrs. Treadle."

"Oh Sibyl, those are surnames and are not found in this list."

"Well, it don't make no difference," quoth Sibyl. "I know as Trot means gadabout, an' Treadle means to be on top yourself an' tramp the heart and feelin's out o' other people."

Chapter XXII.—Glimpses from beneath the Foaming Goblet.

AGAIN it is darkness. The hour is midnight; and by the dull light of a few lamps here and there, one can determine the place of the scene to be that of the Foaming Goblet.

"Don't be in a hurry about leaving," urges the proprietor. "It is not every day that a man has the money to spend; when he does have, let him spend it upon himself. Who has a better right to enjoy it?"

"Perhaps so," assents the young man, holding out his glass to be refilled. "Mary grieved terribly about me keeping late hours at first, but she is becoming reconciled; at least she scarcely speaks about it now."

"You are to be congratulated upon your wisdom," declares the host as he refills the glass. "There is nothing like steeling one's self against his wife's tears at the beginning. Right here is where too many young men make the mistake and enjoy none of life's good things in consequence." This piece of warning he gave in a loud voice, for the benefit of his guests in general, and several newly-wedded husbands in particular.

"Yes, sir," he continued, perceiving that he held the attention of all present, "right here is where too many men make the mistake; give in to a woman once and you are tied to her apron strings for ever."

"My belief, Mr. Macdonald," ventured one man, arising and reaching for his hat, "is that woman should not be spoken of in such disrespectful terms."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," immediately answered the proprietor with his blandest grin. "I meant no disrespect to the ladies, I do assure you. Woman is an important factor of man's life; indeed we could not do without her. But that she is subordinate to man is proven by all laws, human and divine. The point I wished to make was this: that the sooner man makes this authority practicable, or in other words, the sooner he accepts and ennobles this God-given power, the greater and more universal is the respect which the wife will render him." This successful dealer in souls nad been in the business long enough to know just how high to bid for stock and when.

So he grinned once more as the newly-wedded husband resumed his seat, and proffered a treat to all the company.

And while they tipped the sparkling glasses a haggard face peered through the door; a face upon which the pangs of struggle and failure and despair were written; a face which wore the expression of a man who had been hunted by some evil foe or passion, and from whom God's good angel had turned away. It was the face of poor John Deane.

His foot was already upon the threshold. For one moment the haggard face was seen, then turned into the darkness and was gone.

"That Deane?" cried several of the guests. "How strange that he did not come in!"

"Very strange indeed!" replied the man who dealt in souls.

* * *

FRANCIS MURPHY.

AT his home in southern California, on the thirtieth of June, there passed from earth the soul of a man who led many men to abandon drink. Francis Murphy was the leader of a great pledge-signing crusade beginning about thirty years ago, and this eloquent and earnest pleader with men led many thousands to sign the pledge to abstain from intoxicants.

In an old Bible of mine is a dingy little card to which I signed my name when perhaps fourteen years old. It was my pledge to never drink intoxicants and I am glad to say that I have kept that pledge. It was signed in a "blue ribbon" or "Murphy meeting" in one of the churches of our town, about fifty miles from Pittsburg. Mr. Murphy was stirring that city with his appeals, and speakers went out to the near-by places. I walked three miles to town that night to hear the temperance lecture, and was thrilled by his address. I never had any intention of drinking intoxicants and perhaps would not have done so even had

I not signed the pledge, but I am satisfied that I recorded myself as I did.

Mr. Murphy was born in Ireland about seventy years ago. He was for a long time a drunkard, and his story starts with the work of a sympathetic Christian man in a Portland, Maine, jail where Francis Murphy was serving a sentence for illegal liquor selling. Captain Cyrus Sturdivant, a man of faith, asked the sheriff for permission to talk with the prisoners. Mr. Murphy tells of this meeting in "The Lincoln Legion":

"To Captain Sturdivant, if I have been of any use in the world, under God, I owe all of it. He commenced his work on the Sabbath day. The great, dark entrance door was opened to the Christian people. Quite a number had collected together, and they came in singing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' I was sitting on the little iron bedstead in my cell, when the keeper came to the door, and looking at me said:

"'Mr. Murphy, we would like to have you come out and attend religious services.'

"'Please excuse me; I will remain here, and not disturb your people,' was my prompt reply.

"'Come out; these people are your friends; they will not injure you,' persisted the keeper.

"There was something so kind and agreeable in the face of the man, that it produced a disposition of assent within me, and touched my heart. Yet my answer was:

"'I would sooner stay here.'

"'Come on, Mr. Murphy,' he continued.

"At this I concluded I would go. Oh, how my heart had ached for a kind word! For someone to say, 'Can I do anything for you?' I then responded:

"'I will go out with you, I believe.'

"I rose from my seat, stepped out of the little open door, walked about ten paces, and sat down with the rest of the prisoners. There was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. His back was turned toward me as I walked along the corridor. When he turned about, he was weeping as a mother sometimes weeps for her child. As I looked at his face, I asked myself, 'Who is he weeping for; has he lost a son?' No, it was evident that he had a heart for others. He was telling of God's goodness. His words were very sweet to me. He spoke to us of hungry wives and children. And, at that moment, it seemed I could see my poor wife and children before me. As he continued to talk, it seemed to me that my imagination never realized so powerfully as it did at that time, the presence of the objects of my affections. My children seemed to be about me; and my dear wife was standing in my presence, as calm and patient as ever, saying not one word. I queried, 'Does any one care for me? I wonder if there is a friendly hand here to be extended to me?' And I said to myself, 'Oh, what would I not give to sit down with that man and tell him the sorrow of my heart!'"

Captain Sturdivant followed the matter up until Murphy was happily converted to Christ, and with it, of course, came his determination to cease to have anything to do with intoxicating drinks. He remained a prisoner for some time afterwards, and his work as a reformer began during his prison days.

One day he conceived a project of carrying the work begun in his own soul, among the unconverted men around him. He sent a petition to the sheriff, asking his permission to hold a prayer meeting. The meeting was held, and was one of powerful influence for good. In the course of a little time, he saw the seventy-five men in the jail brought securely from the evil of their lives. God gave him every man in the jail. Murphy took this as a sign from God that henceforth he was to give himself to the work of rescuing and reforming his fellow-men. The result was so wonderful in the conduct of the men that the sheriff discontinued the practice of locking them up. They were put upon their honor. Contrary to the previous custom of the place, they were permitted to go out into the yard, and not one of them ever violated his word to the keeper.

Francis Murphy delivered his first lecture in the City Hall, Portland, Maine, April 3, 1873. The success was remarkable. A great crowd was present, and the humor and pathos of the discourse captivated the audience. That very evening he received over sixty applications for lectures in other cities. He was already launched upon his career. From Maine he went to New Hampshire, and then to Iowa and Illinois, and then to all the world.

Francis Murphy was very remarkable for the number of drinking men of great prominence and influence whom he won to sobriety through personal and individual work, in addition to the multitudes who were persuaded to take the pledge at his public meetings.

The Murphy movement was distinguished on the part of its followers by the wearing of a bit of blue ribbon in the button-hole of the coat, and so rapidly did the movement spread that the blue ribbon became a well-known badge from one ocean to the other. The work in some cities was phenomenal. Eighty thousand signed the Murphy pledge in Pittsburg. One hundred and twenty thousand signed the pledge in Philadelphia within two months, and in the State of Pennsylvania alone four hundred thousand wore the blue ribbon.—*The Watchword.*

THE workshop of character is everyday life.—*Babcock.*

MINING DIAMONDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Some two generations ago little was known of gold and diamond mines down about the Rand and Kimberley in South Africa. They were discovered partly by chance. British rule in Cape Colony became too oppressive to suit certain of the Boers and two bands left that state, one of them settling on a patch of territory now known as the Rand, 40 miles in extent and now yielding perhaps a hundred million dollars annually in gold. In the other band was a man known as Burgher Jacobs, who settled on a tract of 100 acres, not knowing the immense wealth that was concealed on his claim. Diamonds were so thick around Jacob's place that the children used to gather them and use them for playthings. A neighbor one day took one of the toys; it was sent to Europe and at the Paris exposition was exhibited, a beautiful diamond of 22 carats. Everyone has heard the story of how, lying in the dark room of a friend's hut, a Boer, named Van Neikirk, saw something gleaming in the mud wall, picked it out and found it was a diamond. The gem was what is now called the Star of Africa and brought $56,000. Then the fame of the country began to go abroad and to-day what was a wilderness is one of the richest fields on earth; some 15,000 Kaffirs and 4,000 Europeans are employed there in the famous Kimberley mines.

The earth containing the diamonds is in strata which are tube or funnel-shaped, cover many acres of ground, and seem to have been forced up in some bygone age by volcanic action. The earth is blue and yellow in color, and the blue already has been followed to a depth of 3,000 feet and still the limit is not reached. These two colored earths are sown thick with the precious gems. Far back in the ramifications of these mines thousands of men are at work at $1.25 a day, drilling holes into the blue earth so it can be blasted. The yellow earth lies near the surface. Tons of the blasted earth are hauled along the underground corridors to the shaft of the mine where the loads are hoisted to the surface. It is dumped out on an area prepared to receive it, being spread about a foot thick. The weather does the rest, disintegrating the clay and setting free the diamonds which are in no way affected. This method is as sure as, and much cheaper than, machinery. The clay is exposed for several months and then begins to crumble. Steam harrows from time time pass over it to help the disintegration along. If any resists this milder treatment it is taken up and turned into machinery made for the purpose. These dumping grounds in some cases extend for miles.

The next process is the washing. Dirt and gravel are washed down an inclined plane which has a gummy coating in which the diamonds are caught. When one washing is completed the coating is scraped off and melted and the diamonds are set free. They are then sorted out according to size and value. It is said that as much as $200,000 worth of dimonds have been washed out in one day. The waste earth that has passed on from the washing machine is collected and submitted to another treatment, a process well worth while as last year $1,400,000 worth of gems was taken from the refuse. Not only diamonds are found in this earth, but garnets, olivines and other stones. The gems are then ready to be shipped. An English syndicate contracts for the whole output of the mines and it sends the gems to various places to be cut. The rough stones bring from $1.50 to $200 a carat.

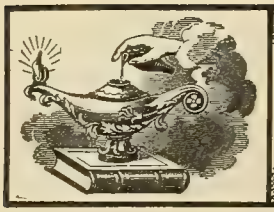
Naturally, where so small a stone attains to such great value, the owners of the mines have trouble in keeping the workers from stealing some of them. Sorters have been known to swallow as much as $5,000 worth of diamonds. All sorts of ways are devised to get the diamonds out of the mines so that the hair, mouths and clothing of the workers are searched when they come out. Perhaps the x-ray will be turned on their stomach to see if any have been swallowed. Sometimes they are smuggled in pipes, under the tobacco, the smuggler puffing away vigorously as he goes along. Some have even constructed little pockets in their flesh so as to conceal a gem or two.—*The Pathfinder.*

TONIC IN CAT-NAPS.

The benefit a man gets from sleep does not seem to be in proportion to its length. Five minutes of sleep in the middle of the day will often give a most surprising braceup to the system. Something happens then—no one can say just what—but there is some readjustment, some new coöperation, which may bring an entirely fresh vim and push to a man, enabling him to make the attack on his work with redoubled vigor. This, while difficult to explain, is a matter of common experience.

Dr. Morse, the great geographer, had an original way of taking advantage of the benefit of a moment's sleep, and of doing it in such a manner that he did not lose time from his work. When the sleepy feeling came over him as he worked late at his desk, he would place his wife's darner in one of his hands and hold it between his knees, resting his elbow on his knee. Then he would yield to the impulse and shut his eyes. But as soon as he really fell asleep, his hand would relax, and the sound of the wooden egg falling to the floor would awaken him. Strangely enough, the second of sleep that he had thus secured would be enough to let him work on for another period with new energy. Then he would go through the same process again.—*Luther Halsey Gulick, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.*

"For every man who can do things, there is a man willing to pay for having things done."



THE QUIET HOUR

"SERMONETTE."

G. A. SNIDER.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

SATAN is great at deception; many and varied are the means used to accomplish his end. In his deadly mission, probably, he has no weapon so powerful as strong drink.

I. *Wine is a mocker.* Wine is here used under a figure representing an evil spirit who deceives and excites to boisterousness and wantonness.

How true it is,—wine is a mocker; it seems to possess the power to entice so many of the noble young men. It holds out glowing promises, which lead but to the snare. It promises pleasure, but brings misery to its victim, his family and society. It promises joy, but brings sadness and grief. It promises health, but leaves its victim with a diseased and broken-down system. It promises to the youth freedom, but how sad is his condition when he finds himself locked in prison,—bound by such chains as appetite, habit, lost will-power and evil companions.

It promises you eloquence, but mocks you by causing your tongue to stammer.

It promises friends,—and leaves you deserted, friendless, in alley, ditch or roadside. It promises prosperity, wealth, but mocks by landing its victim in the poorhouse or some inebriate asylum. At last it promises to make you a man, and instead it steals away your manhood, and all your finer faculties, so it is impossible for you to become a man.

II. *Strong drink is raging.* Strong drink in the hands of Satan to accomplish his purpose is not unlike the devils in the swine. Men lose their self-control and their self-respect, scoff at religion, reject advice and reproof, and ridicule much that is good and uplifting. When strong drink enters, wisdom and judgment vacate and the victim becomes little less than a raging maniac. Truly, strong drink is raging both in itself and its effects on others.

III. *Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.* Wisdom is the right and proper use of knowledge. Knowing that wine is a mocker and that it deceives and debauches, how unwise a person must be to allow himself to be seduced by it.

Young man, God has given you talents, will-power, and more,—a body to be the temple of the Holy Spirit. Do not bury your talents, lose your will-power nor defile your body by allowing yourself to be mocked in the use of strong drink. Be a man. Be wise.

Fostoria, Ohio.

LOVE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THE Savior's command was, "Love your enemies." How purely unselfish must be the heart that really obeys the divine injunction; but the Savior both by precept and example illustrated the worth of this love; not only did he love those who were kind to him, but those who reviled and persecuted him. Of all the influences brought to bear upon the human soul, the work of love is the most wondrous and divine. It sheds a halo of heavenly light over all with whom its possessor is associated. A soul in the possession of the love of God is rich beyond comparison. The earth may withhold her treasures and the fortunes of this world never smile; but the wealth of love is a mine that can never be exhausted. When earthly riches shall have taken wings, love shall remain as the Christian's abiding treasure,—the test of the soul's discipleship.

THE KINGDOM OF THE WEAK.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Kings choose their soldiers from the strong and sound,
And hurl them forth to battle at command.
Across the centuries o'er sea and land,
Age after age the shouts of war resound;
Yet at the end, the whole wide world around,
Each empty empire, once so proudly planned
Melts through time's fingers like the dropping sand.

But once, a King—despised, forsaken, crowned
Only with thorns—chose in the face of loss
Earth's poor, her weak, her outcast, gave them love,
And sent them forth to conquer in His name
The world that crucified Him, and to proclaim
His Empire. Lo! pride's vanished thrones above,
Behold, the enduring banner of the cross!

"WE may say that Providence put Joseph next to the throne and made him the real ruler of Egypt, but after all it was his purity of life and unselfishness of purpose that gave him his preëminence. Even Providence must have character with which to work its triumphant way among men."

THE CALL OF DUTY.

We Christians are not only to be loving children of our heavenly Father, but the dutiful servants of a Divine Master. And there are times when the clarion call of duty is better for us than the caressing accents of love. Never give up doing what you know to be right because you fail to find pleasure in it. For you it may be best to do steadfastly the duty of the day simply because God ordains it. And though you find the path to heaven steep and hard to climb, the severe and bracing effort will develop your strength and raise you into a purer atmosphere.—*Rev. Alfred Rowland.*

DRAWN, NOT DRIVEN.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." (Jeremiah 31: 3.)

I understand the word "drawn" to be used here as the opposite of "driven." I take the meaning to be: "It is because I love you that I do not force you; I desire to win by love."

We often express surprise that human life does not reveal more traces of God's omnipotence. We see the visible universe subject to inexorable law and yielding submissively to that law. But man does not yield submissively; he resists the will of the eternal. Why should he be allowed to resist? Is he not but an atom in the infinite spaces—these spaces that obey the heavenly mandate? Why not put down his insane rebellion and crush his proud will into conformity with the universal chorus? The Bible gives its answer. It is because love is incompatible with the exercise of omnipotence. Inexorable law can rule the stars; but the stars are not an object of love. Man is an object of love, and therefore he can only be ruled by love—or, as the prophet puts it, "drawn."

Omnipotence can subdue by driving—but that is not a conquest of love; it is, rather, a sign that love is baffled. Therefore it is that our Father does not compel us to come in. He would have us drawn by the beauty of his holiness; therefore he veils all that would force the will. He hides the glories of heaven. He conceals the gates of pearl and the streets of gold. He reveals not the river of his pleasures. He curtains from the ear the music of the upper choir. He obscures in the sky the sign of the Son of man. He forbids the striking of the hours on the clock of eternity. He treads on a path of velvet, lest the sound of his coming footsteps should conquer by fear the heart that ought to be won by love.—*The Advance.*

A smile is a good investment—when backed by an honest heart and a sober mind.—*Gospel Witness.*

THE PERSONALITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Concluded from Page 749.)

stead of giving a stinging reply. It requires self-control always to think chaste thoughts about virtuous womanhood, but it can be done.

A third thing fundamental to a fine personality is *the spirit of service,* in other words, a purpose that aims at an absolute lack of selfishness. Selfishness lies at the root of all sin. Trace every wrong act, every evil thought down to its inception and self is there. Ask Christ what contributed most to his magnificent personality and he will tell you it was his spirit of unselfishness. His soul grew beautiful under the stress of his work for others. Work for others is the essence of Love. Phillips Brooks preached an immortal sermon about "The Beauty of a Life of Service" and this simple truth has enriched the lives of a thousand thousand men. All men are more or less selfish, but Socrates and Plato, Wyclif, and Newman, Luther and Savonarola, Gladstone and Lincoln are great in just such measure as they devoted their lives to helping the race in its struggle towards God. Here is where the life of Christ transcends all life before or since. Someone has said, "There is one thing better in this world than making a living and that is making a life." Jesus says, "I am come that *ye* may have life and have it more abundantly." "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." These are Jesus' own words. In this work his great personality shone through. In service for others he found his truest freedom and in helping up the race he grew close to the Father. In real life itself is where his high purposes, his self-control, his unselfishness counted. "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." In the garden of Gethsemane he fought out in his own soul the greatest battle in history. It was the greatest victory of ages. Had he yielded to one temptation of ambition, passion, or self-aggrandizement he could not have been the Savior of the world.

Living the life of the Spirit he grew into a tremendous consciousness of God and became like unto the great *I am that I am.* Always master of his best self and keeping sweet under all circumstances, he grew more beautiful than the Rose of Sharon. In keeping the world up and radiating love and kindness he came into a personality only less great than the Great Unseen Himself. Such was he, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Lima, Ohio.

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FACING A DIFFICULTY.

THE real success of a man or woman must always be measured by the wisdom used in meeting difficulties. Almost anyone can succeed when everything moves along smoothly. Of course there are certain characteristics by which the really successful may be recognized even in smooth sailing, but they never appear to such advantage as when the storm sweeps down.

It is soberly believed by some that one has given to him in a moment the strength and wisdom he needs for the trial hour,—that the crisis makes the man. No idea concerning man's social or business life is more fallacious. The one who is waiting for such a miraculous intervention to bring him to the top may just as well accustom himself to the place where he is, for he is likely to stay there till doomsday. Difficulties are faced and conquered by the accumulated strength and wisdom of uneventful periods, and when that strength has been no more than these uneventful times demanded, the difficulty is pretty sure to have its own way when it appears.

A long step toward victory is gained by the one who can size up appearances and indications and judge as to their real weight and influence. The remedy for a disease is very likely to be sought by the one who plainly recognizes its presence, and ways of facing a difficulty will begin to suggest themselves to the one who sees it bearing down on him from a distance. When it arises without any forewarning there is nothing to do, of course, but depend on the strength that has been laid up from past experiences, as stated above. In any event one's past has much to do with the way he faces the present, whether fraught with great issues or small.

Another important matter in meeting a difficulty is the disposition we make of self. In fact in many cases the circumstances would not appear at all formidable if it were not that they happened to cross the inclination of self. When self is set aside and the highest good alone consulted, the way often appears easy and plain. Given a disposition to make the most of the common experiences of life and to keep self in the background, and the man or woman will make little ado about the difficulties he may have to face. He will look upon them as splendid opportunities for testing and increasing his strength and putting him in better shape for future service.

Last, but by no means least important, is the consciousness of a power beyond ourselves that will help us over the hard places. It is a common thing in the world to measure a man by the reserve power he has at his command. When the man whose reserve power rests in the Almighty is measured in this way, it is impossible to place an estimate upon his capabilities. The greatest difficulties offer no terror. He rests in the promise, "It shall not come nigh thee," and this confidence increases his own strength and life is a series of victories.

A MIDSUMMER DAYDREAM.

IT was at that season when nature had just passed the climax of her labors and was resting amid the luxuriant results of her efforts. The sun beat down with its harvest-ripening power. The breeze moved slowly, sometimes almost losing itself in the rich growth of leaves. It was after noon and even the noisiest birds seemed to have spent their strength and sat silent. The insects alone continued their monotonous and dreamy song.

The dreamer, who all morning had toiled in the world's busy mart, lay in the shade of a tree. Competition's game had taxed all his energies and given him a restless anxiety that threatened to rob him of the little courage that still remained. He sighed and for a moment covered his upturned face with his hands. Then he looked about him and slowly the influences of the place began to steal upon him.

Through the protecting branches overhead could be seen patches of deep blue sky. Here and there floated a fleecy cloud, adding perspective to the blue expanse which alone seemed to lead one to unfathomable heights. The drowsy hum of the insects quieted the strained nerves. The pure air and refreshing shade ministered to the comfort of the physical man, and noting the thread of sympathy that seemed to bind all the surroundings together, the dreamer realized that this was a world of itself.

The realization brought a feeling of relief, for with it came the conviction that the other world, with its toil and turmoil, was not all of life. The cares that laid claim to all one's time and strength began to lose some of their importance. The bargains that had once brought a feeling of pride were now a cause rather for shame. With the waning of interest in the people's world came an inexpressible feeling of renewed life and energy, the nature of which accorded perfectly with the character of nature's world.

The dreamer pinched himself to see whether he was really awake and shrugged his shoulders that he might know whether the burden that once bore down so heavily upon him was in truth a phantom that had taken wings. To his great joy he found that he was indeed a free man. The world with its blue sky of infinite space, with its care free birds with its insect life, with its quiet restfulness, had brought that other world into the proper perspective, robbing it of its power to monopolize the whole man. Under the influence of this conviction the dreamer fell into a dreamless sleep. When he awoke he went back to his work with a new light in his eyes, and a new purpose in his heart.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

A JULY number of the *Independent* discusses briefly the alarming situation in many American colleges and universities which would seem to indicate that the very purpose of these institutions has been changed in recent years.

"The first significant fact to be observed in certain large universities," says the writer, "is that outside interests are primary and university works proper is secondary—from the standpoint of the student. Athletics and social affairs of different kinds demand so much time, and the students keep such late hours, that they are unable to do good work, even when they have any desire to do so. A student who shows his interest either by asking questions or answering them is laughed at. The student prominent in university life is not often the one doing good classwork from day to day, but is a member of one of the many athletic teams, debating teams, or is prominent in fraternity circles for some reason entirely apart from good scholarship."

Of the fraternities, the writer says that not a few are an evil, fostering idleness, false and abnormal attitudes toward work and life, and breeding all sorts of immoral life and practice. "They are reputed to foster college spirit, but it is not a spirit that will do a college any good."

In fixing the blame, the writer says that perhaps it belongs to no one in particular. However, he makes some statements which make it clear that certain ones can help improve conditions. First, he says the situation is due to the fact a large number of students are at the university who have no business there; they are *sent* there, when if they are to be sent any place, it should have been to the farm and workshop where they would be compelled to work. While it is true that no one laments conditions more than does the faculty, and no one tries harder to change them, the university authorities must bear part of the blame. "They are always striving to increase the attendance, as if great numbers make a great university. The authorities yield to the demands of students in a desire to keep their good will."

Any one who has taken any interest at all in the life of the young men and women in school, as revealed in their school publications and in other periodicals, must confess that the writer above quoted has not exaggerated. And any one interested in the welfare of our students as a body, and in the earnest, upright studious ones in particular must be deeply pained by these revelations. If the wrong people go to the universities, it argues that the influences surrounding them while in their preparatory course may have given them that tendency. At least it is not too much to expect our preparatory schools to labor with all their might against these harmful influences.

"GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

AMONG the virtues that go toward the making of a fully rounded out Christian character is this of entertaining friends and acquaintances in one's home. Some people would have us believe that the practice is not as common as it once was, and it may be that the unselfish, spontaneous sort is not. However, even this genuine kind is not so unusual that most of us have not at some time or other experienced its blessings as giver or receiver.

This is the season when the pleasure of entertaining is especially indulged in and in order that it may include all the elements of real hospitality, guest as well as host needs to be familiar with the golden rule. If one cannot keep out the selfish element either as entertainer or guest, it would be better not to pose as either, for this has had the effect not only of making the custom less common but also less praiseworthy.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

ASK Christ what contributed most to his magnificent personality and he will tell you it was his spirit of unselfishness. His soul grew beautiful under the stress of his work for others.—*Harry W. Mack.*

OF all influences brought to bear upon the human soul, the work of love is the most wondrous and divine.—*Richard Seidel.*

YOUNG man, God has given you talents, will-power, and more,—a body to be the temple of the Holy Spirit. Do not bury your talents, lose your will-power nor defile your body in allowing yourself to be mocked in the use of strong drink.—*G. A. Snider.*

NOTHING can really harm us unless we let it.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*



Echoes from Everywhere

After experimenting for sixteen months with the briny waters of the Great Salt Lake one of the Western railroads has adopted them as a weed-killer. Stored in tanks the water has been hauled over the line and sprinkled upon the right of way. The weeds which have been the bane of section hands withered under the treatment and do not come up any more.

A very interesting experiment in the way of a boy's city is under way at Winona Lake, Indiana. Hundreds of boys from different sections have gathered there to camp for a few weeks and receive lessons in citizenship and "the square deal," under the direction of Judge Willis Brown, of Salt Lake City. They will establish a regular city government, a bank will be organized, and a morning publication will be issued every Friday while the camp is in existence.

Returns of deaths from the plague in India show the appalling total of over one million for the six months ended June 30. The monthly total is at present decreasing, however, the death roll for June being placed at 69,000. The total for the first six months of 1907 already surpasses that for the entire twelve months of 1904, when one million persons died. This total is the highest ever recorded previous to the present year.

Cotton thread is advancing in price. In May it went from five to seven cents a spool and now the announcement comes that there will be a further increase to 10 cents a spool. This thread is manufactured almost exclusively by the trust. Increased cost of raw material and an advance in wages is the reason given for the contemplated increase in price. Independent manufacturers declare that neither of these reasons are good ones, for when cotton was selling much higher than it is now thread retailed for five cents.

Judge Hunt, in the federal court at Helena, Mont., has decided that one telephone company may not withhold the use of its lines from another, and the decision is likely to be regarded as a precedent throughout the entire country. The Montana and Wyoming and the Mutual telephone companies had asked the courts to compel the Rocky Mountain Bell telephone company to furnish connections at reasonable compensation. The judge so ordered, and named a commission to fix the division of charges.

A new way of making foundations is being employed in Europe, the method being known as the compressed system. A tapering arm makes holes through the soft soil down to the hardpan, the arm being forced down like a pile driver. Then the holes are filled in successive layers with stones and rubble solidly driven down. The result is a monolithic block of great strength with the advantage that no ground has been removed while making the hole for the shaft, thus securing great compactness of the sides.

Feimgriek, a plant recently introduced into this country by the department of agriculture, possesses unusual properties in its power of adding flesh to the user. It grows close to the ground and yields a seed, yellow and odorous, which is the material that produces the flesh when properly taken. To the surprise of the investigators it has been learned that this seed is not a stranger, but has long been in use in America as the principal ingredient of condition powders for stock. Owing to its property to give added strength by the accumulation of flesh, it is thought that it may prove a powerful agent in combating the ravages of the tuberculosis bacteria.

The Board of Directors of the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco has announced that it does not favor any immigration law that will discriminate against the people of Japan or that will permit them to be treated any differently from the people of any other foreign country. It is regarded as desirable, the board contends, that the Japanese people enjoy the same privileges in this country that are accorded the people of this country in theirs. The members consider it important that there be no barriers to the most friendly trade relations between the two countries.

THE report of the special examiner in Alabama to the legislature of that state concerning Booker Washington's Tuskegee institute for colored people shows that it is in excellent condition. Not an error was found in the bookkeeping department. He found that the school had an endowment of $1,479.150, and owned two thousand acres of real estate, the value of which is $700,000. The examiner says the general moral conduct of the pupils is uplifting, and that the teachings are of such character as to win commendation. At the close of the school year there were 1,505 students and 149 teachers.

PRESIDENT HARRIMAN, of the Southern Pacific, a short time ago gave orders to have a number of new fine passenger coaches built at the company's car shops at Sacramento with side doors instead of end doors, notes the *Scientific American*. Harriman believes that cars thus constructed will be much stronger and more durable than the style now used; and also that in case of wreck, there will be little danger of the coaches telescoping each other. There will be a small passageway by which the passengers may go from one coach to another, but this will be so arranged that it will not weaken the end walls of the cars. Another feature of these coaches is the use of round instead of square windows.

KING OSCAR is anxious to secure the return to Sweden of the hundreds of thousands of Swedes who have emigrated to America, and has begun an investigation to determine what were the conditions which prompted his people to leave the fatherland, and what would be necessary for Sweden to do to induce them to return. Editors of Swedish newspapers have been asked to publish the request for information at intervals, and to send data to the Royal Swedish consulate in New York City. Sweden is said to desire particularly the return of skilled mechanics, of which there is a great scarcity in Sweden, owing to the better opportunities for high grade workmen in the United States.

AN American penny slot machine is accountable for a shortage of copper coins in England. A series of inquiries made among the companies which supply gas, electricity, matches, chocolates, etc., on the penny slot system have developed the fact that more than 60,000,000 pennies, valued at $1,250,000, are continually locked up in these machines, and consequently withdrawn from circulation. The effect of this may be realized when it is remembered that this amount exceeds the total issue of pennies during the years 1900, 1903 and 1905. The mintage of gold in Europe has also been far in excess of previous years, and this is taken as an indication that times are abnormally good. The mint brought over $62,500,000 worth of bar gold during the last fiscal year, and, in addition, took $13,500,000 in specie for recoinage.

THERE are many conflicting stories in regard to the treatment of natives in the Congo. Now we hear of unspeakable cruelties perpetrated when our indignation is aroused to the highest pitch, and again we are lulled into a state of do-nothing by the statement that the reports are greatly exaggerated. At present the public is taking notice again as a result of the exposure being made by Major Lemair, who for eighteen years had charge of native troops in the Congo. On entering the service he was taught that the only way to bring the natives to their senses was amid the rattle of musketry, the banging of cannon, and the burning of villages. After four years he was convinced that the course was not the right one and since he has defended the blacks, upheld the work of the missionaries, and realizing the danger of a continuance of irresponsible control in the Congo, has become a champion of annexation as the sole remedy.

THE foreign trade of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, according to the bulletin issued by the bureau of statistics, aggregated $3,315,252,116, for the first time passing the three-billion mark, and exceeded that of the previous twelve months by $344,825,170. Imports comprised $1,434,401,092 of the total, and increased $207,836,646; while the exports valued at $1,880,851,024, gained $136,986,524, leaving a balance of trade in favor of the United States for the twelve months of $446,449,932. The year was the first in the country's history when neither the imports nor exports fell below $100,000,000 in any month. The imports for December amounted to $134,349,760, high-water mark for shipments, and the exports for the same month, valued at $190,399,977, were exceeded only by those of December, 1905. The gold movements for the year aggregated $155,884,852, of which $114,485,676 were imports, being an increase of $18,263,946 over those of the previous twelve months and the exports were $51,399,176, a gain of $12,825,585.



Mrs. Barnett's "Wandering Boy"

Hattie Preston Rider

In Four Parts. Part Two.

A PHYSICIAN'S auto drove away from the curb as she came opposite; otherwise there was no sign of life about the handsome house. Aunt Hetty crossed the street, her heart beating tumultuously. Past the entrance a narrow walk led to the side door under the port-cochere. She followed it, and mounting the marble steps, tapped softly. The door was opened, after a moment, by a maid in white cap and apron. Well-trained as she was, the girl hesitated, staring, and uncertain in what status to place the intruder.

"I haven't come to make you extra steps," Aunt Hetty hastened to assure her, quaintly, "but I—won't you please tell me how the poor laddie is doing? I met his mother at the Circle yesterday, and it's made my heart ache all day, that I couldn't do a thing for her."

The maid colored, stammering something unintelligible. But a quick step sounded behind her, and Mrs. Barnett herself, pale and heavy-eyed, looked past the white cap.

"Oh!" the president gasped; and in an instant she had pushed the maid aside and drawn Aunt Hetty forcibly into the hall. With a dry, tearless sob, she wound her arms around this one-time stranger's neck, and buried her face on the motherly shoulder.

"It was beautiful of you to come," Mrs. Barnett said, when she had gotten possession of herself somewhat, and seated her visitor. "Most people are intruders; but I've wished for you all the while."

She still held the worn hand. Aunt Hetty laid her other over the soft white one.

"I wanted to remind you it is partly the suddenness that makes it so hard. Rarely things are as bad as they seem at first."

"The wound is not the most serious," Mrs. Barnett said, after a moment. "But the shock has brought on fever, and the doctor fears for his brain." Her voice broke a little. "The worst is that we haven't a satisfactory nurse. There is so much sickness in the city it was difficult to get any at all."

Aunt Hetty's fingers closed spasmodically. She had forgotten for the moment, that the modern mother is not to be trusted with the care of her own sick ones.

"You do not know of any nurse, do you?" Mrs. Barnett asked, eagerly.

Aunt Hetty thrilled to her finger-tips, forgetting even Alicia, whose guest she was. Back in Riverdale, her homely skill had brought a hundred patients safely to recovery.

"Dear," she said, "I couldn't speak the Latin name of half a dozen diseases, but I have taken care of the sickest people we had in town, for twenty years. Couldn't you and I together manage, at least till some one else is found?"

A glow of joyful surprise lit Mrs. Barnett's face, quenched an instant later.

"It is blessed in you to offer; but,"—doubtfully, "the doctor might object."

"The doctor might be reminded that he is only your paid helper," Aunt Hetty rejoined, dryly.

Mrs. Barnett suddenly raised the hand she held and hugged it against her cheek. A sob, heavy with relief, rose in her throat. "God bless you, my dear, dear friend. I can never in the world repay you for this."

Alicia's solicitude was promptly quieted by her husband's declaration that the idea was heaven-sent. Mrs. Barnett discharged the incompetent nurse, passing over the physician's dictum regarding her successor with that sweet, suave finality that made her the ablest executive in her set. So Aunt Hetty was installed in the pleasant, roomy sick-chamber, and the following days saw her fighting out the grim fight with death. Many a night-vigil the white-faced mother shared with her; many a quaint bit of wisdom, fresh with keen unconventionality and common sense, passed from the elder woman's active mind into the younger one's, taking root to bear precious fruit, later.

For Ralph lived. Back from the queerly-peopled land of delirium he came, one afternoon, to find a pleasant-looking stranger sitting quietly beside him. A soft call brought his mother like magic from the next room, her soul shining in eyes so big and shadowy Ralph wondered weakly if in truth they were his

mother's. Under the care of these two he crept slowly back to life. Then, when he was able to walk feebly to the great easy-chair, Aunt Hetty was summoned home to Riverdale.

The two missed her more even than they had guessed. All at once Ralph realized that getting well was tedious business. The "cranky" stage of convalescence set in, and Mrs. Barnett found herself at her wits' end to amuse him. Yet not a fraction of her patience gave way.

"I'll be thankful enough when I can get out of this lonesome hole and see something!" he exclaimed petulantly, one afternoon. "Beg pardon, mother; but a fellow gets to feel like a regular bear, when he's cooped up; and that story's a trifle slow, you know."

Mrs. Barnett laid the book, which she had been reading aloud, on the table beside her.

"I'd be glad if you should think of something jolly we might set going here," she answered, unruffled as if his words had been a sugared compliment.

A sudden perverse impulse seized the lad. He leaned forward, his eyelids narrowing.

"Yes?" he said, with the faintest trace of mockery in his tones. "We might have a nice little game of poker, you and I."

"I haven't a pack of cards," she said dubiously.

Ralph was watching her, blankly curious.

"Oh! well, I have," he assured her, laughing a little unnaturally. "You'll find them in my second desk drawer. Bring the box of chips, too."

So great was his astonishment that he had not mustered two consecutive thoughts, when she returned with the cards, an article heretofore rigidly tabooed in the house of Barnett. Her thin cheeks burned; but her manner was ease itself as she cleared the little table and set it close to his chair.

"You'll have to teach me," she laughed, as she handed him the pack. "I like games; but I haven't the faintest idea how this is played."

Ralph's sensations, like the look on his face, defied description. But he shuffled the pack, cut, and dealt. Then he laid their two hands, face upward, on the table, and exclaimed, with an odd, rasping note in his voice, what constituted a pair, a flush, or a full house. How strangely the familiar terms sounded, in the pure presence of his mother, only he knew; and as the game progressed, mechanically enough on his part, he realized that all his life he had classed her and her like as bigots, those next of kin to the hypocrite. What now? Behind his set lips and inscrutable eyes some very vigorous thinking was going on.

His mother proved a bright pupil. Save a slight awkwardness in handling the cards, she might have passed for an experienced player. With the novice's luck, the pile of little ivories at her right grew, till Ralph, forcing a laugh, told her he should be obliged to take refuge in the bankrupt law.

"Is this all?" she asked at last, in some surprise. "I had supposed poker to be a very scientific game. It seems rather a matter of luck, after one has the terms in mind."

Ralph did not reply. They played on, and at last by bluff he won heavily. When he laid down his hand, a faint exclamation escaped her lips. Looking up, he met her eyes, smiling but hurt a little, and with infinite comprehension in them. The hot color mantled his cheek.

"Some things about it are not exactly simple," he said shortly; "and there's a good deal in shuffling, too. Some fellows will do 'most anything, when they've a pile up."

"It is nothing against a game that mistaken people abuse it," was her only comment.

He bid past the value of her cards, on the hand following, and after a moment's hesitation she laid them down, face upward, on the polished table.

"It's yours," she said, regretfully.

"Why didn't you bluff?" asked the boy, with a queer intonation.

His mother flushed, but she made no answer. Ralph leaned forward, a sudden resolve lighting his face. Some truths had worked out very plainly in his mind, during that remarkable afternoon.

"You didn't," he cried, almost fiercely, "because you can see it would be the same as lying! And that's all that saves the whole thing from being a baby's game! You shall not touch another chip, mother!" With a quick nervous movement, he swept the piles from the table into the grate; then with a laugh that was half a dry sob he commenced gathering up the scattered cards.

"There are some clean games, though. We might try them some other day. Would you bring me a glass of fresh water, mother?"

When Mrs. Barnett came back she found Ralph lying on the couch with his face buried in his arm. He was breathing deeply and regularly. She set the glass near him and went softly out.

"Nothing can really harm us, unless we let it," Aunt Hetty wrote back in answer to Mrs. Barnett's letter recounting the story. "When you've thought that over a good deal, my dear, you'll see it is true."

THE LETTERS WE WAIT FOR.

MANY of our readers, and especially the young people, will be going away on a vacation of longer or shorter duration during the hot months now at hand, and in their joy at their own release they should not forget the ones they leave still in the tread-mill of home duties. Among the things packed away in the trunks or suit-cases should be a liberal supply of stationery, pencils and postage stamps, and these should

be used freely in giving the home folks a share in the merry outing-joys. Many will be inclined to put off the letter-writing, even the briefest, with the excuse that the day's doing left them too tired for pen work; but this should not be. If they could only see the expectant faces at the approach of the post-man as it turns slowly into a sorrowful disappointment when there is no letter, or could feel the touch of heartache that comes with the thought that we are lost sight of by our loved ones who have learned in so short a time to live without us, they would not so readily turn away from pen and paper. Many things occur during even a brief absence that in after times make us wish we had sent the loving word, or written the cheery letter. Many unhappy things, that have taken from us the power forever more to gladden or to comfort the dear hearts we so carelessly neglected.

It is a little thing—just a few words, assuring us that we are not forgotten—that even in other joys, our presence is missed; that the young heart turns, in joy or in sorrow, to the "old folks at home" for the sympathy none others can give—is it a little thing to slight such love? Dear boys and girls, write the letter to the home folks. It takes so little to make them happy, and come what may, they will always love you. Give them glimpses of your outing joys, and let them at least touch you in your journeyings. The partings are so new, and they so long for you! Bye-and-bye, when you have gone out to make a life of your own, if the world fails to receive you kindly, or takes from you that which you can ill-spare, you will realize that in the old home there are love and shelter and a faith in your strength that can be found no other wheres.—*Exchange.*

SUGAR FOR CHILDREN.

Many mothers think nature must have erred in giving children a sweet tooth, but children, on the other hand, regard the jam pot and the sugar bowl as the depositories of all that is most delectable. Neither side is quite right and neither quite wrong. Sugar is not the poison and the spoiler of digestion that the careful mother thinks it is; neither is it better as a food than roast beef and bread and butter, as the hearty youngster thinks.

The truth is that sugar is a food and a necessary one; but it may be taken in too great amounts. Foods are divided into two great classes—the proteids (meats, eggs and legumes), which contain nitrogen as their most important element, and the sugars, starches and fats, composed chiefly of carbons. Both of these are necessary—the proteids to build up the framework of the body and the others to supply energy; the proteids are the iron of the boiler and the machinery, the fats are the packing, and the sugars are the fuel; all are necessary to the perfect working of the human machinery.

The danger of taking sweets is in overdoing. The world's consumption of sugar has increased enormously in the last half century, although the necessity for muscular exertion (and therefore the use of fuel) has, through the introduction of labor saving machinery, decreased. Much of this sugar has gone into the stomachs, not of rollicking boys and toiling men who can use up a lot of it, but of girls and young women, who are using it to saturate their blood with unnecessary fuel to load their liver with sugar, and to spoil their complexion. Children may and often do eat too much candy, but will not suffer much as long as they are in the active state of existence, for while they romp they are expending energy and their little machines consume a vast amount of fuel. The danger is in forming a habit that may be carried on into a sedentary form of life.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DRIED CORN AND APPLES.

People say my dried corn looks and tastes as well as the evaporated product. This is the way I do it: In the first place, I have some home-made driers about three-fourths of a yard square, with bright, tin bottoms. Late in the evening I gather as much tender, juicy sweet corn as I think will fill the driers. Early next morning I remove the husk, and silk and with a sharp knife cut the corn from the cob. If the grains are large, I aim to cut them about in two the first stroke, and the next severs them from the cob entirely. By doing this the grains will not be so large and will dry quicker. Put a cloth in the bottom of a dripping-pan, and spread the sliced corn on it one inch deep; then set the pan in a moderate oven until the corn is well heated, but not the least bit cooked. Stir up the corn several times while heating. In the meantime have the driers set in the sun to get hot. Do not try to dry corn only on a bright, hot day. After heating the corn, remove from the oven and spread thinly on the driers, and keep the driers where the sun will shine on them all day. At night the corn will be nicely dried, and will need no more sunshine. Always get it out early in the morning.

To cook dried corn, wash and put it to soak for several hours. Cook in the same water in which it was soaked, season with butter or cream, salt and pepper, and add a spoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in some milk. Nice for a change from canned corn.

To dry apples, pare them nicely and cut into very thin slices, not pieces, spread very thinly on the driers, and keep driers in the hot sunshine all day. By night the apples will be dried, and look just as nice as evaporated apples. Air them frequently after taking from driers. Any kind of fruit may be dried much nicer with tin bottom driers.—*Farm and Home.*

LIGHT BREAD FROM "YEAST FOAM."

So many of our friends say, "Your bread is so good, how do you make it?" And when I say: "I use yeast foam," they will exclaim, "Why, I don't have any luck with yeast foam." So thinking some of the friends we never see, might like to know how we use it too, I will send it to them.

For a large baking (eight loaves) take one pint of potato water and a cup of mashed potatoes saved from the dinner supply and when cool enough add one-half cake of yeast foam, keep in a warm place, and at night add one pint warm water and flour for a stiff sponge; let rise over night and in the morning, warm flour, add salt, one-half cup sugar and one-half cup lard, (if liked); let rise and knead once, when light again mold in the pans. Save a piece of dough for next baking as it makes much the best bread, in fact we save the fresh dough for several bakings in cool weather; it does not hurt to let it freeze.

I think the secret of using yeast foam is not to use too much.—*Selected.*

NEW WAY FOR MAKING PLUM JELLY.

A NEW way to make plum or other jellies is to place the fruit dry in jars. Two-quart jars are good for this purpose. Either place the jars in the oven in asbestos paper or in a fruit steamer and cook till fruit is tender. Take out and strain through a flannel bag. Add as much sugar as juice and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Place on the back of the stove and heat slowly until it forms jelly drops on the spoon. During boiling skim carefully. It will take but a little boiling, as this is pure juice. The process produces the clearest and finest plum jelly.

The pulp may be used for jams or butter by straining through a sieve and adding equal amounts of sugar and heating slowly until thick enough. Place in jars and seal as usual.—*Selected.*

For the Children

WHAT DOLLS THINK.

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust
And can never learn to walk;
It is true we have no organs
And can never learn to talk;
It is true we're only dollies
And dollies must remain;
But we're free from faults and follies
That might cause our mammas pain.

Can you tell us when you ever
Saw our faces spoiled with frowns?
And we're sure you never heard us
Make a fuss about our gowns!

Then, we do not tease the kitty,
We are always kind in play;
And we think 'twould be a pity
For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven,
Not a fretful word is said,
As our little mammas tell us
It is time to go to bed.
So you see, though we are dollies,
And dollies must remain,
We are free from faults and follies
That might cause our mammas pain.

—Little Men and Women.

THE FAULTFINDER.

THE woodchuck lived in a hole, and he asked the rabbit to make him a visit. Now the rabbit was very glad to go, and the woodchuck did his best to make him have a good time.

The first day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you always pick things up in your paws and put them into your mouth. Now that is not very nice, because your paws might be dirty. I put my mouth down and just eat it up," and the woodchuck, who was very polite, said, "Thank you, sir."

A little later the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you sit up on your hind legs. That is not the right way to do. When I eat, I put my front paws down," and the woodchuck said quite politely, "Thank you!"

Pretty soon the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you are thirsty you go to the pond and drink. Now my mother taught me to get up early in the morning and eat the clover with the dew on it and you won't need to drink. That is a nicer way." And the woodchuck said, still politely, "Thanks."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you go to sleep you put your nose down between your paws and curl yourself up in a little ball, so you can't see anybody. Now I lay my chin down on the ground on my paws and always sleep that way, which is much safer." And the woodchuck said, pretty politely, "I'll think about it."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat carrots you strip off all the outside with your teeth and then eat the carrot. That is very wasteful. But I eat the whole thing right through—" and Mr. Woodchuck said, "See here; if my way of living doesn't suit you, you can just get out." Then he felt that he had been a little bit rude, so he said, "Good-by, Mr. Rabbit, good-by." And the poor rabbit had to get out.—*St. Nicholas.*

"IT is a blessed thing to speak reverently of the character and teachings of Jesus Christ. It is more blessed to show by an obedient life that this reverence springs from the heart."



THE RURAL LIFE

Home of the Honey Bee

D. J. Blocher

WE herewith present some views of our own bee yards to give the readers of the Nook a better idea of beekeeping at the present time. To see illustrations with the writing is of great importance to people who know nothing about the work.

The first is a view of our Caucasian yard which we have located at A. Bryan's. (He stands in the background.) These bees were furnished us by the United States government with the understanding that we offer this bee to the general public. The bee was imported into this country with the idea of originating something better than we yet have. Our government has a man appointed who travels about and looks into the merits of various races of bees. This is how our country came to import this bee.



To keep this bee in its purity we located this yard where we did. As a second precaution we use various means at the yard to prevent other blood from entering. We have, however, a number of crosses between the Italian and Caucasians which we have in close confinement. The bees can work, but queens and drones must stay indoors. This gives us the advantage of testing crossed blood and not injuring the other stock. The little device on the second hive in the second row is what we use. Just to the left of the first tree is one of these devices in operation on a tall hive. The last hive in that same row has one of these devices.

In these two hives we are testing one cross of bees and at the same time not allowing any mixing of other bees. On the third hive in the second row is a bee smoker, which is indispensable in working with bees. A whiff or two from this smoker quiets the bees so we can work. We use a veil in connection.

Near the end of this same row is one of our bee tents which must be used more or less in any yard of any size, and especially where one is rearing queens. When honey is scarce we could not carry on work unless we had these tents to work under. The appliances and methods used in this yard are used in all our yards. All our operations are conducted under personal supervision as competent help is scarce and hard to get.

This yard is located about three rods from a cross-road. No one that we know of is ever molested on the highway. The arrangement of the hives helps some in this matter. One-half the yard faces the other half and so causes the bees to enter differently from

what they would if all were faced one way. It also throws those closest to the road farther away in the manner of entering the yard.

The second yard is located one and one-half miles from town in the midst of alsike clover. This is a great clover for bees and makes the finest of hay. This yard is known as the Shirk yard. The picture does not show the yard complete. As we do not want much tree shade, about half of these bees are in the sun all day and the other half only about half the day. Nearly all our dark Italians are in this yard. We have placed our bees in various yards to avoid overstocking, also to grade up our stock better.

Much is said by bee men in overstocking a locality with bees. Some also are advocating that the law should prohibit new men from going into extensive bee-keeping where a locality is already occupied by enough bees. This idea is gaining ground and looks reasonable to many men when the nature of bee-keeping is understood. I shall not venture to discuss the subject only to say that if a locality is overstocked the new man is likely to go out of business on short order. Yet every family could keep one or two colonies of bees and every one be benefited, everything being equal.

Between the last two rows is our wax extractor. All broken combs, scraps and damaged combs go into this as we get them and the sun does the work. This is known as the Solar Wax Extractor. It does away with all fussing over the fire in rendering wax. Neither do the bees bother. This also does away with affording a home for the moth, the enemy of bees. Some men who are behind the times in bee culture have lots of broken combs and refuse laying around and then wonder why the moth gives them trouble. If any one has combs which he wishes to save to use again in the hives, they should be set in the cellar where it is too cool for the moth to hatch. This will save them from the moth.

For ventilation we raise the lid of the hive a little or raise the hive body a little on the bottom board, or both, if need be. Combs will occasionally melt down in any hive whether in the shade or in the sun. Where bees are in the sun it is nice to have a shade board standing on the sunny side of the hive or one lying on the hive. But we do not use any, as that would add much to expenses and labor with so many bees. We are starting a wind-break for this yard. Some of the trees can be seen back of the apiary. There was one planted on the north this last spring. This is an essential thing in any yard. Our other yards have wind-breaks.



The third picture is our home yard. This is located in the village in the sun. The whole yard is not shown. As this is the home yard we can keep it cleaner and in trim. It is mowed with a lawn mower. Around the hives we scatter salt to keep the grass down. This makes less work and the bees are not always falling into the grass when they come home heavy loaded with honey and pollen. The lawn mower is seen in the first row of hives. Behind this row is seen the barrow and comb basket. About half way behind the first row of hives is the watering trough. In this water is kept a little salt. Bees need much water in brood rearing and here they go all the time to get it.

We do not bother ourselves about a place for clustering in swarming time. This subject will be treated later. We shall give views on bees and honey later and transportation packages with our written work. Also combs and their constructions. Various subjects of bee-keeping will be given with illustrations.

Our fourth yard is located so that we could not get a view, and so is omitted.

Pearl City, Ill.

A RAPID PRODUCER OF LUMBER.

One of the largest cottonwoods in the West was cut down not long ago in Ray county, Mo. It measured sixty-five feet from the ground to the first knot, and made more than five thousand feet of lumber.

The cottonwood endures great extremes of temperature, and when the roots can reach a good supply of moisture it successfully withstands severe droughts. It is a fast-growing tree and demands plenty of light. On irrigated lands cottonwoods have been known to attain a diameter of fourteen inches in eight years.

The cottonwood is extremely easy to cultivate from seed, cuttings, layers or grafts. The commonest way of securing them is from the natural nurseries which spring up along the sandbars of the Western rivers. These nurseries are killed each year by inundation from the high waters, but they are also renewed annually by the seed floating on the water. A thousand with roots intact can be pulled out of the sandbars, in the fall, in an hour. These seedlings are often planted close together in furrows, and in this manner several thousand can be planted in a day by two men using a team and plow.—*The World To-day.*



The Home Yard.

NATURE IN A FOREST.

When you wander through a forest you feel what the ancients called "the sacred horror of the woods;" you understand that mystery surrounds you, and in the undefined shades spectres float whose outlines you dare not fix. It seems as if you were intruding upon and disturbing the solitude, and that at your approach some one had retired. The trees, plants and flowers appear to change the subject of their conversations, as it is done in a drawing-room when an intimate chit-chat is interrupted by some unwelcome visitor.

Perhaps you were on the point of detecting nature's secret, which man seeks to unravel; but were you to tread as light as that of a red Indian in his moccasins, your foot has moved a stone, made some grass rustle and dewdrops fall from a wild flower. All at once a little bird darts away and goes to inform the old oaks of the approach of an enemy. The forest is circumspect, and says only insignificant things; the flowers fold up their corollas and the singers are hushed. For a while life seems to be arrested; after a little time, when you are found to be a harmless dreamer, a poet incapable of those useless murders so remorselessly committed by sportsmen, all that timid world is reassured. The trees talk with the wind; the birds, resuming their prattlings, hop through the branches; the gnats recommence their waltzes in the luminous streaks of light wherein their balls are given, and Nature attends to the little affair exactly as if you were not there.

Sit down, like Tityrus, the Virgilian shepherd, under the canopy of a spreading beech tree, and look at that delightful chaos of vegetation, the thousand details of which are brought out by the sun. Here the holly exhibiting its indented pricky leaves; there in the bright sunbeams, the fern spreads its flexible stalk, furnished with little leaves dotted with stigmas, which in the spring become the flowers; you might think they were palms; indeed, in the tropics the fern has the appearance and size of a palm tree—they rise to a height of more than forty feet.

Between the ferns and hollies, herbs and grasses and little flowers are crowded together, and at their feet the mosses spread softly in green or brown patches. From all these plants, warmed by the sun, perfumes arise and spread in the air—as from a sachet. Intoxicated with these odors, the insects hum and fly about with unusual activity. The tipula, or daddy-long-legs flutters round the oaks; the can-

tharis, a brilliant emerald, glitters like a point of green gold on the silvery bark of the birch; the ant, nimbly plying its delicate feelers, makes its way through the grass; the cicindela, that messenger with the green livery, hovers in front of the lounger, while the stag-beetle—the rhinoceros of insects—caparisoned with its heavy black armor, runs over the warm sand in quest of its prey. To him who comes from a noisy town, where human clamor never ceases, the silence at first appears deep. Little by little the ear becomes accustomed to it and discerns a thousand little noises which at first were unnoticed, and these are the voices of solitude.

The restless leaf is always shivering and rustling, like a silk dress; invisible water is rippling over the grass; a branch, tired of being so long in the same attitude, rises abruptly and makes its joints crack, as if stretching itself; a stone, losing its equilibrium or moved by an insect, rolls down a slope, and this miniature avalanche carries away with it a few grains of sand; a sudden quivering of the wings of an insect or of a bird rapidly lashes the air; an acorn breaks from its stem, bounds from leaf to leaf and falls upon the earth with a dull sound; something goes by, producing a grating noise among the grass; a bird jabbers, a squirrel squeaks while climbing a tree, and the woodpecker, with a beat regular as that of a pendulum, strikes the bark of the elms to drive out the little beetles on which it feeds.

The wind sweeps over the top of the forests, producing undulations which roll like waves on the sea and give out low moanings which might be taken for the distant roar of the ocean. In all these inarticulate plaints it seems as though Nature were heard to breathe. How pleasant it is to abide there for long hours, forgetting all the little troubles of civilization, allowing one's self to be penetrated by the essence of things and impregnated with the life that is around us, immersed in the world of nature like a madrepore in the sea.—*American Farmer.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

"What was the most thrilling moment of your life?"

"It occured last night. I walked the floor with the baby for two hours and, just as he had finally dropped off to sleep, I trod on a squeaky board."—Cleveland Leader.

She—Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are quite effeminate. How do you account for it?

He—It's hereditary, I suppose. One-half of my ancestors were males and the other half females.—London Illustrated Bits.

Little Ethel—Mama, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?

Mama—No, dear; why do you ask?

Little Ethel—'Cause I just took the last three tarts in the pantry and I thought I'd better tell you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Brooks—Where do people get the idea that two can live as cheaply as one?

Newton—Perhaps it comes from the same source as the idea that two hearts beat as one!

"My friend," said the philosopher, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the man who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Baltimore man had until recently a darky in his employ, about as shiftless and worthless a darky, says he, as ever came across.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job.

"Will yo' give me a letter of recommendashun?" asked Sam, pitiously.

Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro.

His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."—Harper's Weekly.

AS USUAL.

"I am laying by something for a rainy day," remarked the man as he stowed his umbrella in a closet.

The next day it rained, and the man discovered, on going to the closet, that his son had got there first.—The Commoner.

Register—Lady's name, please?

Nervous Young Man—Lydia Amelia Jones.

Register—Spinster?

Nervous Young Man—Oh, no, sir; typewriter.—Bystander.

"Bliffers gets his new car out several times a day. Matter of pride, I suppose?" "Yep, pried it out of a mudhole three times last Monday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A cyclone never visits Oyster Bay," notes the Savannah News. Even a cyclone, it is to be presumed, has some discretion.—Washington Herald.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted—Matron. Man and wife to cook. Fireman. Fine position. Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.

NEFF'S CORNER

I've been threatened with a hemorrhage from the lung recently, spitting some blood as the result of a little too much physical exertion. My condition is such in fact, that I cannot safely do any heavy work. But those of you who have made investments here through me have helped me to some work suited to my strength, by which I have been able to earn a livelihood. You are no doubt gratified by the fact that these transactions have worked some benefit to me, but I am only satisfied as I make them profitable for you. As to how I succeed in making it profitable for the investor here is another instance:

Last spring I told you some stock could be bought in the bank organizing here at $100 per share. Some money came with which I bought a few shares March 6. It was soon all sold and a little later there was a scramble among others who wanted in, but who had come too late to get in. However, the pressure became so urgent that several of us put a price on our stock a few days ago, and July 18 $19,000 of this stock sold at $115 per share, or an advance of 41 per cent per annum on the investment. And now do you wonder what I will invest that money in next? Don't know yet. Better wait for another bank to organize, hadn't I? But in order to keep the money at work all the time I loaned it at once at 12 per cent with good real estate security and hope to find another place for it in the near future where it will do better than that. If you have funds you would like to have placed you might write me, stating amount and what kind of an investment would please you best. Address:

JAMES M. NEFF,
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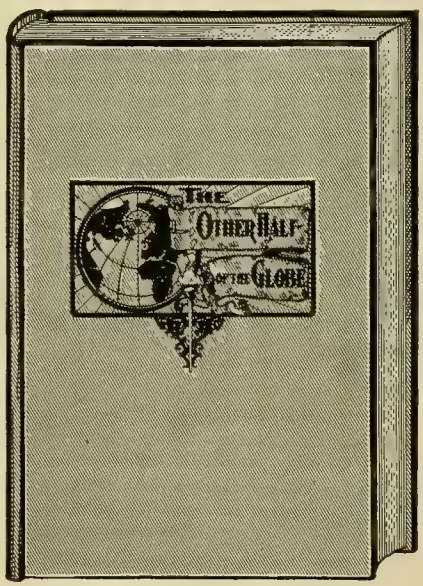
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LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-blooms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword, and the chissel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—M. H. Krout.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go, look in your hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-lighted vistas, the wildering view—
Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go, look in the banks, where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counters—ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall grow gray,
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to the moneyless man.

Go, look to your Judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punisheth right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where lurles their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room and find if you can
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for—a moneyless man.

—H. T. Stanton.

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travlin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says, I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;
And 'taint an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some-'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was busted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsy, she got her specs from off the mantle-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' aint no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, sir,—I didn't come to inquire,—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in to regard to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to the night when I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talking in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment,—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks;
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

—Will Carleton

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SOLD 31 IN ONE DAY.

Find enclosed draft for 200 Cook Books. I am getting along well and like the work fine. The most books I have sold in a day was 31. Suppose I would have sold more, but finished the town and had to quit. Ida Brower, South English, Iowa, June 25, 1907.

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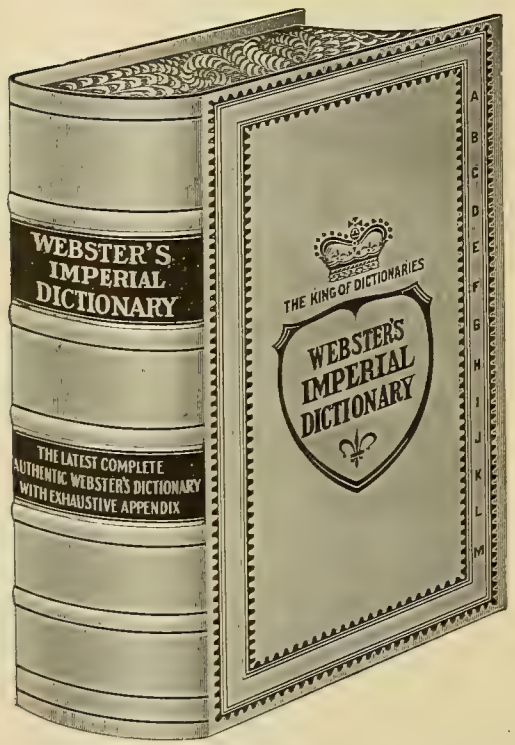
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A Weekly Magazine

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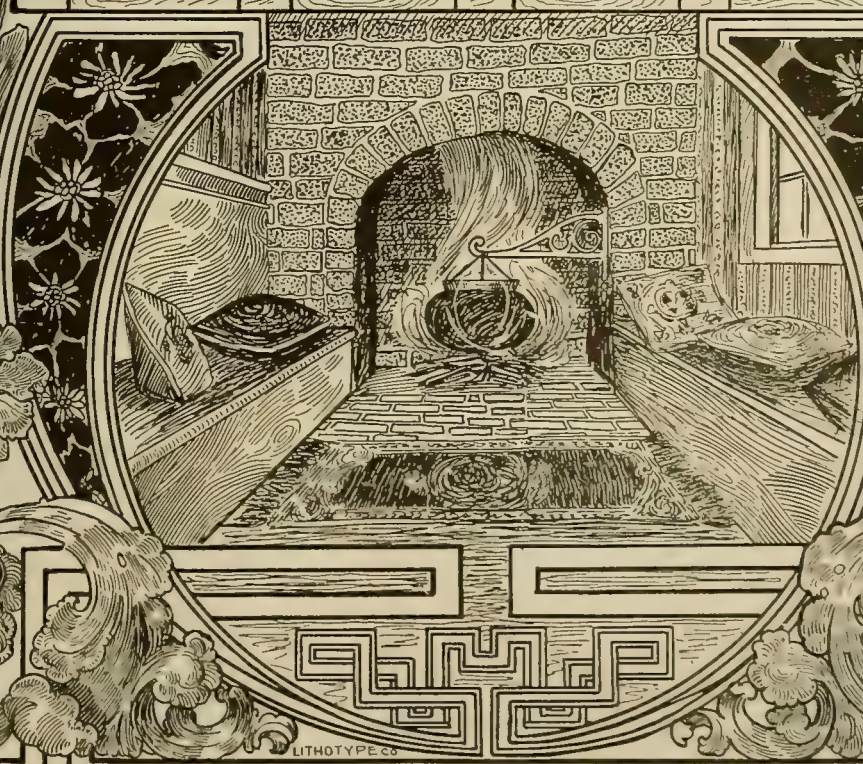
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TO

BUTTE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA

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Elder D. C. Campbell, of Colfax, Indiana, and a number of LAND BUYERS and SETTLERS who have bought in BUTTE VALLEY, CALIF. invite others to join the

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An Interview With J. C. Funderburg, the first Settler in BUTTE VALLEY Under the Auspices of the California Butte Valley Land Company

When did you settle in Butte Valley?

August 1906.

Was there any one brought there by the California Butte Valley Land Company prior to your settlement?

No.

Did you buy land there before you went?

No.

Has it improved during the year you have lived there?

Yes; I think it has.

Do you like the Valley as well as when you first went there?

Yes; the seasonable rains and the composition of the soil, which responds readily to cultivation, makes the future even brighter to me than when I first arrived in the Valley.

What seems to be the result of your investigation concerning, soil, climate, rain-fall, etc?

The results are most favorable.

What is your opinion of the soil and climate?

I think they are of the very best. I have taken daily weather observations, and have found the climate fine. The coldest temperature was three degrees below zero, but this was only on two or three occasions. Spring months' season was a little backward, but lots of good prospects for excellent crops.

Do you have frost?

Yes; but it didn't seem to have any bad effect on the fruit.

What kind of fruit do you know of in the Butte Valley?

Apples, pears, cherries, peaches, plums and smaller fruits. I saw currants on the stock.

Do you think the peaches compare favorably with peaches of other fruit belts?

Peaches do not; but the apples and pears are highly flavored, far more so than in other parts of the State of California. The apples are as good as those raised in the "apple belt" of Oregon; free from worms, large and of excellent flavor.

Did you ever see any onions in Butte Valley?

Yes; gathered forty bushels and stored them away last fall. They were fine, very sweet.

Did you help dig any Irish potatoes last fall?

Yes; one hundred bushels.

How about the size?

Large, well developed.

Bothered with scab?

No; they were nice smooth potatoes, running about 300 bushels to the acre.

Have you sown any alfalfa or timothy?

I have sown alfalfa, and it promises very well.

Is there any wheat in the Valley?

Spring wheat. Prospects good, as the spring wheat has come out wonderfully. Mr. Truax was surprised to see the wheat growing in the Valley in such fine condition.

How long has Truax lived in the Valley?

About twenty-five years.

Is it true that corn will not grow in Butte Valley?

No; for it is growing there now and did last year. There was good sweet corn also. This year the corn seemed to escape the frost.

Have you ever been to the North end of the Valley?

Yes.

Do they have corn up there?

Both corn and wheat.

Do you consider winter wheat would be better than spring wheat?

In my opinion better.

From your experience living in Butte Valley, do you consider the climate is sufficiently mild for winter wheat to be perfectly safe?

Yes. I was raised on a farm and am satisfied that wheat will do well.

What is the progress of building in general, in Butte Valley? Are the people putting up new homes?

Yes. They are all pretty busy.

Any saw-mills in the Valley?

Yes; there are two with ten thousand feet daily capacity. Schnider's mill is a permanent one.

Is the Brethren church at Macdoel under construction?

Yes.

Who is doing the carpenter work?

Hufford and Wagoner.

Have they begun work on the railroad station at Macdoel?

Not yet. The railroad is rapidly pushing northwest to the Valley.

How far do the trains run now?

Six miles beyond Grass Lake. McGuire is Agent for Weed Lumber Company. The company figured on the lumber for the church and wanted to donate $200.00.

I understand there is an organized church, Sunday school and Christian Workers' meetings?

That is true. Have regular service; two each Sunday.

Now taking everything as a whole, the Brethren who have moved in from all parts, all sections of the country, do they seem to be well satisfied with their selection or not?

I would say they are.

Do you think that the plan of the California Butte Valley Land Company in colonizing in Butte Valley, is a success from a missionary standpoint?

Yes.

California Butte Valley Land Co.

Mt. Hebron, California

The Span of Life

is three score years and ten. That is the record of a well-lived life. We cannot all live to that advanced age, but we can live longer, healthier and happier lives if we keep a wise and careful watch over our health. In order to do our full duty in life's battle, it is necessary to have good health.

If we're sick, broken down, weak and poorly, we cannot enjoy life, neither are we able to do the part required of us; we are a burden to ourselves and our fellow-beings.

But nobody needs to be sick, that is, for any length of time. You may feel that something unusual is the matter with you. You may lose strength, your appetite, your ambition.

You may feel tired, worn out, dizzy and nervous. You may have a headache, pains all over, you may feel sore in the muscles, the back and kidneys. You know that you are sick, but still you don't know what ails you. These are nature's danger signals. It is your blood. Impure blood is the cause of most diseases of the body. It produces rheumatism, gout, la grippe, neuralgia, kidney complaint, jaundice, backache, fevers, skin diseases and other ailments. It causes trouble for both sexes, men and women; for all ages, young and old.

In order to enjoy good health, your blood must be in a normal condition, as blood is the life. It is the element of life.

It is, therefore, important that we should know something about this life element and how to keep it pure and in a healthy state. Every movement of our body wears out some flesh or tissue and these "wearouts" must be repaired. The material for these bodily repairs comes from the blood. The blood builds up the vital organs, strengthens and regulates them and enables them to perform their functions regularly, according to the laws of nature. It carries the waste matter from the different parts of the body and removes it through the pores of the skin and other channels. If the blood is thick and sluggish it will fail to perform this work; the channels become clogged up and disease follows.

What is needed is an agent that will help nature remove the cause and build up the system. Nature has wisely provided for these emergencies. You must look to the vegetable kingdom for relief. In its herbs, roots, barks, flowers, seeds, etc., lies your salvation. These act without hurting your system.

Among known remedies there is probably none which has met with such marked success in accomplishing this as **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer,** a purely vegetable preparation. It does not remove the cause temporarily, but attacks the evil at the root, destroying the evil, roots, trunk, branches and all. It does this because it not only purifies but makes new rich, red blood. It builds up, strengthens and invigorates. Thousands have testified to its merits.

A BUSINESS MAN WRITES.

Wagner, S. D., April 14, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir.—I must write and tell you what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I had rheumatism for a number of years, and finally got so that I was unable to walk. Last summer I went to New York to be treated for it, but I returned home without being any better. I then thought I would try the **Blood Vitalizer,** and must admit that it is the best medicine there is. My own case proves it. I am well known through South Dakota, having been in business for over eight years. I can not describe the wonderful change the **Blood Vitalizer** brought about in my condition. People wonder what cured me. If it had not been for the **Blood Vitalizer,** I would have become an invalid. Yours respectfully,

M. Kennedy.

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Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.:

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W. H. Bates.

Do you wish to gain strength, to gather flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fiber and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated? If so commence a treatment with **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** at once. The very first bottle will convince you of its merits. **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** is not an article of commercial traffic. It is not put up in a humdrum way for the purpose of sale but is prepared with the most scrupulous care and exactness as a medicine for sick people. Every bottle, as it leaves the laboratory, is supplied with a registered number duly recorded. For good reasons, the proprietors do not supply the **Blood Vitalizer** to druggists or others interested in "traffic" goods, but to the people direct through special agents appointed in every comunity. For further particulars address

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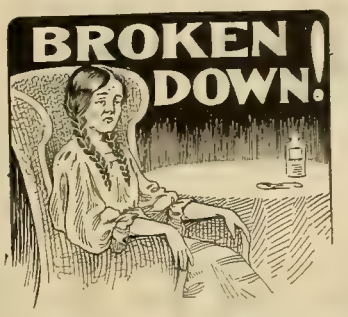
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Lomita, California

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Some questions received.

1. What kind of water at Lomita?

So far as developed the water is soft, pure and abundant. Better water one does not need. It is fresh and cool.

2. Can oranges and lemons be grown for family use?

Assuredly. We make no claim to raise oranges as in Redlands, but with care and good cultivation a very good orange can be grown. A neighbor at this writing is selling his lemons at a good price.

3. How deep is the soil?

Deep enough for any agricultural purpose. We have not dug deep yet but at three feet the soil is just as at the surface.

4. What are the prospects for an electric line on Weston Street?

Mr. Huntington said: "Get the produce and we will get it out." That is as near as he promised an electric railway, and now we are after the people who are willing to **grow** the products. Will you be one of them?

5. How many Brethren have selected land?

Quite a number have made selections and some are now on the ground. Others have gone to arrange their affairs to come into the colony. In order to get some of the unsold land to farm next year, you should buy now and make your selection, for we shall soon be obliged to lease the parts that will go to grain. Here the leases begin and end Nov. 1st. Those who farm ought to make arrangements early. Two men will take for farming purposes all that is left. Again we urge you to speak now.

If you wish us to select you five or ten or more acres, write a check of $100 made payable to us and send it to M. M. Eshelman, who acts as trustee for us and you, and when you come if our selection does not suit you after examining it, then you can choose some other unsold piece and the money will apply just the same. There is a good demand for small tracts. We have started out to give the Brethren inside chances and are willing to do our part but we cannot do it all. Co-operation is just as essential in colonization as in any other business. We are at your command to do the best possible things for you to build up Lomita colony.

This climate is worth something—any climate that will grow necessary products, is worth something. One cannot expect much growth north of the Artic Circle, but whatever grows there for mankind is by virtue of climatic conditions. The country that produces corn and cattle does so because the climate and soil are adapted to that kind of growth. So our climate is valuable in just the proportion that it will produce foodstuffs and raw material for manufactures. We know that if it were not for these genial climatic conditions in Southern California, the great variety of produce could not be raised and put upon the market. It is this tremendous growth, both in variety and quantity, that gives value to land and water. If a country will produce only **one** crop a year on account of its climate, land is worth just what it brings on a reasonable per cent basis. But if the climatic conditions are such that from four to six crops can be produced annually, then that land is worth from four to six times what the one crop land is worth. This is the only correct way to bring about a just conclusion in making comparisons as to value of land. Then again there is a vast difference between depending upon rain from the skies for crops and rain from under the surface of the ground and turning this latter on at your pleasure. Hence one crop land might be worth $100 per acre and six crop land $600. When you say land is too high priced in Southern California do you calculate the income per acre from the land? Or do you just think of your eastern $100 per acre land and compare from that? One must be fair in his deductions. There too, land is worth what it sells for, or else thousands of people have been fooled for twenty-five years, a thing not possible. Our prices are certainly within reason when all things are duly considered. We think it not far distant when nearly all land between the city and the sea will be worth $1,000 per acre. Much of it is worth that now. With the constantly increasing population and with added industries good soil cannot fail to bring high prices. Now is the time to get some of the good soil at Lomita. Californians are learning this rapidly and do not hesitate to get in on the "ground floor." When are you coming? Write us your thoughts. We are busy people but will find time to write you personally if you desire.

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An Important Date

OCTOBER 1, 1907

FOR ALL

HOMESEEKERS

150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act Will Be Thrown Open For Entry on October 1, 1907

This will be a great opportunity to the settler to secure a Homestead in a mild, equable climate, where crops grow to perfection by irrigation. No failure of crops on account of drought. This tract is on the North side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho.

THE BRETHREN

should now be arranging to go to the opening for entry of 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal in Idaho on **Oct. 1, 1907.**

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $35.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms, crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success, as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands take the Oregon Short Line, R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907.

Table of Rates

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. AUGUST 13, 1907. NO. 33.

Mount Wilson

A. W. Vaniman

A FEW miles north of Pasadena, California, and in plain view, towers, to the height of 6,100 feet, the most noted mountain of Southern California, Mount Lowe. A very large per cent of the tourists in Southern California consider their visit incomplete until they have taken the electric car to Rubio Cañon, where they transfer to the cable incline which takes them three thousand feet at an incline of fifty per cent, where they reach Echo Mountain, and change to an electric car that carries them five miles further to Alpine Tavern. There a three-mile trail carries one to the top either on foot or horseback, from which point one can look down over the San Gabriel Valley stretched out before him, a panorama that must be seen to be appreciated. He finds it dotted with orange groves, towns and cities. Electric lines and steam roads stretch themselves like threads across the landscape. Off in the distance lies the blue Pacific with the noted Catalina island breaking its smooth surface.

Just east of Mt. Lowe a few miles and in plain view is another mountain that will likely become more known as time passes. For many miles one can see a winding trail along the edge of the mountain, turning here and there, rising higher and higher until it reaches the top of Mount Wilson. The place has been selected for the location of the finest telescope the world has yet produced, when exactness, size and mechanical perfectness are considered. This place has been selected because it is considered by astronomers to have the most suitable atmospheric conditions for astronomical purposes that they have been able to find. The atmosphere is more uniform at all seasons of the year than at other places that have been tested and there is a small telescope there now, called the Snow Telescope.

The telescope now being made for that place is a sixty-inch reflecting telescope, and is being manufactured on Santa Barbara street, Pasadena. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year are furnished by the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C., for the construction of this splendid piece of mechanism. The heavy castings are being made in San Francisco, and the earthquake a year ago interfered quite materially with the progress of that part of the work. The heaviest casting weighs five tons. How to get this to the top of the mountain was a problem to be solved. A trail, already existing must be widened, and arranged for a wagon road. Next a specially constructed automobile truck has been purchased. The motive power is gasoline, which propels a dynamo that furnishes electricity to four electric motors, one in each wheel, making it a very powerful machine. This is to be used to convey the parts of the telescope to the top of the mountain, where they will be set up. The total amount of material to be transported about five miles to the foot of the mountain, and about mine miles up the mountain trail to the top is about one hundred and fifty tons.

The telescope is of the reflecting type; instead of lenses such as are used in smaller instruments, there is a large concave mirror in the bottom of a tube. This mirror focuses the rays of light at a point toward the top of the tube. At the point where the rays of light are focused is a small mirror set at an angle, which directs the said rays of light to an opening in the side of the tube. So instead of looking into the end of the tube one looks into the side. The glass from which the large mirror is made comes from France. It comes in round blocks of required size. The glass for this telescope is five feet in diameter, eight inches thick and weighs a ton. It requires months of constant grinding and polishing to get it in the proper condition. The greatest care is taken to keep all dust out of the room, as the smallest particle of sand in dust might scratch the smooth polished surface. So sensitive is the glass, that a finger laid on the surface for a few minutes, would cause it to so expand at that point as to entirely spoil the surface until that defect could be removed. The telescope will have a clock work attached that will permit the operator to direct it to a star and the instrument will move with it, so that a camera can be attached and remain for hours without blurring the image. That means

pretty accurate mechanism. On the top of Mt. Wilson is a hotel and some accommodations for camping, and some persons spend some time there camping during the hot weather. It is cool and invigorating, and the air is so pure that fresh meat hung out in the open air can be kept for days without tainting.

Prof. G. W. Ritchey has charge of the construction of this immense instrument. A few months ago a Mr. Baker in Los Angeles donated fifty thousand dollars to make a hundred-inch mirror, which when completed will be by far the largest ever made. It is the intention to make that when the one now under construction is completed. These mirrors are made by silvering the front side instead of the back like the ordinary mirror.

Pasadena, Cal.

SONNET.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Is future life a shadowy dream,
A myth that puzzles still the brain?
Or closely folded as a ream
Of unwrit leaves, without a stain?
Closed volume, to material sense,
That governs with imperial rod,
And brings the meagre recompense
A final home beneath the sod?
* * * The soul recoils; a secret spark
Flames with the light of endless day;
No longer veiled in dungeon dark,
Or screened by perishable clay,
It rises up on Hope's bright wing,
Of immortality to sing.

Literature -- Its Mission to Man

Richard Braunstein

LITERATURE may be defined as the record of all that men and women of all climes and all ages have felt, thought, seen and done in the world. It is in spirit, catholic; in scope it embraces all the sciences. It is aristocratic, it is culture, it is education and recreation. The question is asked by the skeptic, "What good does it do to man?"

Why, the fact is that literature is the very atmosphere, in which we all, *not some of us,* live and breathe and have our being. We drew in the air as soon as we began to think. Long before we could read for ourselves, before even we could listen understandingly to the reading of others, we felt unconsciously, but most really, and most profoundly, the effect, the beneficial effect of literature. The home in which you were reared, the character and spirit of the mother who gave you birth, that nurtured and tended your infancy—these were different, and they were better, because literature had done something to make them and mold them. And were they not literature, those lullabies that quieted us in our cradles, the fairy tales that fed our fancy, in our wondering childhood, the stories from the Bible that expanded our infant minds to embrace the idea of a God, of a Savior, of a future life, of heaven, of hell? Those men who sneer at literature, who seem to have no time to *waste* on a book; those men who talk of expunging literature, and bringing up the new generation on science, know not what their words mean. Take literature out of the world and we have a dense, black, howling wilderness.

I am very well aware of the fact that comparatively few out of any human generation ever become widely or deeply conversant with literature. It is but the one person out of ten or a hundred, or out of a thousand it may be, that reads books. This I freely acknowledge. Readers of books, take the civilized world at large, are few and far between. But no matter for that. Literature is a universal good. It benefits even those who do not read. How many of you spend time looking at the sun? But you see by the light of the sun nevertheless. You may ignore the sun. But you *must* benefit by it. The sun lights the world in thousands and tens of thousands of places where he does not directly shine. And *literature is a sun.* It blazes high in the heavens and spreads its beneficent illumination everywhere abroad among the civilized haunts of mankind. There are coverts, to be sure, into which its rays cannot immediately pierce. But even into such coverts *its* rays enter. There is such a thing as diffusion of light by refraction and reflection and transmission. In this way literature becomes a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. *A light,* I say—for I use those sacred words with reverence. One is *the* light that lighteth every man. And, by the way, let us remember that it is greatly through literature, that is, through a book, *the* Book, the Bible, that Jesus himself shines hither, across seas and continents of space and across centuries of time to light us here as in a city in the wilderness to-day.

Of the hundreds of thousands of people who hear our great preachers and speakers, perhaps not one in a hundred are great readers. But they like to hear our speakers, they go to church, to the opera, and they read the daily newspapers. From all these they receive the benefit, the teaching of literature. Everything that is being said, done, and written owes something to literature. It is the life, the breath, the soul of our present-day life, as it was in days gone before, as it will be in days to be.

Seeing the West Through the Eyes of a Missourian

Ada Kircher

In Five Parts. Part Three.

NEXT morning we awoke in about the same kind of country where we went to sleep and rubbed our eyes and looked again to see if it were really true. Then we were informed that there was trouble with the engine and we had gone only twenty miles.

"No wonder I slept so good," said Mrs. C. "No wonder I could hardly sleep," said I.

After breakfast we stopped at Pueblo Indian Village. It was a beautiful morning and as we climbed the hill that leads to the village we looked the country o'er. What a lovely place, and did the Indians have a taste for the scenic when they located here?

Their houses were made mostly of stone and some had the appearance of being unoccupied and in need of repair. As we rounded a corner we came upon three Indian women. One was holding a baby. I say baby because it did not look like a papoose and was not put up like one. One of our party asked if he might take the baby's picture. She told him for a dollar he might.

It is said the Pueblos are the wealthiest of all Indians and they surely know how to get money and believe in making a display of it, as they had money sewed down the sides of their skirts and on their sleeves. Some had quarter pieces, others dimes, and still others dollars.

We were admitted into the church for a dime and it was worth that much to see their quaint drawings which were all we saw.

We then went to the Governor's Mansion to shake hands, as some informed us they had, but he was out. Likely got tired of holding a reception. His wife kindly invited us in, which invitation Mrs. C. gladly accepted and stepped inside.

One glance was enough for me, as here civilization and barbarism were so badly mixed as to spoil it for either side. I went in search of something more to my taste, but missing my companion I went back and found her still in the Governor's Palace as contented as you please. I became alarmed lest the Governor's wife was gaining a fast friend and that would deprive me of a pleasant traveling companion.

After some persuasion we went on and found a huge rock with a place hollowed out where they mixed their bread, and we peeped into their ovens to see something baking but were disappointed. Those ovens were made of clay and were like the Dutch Ovens.

We then went to the corral and saw four or five burros so thin the less said about them the better.

Indian girls were seen everywhere selling pottery. It wasn't pottery, it was beads I wanted and when I asked one woman to sell me her beads she would not have been more surprised if I had asked her to sell me her papoose, which Mrs. Culp, (there, I have told!) said she thought I was going to ask next,—because I was so taken with those papooses.

We went to the car and there I was informed I missed the best part of my life, as there was fine stock further on somewhere and a dance.

We saw several other Indian villages along the way. We also saw beds of lava. It looked like very brown, very rough soil. There were acres of it.

We passed the famous Mesa mountains and along the way saw sand hills, which they tell us are one place to-day and somewhere else to-morrow.

Our engine gave out and progress was very slow so we had time to spend socially. The men got out, at one stop, and one threw up an old coal-bucket found there and the rest threw at it. The women gathered in groups and some talked, some sang, some told stories, some renewed old acquaintances, others traced relationship and still others rendered recitations, and in one car there was a spelling class.

But there was one group that did not seem to be so happy. The tears of sympathy were rolling down the cheeks of neighbors who but two short days ago were strangers, as one sister related the events of her dark hour in life. As she finished they all wept in silence and then another told of her bereavement and so each one took her turn, for who is there who has not had a dark cloud crossing her pathway?

And thus the time was spent, and as one brakeman remarked, "There is not a deck of cards in the whole train and yet time does not seem to hang heavy on their hands." Far, very far from hanging heavy on our hands. If there is another church, society club, or any other order that can enjoy such pleasant relationship together as we did I should just like to hear about it. No, more than that, you'll just have to show me.

We crossed Canyon Diablo and the train stopped a few moments for us to look at it, but as we were expecting so much greater sights we did not really appreciate this as we should.

As we neared Flagstaff we saw the San Francisco Mountains. The weather was rather cool.

It was the hour for retiring again. We again assembled at the family altar, more closely drawn to

each other by our pleasant associations together and more closely drawn to our heavenly Father by his protection, as we realize the many perils that might befall us, and for his kindness in allowing us this sweet fellowship together. We are truly thankful for the many blessings of life and especially the great blessing we have in our church membership.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Discontent stalks abroad through the world, and lurks in every corner. There is a screw loose somewhere in the modern style of living. Is it not that we are too impatient, too bent on having everything come about in a hurry, as illustrated by the current phrase, "I want what I want when I want it"? Talk with your neighbors and you will find this spirit of restlessness omnipresent. The old virtue of patience is becoming well-nigh extinct, for it is little taught. No one is willing to do things by degrees but everyone must accomplish big things suddenly. And yet this is against nature. "What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" asks Shakespeare. All the king's horses and all the king's men—with all the wealth of the world thrown in—cannot hasten the period of incubation required by an egg to hatch; hurry the process and you disgust nature and spoil the product.

Many people will do nothing unless they can do something big and soon; they are comparatively few who are content to accumulate a store of savings by virtue of persistent industry and economy, a little at a time; the current aim is to get rich quickly, by some sort of speculation, if not peculation, and the manner is considered less important than the matter. Certainly the examples of so many men around us making big fortunes in a few years by exploiting the country's supplies of timber, minerals, etc., or by contriving to connect with the "unearned increment"—such examples tend to stimulate a spirit of unthrift among the general herd, for it takes Spartan fixity of purpose for one to keep pegging away and practicing homely economies when he sees others making some lucky strike, almost over night, as much as he, with all his sacrifices, could save in years.

Young married couples must now set up in life with more costly houses and outfits than their parents, even after years of frugality, could afford; few are content to begin with just the bare necessities, and add to their possessions little by little, but they must have everything that everyone else has right on the start, even if they have to pay for it on the installment plan. Verily they have their reward, but no doubt they miss much of the pleasure of true earning and true ownership.

After all, it is the little-by-little principle that counts, and how much better off the great mass of mankind would be if they were to adopt this principle as the guiding rule of their life. It is truly astonishing how much can be accomplished in the course of months or years by doing just a little at a time. A letter-carrier in France for 25 years made it a practice to carry home all the stones he found on his rounds. The people laughed at him for a crank, but with those stones he gradually built a house, so massive and grand that by common consent it has come to be called the "palace." By his persistence he has erected for himself a monument better than any fortune he might leave, for it is and will long remain an object-lesson of what patience and faith can do—and the influence of his example will spread thousands of miles away. Men like that are the true millionaires, and it is their ways and not the ways of the money-maniacs which should be studied and followed. Don't be discouraged when you find that things do not come your way in a minute; and have faith that if you keep your eyes on the ideal and labor steady toward it you will, as time goes by, make more progress than those who hope to be wafted to their goal by some outside force. As Longfellow said:

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

KIND WORDS.

As the breath of the dew on the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chambers and send low, sweet, liquid strains that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And, oh, when the heart is sad and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure ceased to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer up their memory through a sad life, while words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victims.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"The emperor of Germany has the grandest railway train in the world. It cost one million dollars, and took three years to build. Included in its gorgeous saloons are two nurseries, a gymnasium, a music-room, and a treasure-room. The drawing-room is finished with oil paintings and statuary. The treasure-room—a unique feature—is constructed on the safe deposit principle, with two large burglar-proof safes."

Catching Crayfish

N. J. Miller

DEARLY everyone, sometime or other, has had something to do with crayfish (often called craw-fish and erroneously crabs). Perhaps it was studying the animal swimming or feeding in an aquarium, pond, or stream, or walking on dry land. The chances, nine to one, are that it was a bit of experience in catching them. It requires little skill to pick them up when slowly traveling out of the water, a habit they sometimes indulge in. Such migrations or pilgrimages often occur after a rain or when the pond is going dry. Should the pilgrimage not be made, but one thing remains to be done—burrow into the soil until water is reached where life is tided over. Some species always burrow into the soft soil in meadows, of which the verse says:

"All night the crayfish deepens out her wells
As shows the clay that freshly curbs them round."

But catching crayfish on land isn't very exciting and is a slow task. It is like hunting rabbits when there aren't any, or bears when only their old tracks can be seen.

It has been my privilege to supply various laboratories with crayfish which I had to deliver alive. These I often captured with a small net supported by a wire circle and attached to the end of a stick. This simple apparatus served as a dredge to draw the living forms from pond or stream; sometimes as a net or trap. The latter was usually successful in clear water, especially beneath a bridge. I frequently went to such a place to successfully fish the big, fat creeping fellows. On one occasion I visited the spot and could see scores of them creeping close to the rocks. They were fine specimens, large and mature, just what I wanted. I stepped beneath the big bridge and lightly from rock to rock lest I frighten the animals.



Where One Makes Successful Hauls.

Quietly I inserted the net into the water behind them and carefully touched their heads or antennæ with my hand or a stick. Like a flash each darted backwards into the net which was quickly lifted out of the water and emptied into a pail. I kept drawing them out singly until the big pail was nearly full. Then, becoming too bold in the exciting enterprise I made a misstep, slipped, became overbalanced and splashed into the water. I was surprised, even frightened at my plunge but the uncaught crayfish even more so. Everyone had scampered out of sight. Crayfishing under the bridge was at an end that afternoon.

The average country lad knows that crayfish can be allured from their hiding places by a piece of meat

tied to a string. They will cling to meat with their "pincers" until lifted out of the water and usually landed safely in the boy's can. A good plan is to take a piece of liver, weighing about one-half pound, tie to a string and throw into the pond or stream. In a short time the crayfish, perhaps a dozen, will climb over the liver and pinch on. Lift the meat out of the water and the crayfish are yours provided you pull gently and rapidly enough before they can let go. It is a good plan to insert a dip-net beneath the liver just as it comes above the water's surface to catch all crayfish letting loose before they are certainly on land. Should one have several such baits at a very suitable place, there is enough work, excitement and success to make the fishing genuine sport.

But why does the crayfish hang on to the meat long enough to be captured? A bit of animal psychology is involved in it. In your boyhood you accepted more than once a challenge to climb a tree twenty feet to the first limb. In a moment your hands, arms, and shins gripped the trunk. Quickly you went the first ten feet, but oh, how far the other ten seemed! Your hands bled, your muscles ached, your shins were skinned and you felt so weak you were almost tempted to give up. But you had grit and went to the top though you began to fear you might fall and be obliged at once to give an account of you deeds on earth. Any time on your way up you could have let go to come down. Not so with the crayfish having pinched on to the liver. In spite of the danger, it still holds on even after being lifted out of the water. It isn't a case of mere grit that makes it hold on either. It perceives the danger ahead but is captured "before it has time to think the matter over and let go." The liver bait method simply takes advantage of its sluggish thinking.

Perhaps the use of a good-sized minnow-net is the most satisfactory way to catch the ten-legged fellows. More than once have I helped to catch a bushel of these in less than two hours. We simply waded in the water, held the net well down to the bottom and pulled what ever came in the net to the shore. If the place was suitable, not too sunny, either on mud, gravel or limestone bottom, we usually had a good haul. How the crayfish flopped their tails to turn over! How they opened up and reached out their "pincers"! But the fighting and threats were soon over as the forms dropped into our buckets.

Crayfishing is getting to be more and more of an industry. The French people eat large numbers of them every year. The large crayfish farms there do not even supply the demand. Germany makes large shipments to the markets of France every season. In the large cities of the United States there is quite a demand for the jointed animals too. The muscles in the abdomen, "the tail part" of the animal, is the portion eaten. I have never tasted the delicate dish but have acquaintances that prefer it rather than chicken. An acquaintance of mine once told me he ate one hundred and fifty-six crayfish at one meal! One hundred and fifty-six seems incredible; but a glance at the man's stature and waist satisfied me he was equal to the occasion and that he was accustomed to the woes of indigestion. One hundred and fifty-six! He liked them, yes, he did. I haven't any doubt now that crayfish are a delicate dish.

THE HABIT OF NOT FEELING WELL.

FEW people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into a habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache, or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to any one who will listen. Instead of combating the tendency to illness by filling the lungs with pure, fresh air, they dose themselves wtih "headache tablets," or some specific, "warranted to cure" whatever ill they think they are suffering from. They begin to pity themselves, and try to attract pity and sympathy from others. Unconsciously, by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms, they reinforce the first simple suggestion of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unfitted to do a day's work.

It is said that man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired, or not well. Much so-called "invalidism" is simple laziness. There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity. How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once whenever anything happens which interests or excites them! And invitation to a reception or a party, or any other pleasant social occasion, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody—until after the entertainment.—*Success.*

CULTIVATE the habit of truth. Let it become the very genius of your life. It will strike all hypocrisy out of your life; it will inspire in all men confidence in you when they come to know that at all times and under all circumstances you will be as your custom is —*J. F. Carson.*

SACRIFICES TO RUBBER INDUSTRY.

EVERY ton of rubber costs a human life. No one can live and work in the river bottoms of the great Amazon region and the Congo Free State, except a native. The mortality in the state of Amazonas, Brazil, corresponds almost exactly to the number of tons of rubber produced, and, although there are no such atrocities in Brazil as are charged against the Congo, nevertheless it is true that the laborers who are brought into the rubber fields from the coast do not average more than three years of life, and are, if not in law at least in fact, subjected to hardships never known or endured by the slaves in the United States or even by the slaves in the coffee countries of Brazil. Columbus first had his attention attracted to the peculiar qualities of the gum. It is said to be first mentioned in a "Universal History of the Indies," published in Madrid in 1536. A little later a Jesuit, Father Charlevoix, called attention to the bouncing qualities of the ball made of it. The word gumma was first used by Tordesillas in speaking of the balls used by the Haytiens which they called gumana. The Englishman Priestly in 1770 found that the material was good for rubbing out pencil marks, whence it has ever since been known in England as India rubber. Rubber is an absolute essential to modern life for the railway train, automobile, insulation in electrical communications and lighting, and for medicinal and surgical purposes.

DOING HONEST WORK.

THE other evening when a party of pleasure seekers was entering the city in an automobile, the machine became unmanageable, ran into a ditch, and two of the number were badly hurt. These facts so nearly resemble those making up hundreds of other accidents, that they have little interest for the average reader. The cause of this accident, however, is said to be an unusual one. A small piece of the mechanism under the floor of the machine gave way, putting the machine beyond the chaffeur's power. The piece thus giving way is so simple in construction that nothing short a bungling job in the making of it could have brought about the accident in this way.

This is only one instance of countless thousands where people have been in danger of and have even lost their lives because of the dishonest work of some one. No wonder honest workmen are at a premium in the business world, when so much is depending upon their honesty.

The man who slights his work must be of the most thoughtless sort. In the first place by a little thinking he could easily see that the one who accepts the work as genuine is bound to be cheated. Perhaps this cheating will take the form of a demand for the person's life, as in the case of defective rails for railroads. Besides this, there is the injury done the man or company purporting to do honest work. More than this, there is the injury that the man does himself. The harm the dishonest worker brings to others is not lasting,—it cannot go beyond this life. The injury he does himself lasts forever. A never-ending eternity cannot relieve him of its influence.

And what is to be gained by doing such work? Perhaps a few paltry dollars. Perhaps a few moments of time. But these last are not really gained, for whatever time is spent in idleness, or in work which cheats the demands of one's first duty, is worse than lost because of the train of evils to which it gives existence. And how the few dollars thus gained can really add to one's worth we must still question till better argument than we have yet heard on the subject has been brought forward.

In any event, doing honest work pays, not only for the present and as long as the work stands, but it yields a satisfactory income long after the work has crumbled to dust.

ABOUT BEADS.

Do you know how the pretty colored glass beads are made that are so much used for necklaces and fancy work? The process is very interesting and curious. First, the glass is melted in a pot, and while in this state is colored. It is then taken from the pot by two workmen, who expand the mass and form it into tubes by blowing into it down their blowpipes. Then while it is still soft they draw the tubes out to a great length, while the tubes, of course, get more and more slender as they grow longer. On cooling, these are broken into lengths of about a foot—twelve inches—each. Next these lengths are "annealed," or toughened, and cut evenly into short bits. After this the roughly cut beads are mixed with ashes and sand, then put into a metal cylinder over a brisk fire, and turned round and round very rapidly as they soften with the heat. They are thrown into water and shaken until all the ashes and sand are cleaned away, leaving the holes free; and finally they are threaded on strings, ready for packing and selling. This is the process through which the common beads go before they are fit for use. Beads of finer quality undergo a great deal more cutting and polishing before they leave the factory.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

AMERICAN vessels, it is said, are never seen in India or other Eastern ports. Other nations, even small ones like Belgium, send their own ships to Oriental ports, and therefore reap large commercial profits, while United States manufacturers are not able to compete with them. American products are shipped to England, and from there reshipped aboard British vessels to India.

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XXIII. The Waste is Spanned.

"DO you think his injuries are fatal?" asked Mrs. Chester of the white-robed nurse.

"I fear so," answered the other. He has been unconscious ever since he was brought to the hospital, two days ago. The doctor says there is but little hope."

"Can you give me the details of the accident?" and Mrs. Chester bent forward and laid her hand upon the forehead of the injured man.

"All I know is that he was struck by an electric car about midnight Thursday. I do not even know in what street the accident occurred."

"Poor Mr. Deane!" the Dunker lady said. "When consciousness returns, please tell him that Mrs. Chester was to see him"—and she handed a card to the gentle nurse. "You will be sure to tell him that?" she added.

"I will," replied the other, while Mrs. Chester passed through the corridor and out into the street.

The next day and the next was a blank to John Deane, but on the following morning Mrs. Chester was informed that the patient was conscious and wished to see her. She followed the nurse to the cot and taking his hands in hers, told him how glad she was to see him better.

"I'm mighty glad as you have cum," he whispered with an effort, then closed his weary eyes again.

"I shall try to come every day while you are here. In the meantime you must be very quiet and get well—Nay," she added as he tried to speak, and she saw what pain the effort cost him, "you shall talk to me when you are stronger. And now good-bye!" she said, and passed from his side.

But the days wore on and a time came when John Deane was allowed to talk as often and as much as he desired. Ever patient, ever gentle, ever cheerful, Mrs. Chester was, as from time to time she conversed or read to him.

He had told her how it all happened,—that dreadful accident. "I had struggled that night, Mrs. Chester,—God only knows how much. I b'lieve as it wuz the darkest night o' all my life, an' the bridge what I wuz buildin' all along, cum almost crashin' down; but I clung to the floorin' ov it, and wuz saved.

"W'en I seed the fellers laughin' over the sparklin' glasses, somethin' made me dizzy an' I well-nigh gev up, and w'en I went to cross the threshold I don't know what it wuz 'at pulled me back. I never felt as much forsook an' all alone as w'en I went a trudgin' down them steps an' out into the darkness. But all uv a student like, yer face riz up before me jest as you looked that day w'en I thought as yer was Bessie; and then still clingin' to the floorin' ov't, I driv another spike inter that bridge. Sez I: 'Humanity is not all bad.'

"An' so I wandered up an' down thinkin' an' resolvin' till it must hev been miles as I had walked. Then all to once a roarin' cum an' then a mighty pain—then all wuz dark to me."

The matron often wondered why the Dunker lady tarried in the accident ward so long, and mentally queried whether she was in any way connected with the bandaged man, who rarely had any other visitor and whom no one else seemed to care about.

He had been one long month in the hospital when Mrs. Chester in ascending the steps to the accident ward, met the physician of that department. She asked him whether he still regarded John Deane's case as hopeless.

"I do," replied the doctor gravely. "He may linger on for weeks, perhaps, but owing to grave internal injuries sustained, recovery is an impossibility."

For a time the injured man seemed to have been gaining strength, but gradually grew weaker until he was reduced to a mere shadow of his former self. Still he was always cheerful and if he knew that the massive gate through which he must make his exit from earth forever, should shortly swing ajar, the truth did not seem to cause him pain.

Upon several occasions Mrs. Chester had taken Sibyl to his bedside. He told her to be a good girl and remember everything that Mrs. Chester told her. "She will not tell you nothin' what'l lead you inter wrong," he said.

And the days wore on and the form grew more shadowy and the eye more dim. He had once said to Mrs. Chester: "I think the bridge is mighty nigh completed. Since layin' here, I hev done a good deal uv buildin' on't and I reckon it'l soon be strong enough ter bear me inter that blessed and redeemin' future what hez no past."

And still the days wore on, until that one came when the Gate swung open and a cool breeze from the mystic valley fanned the sick man's brow. His lips moved and the gentle nurse bent low to catch the broken message: "Tell—her—as—the—waste—is—spanned." This was all he said.

Chapter XXIV. Only a Cry in the Night.

THE days which followed this conversation were days never to be forgotten by Sibyl. Now hope reigned supreme within her heart; now fears struggled for mastery. Now that "peace which passeth understanding" seemed to possess her entire soul; now doubts arose and almost triumphed. One hour was song and sunshine; the next was tears and darkness.

And thus the days dragged slowly on, and with it dragged the perplexity in Sibyl's mind—Could she be faithful? Could she withstand the taunts of all the village girls? Could she endure the sharp rebukes of Mrs. Treadle and Mrs. Trot? Could she renounce all anger, all ill-will? Could she forsake her sinful life entire? Repentance answered, "Yes," but Faith had not yet done her work. And still the days dragged on.

What is it that disturbs the stillness of Shady Brook in the lone watches of that starless night? Only a sad girl's cry, yet hark!

"Oh, Lord, my life is awful wicked but I want to be forgiv! I come to thee for help. Dear Lord, don't cast me out nohow!"

Only a cry in the night! Yet oh, Sibyl, thou hast made the angels around God's throne rejoice!

FROM LOUISIANA.

J. I. MILLER.

IT seems there is still some anxiety on the part of some to see something in the NOOK from the South, so we will have a fruit article. First we shall notice the figs. They commence to ripen the later part of June and the everbearing varieties last until frost. We have a tree in our yard grown from a cutting that was about one foot long and was stuck in the ground seven years ago last spring. It commenced to bear the second year and has never missed a crop. The tree is now eleven feet high, the top is twelve feet in diameter, the body one foot above the ground and just below the lower limb is seventeen inches in circumference, and the tree has not had any special care.

When the fig trees are let alone, they grow very full of branches from the ground up. The fig tree is rather unique in its way, from the fact that it never blossoms as other fruit trees do. The tiny fig comes out of the new growth and as the tree keeps putting on growth for six or seven months the figs keep coming so the last ones are often nipped by frost late in autumn. We have about forty fig trees, about fifteen bearing, three of them large ones, and how much we do wish we could share some of the luscious figs with our friends in the North. *De figa sind gore griselick gude.* So ends the fig for the present.

Peaches have been ripening for the past two or more weeks and by planting the different varieties one can have peaches from four to five months each summer, but on account of the warm past winter the pear and peach crop is very small in southwestern Louisiana. Texas seems to have a fair crop. We have a pomegranate bush in our yard that was planted about seventeen months ago when it was perhaps twenty inches high and not much thicker than a lead pencil. It is now six feet tall, five feet through top and body is five and one-half inches in circumference, and has twelve pomegranates on and some blossom.

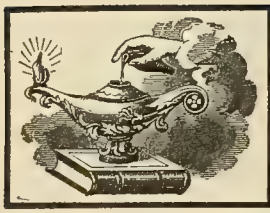
Concord grapes grow and bear immense crops. We picked our last ones about two weeks ago. The scuppernong (grapes) are ripening,—picked about a gallon yesterday. Our concord vines made a growth of from six to eight feet first year, and second year were loaded with grapes.

The most delicious of all small fruits is the guava. Our bushes planted seventeen months ago are so full they lay on the ground. Watermelons and muskmelons are ripe and have been for three weeks or more. Much more might be said about what can be done in the great South, but let this suffice. All letters and inquiries answered to the best of our ability when stamps are sent for reply.

Roanoke, La., July 21.

OF the 20,000,000 people inhabiting Spain, only about 35 per cent can read and write; another 2½ per cent of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 62½ per cent are absolutely illiterate. In the south of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read or write, and many of the postmen are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed. They bring a bundle of letters to a house and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the state: the recipients of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least 1 cent. It is a joke among the easy-going Spaniards that he who treats the postmen best receives the most letters—whether they are intended for him or not.

THE smoke-stack of an ocean liner does not appear to an observer as large as it really is. One must see a section of the funnel to appreciate its enormous size. There is room for the largest locomotive ever built to pass through with plenty of room to spare.



THE QUIET HOUR

Sermonette.—Our Savior To-day.

NELSON SHIRK.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

Of inestimably great value is our salvation. Most precious is Jesus who brought it to us. Continually does the growing Christian learn to more fully appreciate what Christ has done in coming to earth and living for us and dying in our stead. Stronger and deeper becomes the love to the One who so loved us.

Yes, Jesus is our Savior. We look to his death as the time when our sins were taken away. We celebrate his resurrection as the final triumph over death and the grave. Next we remember that he left this earth and ascended to the Father. How does this last event affect us? Does it give us sadness and regret or are we indifferent or do we have the "great joy" that filled the disciples as they returned from the ascension mount to praise and bless God? Well, we know that we observe Easter and preach resurrection sermons, but does it not largely end there? The number of Christians who have been permitted to hear reference to the ascension as it ought to be considered, may be small indeed.

The work of Jesus for us did not end at the cross on the glorious morn at the tomb. Christ did not start the work and then go away and leave it to get along as best it could, until he comes again. True is it, that through his death we are reconciled to God. Precious to us is the truth. But being reconciled is not all of salvation. We continue to live on this earth with sin about us and its scars upon us. But good cheer to all, he who overcame and died to reconcile, now as priest stands and intercedes for us before God. Greatly should our hearts exult in the fact of his present life in heaven. His going to the Father to take up this work in our behalf will always greatly comfort us when we realize its full meaning.

For Christ to be with God and the Holy Spirit to be in us, means for us to have personal fellowship and union with him, and that continually. For him to be interceding for us is not only to our lifting up again if we fail, but also, and abundantly so, to the empowering of our hearts to know that we are sons of God and to walk worthily of that high relation. Our text tells us that he is able to save us to the *uttermost*. Other scriptures hold the same glorious possibility before us in equally strong light. Then what can there be in this life to destroy? All kinds of experiences and circumstances meet us, but in everything we may look to Jesus. Nothing is too great for him.

What a difference all this should make to us as we serve here. How inseparable and joyous should be our union with him. How fully he should have our hearts. How consistent and pure should be our lives and how great should be our power for service. Brother and sister, let us arise and enter into that blessed personal fellowship with him that it is our privilege to gain.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

THE LOST BIBLES.

J. KURTZ MILLER.

Several years ago I went to a very poor home, the day of a funeral. As soon as I had entered, the mother noticing that I was a minister came to me and said, "We have not invited a preacher but now since you have come, perhaps you will conduct a short service."

I replied that I had not come for that purpose, and therefore did not have my Bible, but if they would kindly give me theirs I would gladly hold a short service for them. Then began something like this: "Frank, where is that Bible you got once in Sunday school?" "Indeed," says Frank, "I've not seen it for some time." "Well, then, Jennie," said the mother, "You go and get the one you got in Sunday school." But alas, it also could not be found. A little next door neighbor girl said, "I know where my Bible is, for I take good care of it," and in several minutes she handed it to me. From this Bible which was given out at the mission Sunday school I read a lesson, then prayed and after commenting on the "Words of Life" prayed again. I have kept my eye on that family for the past three years and they still seem as dead spiritually as a lost book.

They had many pretty flowers, and the thought came like this, flowers indeed are pretty, but oh how ugly sin is! And it is only the Word of God that will take this ugly sin which makes our lives ugly, out, and yet the blessed Book is lost in the home even at the time of a funeral.

Indifference looses many Bibles. It is also the indifferent, who will miss heaven.

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to help the weary
On the way of life so dreary,
And you'll see
How your help their sorrows lifted,
Bright their skies whence clouds have drifted,
Oh, so free.

Lend a hand to help the lowly,
Who are plodding on so slowly
O'er life's way;
And you'll see their faces brighten,
As the heavy loads you lighten
Ev'ry day.

Lend a hand to help your neighbor,
When o'erwhelmed with care and labor,
On his way;
Then his burdens will be lighter,
And his face will grow much brighter,
Day by day.

Lend a hand to help your brother,
And much joy you'll give another,
On the way;
Ready be to heed the calling
Of a brother who is falling
By the way.

—S. Houston Proffitt.

THE NECESSITY OF BIBLE STUDY.

THE Bible school has in it the supreme standard of life for the Christian. The neglect of Bible study is responsible for a multitude of destructive propaganda that would not otherwise get audience. Christian Science, for example, uses the Bible by way of illustration, and in the minds of certain credulous people gains authortiy by this strategy. The *Bible student* cannot be deceived in the perversion of Scriptures endorsed in the books of Mrs. Eddy. The new theologians have dishonestly redressed their creed in the language of revelation, and many of them hope by such means to deceive the elect as to the revolutionary character of their teaching. Here again we may suggest the urgent necessity of Bible study. The foundations of faith are built upon the the Word of God. It is the text-book of the spiritual life. It has no substitute. In the Scriptures alone has God revealed himself to his church, and these must be the basis of instruction, if we are to be saved from apostasy.—*Home Herald.*

"THE real curse of life is not toil but unillumined toil. It is the task to which we go while hating it. It is the labor we perform under the pressure of necessity, with no heart and no joy in it. It is this sense of bondage and slavery that withers and debases life and industry. Shops are prisons, farms are purgatory, the cradle, motherhood, bread-making are a misery, when there is no window to the soul which opens from bench or kitchen toward the unseen, toward the light of love and heaven. Where there is no vision the people perish."

"ONLY A TEACHER."

A BEAUTIFUL legend tell us that Jupiter once issued a proclamation, setting forth that to the most worthy person in all his realm he would give a golden crown, upon which should be engraved the following inscription: "To the most worthy." From all regions and climes of his vast empire came applicants and submitted their claims. The farmer, the physician, the lawyer, the minister, and various other applicants came and each eloquently set forth his claim showing why the golden crown should be given him.

When all the applicants had presented their claims and retired in almost breathless silence to await the decision, the mighty Jupiter cast his impartial eye over the assembled multitude, and far in the rear he beheld a man, whose locks were white with the snow of time. He was leaning upon his staff and looking with admiration and pleasure upon the applicants. His classic appearance and gentle demeanor held the attention of Jupiter. He beckoned the man to come forward and asked him if he had any claims to present. The old man answered: "I have none at all, sir; I am only a teacher and these applicants are my pupils." Instantly there rang out from Olympus' summit the decision of the great Jupiter: "Let the golden crown be brought and placed upon the head of the teacher, for there is none more worthy to bear it than the successful teacher of men."

In this progressive age there are many who would not approve Jupiter's wise decision. They often speak of the worthy teacher who is giving his life to the successful training of the young as "only a teacher." I believe there is no calling in life more worthy than that of teaching, and none in which the rewards are richer. The teacher may never achieve what the world calls success yet the truly successful life is the one that helps others to higher planes of living and usefulness, and such is the sphere of the true teacher.

The laurels of fame may never entwine the teacher's brow, his name may never appear upon history's pages, no stately monument may be reared to his memory, yet if he is a true teacher doing his whole duty he will leave living monuments in his pupils, who for many years will speak praises to his memory, and his influence will be felt in coming ages. When the "Mystic River" has been crossed and "the mists have cleared away," eternity will reveal what a power for good has been the work of the man who in this life was content to be known as "only a teacher."—*Ohio Teacher.*

SELF-DENIAL is the first lesson to be learned in Christ's school, and poverty of spirit is entitled to the first beatitude. The foundation of all grace is laid in humility. Those who would build high must begin low.—*Matthew Henry.*

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"THE OUTLOOK AT THE HAGUE."

In view of the fact that the readers of the Inglenook are strong advocates of the principles of peace and must therefore be interested in the work of the Peace Conference now in session, and considering that many of them do not receive any report of this conference except that which comes piecemeal in the daily papers, we are giving below a number of paragraphs from a very comprehensive write-up of the subject, appearing in a recent number of *The Independent*. The writer is in attendance at the conference, and is therefore in a position to discuss its work.

"When the Czar issued his manifesto summoning the First Hague Conference in 1898, it was received with ridicule, or, at best, polite incredulity on the part of the world, and when it assembled in 1899 it was amid the skepticism of its own members. As it convened very soon after its call the Governments had no time to formulate their plans, or to know clearly what they wanted. Everything was new, suspicion was rife, there were no precedents for procedure, and even those who came with the best intentions had little conception of what they might reasonably hope to accomplish.

"No one can have talked with the delegates to the present Conference without realizing that the long period of doubt which characterized the early half of the first Conference has no place at this one. Members of the various delegations, especially those who were also members of the first Conference, are continually commenting on the fact that this Conference is composed of men who came confident that much could be accomplished and determined to accomplish it.

"In the opening address of welcome by Von Tets, the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, the hope was expressed that this would not be the last of the Peace Conferences to be held at The Hague, and in his inaugural address, Nelidoff, of Russia, the president of the Conference, while expressing the opinion that we shall never arrive at universal peace and justice, declared that these ideals ought to inspire the effort and action of the nations. This limitation upon the possible achievements of the Conference was received with displeasure here in the Conference as well as generally throughout the world."

A part of the first week's work of the Conference was the forming of four sub-commissions. "These commission, of which Beermaert, of Belgium, is presiunquestionably the most important of all and over which Bourgeois, of France, presides. It is divided into two sub-commissions, the first dealing with the subject of arbitration, taking for its basis the Hague Convention of 1899, and the second dealing with the question of a prize court and those other propositions not included within arbitration proper. The second commission, of which Beermaert, of Belgium is president, deals with warfare on land, and is considered the least important.

"The third and fourth commissions, which are of about equal rank, standing midway in importance between the first and second commissions, deal respectively with warfare at sea and maritime law. Tornelli, of Italy, is president of the former, and Martius, of Russia, of the latter.

"The presidents of these various commissions immediately called for propositions in writing, and within the first fifteen days a number of important proposals have been submitted, although it is believed that several of the nations, especially the United States, are holding back some of their most important ideas.

"The chief propositions so far submitted are as follows:

"By Russia: An annual conference of the members of the Hague Court for the purpose (a) of choosing three of their members to constitute during the following year a permanent tribunal ready to try cases at fifteen days notice, (b) of performing certain duties in connection with the administration of the international bureau at The Hague, (c) of expressing their opinion upon questions of present importance in the international affairs, and (d) of conferring together on the progress of international arbitration in general.

"By Germany: The constitution of an international prize court to try questions arising out of a state of war.

"By Great Britain: A similar proposition as that made by Germany and also abolition of contraband of war.

"By the United States: (a) The immunity of private property at sea, and (b) no recourse to force for the collection of debts until after the claim has been submitted to the Hague Court:

"By France: Provision for simplifying the procedure of commissions of Inquiry and for increasing their utility.

"By various other nations: Propositions looking toward the regulation of submarine mines, the protec-

tion of unprotected places from bombardment, the abolition of ransoms, etc.

"The Russian proposition for strengthening the Hague Court by making it a more permanent organization is probably the most important proposition, but it is unlikely to serve for more than a basis of discussion. As Secretary Root, in his striking speech before the New York Peace and Arbitration Congress, took the ground that judges should be substituted for diplomatists in the composition of this Court, it is perhaps safe to assume that the United States delegation will offer modifications to Russia's proposition, or more likely an entirely new one of their own as a substitute. Every one expects that a proposition for strengthening the Hague Court will in some form be adopted.

"The propositions of Germany and England for an international prize court have been referred to a subcommittee and it is expected that the plan will go through with little opposition.

"Of the two propositions submitted by the United States the one relating to the collection of debts by force is the most important. Now the strongest probability of our country's being involved in a war with a European Power is the failure of a South American Country to meet what are considered by European Powers their just demands. By the adoption of this proposition, European Powers would be compelled to prove the justice of their claims before an impartial Court before proceeding to collect them by force. The best informed sentiment predicts that this proposition will be adopted. In such a happy event the chief danger of conflict between the Old and New World will be averted.

"America's second proposition has already been informally opposed by Russia and England, and its fate is somewhat in doubt.

"No action is likely to be taken on the question of disarmament. There is absolute agreement on this point. Indeed it is doubtful if even the question of limitation of future armaments will be discussed, and that, too, despite the fact that England and the United States have suggested it as a part of the program. As *The Independent* has held from the first, the disarmament must be preceded by an increased sense of national security, through the development and application of legal principles in the settlement of international disputes. It seems certain, moreover, that the failure to accomplish anything at this time toward the limitation of armaments is not an unmixed evil. Indeed, it is likely to strengthen the hands of those delegates who are working to give permanency to the international Conferences, and more authority to the Hague Court. It is becoming plain to many that the way which leads to relief from the oppressive military burdens which now weigh so heavily upon Europe is to be blazed out by the pioneers at these Peace Conferences, and can be made practicable only when the system of law as a substitute for war is well developed and successfully operated."

SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT.

Among the many advantages that come to the true Christian is that power of discernment by which one is able to determine values and judge of this or that course in harmony with eternal principles. The worldly-wise, of course, do not see where the advantage comes in, judging by the way they sometimes sneer at the one who thus marks out his course in life. But he is not disturbed by the conflict with the wisdom of the world. The thing that disturbs him most of all is his neglect to increase this power,—to be so well acquainted with the Author of it that he need not falter when great issues are sprung upon him. He knows that he can tell almost to the letter what his most intimate earthly friend would do or have done under certain circumstances, and when he is not able to move along with perfect assurance when the will of his heavenly Friend is concerned, he feels that he has not lived up to his possibilities.

It is much to our discredit that most of us, as professing Christians, place too low an estimate on the value of spiritual discernment. And that may account, in a measure, for our ignorance of the One who dispenses that power. We are so much entangled with the affairs of this life that we cannot get away as far as the spiritual vision requires. Or we are so besotted of the world and the world's opinions that we would be ashamed to take a position that would bring us in opposition to it. In any event, if all professing Christians would use this power, as they might, the world would stand in awe instead of mocking as it now does.

There is little love lost between the Chinese students who are flocking in crowds to Tokyo to learn western civilization at second hand and their Japanese fellows. The Chinese students live their own life apart from the Japanese, with whom they mix as little as they can. This Chinese mode of life is wholly repugnant to Japanese feeling. The Chinese student refuses to smoke Japanese cigarettes, which have the names stamped on the paper in Chinese characters, since they look upon it as a profanation to burn their sacred letters.

"Never be contentious. Concern yourselves with your duties, and your rights will take care of themselves." A bit of parting advice from a general to the graduates of West Point, but applicable to all men, young or old, college graduates or not.



Echoes from Everywhere

August is to be the month of electrical outbursts, rainstorms and hurricanes, says Irl R. Hicks, the weather predictor.

The American proposition, regarding the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration at The Hague, was adopted Aug. 3 by the sub-committee. This is a step in the right direction.

Owing to the continued shortage in the supply of efficient help for the American railway systems, there is to be a school established in Chicago, in which thorough instruction in railroading is to be given.

In Abyssinia it is a penal offense to smoke. The law forbidding tobacco was at first intended to prevent priests from smoking in church, but later on was applied to everybody. Even foreigners must be careful not to be seen smoking

The situation in Morocco is steadily growing worse. The inability of the government to control the insurrectionists will likely lead to active intervention upon the part of France. Cruisers have been dispatched to the scene of the disturbances.

Only twelve years old is Frances Bradley Storr, the child revivalist of Doncaster, England. At present she is arousing the people of Yorkshire, just as Evan Roberts roused Wales. Her marvelous success in the evangelistic work is simply remarkable.

A German merchant, who recently died at Cottbus, has left $25,000 to build a church in Constantinople, to be used by any of the Protestant churches. The sermons are to be preached in the new, universal language, "Esperanto." Another opportunity for missionaries.

A party of Scotch engineers were recently visiting France. They investigated the sewage-burning plant at St. Ouen, going into the big ovens and later turning on the heat to watch the process. It was not discovered till too late that one member of the party had been left behind in the ovens, the door being shut and fastened so he could not get out, and when he was found he was burned to a cinder.

It now appears that $5,000 was offered as a bribe to a head official of the street car employés' union by the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago Electric Road if a strike would be averted. It happened that the official in question was honest and indignantly refused th proffered bribe.

Although Columbus never saw the mainland of North America, he is to be honored with a monument in Washington. Congress has appropriated a hundred thousand dollars for the purpose, and the commission appointed to spend the money met the other day to select a site and a design.

Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, has a hobby for carpentry and cabinet work. Before he came to the throne and when there seemed little prospect of his succeeding to the heritage of Osman, he spent a good deal of time in the joiner's shop and, indeed, became a fairly skillful workman, capable of earning his living anywhere.

Trout fishermen in the east have cause for amazement and envy in the news that a three-foot, twenty-pound salmon trout has recently been caught in Colorado. The big trout, the largest ever caught in that state, is now being mounted for exhibition in one of the Denver railroad offices, and his dimensions seem pretty well established.

The Standard Oil Company, of Indiana, has been assessed the maximum penalty of $29,240,000 by Judge Landis in his verdict of Aug. 3. The usual appeal to a higher court was taken by Mr. Rockefeller's attorneys. If the huge fine is finally paid, it will be interesting to note who foots the bill,—Mr. Rockefeller or the consumer of his products.

To secure the right material for street paving is still an open question. A new system of paving is being tried in Paris. Steel is laid on a bed of cement, after the fashion of wood-paved roads, the interstices, too, being filled with cement. It is hoped, in this way, to avoid the dangerous holes which soon appear in wood-paving, owing to the unequal wearing of the blocks. The new pavement is expected to last for ten years.

THE provisional government in Cuba will spend all the money in the insular treasury on improvements, so as to remove temptation for revolutionists.

AN eminent Spanish scientist has made the recent discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid febrifuge that can be used as a substitute for quinine. Accordingly, the sunflower should not only, by its growing exert great fever-dispelling effect, but also yield a product which is used advantageously in all fevers.

JERUSALEM now has a summer resort at Ramalagh, which is situated several hundred feet higher, and commands a view of the Mediterranean. A new hotel has been built there for Europeans by an Arab. Most of the work of construction was done by women, whose wages are eleven cents a day, and who never think of strikes either.

A CHICAGO man named E. W. Bailey who failed during the hard times fourteen years ago has just succeeded in paying back the last cent he owed. We all know people—most of us have suffered at their hands—who with debts against them will make no effort to get square with the world but will spend on themselves all they can get hold of.

ONE woman in every five, the census man tells us, is now employed in industries outside the home. Out of the whole list of 303 available callings, women have entered all but eight. The interesting query that presents itself to the "sterner sex" is: How long will it be until the fair sex will be wanting to do all the work—and getting all the pay?

THERE seems to be no limit to the uses of paper. Preparations are being made to furnish the soldiers of the German army with paper kettles, a Japanese invention. Although the utensils are made of pliable paper, they hold water readily. By pouring water into them they can be hung over the fire without burning for a length of time sufficient to boil the water. One kettle can be used about eight times.

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of China complains in the *North China Daily News* of high prices. "The cost of living," he says, "has gone up enormously. The staple products have doubled in price. Rice sells at from 800 to 900 cash per Chinese bushel; flour at from 40 to 50 cash per catty. And this in spite of the fact that the crop just harvested was an exceptional one. Enormous quantities of grain are being shipped down river. The local authorities tried to put a stop to this export, but were reprimanded by the viceroy." A catty is about one and one-third pounds. A cash is about one-tenth of a cent.

IN a recent lecture at Chautauqua, N. Y., Mr. John Graham Brooks charged the alleged "race suicide" to the continually-increasing cost of living. Is the professor entirely right in this matter? Is not the luxurious style of living to blame, more than anything else, for the condition spoken of?

THE wars of the future may be fought not so much on either the land or the water, but in the air, if the forecast of Major Baden-Powell is a correct one. France and England are already experimenting successfully with airships for military purposes, and the British authorities are preparing to construct something equally efficient. War on land and sea is bad enough; if war with airships is added, the result will be simply terrific.

WITH many there is a hazy idea as to the duties and privileges of citizenship. Austria has passed a law by which its citizens are not only given a vote but are compelled under penalty to use it. About forty thousand are to be called up and fined for neglecting their duty. This is a revival of the exquisite simplicity of the Athenian legislators who literally "roped" in the citizens with a reddened rope. The man who had a red mark on him was fined.

RECENT careful surveys on the Isthmus of Panama prove that Gatun lake, the great storage reservoir which will be formed by the building of the Gatun dam near Colon, will have an area of 225 square miles. The former estimate was 110 square miles. The result will be beneficial to the canal, as the greater quantity of water stored up will allow of fifty-six lockages a day instead of only twenty-six, the former estimate.

IT is said that a long time back the Bank of England discovered that mathematical errors of the clerks were at a minimum in the early morning hours, but progressively increased as fatigue occurred. The worst time was in the late afternoon, and there was so much money loss due to errors at that time that as a matter of economy the clerks were forbidden to work after a certain hour. In France the same law of sequence was brought to light, as was to be expected.

A COMPANY of American tourists, who have been visiting points of interest in Scandinavia, under the leadership of Charles I. Webb, of Chicago, have just returned. In their report they speak of the ruddy faces, sturdy figures, and modest bearing of the boys and girls of the northern countries. They also comment favorably on the very pleasant relations existing between employer and employés. Labor troubles seem to be, comparatively speaking, unknown. In some things this country can profitably learn lessons from other nations.



Mrs. Barnett's "Wandering Boy"

Hattie Preston Rider

In Four Parts. Part Three.

RALPH did not refer to the occurrence again. None of the lad's former objectionable associates called, to his mother's infinite relief. If he missed them, he did not betray the fact. Then one day during her brief absence, a slim, well-knit, bright-faced young fellow, presenting the card of secretary to the local Young Men's Christian Association, was shown into Ralph's room. The visitor had a unique proposition to unfold. He was organizing an athletic club, its prime object being walking excursions through various parts of the state, somewhat on the plan of those student foot-tours so popular with German youth. Ralph became interested at once.

"We expect to accustom ourselves to a tramp of twenty or thirty miles every day," explained the secretary, "There are a score of desirable routes; and provided with a light outfit one can roll up and sleep under the sky like a modern Daniel Boone."

Ralph laughed heartily.

"Who are going?" he asked suddenly.

The secretary named a dozen young fellows whom Ralph knew slightly, either employed or finishing preparatory school.

"I don't understand—" the lad began, and paused, coloring.

The secretary laughed genially.

"We hunted you out, partly because we hoped you would enjoy us, and very much because we knew we should enjoy you. Noble suggested your name. All the fellows are active members of the 'Y,' though the project is not directly connected with the institution. Of course they have access to the gymnasium; but this outdoor proposition suits them more exactly. I trust you will be perfectly able and willing to go at the date we have fixed for our first trip?"

The frank, hearty manner, reinforced by Ralph's own wild desire for a "real out-doors," carried the day.

"I'll go!" he declared. "That is, if I can get leave. I'm under the captain's orders for a while yet, I suppose," he concluded, with a comical grimace.

"None of us are the worse for that," the secretary responded quickly.

When Mrs. Barnett returned, she found Ralph glowing with eagerness.

"Would there be any objection, mother?" he questioned.

"To your having a good time? Or to your trying the best of tonics?" she asked, archly.

Ralph was silent with sheer delight, which grew as the evening wore on, his mother giving it entire to a discussion of the subject.

"We shall explore all sorts of queer places, taking our time exactly like a pack of tramps, he said," the lad exclaimed gleefully. Only after he was in bed a thought occurred to him like a cold douche:

"When I'm perfectly well, I suppose it will be all clubs and societies with her again. It's no wonder she gets on so many committees, she can think of such interesting things! Well, anyway, there's this;" and he fell asleep.

He had more visitors now. Several of the Cross-country Club came to see him, firing him anew with descriptions of former good times. Ralph noted with delighted pride how charming his mother could be with young guests. His next revelation came one afternoon when, passing a half-closed door beyond which she was entertaining some callers, he heard her say:

"Oh! no, thank you! Now the anxiety over Ralph's illness is past, I enjoy our being together so much that I never dream of feeling lonely. In fact, I have withdrawn from all but one or two of my clubs."

* * *

"HOME."

IN none of the ancient languages, nor in those of modern times aside from the English, is there a word expressing the ideas and associations which are aroused at the sound of the simple yet heart-reaching word "home." Even the Greeks, whose language was the most forceful, expressive and flexible of all spoken speech, had no word which conveyed the meaning understood by us when "home" is mentioned. Their word, and also the Latin word, simply means

a house or domicile, a place to stay or sleep, but the indefinable something or combination of things which instantly occur to an Englishman or American when "home" is mentioned were wholly unknown to these ancient people. The German "heim" it too general to have any particular value and their "haus" refers to a building of some kind or other. The same is true of the Italian and Spanish "casa" and the Russian "doma," as well as the corresponding words in other languages of modern Europe. A Frenchman once translated Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," and in his hands the beautiful line, "The night is dark and I am far from home," became "La nuit est sombre, et Je suis loin de mon foyer," the translator having been obliged to use for "home" the French word which describes the green-room of a theater.

When an American farmer, after a protracted absence, starts to return "home" he does not think of it as simply a domicile, a place to stop at. The word means to him far more. His affections, his aspirations, his whole being are touched and wrought upon by the visions in a whole panorama; the farm and its adjuncts, the lowing cattle, the barking dogs, the cackling chickens, all the sights and sounds made familiar to him by long association. In the center of it all is a figure called "mother," without which "home" in the real sense cannot exist. It is because of the peculiar regard bestowed upon woman among the English-speaking people, the estimation in which she is held, the deep respect and almost reverence felt for her that "home" as we know it becomes possible. It is impossible among any people who look on woman as an inferior, a drudge, a mere convenience, a chattle. No polygamous people, of course, can have any conception of "home" in its best sense. The languages in which the Bible was originally written, the Hebrew, the Aramaic, the Greek, the Arabic, the Assyrian and Egyptian had no word meaning "home," because the writers and the people written about had no conception of its meaning. Women were degraded, little better than slaves or mere breeders; they were bought and sold like cattle, never consulted in business affairs, were in no sense true wives.

In this great fact of "home" lies the superiority of the young people who enjoy it and know full well what it means. It is the center, the unit, the hub, around which everything revolves, from which everything of national good flows. There can be no great people, no great nation without its inspiration, "Home, Sweet Home," the song which so touches the universal heart of this country, could not have been written in any language except English, would have been impossible to a Greek, Latin, French or Spanish poet. "The Old Folks at Home" is meaningless except to the people of happy America. Search the poetry of the ancient world, the songs and psalms of the Hebrews, the icily regular lyrics of the Greeks, the graceful pentameters of the Romans, the ricocheting iambics of the French, the ponderous periods of the Germans, and you will find nothing equal to the simple melodies which convey to an American audience the full significance of the endearing memories that cluster around the word "home."—*American Farmer.*

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

D. MAXCY QUELLHORST.

How oft in fondest memory wafted,
Back through the vista of childhood days,
In infinite glee we ramble wild-woods
And hear the birdies warble their lays.

Again, upon papa's dear knee climbing,
He's hearing us say our A, B, C;
Dear mother busy sewing or knitting,
And all are as happy as can be.

Again, we're playing in mother's parlor,
'Tis neat and clean, but not over fine,
We're not afraid of soiling the laces,
Or shades that shut out the bright sunshine.

And when we're tired and weary with playing,
Father's and mother's days work done,
We gathered around the family altar,
There to learn of the Infinite One.

Of childhood memories none are dearer
Than the altars we builded for prayer,
If no human hand has dared remove them
Kind "father time" has still left them there.

The sacred spot where childish knees bended,
Where hearts were lifted to God in prayer,
Is still in fondest memory blended,
For Jesus smiles on his children there.

Alvo, Nebr.

RICE AS A FOOD.

RICE is a much more nourishing food than the potato, is more easily kept and much less expensive, and agrees with even the most delicate digestion. It is as good for the invalid as for the laborer, and can be made into the daintiest of dishes for the fastidious. One reason that it is not more generally liked is that it is not properly cooked, and not agreeably seasoned. Here is a way that is much liked: First, wash and free the grains from all foreign or objectionable matter, and put into a sauce pan (a double boiler is best), and cover with boiling water; keep boiling briskly for half an hour, but do not let burn. When the water is all gone, put the rice into a fine colander over a sauce pan filled with boiling water, and finish your cooking by steam. If properly cooked, each grain is separate, then it may be seasoned as one likes. Sugar, butter, eggs, cream, a little salt, are all used for seasoning rice, and many use finely-flavored broths to cook it in. If one has a steam cooker, one pint of boiling water should be added to one cupful of rice, which should

be salted to taste, and then set in the steamer and steamed one hour. It can be cooked in the dish in which it is to be served, as the steam heat will not hurt the dish. Or, milk may be used instead of water, which gives a richer flavor and more creamy body than water, and the seasoning, after the rice is done, may be two beaten eggs, one cupful of sugar, and a large spoonful of butter, with or without the addition of a cupful of chopped, seeded raisins or currants. After these ingredients are added, turn into a buttered dish and steam for half an hour longer, then it can be browned in the oven, if liked. If one has no steam cooker an old-fashioned steamer to be set into the top of an iron kettle over boiling water, and closely covered, will do very well. Many things are better steamed than cooked over dry heat, or top of the stove, and the danger of scorching or burning is done away with.—*Selected.*

SWEET PICKLES.

Peaches.—With a coarse, clean towel rub the down from the peaches. Stick 2 cloves in each. For 25 lbs. of fruit use 12 lbs. of sugar, 5 pts. vinegar, and a handful of stick cinnamon. Make a syrup with the sugar, vinegar and cinnamon. When it is boiling put in the peaches, a few at a time, and cook until done. Strain them out into a 2 gal. jar and when all are cooked boil the syrup down a little, and pour it hot over the fruit. Cover with a plate to keep the peaches under the syrup, and tie up. In a few days pour off the syrup, boil it down thick, and pour it boiling hot over the peaches again. Cover with a plate as before and tie up.

Pears.—Wash and wipe 12 lbs. pears. Make a syrup with 1 qt. vinegar, 6 lbs. sugar, and a small handful each of stick cinnamon and whole cloves. Put in the pears, a few at a time, and cook until tender. Finish in the same way as directed for peaches.

Grapes.—Take 7 lbs. ripe grapes, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoonful each of cloves, ginger, allspice and cinnamon, and 3 lbs. sugar. Make a syrup with the vinegar, sugar and spices. Separate the grape pulps from the skins, stew the pulp, and strain out the seeds. Add the skins, and cook in the syrup until thick, seal.

Watermelon.—Use 2 lbs. melon rind to 1 lb. sugar. Pare the melon, cut it into pieces two inches square and soak in salt and water over night. Drain, cover with water, place a piece of alum in the water, and boil until tender. Make a syrup of 1 qt. cider vinegar to 1 pt. sugar. Place in it a muslin bag containing 1 tablespoon each of ground cinnamon and allspice, put in the melon, and cook gently 15 minutes. Then skim out the melon, pack it in glass jars, strain the syrup over it, and seal at once. Be sure that the syrup covers the melon. Ripe cucumbers may be done in the same way.—*Mary Foster Snider, in Farm and Home.*

MAKING APPLE BUTTER.

This recipe has met with general favor with those who have tried it, as it takes up only odd times and the flavor is improved by the use of the skins: Wash the apples through at least two waters; do not peel, but cut in two in order to remove any worm eaten or defective core. Put them on to cook in plenty of water and cook until very soft; then turn them into a colander which is set over a crock or jar, and use the water which strains through for cooking the next kettle of apples. Rub the apples through the colander with a potato masher or other suitable instrument. When there is a crockful of pulp set the crock in the oven and let cook for two hours, then take out; it should by this time be boiled down one-fourth in quantity. Put into this two and one-half cupfuls of sugar (or more if you like it very sweet) and one stick of cinnamon, and set it back in the oven to cook two or three hours longer. Several crocks—as many as the oven will hold—should be done at one time. When all are equally done fill one crock from another until all crocks are full, or until you have enough. Gallon crocks are a good size for an ordinary family, but smaller may be used for a small family. At the last filling, the crocks should be set in the oven until the top of the butter is "glaced" or smooth, which will help keep it closed from air. By having the apples prepared when a fire must be kept up for hours, as on wash day, the oven can be used without interfering with one's other duties. The pulp should be stirred occasionally to keep it thoroughly mixed and cooked in all parts.—*The Commoner.*

CAKE COLORING.

Did you ever wish to color a cake or frosting a lovely pink and have nothing at hand to do it with? Try beet juice. This we know is harmless. Cut a blood turnip beet into thin slices, boil in a very little water, and use the water thus obtained. If you want to keep some always ready for use, take more beets and more water (do not boil too long or the color will be ruined), add 1 cup sugar to 1 of juice, boil syrup 20 minutes and bottle. When I make frosting, I take powdered, or better still, confectioner's sugar, add some beet coloring, water and flavoring and beat until smooth.—*Selected.*

The sky-rocket serves the Tongans well. On account of many reefs, landing of steamers is very dangerous. A few letters to be delivered by vessels passing the Tonga group are therefore attached to large sky-rockets, which are fired and reach the shore in safety.

For the Children

THE HORNED TOAD.

"What is he?" Maisie asked her mother. "He can't be a hoppy toad, and he's not sleek and slimy enough for a lizard."

Just then uncle's letter came, and that explained that the newcomer was a horned toad, and would make a gentle, interesting pet. His little, dark body was rough and jagged, and even to his comical tail covered with sharp, spiny scales that gave him a bristling appearance that, with his horns, made him look quite warlike. His legs were about equal in size, and not used to jump with, as you would guess from his name, but for walking purposes alone. Really, while he goes by the name of "toad," he is not a toad, but belongs to the lizard family.

The little fellow soon became so gentle that he would take food from the hand of his mistress, and acted as if he realized a difference between her and the other members of the family. He did not enjoy being noticed too much, but seemed really bashful about strangers. He was very fond of being left out for a summer shower to fall upon him. But Maisie found that she could not trust him. As soon as he thought she was out of sight, he would shuffle away and try to escape. So Maisie hit upon the plan of tying a good strong cord to one of his horns, fastening the other end to a tree, and so Mr. Scrubby could not get beyond the length of his tether. He had the greatest dislike for dogs, and when old Nero came in sight, would puff up his body and wriggle and hiss in the most comical manner.

Maisie found that "horned toads" were not confined to California, but that they were found widespread over the Western plains, yet most of them considerably alike. Difference of climate and soil cause difference in color. Often the little creatures so exactly match the color of the soil where they dwell that it is impossible to distinguish them. They live on flies and other small insects, and consider ants a particular dainty.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

JESUS' LITTLE GIRL.

A little girl in India was in a small village school just long enough to learn that Jesus loved her. She was taken sick, and before she died her mother heard her say: "Satan, don't you touch me. I am Jesus' little girl." Then she said: "For God so loved"—This was all her mother could recall to tell the missionary. But up in heaven they were glad to see "Jesus' little girl."—*Children's Missionary Friend.*

DONKEY-RIDING IN ARABIA.

In Arabia the men ride donkeys on a side-saddle, and the women ride astride just as men do in our country. When a lady missionary went to a village in Arabia, the boys saw her riding a donkey side-saddle, and as they saw only one side, they called out: "Come see the lady with no feet."—*Selected.*

SORRY ENOUGH TO QUIT.

A gentleman once asked a Sabbath school what was meant by the word "repentance." A little boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "It's being sorry enough to quit."—*Selected.*

After asking about Satan, our little six-year-old said his evening prayer, closing with this: "Dear Jesus please kill old Satan—but I'm afraid you'll have a hard time of it."

David, aged six, heard the story from the morning paper that the world was coming to an end. He seemed a little troubled at first, but soon reassured himself, saying: "Well, if the earth comes to an end, *heaven won't!*"

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue, and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears,
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her wants or her wishes might happen to be.
Scarcely one; they all forget,
Or, are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand, and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can
That is why she is proud of her little man.

—Selected.



THE RURAL LIFE

THE TRUCK PATCH.

It is claimed by some that rust spores live over winter in soil when infected plants are plowed under. It might be a good plan to mow, rake and burn badly infected plants and vines. At all events it is unwise to try to grow successive crops, which are subject to rust, on the same land.

Spinach for late fall and early winter market should be sown the latter part of August. It requires a rich, moist soil, and it is useless to attempt to grow it on any other. The melon, cucumber or tomato patch, plowed as soon as the crop is off, and thoroughly worked down and fined, is an ideal place for spinach. A liberal top dressing of fertilizer will be a big help. Use plenty of seed,— from twelve to fifteen pounds per acre. Grasshoppers are very fond of spinach and they often play the mischief with young plants.

All truck patches not wanted for spinach, winter onions, turnips and the like should be plowed as soon as the crops are off and seeded to crimson clover, rye or other cover crop. This will keep down weeds, hold the soil from washing during the winter, and, if plowed under, adds humus to it.

As a rule, turnips sown the first of September are of better quality than those sown in August. But it is not always safe to wait till September. To make sure, sow during both months. The difficulty about August sowing is to catch a time when there is sufficient moisture in the soil to germinate the seed.

Don't let weeds and grass go to seed on the truck patches. If you can not plow them as soon as the crops are off, use the mower or scythe. It will save a lot of work and worry next summer.

The dryer the weather the greater the necessity for cultivating rhubarb, asparagus and other growing crops. Following the cultivator in the hot sun and dust is not pleasant work, but it pays.

Like all others of their kind, winter onions require a rich soil, and it is not worth while to plant them on any other. It is highly important to have the land in fine condition. Both bulbs and "tops," or bulblets, are used for seed, but the bulbs will produce larger crops and finer onions. They are planted by hand about the last of August in rows about fifteen inches apart, and the bulbs are stuck "top up" into the bottom of the furrow an inch apart. The furrows should be deep enough so that they will not be quite filled up when the onions are covered with an inch or so of earth. After the plants are well started the soil is worked in and the furrows filled. At the last cultivation the rows should be slightly ridged up.—*Farm Journal.*

COTTON FIELDS WITHIN THE ARCTIC.

The climax of Nature's irony in the arctics is the cotton-plant. Wherever cotton blooms, declares the miner, ice is not far below. One may trudge for miles through fields of cotton, the white, silky tops swaying defiantly in the arctic breeze. The blossom is silky, dainty, illusive as the down of our own yellow dandelion on its way to seed. From June until late August the *tundra* is white with the cotton-plant. Unlike the cotton of the Southern States, the fiber is short and soft, having more the texture of silk than that of cotton. The cotton-plant will, in all probability some day, be the means of developing an Alaskan industry giving employment to thousands. To-day, however, the cotton fields are purely decorative—a splendid sweep of immaculate bloom in a bleak, timberless landscape guarded by hills ever hung in veils of deepest purple. In great bouquets it is occasionally met in a miner's shack, while not a few housewives gather the cotton for pillow-filling.

Throughout the cotton-fields flowers bloom in abnormal splendor, as becomes a country in which the sun shines continuously during summer's voluptuous reign. It is an intoxicating joy for the flower-hunter to gather great armfuls of purple larkspur, bluebells, monk's-hood, primroses, sweet peas, beautiful purple and red asters large as the most cultivated, lilies of the valley, baby-breath, yellow arrow, sage-rose, pink and white straw-flower, gentians of many hues, arctic geranium, crimson rhododendrons, and giant fire-weed, all growing on the hillsides—to enumerate further is to reproduce a florist's catalogue!—*From "A Wild-Flower Quest in the Frozen North," by Lida Rose McCabe, in the August Circle.*

DISINFECTANTS.

During the hot months one should not relax their vigilance in sanitary matters. Disinfectants should be freely used, and for drain pipes sinks, and like things. Concentrated lye, dissolved by boiling water, should be poured in them, boiling hot, to cut the grease and remove other impurities; follow this with

a solution of one pound of copperas crystals to one gallon of hot water, pouring it slowly into the sinks, pipes and water-closets, repeating it at least once a week. Lime should be used plentifully in cess pools, damp, mouldy places, cellars, and around garbage pails or boxes; especially use it freely in the cellar. Lime sweetens and absorbs damp, sour air. As a disinfectant to be used for vessels and clothes about the sick room, the following is said not to stain the most delicate fabrics. Dissolve one-half drachm of nitrate of lead in one-half pint of hot water, and one salt-spoon of salt in a pail of cold water; mix together and use. Carbolic acid, and chlorate of lime are excellent disinfectants, and the acid may be use with good effect in all scrubbing and scouring waters, while the chlorate of lime may be sprinkled about as needed.—*Brethren Evangelist.*

PROPAGATION OF ROSES.

The rambler rose and similar varieties are usually propagated from cuttings at this season of the year. Wood from this season's growth is removed from the old plant, cut into sections bearing about three buds (leaves) each. Cut the bottom of the cuttings close to one of the leaves, then remove all except the top-most leaf and plunge the cuttings in a cold frame containing a layer of sand about 3 inches deep so that about one inch of the lower end of the cutting is buried in the sand. If the sand is kept moist and the bed covered with sash which has been whitewashed, or by muslin, the cuttings will root satisfactorily in about two or three weeks. After the young roots have appeared the cuttings should be potted into individual pots filled with rich loam, containing at least one-fourth its bulk of sand. Later on the plants may be planted in the open air in their permanent home.—*Selected.*

HOW BURBANK GRASPED OPPORTUNITY.

Luther Burbank's early life in California was attended by many hard experiences. He was very poor, and was obliged to take any work that came to hand. He cleaned out chicken-coops, helped in market-gardens, got an odd job here and another there, passed through a very severe illness, went "on the tramp" for work until finally he was able to start a little nursery on his own account. Then he was on his own ground with a fair start. To outsiders he seemed an honest, hard-working young fellow, who might make his living, but not much more. Then all at once, he did something that made those who knew about it look at him. An order came for 20,000 prune-trees. Could he fill it in nine months? He hadn't a prune tree on his place, and how was he going to supply 20,000 in nine months? He got together all the men and boys he could find to plant almonds for him. They grow rapidly. When they were ready he had 20,000 prune-buds ready for them, and in a short time the prunes were budded into the growing almonds, and before the time was up the trees were delivered to the delighted ranchman. And I have seen these 20,000 prune-trees. They are growing to-day, and it is really one of the finest orchards in California.—*From "A Little Visit to the Home of Luther Burbank," by George Wharton James, in the August Circle.*

CURING SHEEP SKINS.

This is sent in "By one who knows:" Take a spoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together, then sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of the skin, and lay the two powdered sides together, leaving the wool outside. Then fold the skin up as tight as you can, and put in a dry place. In two or three days, or as soon as it is dry, take it down and open and scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife until it is clean and supple. This completes the process, and makes an excellent saddle cover. Other skins which it is desired to cure with the hair on may be treated in the same manner. If it is desired to use the skin for a rug, it should be well washed in soap suds, rinsed in running water, and let get partly dry, then rub together until it is soft and dry.—*Exchange.*

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER A FLOWER-LOVER.

Says Miss Carl, in *The Century,* of China's redoubtable empress dowager:

It seemed to me no one could love flowers and nature as she did and be the woman she had been painted. She had flowers always about her. Her private apartments, her throne-rooms, her loge at the theatre, even the great audience-hall, where she went only to transact affairs of state and hold official audiences—all were decorated with a profusion of flowers cut and growing, but never though, of more than one kind at a time. She wears natural flowers in her coiffure always, winter and summer; and however careworn or harassed she might be, she seemed to find solace in flowers. She would hold a flower to her face, drink in its fragrance, and caress it as if it were a sentient thing. She would go herself among the flowers that filled her rooms and place, with lingering touch, some fair bloom in a better light, or turn a jardiniere so that the growing plant might have more favorable position.

The Chinese do not place certain cut flowers in water, but keep them dry in bowls or vases to get their full fragrance. The empress dowager had some quaint conceits about the arrangement of these. She would have the corollas of the lily-bloom or the fragrant jasmine placed in shallow bowls in curious, star-

like designs, beautiful to look at, as well as most fragrant.

Her passion for flowers being generally known among the courtiers, princes, and high officials, they send daily offerings to the palace of all that is rare and choice in the way of plants and flowers, for they know this is one present her majesty will always accept and appreciate.

There are some quaint customs in the palace as to flowers and fruits that grow within the precincts. Though the princesses and ladies have the freedom of the gardens and may pull as many flowers and cull as many fruits as they wish, it is not etiquette for them to gather the smallest flower or to touch a fruit when in the presence of the empress dowager, unless they are specially told to do so. When her majesty tells them to pull a flower or fruit the permission is gratefully accepted, and that special flower or fruit religiously kept. The first fruits of every tree and vegetable, the first flowers of every plant and growing shrub in the palace grounds, are considered sacred to their majesties, and no princess, attendant, or eunuch would touch a flower or fruit until the empress dowager had been presented with the first of them. All these apparently trivial marks of respect to the sacred persons of their majesties were religiously observed.

KEEP WHERE YOU CAN REACH BOTTOM.

"Be careful not to get in beyond your depth. As long as you can touch bottom with your toes, you are safe."

This is the advice an old man gave a young friend who was just going away to make his place in the world. It was sensible advice.

Have you ever been out wading in a stream? You could not swim, then: that was a thing you still had to learn. The best you could do was to roll your trousers high, and venture carefully out into the cool water. You intended to learn to swim some day, but now all you could do was to wade.

As long as you could feel the firm bottom of the creek under your feet, you were safe. The earth was slippery in places, and you placed your feet very carefully; but once they were down you went on bravely, and all was well; but if all at once you came too near the edge of a deep hole, you drew back, and turned the course of your wading. It was a close call. The chills ran up and down your back for a moment, for you had heard that more than one had ventured too for into these deep places and been lost. In these stories there was a warning for you.

Many a young man has made the mistake of going out into deep water before he had learned to swim.

Here is one that is in a hurry to leave school and get into active business. Listen to him.

"I do not want to spend any more time with books. I think I know enough to do almost any kind of business. I am willing to try, anyway."

It was a worthy ambition. No one could find fault with him for reaching out for the very best in life and doing his best to attain it. It was not long before the same young man said, with the deepest regret in his voice:

"I am so sorry I did not stay in school when I had the chance! If only I had done so, I might take a far better position than I am now holding! A few years more would have fitted me for real work. Now I am all the time getting beyond my depth."

This is what thousands of men have said when it was too late. When the water gets too deep, we long for the shore or a chance to learn to swim.

Have you ever heard a young man rise to speak on a subject about which he was not prepared to say anything? How he flounders about, stammering and blushing, and wishing it were all over, so that he might take his seat and get out of sight once more! He cannot help seeing, by the look on the faces of those who are sitting near, that everyone knows he is beyond his depth. Even his best friends are sorry for him. They sympathize with him, and wish they might help him out of his embarrassment, but the best and the only thing they can do now is to cheer him when he does make a point that has some semblance of force in it. He has simply waded too far into the stream and lost his footing.

Divers, with all their skill and power of endurance can go only about so far under the surface. When they have reached their depth, they hasten to retreat before it is too late. The world is full of men who have risked everything in ventures concerning which they were not well posted, and have lost their last dollar. Everywhere in the business world these wrecks line the shore.

In a great Western city, a prominent gentleman was a candidate for the office of chief executive. When the campaign opened he declared his position on some of the questions of reform which were before the people. He was outspoken in regard to these problems of municipal government, and the people took him at his word, and elected him, believing that when he had the power, he would work out some of these problems to their great good; but those questions are yet to be answered. The gentleman found after he had reached the position to which he had aspired, that he had been mistaken in his premises. The reforms he had promised were not practicable in the present state of society, and all he did was to bring upon himself the sting of reproach and criticism for his miserable failure. The water was deeper than he had supposed. He found himself beyond his depth.

It is the part of safety to drop a line into the water before one steps out into it.

What do men do when they are out at sea and are not sure how deep the water is ahead of their boats? They send down the plummet and sound the depth of the water. As the line is hauled in, very anxiously the story is read from the marks upon it, for life depends on what it tells.

Success is measured by our ability and fitness for the thing we undertake. The part of safety is to get ready while we may, for what we may aspire to, and then keep the solid ground under our feet.—*Glenwood Boy.*

"We are long on vanity in the proportion that we are short on understanding."

FUNNYGRAPHS

What Man Wants.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
Who wrote that, I should like to know?
He seems to have been wrong.
Man, I have generally found,
Whatever is his store,
Is all the time just looking round
To get a little more.

Our appetites for gold and fame
Are never satisfied;
With flattery it's just the same,
Our mouths are opened wide.
Of knowledge we can't get enough,
It's nothing to deplore,
But wanting little! That's all stuff
We want a little more.
The wedge of pumpkin pie,

The early morning doze,
The winter's furnace coal supply,
The gift a friend bestows,
The sunshine we so often miss,
The music we adore,
The maiden's shy and conscious kiss—
We want a little more.

—Selected.

"You have been taking a great deal of interest in zoology of late."

"Yes," answered the casual student, "I desired to get afar from the haunts of inconsiderate and unscrupulous men. But I found dumb creatures doing things quite contrary to the rules I had laid down for them in my books. Even the wilderness has its undesirable citizens."

A Live Town Now.

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated?

Scholar—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there.—Lippincott's.

"Be mine!" he cried, in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me, I shall die!"

But the heartless girl refused him. That was sixty years ago. Yesterday he died.—Tit-Bits.

Late Already.

Five minutes after the tardy gong had struck, the principal of the school was walking through the lower hall when he saw a pudgy little fellow scampering toward the first-grade room as fast as his fat legs could carry him. "See here, young man, I want to talk to you," called the principal to the late comer. "I hain't got time to talk to you; I'm late already," replied the breathless beginner as the door of his class-room closed.—The Circle.

"Have you sold your country villa yet?"

"No; I'm not going to sell it now."

"How's that?"

"Well, I gave instructions to an agent to advertise it for sale, and the description he wrote for it was so enchanting that I couldn't make up my mind to part with it."—Pele-Mele.

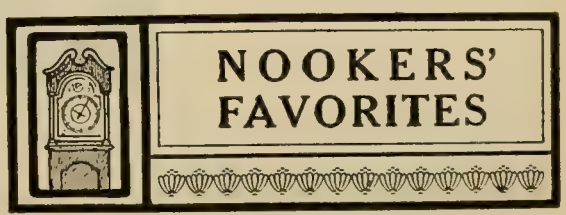
WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted—Matron. Man and wife to cook. Fireman. Fine position. Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.

FOR RENT.—A store room at Mt. Morris Ill., where the Brethren college is located; also fixtures for confectionery and bakery for sale. Address: E. O. Startzman, 180 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.



GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray.

NEFF'S CORNER

Some have wondered whether they could rent it out to advantage if they had an improved farm in the Pecos Valley. Well, you perhaps remember that mention was made in this corner recently of a Pecos Valley farm that rented at $9.00 per acre. Bro. Jacob Wyne lives about 13 miles up the valley and I was to see him recently. He is here from Illinois, this being his first season. The farm he bought was unimproved, so in order that he might make hay the first season he rented some land that was set to alfalfa, paying a rent of $10 per acre. But could he afford to pay that much? Would he have done it if he had been better acquainted with the country and understood his business? Let's see. Here are the facts as I got them from him. The first cutting was short. From it (nine acres) he put eight loads of hay into his barn. He called them "jags," so I suppose they were not large loads. From the second cutting he sold $94.00 worth of hay ($4 more than the entire season's rent) and had 29 bales left. He expects two more cuttings this season, each perhaps as good as the second. And this is not at all exceptional. While at Dexter Bro. M. M. Brunk referred me to several of his neighbors whose hay crop this year he thought would yield $80 per acre. Immediately about Lake Arthur the country is more undeveloped and the hay business yet in its infancy. This week, however, ten cars are being shipped from one ranch here and a few others are shipping. But even at $10 per acre there are not many farms for rent. Owners of many of these hay and fruit ranches prefer to have them managed by salaried overseers, and it is presumable that their profits are greater by this plan than if they were to rent out the land at so much per acre. And when I state that unimproved land here capable of such development can be bought at from $5 to $20 per acre you will understand why the real estate market in the Pecos Valley is active.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

Post Cards

A Choice Variety of Designs.

Post cards have come to stay. They are more popular to-day than ever. They can be used in so many ways, as a remembrance. Since one-half of address side can be used for writing they are all the more useful. Buy from the following numbers and you will order again.

No. 11. Brethren Publishing House. Price, per doz., ...**15 cents**

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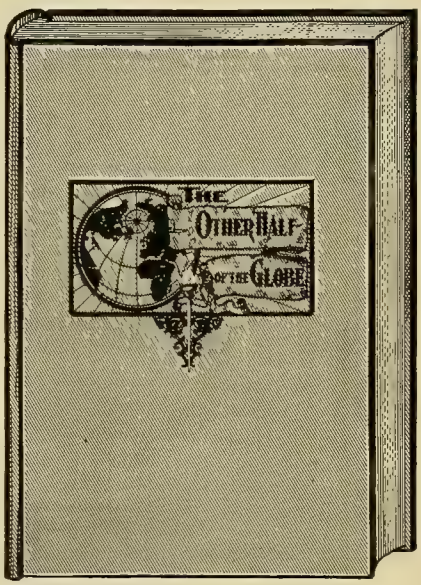
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Strive the besotted heart to melt,
  The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
  And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
  And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
  The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling-fount hath stirrred,
  And its revealings there,
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to a mother's side,
  And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
  Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamp'd on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear and see, and feel, and know
  All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—"'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—
  Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
  By strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

—Author Unknown.

A GEMZE FAWN.

In a sunny Alpine valley,
  Beneath the snowy Wetterhorn,
See! a maiden by a chalet
  Playing with a gemze fawn.

How he pricks his ears to hear her,
  How his soft eyes flash with pride,
When she tells him he is dearer
  Than the whole wide world beside.

Dearer than the lambkins gentle,
  Dearer than the frisking kids,
Or the pigeon on the lintel
  Coming, going as she bids.

Dearer than the first spring lily,
  Peeping on the snowy fell,
Dearer than his little Willie
  To the heart of William Tell.

By a gushing glacier fountain
  On the giant Wetterhorn
Amid the snowfields of the mountain
  Was the little gemze born.

And its mother tho' the mildest
  And the gentlest of the herd,
Was the fleetest and the wildest,
  And as lightsome as a bird.

But the gazer watched her gliding
  In the silence of the dawn,
Seeking for a place of hiding
  For her tender little fawn.

So he marked her, all unheeding,
  Swift and sure the bolt of death,
And he bore her dead and bleeding,
  To his Alpine home beneath.

Then the tottering gemze follows,
  Calling her with plaintive bleats,
O'er the knolls and thro' the hollows,
  Trotting on with trembling feet.

See! the cabin latch is raised
  By a small and gentle hand,
And the face that upward gazed
  Had a smile serene and bland.

Bertha was the Switzer daughter,
  And herself an orphan child,
But her sorrows all had taught her
  To be gentle, kind and mild.

You might see a tear drop quivering
  In her honest eye of blue,
As she took the stranger shivering
  To her heart so warm and true.

"I will be thy mother, Sweetest,"
  To the fawn she whispered low,
"I will heed thee when thou bleatest
  And will solace all thy woe."

Then the tottering gemze stealing
  Toward her seemed to understand,
Gazing on her face and kneeling
  Placed his nose within her hand.

Every day the Switzer maiden
  Shared with him her milk and bread,
Every night the fawn was laid on
  Moss and ling beside her bed.

Blue as mountain periwinkle
  Is the ribbon round his throat,
Where a little bell doth tinkle
  With a shrill and silvery note.

And when morning light is flushing
  Wetterhorn so cold and pale,
And when evening shades are hushing
  All the voices of the vale.

You might hear the maiden singing
  To her happy gemze fawn,
As the kids and lambs she's bringing
  Up and down the thymey lawn.

Spring has come: and little Bertha
  With her chamois at her side,
Up the mountain wanders further
  Than the narrow pathway guide.

Every step is paved with flowers,
  Here the bright mezron glow,
Here the tiger lily towers,
  And the mountain cistus blow.

There the royal eagle rushes
  From his eyrie overhead,
There the roaring torrent gushes
  Madly o'er its craggy bed.

Hark! from whence that distant bleating,
  Like a whistle, clear and shrill,
Gemze, ah thy heart is beating
  With a wild and sudden thrill.

Voices of thy brothers scouring
  O'er sparkling fields of ice,
Where the snow white peaks are towering
  O'er the scraggy precipice.

Bertha smiled to see him listening,
  Arching neck and quivering ear,
Panting chest and bright eyes glistening,
  To that whistle wild and clear.

Little knew she that it severed
  All that bound him to the glen,
And the gentle bands were shivered,
  And the tame one wild again!

To the next wild bleat that soundeth
  Makes he answer strong and shrill,
Wild as wildest off he boundeth
  Fleet as fleetest o'er the hills.

"Gemze! Gemze! come, my darling"
  Echoes faint from height to height.
Dry thy tears, Sweet Bertha, never
  Will he glance again in sight.

But when paling stars are twinkling
  In the silence of the dawn,
Thou may'st hear his bell a tinkling
  Mid the snows of Wetterhorn.

And the kindness thou bestowest
  On the helpless, thou shalt prove
Somehow, when thou little knowest,
  In a blessing from above.



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Has been cured for four years and no signs of return. I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year which gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around the lump. Seeing that something must be done I consulted several physicians, some advising me to have it removed with the knife, To this I never could consent. While thinking the matter over I learned of Drs. Rinehart & Co. curing cancer without pain. I used three months of their treatment and can truthfully say for mankind that I am perfectly well. I suffered no pain in the least while under their treatment not even breaking the skin. Hoping this will be of some benefit to suffering ones,

Most respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Miller,
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,
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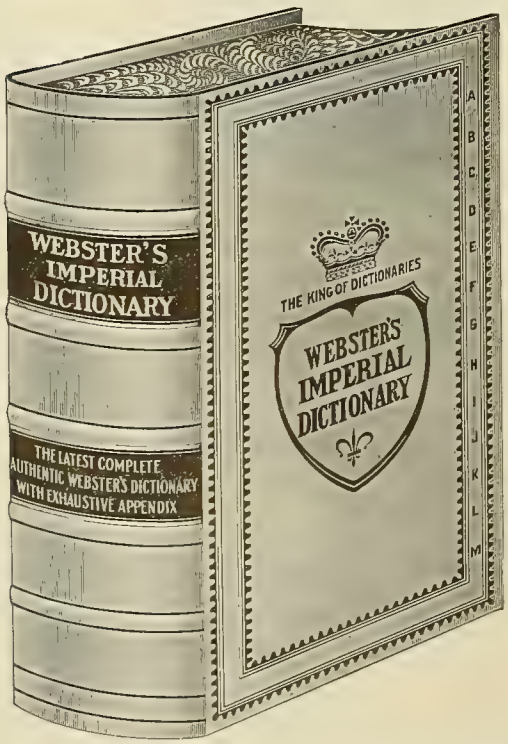
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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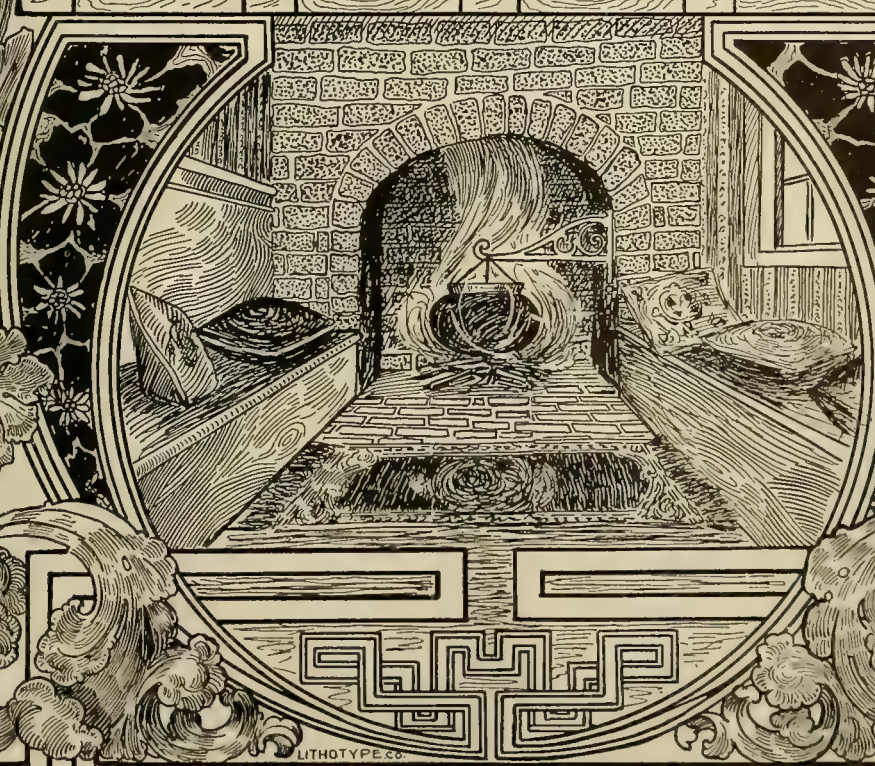
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Dear Brother:—

I was in your office today at Albaugh-Dover Co., but they said you were on your vacation. Sorry I didn't get to see you. However, I ordered a force pump for my windmill on my farm in Butte Valley. You remember I bought the mill of your friend and sent it with the other carload of goods that went to the Valley. Brother Early wrote me that another carload was being shipped soon, so I ask that these articles be put in the car. I bought 100 lbs. more timothy seed, same amount of alfalfa and 300 feet of gas pipe for the boys to use in fitting up the mill.

I just had a letter from Mrs. Wolf, who you know is my sister, stating that the alfalfa, oats, wheat and potatoes are doing fine. She said I would hardly know the place. My interests are growing there. You remember I have one sister there, and another going in September, and one who owns 380 acres there but cannot move just now, on account of business interests in Chicago. I have one son and one daughter with their families there and another daughter and son going in September. I am leaving tonight for the Valley. Brother McDonaugh and I will run another excursion here September 12th, for the benefit of the Brethren who desire to move this Fall. If you know of any going you would do me a favor to let me know of them.

I am informed that the railroad is now running a train as far as Orr's Lake, which is within ten or twelve miles from the new town of Macdoel. I expect to arrive there about the 9th or 10th of August.

Fraternally yours,
D. C. Campbell.

E. M. Cobb,
Elgin, Ill.

Mount Hebron, Calif.
July 30th, 1907.

Dear Brother:—

Enclosed you will find three snap-shots of my garden, which will give you an idea of what we are raising out there. The most of the garden was plowed in the middle of May, and the early garden planted just before we went to Annual Meeting. Our vegetables are in splendid condition, such as cabbage, rutabagas, beans, radishes, lettuce, peas, onions, celery, vegetable oysters, carrots, pumpkins, and potatoes. The potatoes and peanuts were planted the last week in May. Had potatoes out of the garden yesterday for dinner larger than hen's eggs. I found twenty and twenty-two potatoes in a hill. My garden has been cultivated but once, and only partly irrigated once. Brother Maust is going to have a photograph of a wheat field taken in a few days, which I will send you. I never saw grain come out so remarkably as the grain here. The wheat sowed the last of April just after grubbing out the sagebrush will make twenty-five bushels to the acre.

I gave an order yesterday for 550 apple trees and 50 trees of such as pears, prunes, peaches apricots, cherries, plums and walnuts. There is a fruit man from the Albany Nursery here and I think that he will get a great many orders. They are to be delivered in the Fall. I have not had time to prepare an orchard yet. I am going to plant twelve acres in trees to start with. Everybody's crops are looking fine, and everyone is satisfied with the yield of their ground since they had such a short time to get the land in order and put out the crops and move.

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If your children are peevish, cross and fretful, if their appetite is gone, the luster of their eyes has vanished and a feverish glow is on their little faces, act at once! They are getting sick.

If your husband feels unusually tired, dull and discouraged, if he fails to enjoy his meals, if his temples throb, and he complains of aches here and there, do not delay, but commence treatment with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. A bottle costs much less than a doctor's visit, and the probabilities are that a dose of it in time will save you much expense, worry and anxiety.

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Yours very respectfully,
Mrs. E. Beasley.

FROM HOME TO HOSPITAL.

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I would like to say to the many sons and daughters throughout our land who have parents living who are in any respect ailing, that they could gladden their hearts in no better way than by making them a present of a few bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer.** It would bring happiness all around. Respectfully yours,

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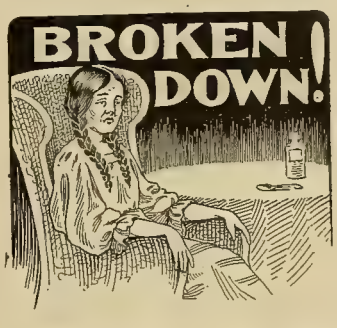
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Home Department Blue Book

Do you have a Home Department in your Sunday School?

Would you like to know more about Home Department work?

Are you interested in the Home Department?

Whether you can answer yes or no to the above questions you will be very much interested in the "Blue Book."

Send for a copy, or better yet, for a dozen and distribute them among your Sunday-school workers.

Price, per copy, ... 5 cents
Per dozen, ...50 cents

Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Ill.

Lomita California

The development of San Pedro Harbor, only five miles from Lomita, is being rushed. The government has spent several million dollars in its improvement and will put in more. The demands upon freight factilities are proving inadequate in handling the many vessels making this port a call. The "Miner Fill," when completed will cover 170 acres. This is to be used for bonded warehouses, factories, ship stores and repair shops. In filling in this shallow water, the deep water frontage will be increased 8,000 feet; besides this, the city of San Pedro owns 1,000 feet of water front.

In due time, this frontage will be lined with wharves for deep-water vessels, and then ships from all parts of the world will find excellent facilities for dockage. Deep sea ships can then proceed to their berths and unload their cargoes just as they do at San Francisco. The port of San Pedro is growing very rapidly, hence acreage adjoining the wharfage is rising in consequence. One piece of property on the inner harbor, having only 350 feet of water frontage, and containing about one acre rents at the rate of $400 per month, and the lease carries with it an option to buy at $60,000. Another with 480 feet frontage and embracing about one acre of land rents for $500 per month. At San Francisco an acre of frontage is worth $150,000. The amount of lumber unloaded at San Pedro last year was $451,314,000 feet. A great deal of lumber is brought here from Oregon and Washington and cured because of the many days of sunshine. The reader will better understand our relation to this harbor by knowing that it tends inland to and beyond Wilmington and when the tide of commerce will demand more room it will be built up towards Lomita and within two miles of our colony. With the opening of the Panama Canal, San Pedro Harbor will be one of the great ports on the Pacific Coast. The development of Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico, will demand the very best facilities for export and import shipments.

We deem this harbor of great advantage to the settlers of Lomita. With the great market at Los Angeles on the north and the good one at San Pedro on the south, no produce need to beg for purchasers. Even now the things one raises are eagerly sought by dealers and consumers. It is a question of farmers, not one of market. The industrious ones are sure to meet with their desires.

The season for autumn rains is fast coming on; hence the "busy farmer" should plan to get here soon, put up his buildings, and prepare to sow barley from November to March, and plant corn in May. In the "between time," he can plant cabbage in October and November, harvest it in March or April, plant the same ground to potatoes, and dig these in July and then put in some corn for the cows that are supplying the cities with pure, fresh milk. Or if he chooses, he might set strawberry plants in August, and have ripe berries in November or December. It is well to make some plans now so as to get things to eat for the ship people at San Pedro and the citizens and tourists in Los Angeles and other notable places in this climate that deals so kindly with all. Our terms are one-fourth cash, balance in 1, 2, 3 years at 6 per cent interest. Five per cent discount for all cash. The people are coming. Who shall be next?

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
314-316 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

M. M. ESHELMAN, Tract Agent,
Same Address.

Join Our Party Sept. 17th

And investigate the possibilities of the TWIN FALLS, north side tract to be thrown open for settlement

October 1

150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act will be Thrown Open for Entry on that Date

This will be a great opportunity to the settler to secure a Homestead in a mild, equable climate, where crops grow to perfection by irrigation. No failure of crops on account of drought. This tract is on the North side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho.

The Brethren

should now be arranging to go to the opening of this 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal for it will be taken up quick when once opened. Be there ready for entry Oct. 1. A good sized party have already made arrangements to go.

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $35.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms. Crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands, take the Oregon Short Line, R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner or Twin Falls.

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

One-Way Rates in Effect from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31

	From Chicago.
Pocatello, Idaho,	$30 00
Ogden, Utah,	30 00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	30 00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	30 50
Payette, Idaho,	30 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	30 50
Boise City, Idaho,	31 10

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Afterglow

Richard Braunstein

The weary day has reached its end at last,
Rich sunset tints to darkness slowly turn;
Now night descends o'er all, while flitting past
The dainty firefly's signals brightly burn.
Shrill pipe the crickets and the katydid,
The swallow sweeps in dusky circles low—
The whip-poor-will calls, in the woodland hid—
Suddenly gleams the west in crimson—lo!
There comes the afterglow.

Love's weary day is done and fades in pain;
Though love has fled, 'tis better to forget;
Letters and broken pledges yet remain,
Sorrow, remorse, and every late regret.
Darkness is o'er my life, yet when at eve
As twilight gathers and the shadows grow,
Fond thoughts of her, my love of yore, I weave;
My heart beats strangely quick again, for lo!
It is love's afterglow.

His First Sermon

Richard Braunstein

THE slanting rays of the morning sun were gilding the snow-capped peaks of the mountain range.

Out across the vast prairie, dotted here and there with the lonely cabin of the pioneer, herds of sheep and cattle were nipping the dew-sweetened grass, while the herder galloped across the fields, taking invoice of stock.

The air was pure and wholesome, the day was glorious, one of those rare days when Nature seems to be at her best.

After a hard week of toil, the laborer rejoiced in the return of the Sabbath, for it brought not only rest, i. e., cessation from ordinary toil, but also communion with God, and worship in the little sod schoolhouse on the plains.

As the shadows pulled themselves in and the sun mounted higher and higher along his path of light, a young man might have been seen riding on horseback along the well known "Bald Eagle" trail.

He pushed forward rapidly, urging his bronco on, for already the hour was near at hand when he must appear at the little schoolhouse of logs and mud, and preach his first sermon in this new country—a country of broad plains, tall grasses, and stirring winds. It was an hour of intense anxiety to him, yet withal an hour big with lofty purpose and sweet with perfect concentration.

His face was interesting and attractive—high forehead, penetrating, gray eye, prominent chin. He bore the clear-cut feature of a scholar, and seemed all out of place in the weird and lonesome land. He had broken in health while pursuing his studies at the seminary, and came West to "rough it," fondly hoping that while he "roughed it" himself, he might smooth the pathway for the lonely dweller in the prairie cabin.

How many would come to the service? Of what character and degree of intelligence? How would they receive his message? These questions passed through his mind in rapid succession. But the chief solicitude of his thought was: *How* can I help the people who this day shall wait upon my ministry?

And he breathed a prayer as he journeyed: "*Lord bless me and* make me a blessing—help me to be true to thee and to thy Word to-day."

As he reached the summit of a well-rounded hill, the little schoolhouse "hove in sight," and all around it were saddle-horses, carts, buck-boards and wagons. It was to be a great day for the settlers, many of whom had attended no religious services since coming West. Their lives had become monotonous as they worked at the irksome round of every day toil, and anything by way of diversion would be acceptable. But the thought of attending Church Service, carried them back to the days long gone, when, in the happy innocence of their childhood, they had regularly accompanied their parents to the meetinghouse and listened with rapt attention to music and sermon.

Those days would never come back. Father and mother sleep in the church-yard; brothers and sisters are scattered to the four points of the compass. The old home is occupied by strangers, and the once familiar haunts are now frequented by a new generation.

The schoolhouse is reached, the hour for service has arrived. The young preacher stands before his congregation. Expectant faces are lifted as he begins the service. The old hymns bring tears to eyes unaccustomed to weeping, and when he prays to the God of their fathers, hearts and heads are involuntarily bowed in the humble reverence of worship.

The text was peculiarly appropriate and suggestive: "In my Father's house are many mansions." He spoke to them of the instinct for home. The heart longs for an abiding place, where the tent may be folded up and laid aside to give place to the more pretentious and substantial house.

No matter where we wander, we carry with us this longing for an abiding habitation.

"We are here in this Great West," he declared, "seeking homes. For this we left Eastern cities and friends, and employment that we might build for ourselves homes of our own. But the houses we build are constructed of perishable materials—lumber, brick and stone will yield to the gnawing tooth of time. Every foundation will crumble. No structure erected by human hands can stand amid the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' The heart cries out against this prospect and yearns with an unquenchable longing for a permanent abode." The preacher then told of the Christ. He spoke of the simple way in which he lived, how he came to earth to reveal to men the Father's love, show them how to live, and died for their salvation. But before going back to his Father he promised them a home, a mansion. 'Where I am,' said he, 'there ye may be also; for I go to prepare a place for you.'

"That's home," said the speaker, his eyes shining, "the home of the soul. There the hurts of time shall all be healed in the *balm of the eternal morning*. No more sickness, no more sorrow, no more death. There we shall walk through evergreen fields, where fragrant flowers are swept by gentle breeze. There we shall walk upon the streets of gold, and in the city of light find the loved ones lost awhile."

The preacher paused. Soft sobs broke the stillness. New resolves were forming; new purposes were taking shape. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with spiritual energy.

"Will we be true to this native instinct of the heart?" he asked. "Will we listen to the Master's voice? The feast is spread. The invitations are to you. Will you accept? When the books are opened and the names are called, will you be there to answer to your own?" The speaker turned his burning face toward the sky and gazed intently, as if lost in contemplation of some great, grand vision. Then his voice fell in subdued tones on their attentive ears. "I see the palm branches waving over the battlements. I catch the vision of glorified faces. I hear the shout of glad voices. They call us. They beckon us."

His sermon was ended, and he lifted his hands in blessing and benediction upon the congregation. The people arose quietly and passed out of the house. They had seen a vision, and its realization became the ambition of their lives.

It was a day of *Destiny* for many a soul.

Seeing the West Through the Eyes of a Missourian

Ada Kircher

Chapter Five.

We start homeward in a party of twenty-five. We go up the San Joaquin Valley about which you have all heard so much. It is not quite the Paradise I expected to see, neither was Southern California, for that matter, or any other portion in the West.

The towns were located where there was plenty of water near them, on each side, everything looked well, but on farther there was the desert that, instead of enhancing the view, gave a dreary look to the landscape.

The entire San Joaquin Valley was like this, with some very flourishing towns. It was quite hot. August at home is pleasant compared with this.

There is one thing in favor of this western country that I cannot forbear to mention. It is this, that one farmer may enjoy a shower upon his farm and his neighbor can go right on with his haymaking.

Because of the strike, our visit to San Francsco was short. However, we saw the results of earthquake and fire still quite plainly. Every building but two that we saw was undergoing repair.

After leaving San Francisco we saw some pretty country where crops looked well. We went through some picturesque little towns. Some contained six houses and five saloons. At Newcastle the cheery boys "stormed" us, and at some other place we gave a free concert. As the train stopped there quite

awhile, a crowd gathered outside, to listen to our singing.

It is strange how a boy with pies and sandwiches can cry down the best of speculation projects, or interrupt the most interesting story.

Coming home we learned that water is not an absolute necessity but a luxury, not to be looked for on all roads. We soon became accustomed to dampening one corner of our handkerchiefs at the water tank and wiping our eyes for our morning ablution, and sometimes even that was denied us by reason of the tank being empty. We hoped no one would notice our dirty faces.

One evening a brother on our train was taken very sick and grew worse and worse until we were all very much alarmed. He called for the elders to anoint him. The elders came, but no oil could be bought or found any where. He then called for singing and prayer. We thought he was breathing his last. After singing several songs and prayer, he began to recover. A doctor was secured later, but he was already on the road to recovery. Never before was I so impressed with the fact that, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

That night we went through snow three feet deep at an altitude of seven thousand feet. An Indian man and woman, with a papoose and a child of perhaps five years of age, got on the train somewhere in Nevada. A sister asked me if I would like to see the papoose. Being a friend of children in general, and papooses in particular, I gladly acquiesced. So we went to the other car to see the papoose. On our return we gave such splendid report that the other women from our car went also, and finally others from the car back of us went. All reported it a splendid baby and a good traveler, for being only fifteen days old. So the men decided to see it too. When they reached the other car they were informed it would cost five cents to see the baby. The little girl had a papoose doll, about fifteen inches long. When they got off the train the doll was fastened on the little girl's back, and the papoose reposed upon the back of its mother.

We saw many mountains covered with snow and that means plenty of water to irrigate with.

At night we crossed Great Salt Lake, and next day paid the Mormons a visit. You have heard so many descriptions of their grounds and buildings that I will pass on. The country surrounding Salt Lake City is very beautiful,—one of the best farming sections we have seen. Here four of us left the main party and went to Grand Junction, where a sister of the writer is living.

As we again boarded the train at Grand Junction, we met two of our former party, but they were only going a few miles further on, and we were left to join ourselves to a new party or travel alone. We preferred the latter, as we had become quite independent by this time. My companion had contracted a severe cold in this western, healthy climate and we were alarmed, lest it would become serious, so we wanted to get home as quickly as possible.

The scenery along the way from Grand Junction to Pueblo is beyond the power of speech or pen to describe. It was the finest we saw, which is saying a good deal. As we went through the Tennessee Paso, we felt impressed by its grandeur as never before.

At last we are nearing home. See how strong the wheat and corn stands! No little, yellow stuff or puny, irrigated crops, with dust all over it.

Look, right down there in the orchard is timothy five feet and four inches high. Curious we never thought of measuring it before. The foliage of the trees look so waxy and there is no dust on it. The roads are not oiled, no sickly smell, no danger for dress skirts, neither is the dust ankle deep. The water is good and cold. The sun is not so bright, but that is all the better for my eyes. The breeze is not so cool, neither is it mixed with dust.

True, we have some unpleasant features here, just as there are some everywhere. Let no man look for Paradise on this earth, not even in Missouri, though this State never did look so good to me as now. Even the detestable weeds are pretty now.

Harrisonville, Mo.

GUIDE MY FOOTSTEPS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Dear Father, guide my footsteps
O'er life's mysterious way,
So that they never, erring,
May be allowed to stray.
Sometimes the way, uncertain
And doubtful, seems to be,
O, then, dear Father, guide me,
Let me, thy wisdom, see.

I am not always knowing
Which way that I should go,
And then I seek thy guidance,
For thou wilt surely know,
Thy loving eyes will watch me
And lead my soul aright,
Whenever I am careful
To follow in thy light.

Dear Father, what a comfort
That we can lean on thee,
And that a safe protection,
Thy love will always be.
It is the greatest blessing
That man can ever know,
For guidance and sweet comfort,
That we, to thee, can go.

Moorestown, N. J.

A Tour With the Inglenook

Fred V. Kinzie

VERY few readers of the INGLENOOK, or any other paper, have any idea of the mental and physical labor required to produce a periodical. Although they may have a general knowledge of the publishing business, a brief description of the making of a NOOK may prove of interest.

First the editor must go over all manuscripts, correct errors, etc. This is often a very tedious task, and sometimes manuscripts must be rewritten on a typewriter. Then the copy is sent to the linotype room, where it is "set up" in lines of type.

These linotype machines are the mechanical marvels of a printing house. They resemble a gigantic typewriter. The linotype weighs over one ton, and has for its main working principle the dropping of tiny brass moulds for certain letters and figures, when certain keys are depressed. These moulds are called matrices, and when a line of them has been set, it is brought in contact with a combination of molten lead and zinc, thus forming a line of type.

After a line is cast, a long arm reaches down and picks up the matrices and returns them for distribution into the magazine from which they came.

Now the type is put on "galleys" (long, shallow pans), and a "proof" is taken. This proof, with the copy, is taken to the proofreading room where, by comparison with the copy, the errors are marked. Typographical mistakes are anxiously watched for until the paper is off the press.

The corrected proof is brough back to the machine, and the defective lines are reset and properly inserted.

The galleys of type, numbering over twenty, are now made up into pages, and the cuts are inserted as the editor directs. Later these pages are put in place on the make-up stone, and a "chase" (a steel frame) is placed around the pages. By means of quoins (wedged-shaped pieces of steel), the pages are firmly locked, so that everything remains in the proper place.

Now another proof must be taken, in order to see if all mistakes marked by the first proofreader have been corrected. When these and further corrections have been made and inserted, a third proof is taken for final comparison. Now the form is ready for the press.

The locked-up forms (two of them for each side of the paper) are loaded on a truck and are by elevator taken from the composing rooms on third floor to the pressroom on the first floor. The pressman gets ready a press and then lays the forms on the bed of the press, securing them by means of clamps.

Before beginning the needed "make-ready," in order properly to print the paper, it is necessary to make sure that all is O. K. A sheet is therefore run through and taken to the editor, for his final O. K. If it is pronounced correct, the needed adjustments are made by the pressman to proceed with the printing. The press is started and one by one the sheets are fed through the press at the rate of about twelve hundred per hour. It takes about five hours for each side of the INGLENOOK, and the same amount of time for the cover.

There are eight other presses of various sizes in the press room and when all are in motion, it makes quite a stir.

Part of the presses are hand fed; others have automatic feeders. The latter do their work very accurately. If two sheets try to get through at the same time, it immediately brings the press to a stand-still. Any other obstruction will do the same. In these cases the power is automatically turned off, and a brake applied.

From the pressroom the INGLENOOK is being taken on trucks to the bindery on the second floor. Each of these sheets represents one NOOK, and they must now be folded, placed between covers, bound, and trimmed. The sheets are automatically fed into the folding machine. By means of long blades the paper is forced between a series of rollers, which deliver the loosely folded sheet properly folded. After being nicely pressed, the sheets at once are inserted into the cover. Next they go to the stitcher, which puts in the two wire stitches so familiar to each Nooker. A quick, expert operator can do this work at a very rapid rate.

The papers now appear to be complete, but on trying to open one you will find the edges are still uncut, therefore they must undergo a trimming process, which is done by means of a paper cutter, which automatically trims the edges. This completes the papers and they are now ready to be mailed.

Preparatory to this the mailers have printed the names and addresses of the subscribers on sheets of yellow paper, making a continuous roll of many hundred names. This ribbon of paper is wound on the reel of a mailing machine, and automatically coated with paste, just previous to attaching each separate label to the papers. In this way the addressing is done at the rate of fifteen hundred papers an hour. They are then ready to be thrown into the mail bags, properly assorted to the different routes.

Thus the papers are started on their journey, long or short, east or west, north or south, or even across the waters. Thus you receive weekly your long-looked-for INGLENOOK.

Elgin, Ill.

A Summer in the Rockies

Hattie Dell

A Trip to Grand Mesa.—Part Two.

THE next morning most of us started out afoot, and walked to the cabin, where we waited while the first wagon went on up. They had to double-team, and even then it was hard, being quite steep for a mile and a half and the ground soft. They had to let the horses rest every few minutes. While we waited for the return of the horses, all entertained themselves, I suppose, to their highest enjoyment. I did, at least, by following up the stream to where the pine trees hid me from human eyes. I could hear the sweet, soft music in the trees, hear and see the rushing, crystal waters, look up and around and see the hills covered with flowers and grass. If such a spot as this would not call forth the best and deepest thoughts, what would it take? Rich, precious, blessed moments are these to the Christian.



Where We Camped.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,
Alone o'er steeps or foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charm,
And view her stores unrolled.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."
—Byron.

We were waiting at the ford for the men to come back, when two strange men came down and offered to help us part way up. (They were on their way to pick wild raspberries.) We were getting anxious to get to our camping place, for it was past noon now. They helped us over the hardest places, and we gave them a lunch for their kindness.

There were two springs between the creek and the camp. Katie Smith and mother rode to take care of the little ones. Effie and Pearle went in the first wagon, and we hoped they would feel how hungry we were and make ready a feast, which they did. Mother Gnagey knows how I enjoyed her fried chicken. They found an empty cabin which they took possession of. It had a stove, table and a bed,—just the frame of one built across one end of the cabin. We all had enough to eat and some left.

After dinner we put up our tents, west of the cabin a few steps. The lakes were a quarter of a mile from us, and the creek almost at our door.

We did not get out to see much that evening, as it rained. It was hard to keep things dry in the tent, and it rained about every day we were there. We went to see the lakes next day, and fished for trout, but did not get any. One evening Lizzie, Ida, Hall and I, went out on a raft. We had a nice ride but got no fish. Mr. Gnagey and Hall each caught several small trout The men hunted some and brought in squirrels. So we had squirrel potpie one dinner. Two nights we had a camp fire and all gathered around to talk and sing.

Thursday morning, as soon as we could get off, twelve of us started for the top of Grand Mesa,

about two miles from where we camped. Up a little ways from the lakes were several acres of flat land that looked as though it might have been a lake at some time, but was now covered with grass, and flowers of many different kinds. There were several colors of daisies as large as a dollar. They looked more like asters. I'm sorry I do not have a picture of that flower garden. It seems like a pity that so much beauty should be hidden away where human eyes so seldom feast on it. As we went on up, we came to where the columbine grows. This is the Colorado State flower. Its colors are light blue and white; it is a beauty. We saw several small lakes and water lilies growing in them.

Following the trail we at last came to the top. Here were large rocks that looked as though they had been thrown up by a volcano. We could see ice down



The Top of Grand Mesa.

between the rocks. Grand Mesa is said to have been a volcanic mountain at one time. We could see the tops of the range north of us for miles and miles. We did not stay long, as we had no lunch with us. I would like to have stayed near the top all day. There were more flowers there than we saw anywhere else on our western trip, and I never tire of flowers.

The afternoon was spent in getting things ready for our homeward trip, and in the morning, as soon as we could get packed, we were off. By stealing off a few moments, good-bye was said to the rivers, the lakes and all that is dear to the nature lover. Would we ever be permitted to take a trip like this again? If God wills it so we shall.

SAVING THE BIRDS AND SEALS.

Good news comes o'er the seas from London town, where it is said there is a decided falling off in the sales of heron plumes, aigrettes, "on account of the absence of American trade." For this, thanks be given the Audubon societies which are powers behind the throne of the laws of the land. At a recent meeting the Federation of Women's Clubs of New Yersey and Pennsylvania adopted a resolution against the use of aigrettes by club women. Each month there is news of a decided advance in the work of bird protection. It is to be hoped that every nature study teacher is helping in the great movement toward making the coming generation of women realize their full responsibility for the utterly barbarious practices connected with securing birds' skins for ornamental purposes. The destruction of the Pribilof Islands fur seals meanwhile continues, as the President noted in his message. The herd which, according to the surveys made in 1874 by direction of Congress, numbered 4,700,000 and which according to the survey of both American and Canadian commissioners in 1891 amounted to 1,000,000, has now been reduced to about 180,000. This has been brought about by killing the female seals while in the water. As a rule, the female seal when killed is pregnant and also has an unweaned pup on land, so that for each skin taken by pelagic sealing, as a rule, three lives are destroyed, the mother, the unborn offspring, and the nursing pup. In 1896 over 16,000 young seals were found dead from starvation on the Pribilof islands. In 1897 it was estimated that since pelagic sealing began upward of 400,000 adult female seals had been killed at sea and over 300,000 young seals had died of starvation as the result.

IN VIRGINIA.

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia,
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia.
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia,
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia.
And when my time has come to die
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

There nowhere is a land so fair
As in Virginia,
So full of song, so free of care,
As in Virginia.
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XXVIII.—Sybil Asks Some Theological Questions.

"DON'T you think no one ken get to heaven unless he is baptized?" The voice was Sybil's and it was full of pleading and anxiety.

Mrs. Chester looked up quickly, a trifle startled. This was the first time Sibyl had ever asked a question directly relating to theology. Mrs. Chester had often admonished her as to her duty of a confession of faith toward God, and though she always listened attentively to everything that was said to her, she gave no sign that the Divine Spirit was knocking at her heart. It is true, she had seemed somewhat changed of late, sometimes refusing to eat or play, and acting as though something troubled her. More than once she had followed Mrs. Chester from place to place, and several times, when on the verge of speaking had abruptly left the room. Daily, since her advent to Shady Brook had her benefactress prayed that Sibyl might seek salvation through repentance and holy baptism. Should her prayers be one day answered? Sooner perhaps than Mrs. Chester dreamed.

It had been a custom at the Chester home to devote an hour each day to the study of God's Word. The devotions for the day had been concluded and Mr. Chester was already gone, while Sibyl and Mrs. Chester were in the library alone. As was her wont Mrs. Chester had asked her to sing,—for she had a deep, rich voice,—whereupon she began, "There is a fountain filled with blood," but ere the first stanza was finished, her voice trembled, and though she tried to control it, it finally failed completely. She told Mrs. Chester that she would rather not sing any more that day. At the moment this chapter opens she was leaning her head upon her hand, gazing intently beyond the library and everything which it contained,—even beyond Lily, who had climbed up at her knee, and was vainly trying to entertain her with her winsome chattering. She saw and heard nothing; and she felt nothing save that tremendous burden that had grown so heavy until at last it had well nigh crushed her soul.

She tried to speak but her tongue clave to her mouth. With her spirit on the alert, Mrs. Chester divined the truth. She advanced gently toward the statue-like girl and in her sweet, mother way whispered: "Sibyl, my child."

Then the fountains were opened and the pent-up feeling spent itself. "Oh, my heart is well nigh broke. Do you think I am too desperate a sinner fur to be baptized?" It sounded like the wail of a lost soul to Mrs. Chester, and she folded her closely to her breast, while the weeping girl continued:

"Mrs. Treadle says I am too wicked ever to belong to the Dunker meetin' an' Mrs. Trot she says that the Dunkers are respectful folks, who never yet have lowed no beggar person to join their church."

Mrs. Chester was deeply moved. Never before had she felt such utter compassion for that branded girl, and she drew her still closer to her as she began:

"You know Mrs. Davids, Sibyl. You are aware how she is respected and loved by every one. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that she was once a homeless, loveless, outcast girl. She was obliged to beg the scanty bread which fed her poor, unhappy body. Moved with pity, a lady one day took her in, and ever afterwards kept her as her very child. She never had occasion to regret that deed of mercy, for Mary proved to be a faithful and devoted daughter. When she grew older, she embraced the faith of her benefactress who, by the way, was a Dunker lady, and was ever looked upon as a shining light by all who knew her. I need not tell you that she is the wife of the pastor of that pleasant country parish and queen of as sweet a home as ever bloomed beneath God's smiling sun. But when did Mrs. Trot and Mrs. Treadle tell you these things?"

"That day you sent me to the Dorcas meetin' with them dresses for the poor. I was hardly in the door when Mrs. Treadle asked me if I meant to ever change my sinful ways. I said, I wanted to most powerful and was a-going to. Another woman, what they called Sister Sharp asked what I meant by that, and when I said it was my mind to be a Dunker member, they all laughed sort o' fierce like, an' Mrs. Trot *she* said as the Dunker folks was mostly respectful people an' that I had best go back to a certain alley in the city an' mingle with my like an' kind I couldn't help it, Mrs. Chester, as the tears came to my eyes. I tried to keep them back. An' then Mrs. Treadle said

as them was hypocrite tears, an' that if I ever got baptized with such a deceivin' heart, 'at God 'ud never forgive me for it—not in this world nor in the next. Mrs. Chester I know as I am awful wicked, but I want to be forgiv."

"And you can be, Sybil," soothed Mrs. Chester, with the other's hand still clasped within her own, "for the Son of God hath plainly said: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;' and again: 'Whosoever will, let him come.' That 'whosoever' embraces everybody,—the grossest, the vilest, the most sinful, the most distressed. But every follower of Christ must have a cross to bear. Remember this always, Sybil, and thank God from the depth of your heart, if yours be not a heavier one than the frail reproaches of Mrs. Treadle and Mrs. Trot."

So it was that a shart time afterward on a bright, warm day the peaceful Shady Brook became the gateway through which Sybil entered upon the new way.

Chapter XXIX.—"Mine Own New Name."

A WHISPER, a hush, a solemn pause. The crowd advances, the men reverently uncover their heads and a multitude of faces are bent above the gentle, peaceful stream which flows by Shady Brook.

And what to see? The grass is parted and a young girl assisted down into the water. Her raiment is white as snow, yet scarcely eclipses the shining brightness of her countenance. Calmly she kneels with clasped hands and eyes upturned. The rippling wavelets kiss her breast and toss her raven hair afloat, but she stirs not from her attitude. Another murmur from the crowd and then a death-like hush again:

"Dost thou believe that Christ is the Son of God? Dost thou believe that he came to earth to draw all men unto him? Dost thou promise before God and in the presence of these witnesses to join thyself unto him, cleave unto him, and be faithful unto him till death?"

"I do." Reverently, solemnly, yet joyfully the vow is spoken. A few words of exhortation from the man of God, and she is baptized beneath those symbolic waves and arises to indeed walk "in the newness of life."

Ah, Sybil! well mayest thou pass amidst that throng with queenly step! No longer art thou a beggar girl, for thou hast this day found an Eternal Father. Never again shalt thou be an outcast, for the glittering name which is written upon thy forehead and within thy heart, declares thee forever to be an heir of Heaven!

Chapter XXX.—The White Shadow.

As all things have a beginning, even so must all things have an end. My tale is drawing to a close.

What need to further lengthen it? Its mission is, I trust, fulfilled,—and yet one brief glance more.

The sun is bidding good-night to the inhabitants of Busy Homes and most of the guests have already assembled at Mrs. Trot's. They are to drink tea there tonight to eat plum cake. I ween Mrs. Treadle is seriously conferring with her hostess in an undertone, yet loud enough to deeply interest several guests who are seated near. I incline my ear to catch a few words of the conversation—only a few—and then pass on.

"It grieves my spirit, Sister Trot, for the sake of the sons and daughters round about. When that gal come into their midst I said it was a fateful day for them. I say so still.

It's wonderful how she's improved since that day we spoke her duty to her, I must confess, and when I first perceived that her virtues was a risin', in the opinions of the multitude, "Sisters' Trot an' Treadle will figger in her reformation, thinks I. But strange as 'tis, the gal herself don't seem to see it so. Of late I've cautioned Jemima to make up friends with her an' ask her to the picnics round about, but what do you think she told Jemima? She said her heart haint sot on picnics anymore,—that there is too much sufferin' in the world for her to take the time to go to pleasure parties, an' too much sin. She has improved, I must confess, an' it would be for the good of the sons an' daughters round about, if she'd associate with them a little more."

"The heart is deceivin' above all things, Sister Treadle. The day we spoke her duty to her, I washed my hands from humanity. I wash them now. I don't begrudge the good I did her,—forbid me that,—I only wash my hands."

And what of Sybil? It is hardly probable that the world will ever honor her as a poetess, yet time must tell. Meanwhile she is wisely consecrating her talents to the more prosaic accomplishments of life, and doing honor to "the vocation wherewith she is called," to minister to the needy, to visit the fatherless, to tell the story of Jesus to those who know it not.

In these goodly deeds she is often aided by her staunch friend Stella, who is still a star and causes not only Mrs. Chester, but also many others, to look heavenward.

The name of Liz is but a memory to the inhabitants of Busy Homes. The atmosphere of that religious neighborhood was never congenial to her, and as the years passed her face gradually faded away, until it was seen no more within its streets nor near its borders.

Lily has grown somewhat older than she was when we first beheld her, and is at present reveling in the new joy which has come to Shady Brook. A little

son has been sent hither and the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Chester are more comforted than they had yet been since Clifford died.

And if Clifford's death had caused them sore pain, had it not also been instrumental in causing them great rejoicing? For might not the mission of his death have been the salvation of Sybil's soul?

Mrs. Chester thinks about all this, regretting nothing but counting all God's dealings kind. And as she muses a white shadow descends upon her and throws a halo about her head. Does she dream, or has the spirit of her beloved and departed child indeed been borne to her on angel wings?

Who may tell?

THE END.

HE DUG.

He wanted a job, and, like everyone else,
He wanted a good one, you know,
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,
And the salary mustn't be low.
He asked for a pen but they gave him a spade
And he half turned away with a shrug,
But he altered his mind, and, seizing the spade,—
He dug.

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor was hard
But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task, but he
Plugged just as hard as he ever could plug;
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—
As he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade
And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste
And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—
Success cuts many queer jigs,
But one thing is sure,—a man will succeed—
If he digs.

TWENTY TONS OF WASTED ENERGY.

IRA P. DEAN.

Did you ever bite your tongue? How many pounds pressure was on your tongue when your teeth caught it? Ever cut a piece of raw meat? Remember how you bore on the knife? Oh! yes you remember; felt like a ton coming down on your tongue when you bit it.

Well, there may have been nearly ten pounds pressure on just before you stopped your teeth from cutting clear through.

An average bite upon meat is about five to eight pounds perhaps ten according to scientists.

Well, let's say five pounds? All right! The man who chews tobacco—five pounds pressure per bite, how many bites does he make per minute? Thirty to forty-five. Let's say twenty bites. Well, how many pounds are gone at the rate of five pounds per bite and twenty bites per minute? One hundred pounds. All right; in one hour that would be just sixty times one hundred pounds or 6,000 pounds, or three tons of energy gone every hour.

Well, how many hours per day does a man chew tobacco? Ten. Yes, some men only stop to eat; some fall asleep chewing; keep it up on Sunday too. Well, let's say, seven hours as an average. Get to the railroad shops, and you will think this is only half the average.

Well, at three tons per hour, or six thousand pounds in seven hours, there will be wasted just forty-two thousand pounds or twenty-one tons of energy. Believe it? Well, it's true. Cut off a ton and you still have twenty tons of wasted energy every day for the habitual tobacco chewer, while the cause of Christ and the church suffers for lack of just what is wasted—ENERGY. Now, I'm not through yet. The habitual tobacco chewer spits from a quart to two and one-half quarts of saliva away per day, as he chews. Is that a waste?

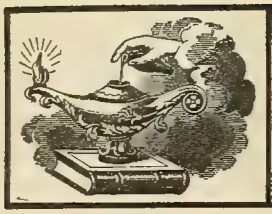
Yes, but he has a good appetite. Well, bless you, if he didn't have, he'd die. He's got to make up that energy some place. He has a continual strain on the blood from spitting. It is wasted energy! *Wasted energy!!* WASTED ENERGY!!! *And twenty tons per day.* Now get out, and down from the tobacco habit.

CULTIVATE PATIENCE.

BE patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart, and may misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and they may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose and tenacity of affection; do not you also lack these graces? Patience is your refuge. Endure and in enduring conquer them, and if not them, then at least yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.

HUFFORD REUNION.

F. P. HUFFORD, 3522 W. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind., is writing up history of Casper decendents to date. He will have a prospectus ready for the reunion, Aug. 28 and 29, 1907. Descendents welcome. President, E. A. Hufford, 394 S. Washington St., Columbus, Ohio, Corresponding Secretary, Daisy Hufford, Bremen, Ohio.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE. The Lord is With Us.

D. L. FORNEY.

Fear them not.—Num. 14: 9.

How different is the simple declaration of faith "we can," in contact with the shrinking, timorous wail of unbelief, "*We be not able.*"

Israel had been resting on her oars for quite a while, while twelve chosen men were up in Canaan, spying out the land. Feeding, as they were, on angels' food and the refreshing waters from the rock, they forgot God, their strength. On the return of the spies, one strong, united pull together would have landed them all safely in Canaan. The land and its inhabitants would have been theirs. The trials and dangers of the wilderness way they would have escaped. But now, since they choose to believe the evil report of the ten, in preference to the faithful report of the two, God declares that they shall fall in the wilderness, and while the ten die at once of plague, the two lived still.

But how true to life to-day is this event in the wilderness history. How often does God's Word urge the weak and vacillating child of God to greater faith and greater diligence! Did he always say, "I do believe," how great would be his reward.

So many go softly all their days, fearing, or doubting rather, than stepping out firmly and boldly on the promises of God. The declaration of faith "*we can,*" would often help "Little Faith" or "Timorous over the danger." How often do we approach the lions, only to find them chained.

How many there are who, when asked to become Christians, hesitate and say, "I fear I could not hold out." But, remember, "The Lord is with us; fear them not." "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him."

The alcohol fiend may be in the community: How often is heard the cry, "He is too strong; there's no use trying." It is the cry of unbelief; not the declaration of faith. But, remember, the Lord is with us, fear them not. Who? THE LORD. Yes, the Lord *he* is with us. Had it not been that the Lord is on our side, then might Israel fear. The way may be discouraging and dark at times, but we need not fear when *the Lord is with us.*

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things,
Endowed with beings, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings, or its woes,
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thought you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot,
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home—
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds, and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BRAVE HEARTS IN HUMBLE HOMES.

THERE is a dear old lady who has not left her bed for twenty years. She can hardly move a limb, and is often full of pain, yet the mind is clear, strong, and cheerful as marriage bells. No murmuring word ever escapes her lips. She orders he household in righteousness, she fills it with the radiance of hope and gratitude. Her life is like one long, sweet song. Yet that lady has a hard battle with herself and her pain every day, and she always comes off conquerer.

There is a domestic servant, one of the best Christians I ever knew, who for ten years has been doing service in a family of avowed atheists. It is true they never interfere with her beliefs, and they respect her goodness, but the whole atmosphere is uncongenial, and she sees and hears a hundred things which trouble and wound her finest feelings. She might have gone to fifty happier and better paid places, and I have often asked: "Why do you not make a change?" She invariably answers: "Christ has put me here to bear witness for him, and if I leave, there will be no one left to keep the light burning." And she means to stay on until her witness-bearing yields its due reward.

There is a widow with her two daughters living in a meager cottage, now working hard and struggling bravely to keep the gray wolf hunger from the door. Fifteen years ago they were comparatively rich, and lost everything in a huge financial wreckage. Now it is one long pinch, self-denial, and hardship. Yet that little cottage is full of sunshine and noble content. Its windows are palace windows looking out on beauty, love, and heaven, and the three hearts which beat in that abode are among the bravest hearts you could find in the world.

"YE ARE NOT OF THE WORLD."

"SEPARATED unto the Gospel." This may fairly be interpreted as the condition of discipleship. "Ye are not of the world." Immersed in it we may be and crowded into its activities, but there is a great gulf between.

There ought to be a gulf between the business methods of the Christian and those of the nonchristian merchant. The man who does "eye service," even though he allows no eye but his own "to take his measure," cannot attain the dimensions and the charity of the men of God. The business texture of the Christian man is of necessity unique and distinct. A conscience sensitized to sin by fellowship with God allows no compromise or indiscretion.

But the separation means more than this. The theme of life is different after a man has had the vision. The Christian life takes a new center, and the activities of the man of God all focus upon one clear purpose. To this he is consecrated and pledged. He may be immersed in the world but on him God has placed a seal, and he is kept from the contamination. He is separate.

GOD'S ANSWER TO PRAYER.

MR. SPURGEON tells of a young woman who was in great concern about her soul. "I placed Christ before her very plainly, but she did not seem to understand the way. One morning she came to me after service. 'Dear sir, will you pray for me?' She was thunderstruck when I said 'No.' 'But, sir, I am anxious to be saved; won't you pray for me? 'No.' 'O sir, you don't mean it. 'I do. I have set Jesus Christ before you; if you will not have him, there is no use praying; you will be lost. There is no other way, and I don't want there should be any other way. Will you have Christ, or will you not?' There was a pause; then she said, 'Yes, I will, if I may.' 'May? He has put it, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Surely you may have him, when there is such a dreadful' threatening against unbelief.' 'Well, I will. 'Then let us get down directly and pray now. If you are willing to obey God's command, then we may pray.' We did pray," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and I am sure that young woman has never doubted that she was saved from that hour. If you won't believe in Jesus, all the praying between heaven and earth won't save you. But if you seek him in simple faith, soon shall you say with rejoicing—'I have found him whom my soul loveth, and I will never let him go.'"

DRAWING MEN.

THE holiness of Christ did not awe men away from him, nor repel them. It inspired them with hope. It was not that vulgar, unapproachable sanctity which makes men awkward in its presence, and stands aloof. Its peculiar characteristic was that it made men enamored of goodness. It "drew all men unto him." This is the difference between greatness that is first rate and greatness which is second rate—between heavenly and earthly goodness. The second rate and earthly kind draws admiration on itself. You say, "How great an act—how good a man!" The first rate and the heavenly imparts itself—inspires a spirit.

CHRISTIAN SINCERITY.

MRS. CHAS. S. LININGER.

CHRISTIAN sincerity means Christian purity. How many of us have that sincerity which our Savior has taught us to have?

How do we show our sincerity for Christ? Are we putting our light under a bushel? If such is the case, pray often and ask the Lord to help us do better.

Do we love our brother and sister just enough to salute them with a kiss and still hold envy in our hearts?

Do we join church to be carried along by a few laboring brethren and sisters while we sit still and do nothing?

Are we sincere and careful with our daily language that it may be to the honor of Jesus? I regret to say that some expressions and actions of professed believers are far from the standard of Christian sincerity.

May we all be more prayerful and ask the Lord to help us to be more sincere in our Christian warfare, and come to the realization of what we are doing. May God help us all in our work for him!

Huntington, Ind.

I do not feel one atom older than I did at three-and-twenty. Nay, to tell the truth, I feel a good deal younger. For then I only felt that a man had to take up his cross, whereas now I feel that man has to follow him; and that makes an unspeakable difference.—*George Macdonald.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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THE DAYS OF BETTER THINGS.

Is it too much to say that Americans, as a people, are better and happier in 1907 than they were in 1807? We believe they are.

Our material prosperity is unprecedented. It is true, the pessimist tell us of hard times to come, but that need not trouble us now. There is no poverty to-day as hopeless as it was a century ago. There is work in abundance for those who want work. The rights of the individual are more carefully guarded than in the old days of white bond servants and black slaves,—days when even a luckless debtor was imprisoned.

As people grow in enlightenment they respect more and more the rights of others. Monstrous wrongs, long upheld by force of law, are wiped out by law. The people are learning the fact that justice is greater than the grasping power of wealth. The people's sacred right to happiness is more important than any man's vested right to oppress them by virtue of old privileges. Because a man is wealthy, he shines no longer with a divine light. He is a mere man, after all.

When a judge of the federal court fines a great corporation millions of dollars for breaking the law and the people applaud the verdict, the country feels that the reign of dollars is over. Just laws must be obeyed. Money is worthless when weighed against right. Here is a great gain for humanity. In this day of better things the best thing is the earnest striving after justice for every man.

JUST WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The New York inspector of weights and measures has found some remarkable facts as he goes the rounds of his duties. At least once in ten years he must inspect each dealer's weights and measures. He declares that most small dealers take advantage of their customers, and that the loss from these petty thefts amounts to $20,000,000 per year, or $2.50 for each person of Greater New York.

In New York City eighteen men are kept busy trying to prevent these petty frauds, but what are they among so many thousand? Butchers, icemen, coalmen, and grocers are the principal offenders. The most conspicuous cases of fraud were discovered among the dealers of various sorts who sell to the poorer classes,—the people least able to bear the loss being the greatest sufferers from this petty thieving.

Of course, what is going on in New York state, is taking place in other parts of the country. Inspection once in ten years is a farce; what we want is a law which will insure just measure and weight to every purchaser. Some people are naturally dishonest. Such persons can be made honest only by the strong arm of the law, when they see that it is the only way to do business. The buyer needs the protection of the law in his purchases and must have it in order to insure equity and justice.

THE POWER OF PICTURES.

It is a well-known fact that lasting impressions are made on the mind by pictures. A good picture cannot help but impress the mind favorably, just as a vicious picture will inflame the passions and drag downward. For some time it has been an admitted fact that the very suggestive pictures in most saloons are responsible for many assaults made by wine-inflamed and lust-filled degenerates. Mrs. Curtis, national organizer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, recently said in an address:

"The saloons have robbed us white women of our loved ones, of our homes, and now they have robbed us of our clothes and have hung us up on the walls of saloons to inflame the passions of drunken brutes."

There is some food for reflection in the thought expressed in the words above quoted. The saloon, in and of itself, is bad enough, but give to these dens the added power of crime-inciting pictures, and you have one of the main reasons for the present epidemic of lustful crimes, sweeping over this fair country of ours.

Surely, it is time to call a halt. The remedy is in the hands of the people. Let them insist that every indecent picture displayed in a public place be removed, and the authorities will be bound to put in force the laws, made and provided for such cases. We have an ample supply of laws on our statute books to meet every case; what we lack is backbone and grit on the part of the proper officials to enforce the laws and mete out deserved punishment.

A JUST REPROOF.

Recently a storekeeper in Lewiston, Maine, was prosecuted for selling a small article on Sunday to a customer who, having just returned from a vacation, was unable to secure it earlier. Suit was brought

against him by the church people on the grounds that secular traffic would interfere with the church work in general. This point was, of course, well taken, if only the churches had not been guilty of practices equally wrong. The storekeeper defended himself through the press as follows:

"They told us we encroach upon the churches. I claim that the churches encroach upon us. They have suppers, fairs, and all kinds of things, where they undersell merchants, half the time soliciting the materials from the merchants, and expecting them to buy tickets."

This seems to us a pertinent reply. While we do not excuse the storekeeper for his Sunday traffic, we certainly agree with him in his arraignment of the churches referred to for their unholy practices, diametrically opposed to Christ's teachings. When the churches learn to be about the Master's business, they will find plenty of work to do without setting up tables for the serving of suppers, fairs, and other things of very doubtful propriety. These things, that are done under the cloak of raising money for the Lord's work, are without excuse. It is better to get a *man* than to get his money. And if the man is converted, his pocketbook will not be closed to the needs of Christ's cause. Let the Lord's house be a house of prayer!

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

With the sale of the lace factory of Zion City to Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, Aug. 6, the mainstay of John Alexander Dowie's industrial community has passed away. Much had been expected from this venture, and while the factory, in the hands of the Chicago concern, may prosper more than ever before, yet the unique character of the religious community, as planned by its founder, has been lost.

While Wilbur Glenn Voliva, the present leader of the little flock, has not given up all hopes of "saving" the material resources of the community, he does not attempt to conceal his discouragement when he says:

"I realize in a continued fight for Zion City the possibility of losing and, therefore, in view of the sale of the lace works, I feel free to say that while doing all I can to save the situation in Zion City, I shall at once inaugurate plans for establishing elsewhere a large Zion colony on a strictly agricultural basis with no less than 25,000 acres at the start. While carrying forward these plans I shall keep my headquarters in Zion City for two or three years, even if I lose the fight and shall erect a tabernacle here. I can't say now where I may locate the new colony."

Mr. Voliva claims that his adherents will undoubtedly follow him to the new colony, even at a financial loss. He says the glory of the city is in the past, and there will be no inducement to remain at Zion City.

There is food for reflection in the history of Zion City in its marvelous prosperity and subsequent decay. There is a lesson of warning, also, in the career of John Alexander Dowie, that future reformers might do well to heed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Many of our readers who have been thinking of building with cement blocks will be pleased to learn that in a recent fire test at Nashville, Tenn., the superior, fire-resisting qualities of cement construction were shown. The building was a five-story structure, built of blocks made under the American hydraulic system. Though subjected to the most intense heat, and deluged by great volumes of water, the walls remained intact, and no damage resulted except of a trivial nature. This is considered an excellent demonstration of the fire-resisting qualities of concrete blocks made of the materials used in the construction of this building, namely, crushed limestone, granite screenings, and Portland cement.

State Health Commissioner of New York, Dr. Eugene H. Porter, comes out in an outspoken attack on patent medicine frauds, and for the benefit of our readers we quote a few of his arguments: "Patent medicines may be divided into two classes: (1) Those that are harmless without any positive benefit; (2) Those that are really injurious, while leading the users to believe they are benefited. Some of the most widely-advertised patent medicines contain the following: Chloroform, prussic acid, morphine, hydrocyanic acid, ferrus sulphate, etc. Yet, in spite of all this, the people continue to buy these worse than useless decoctions. Often precious lives are sacrificed that might be saved by timely, rational treatment."

Not every one can go to college, but Tuskegee Institute in introducing a "College on Wheels," brings instruction within reach of some who need it most. The purpose of the movement is to teach the blacks of Alabama how to better cultivate their patches of ground and show how to make a better profit out of their agricultural opportunities. The outfit consists of a large wagon, carrying two well-dressed negroes, plows, cultivators, a cotton chopper, a variety of seeds and samples of fertilizers, a churn, a butter mold, a cream separator and a milk tester. The outfit bears the name, "Agricultural Wagon." The wagon is driven up to a negro plantation, and the proprietor is allowed to make trials with the new and improved machinery. Instructions and suggestions are also given, and then the wagon drives off to another plantation. It is claimed the negroes take well to the scheme and good results are hoped for. Nothing like object lessons to impress the truth of new teachings or the benefit of improved methods.



Echoes from Everywhere

THE storm, early in the morning of Aug. 16, did great damage in parts of Chicago and vicinity. Five persons were killed and several injured.

A DYNAMITE explosion at Doenitz, Germany, Aug. 15, killed one hundred persons and injured many others. The deadly explosive wrought havoc in the town, and many are homeless.

A BATTLE to the finish is said to be imminent between Harriman and the Standard Oil people. In that event every citizen may, with complacency, look on and await further developments.

LAND-SEEKERS will note with interest that the Wyoming land board has thrown open to settlement 150,000 acres of irrigated land in the Eden Valley, in Sweetwater and Fremont counties.

THE annual Bible Conference opened Aug. 17, at Winona Lake, Ind., for a ten days' session. Prominent speakers and a consideration of live topics will be of the greatest interest to Bible students.

THE telegraphers' strike at date of this writing (Aug. 20) is still in force, though there are prospects now of an early adjustment of the difficulty if the matter can be satisfactorily settled by arbitration, as suggested.

EVERYWHERE in the West, and especially in North Dakota, a great scarcity of farm hands prevails, and even the offer of high wages does not seem to overcome the difficulty. Good crops and good wages should certainly give profitable employment to every one willing to work.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL MYERS is taking active steps toward the introduction of parcels post privileges for the United States, and it is to be hoped that the necessary aid will be given by Congress. The many advantages of such a move would be obvious to every citizen who has occasion to send packages by mail.

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy fine now pending, the Standard Oil Company has declared a quarterly dividend of $6,000,000. The stockholders are undoubtedly well looked after,—at the expense of the people in general.

MRS. EDDY, the noted Christian Science promoter, is to be examined as to her mental condition by several noted experts in insanity. A thorough investigation will be made by order of the court at Concord, N. H., Aug. 17.

AN official report that has reached the war department says there are ten cases of yellow fever among the American troops at Cienfuegos, Cuba. Officials think the cases can be handled successfully and do not fear a spread of the disease.

THE California Limited of the Santa Fe road, bound for Chicago from Kansas City, was saved from destruction Aug. 15 by Mrs. Minnie Hartushel, a cook in a railroad camp, who swung a lantern, and stopped the train at the edge of a broken trestle.

FIVE cases of the bubonic plague, so prevalent in India, are reported from San Francisco. Four deaths have already occurred. Prompt and active measures are being taken by the local, state and federal authorities and a spread of the disease is not feared.

FOUR floors of the Hudson Tunnel Company's building, in New York, have been rented by the Steel Corporation and nine affiliated concerns at the annual rental of $60 000 for each floor, or $2,400,000 for the four floors. This is said to be the largest rental paid anywhere on earth.

AUG. 18 a large force of Moors suddenly descended upon the French camp at Casablanca, Morocco, but were driven off after a sharp conflict. The fighting covered a front of about sixteen miles and lasted several hours. The effort of the French, to settle the Moroccan difficulty as quickly as possible, has the full endorsement of the Powers.

It cost the State of Pennsylvania $90,000 to learn how a little group of men could steal millions of money from the State, in connection with the building of the State Capitol. The money used, in bringing out the evidence of the corruption, will not be spent in vain, if justice is meted out to the offenders.

When a war vessel of vast dimensions has been constructed, it does not require much time to supersede it by one still greater. Naval circles in Washington are agitated over a report that the British admiralty is about to build a battle ship that will be 50 per cent greater in tonnage than the Dreadnought.

The plant of the Cumberland (Md.) Steel Company was totally destroyed Aug. 19 by fire of unknown origin. The loss is estimated at $350,000, with insurance of $100,000. The plant produced accurate steel castings and is said to have been the only one of the sort in the world. The company has offices in London and Paris and in all the leading cities of the United States.

The Indians of the Pacific coast of British Columbia use a curious candle. It is a little fish called the "enlanchon," or "candle-fish." It is not more than an inch in length, and looks like a smelt. It is richer in fatty material than any other fish, and so makes a good substitute for a candle. The Indians dry it, when it will burn with a bright flame. Sometimes they run a wick through the body.

Mr. Harriman's personal profits in manipulating sales of Union Pacific stock have been of vast proportions, but it has been done at an immense loss to stockholders of the road, and to the detriment of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. It is estimated that there is a net loss of $32,426,038 by means of his manipulations. Just why robbery of the people on so large a scale is allowed to go unpunished, is a question that puzzles the unbiased observer.

The finding of a stick of dynamite in a shock of oats about to be thrashed near Durand, Ill., Aug. 16, has aroused the people of that vicinity as nothing has in years. Had the shock been thrown into the machine, it is certain that many would have lost their lives. The finding of the dynamite is the latest development of a series of crimes placed at the door of certain men violently opposed to the no-license faction, and is fully characteristic of the advocates of the nefarious liquor traffic. A search was made among some of the remaining shocks, and pieces of iron, horseshoes, lead pipes, etc., were found in fifteen.

Robert A. Pinkerton, the world-famous detective and head of the detective agency bearing his name, died on the steamer "Bremen," Aug. 12, while on his way to Germany. He was born in Dundee, Ill., in 1848, and by remarkable talent achieved an international reputation in tracking criminals, that has never been equaled.

Harrisville, the county-seat of Ritchie County, W. Va., will be without any municipal taxation this year for the first time in the town's history. The city owns its electric light plant, and the income from this, and the interest from accumulated city funds, will afford ample revenue for all needed expenses. No other town in West Virginia ever enjoyed this distinction. It is an example, also, for the imitation of other cities, which, by proper management, could do the same thing.

Lewis Wilding, only eleven years old, an inmate of an orphan asylum, has, by his bravery won for himself a home and probably a good future. Aug.16 Rose McGowan, thirteen years old, was gathering moss along the river's bank near New York, when she slipped down the bank and would have drowned, had she not been rescued by the courageous lad. The girl's father says he will care for the orphan and will also bring his act to the attention of those in charge of the Carnegie medal fund.

Another illustration of the old adage, that truth is stranger than fiction, is found in the experience of N. Sture Mattson, son of ex-governor Hans Mattson, of Minnesota. After squandering an inheritance of $1,000,000, he roamed the country as a tramp for years, but is now earning an honest living with a steam shovel gang in New York. While he appears to like his present employment, he has much to regret in the wasted opportunities of his former years, when he deliberately squandered his means to no purpose.

One of the most complete climatic changes has occurred in South Dakota. Where, in former years, there was a decided tendency to drouth, the very opposite condition seems to prevail. In the Sioux Valley a large acreage of the best land has been so wet this year that it either could not be used at all at the time of planting, or that it became worthless after the crop had been started. In the Jim River Valley, while not so bad as the Sioux Valley, similar conditions prevail. The man who could farm his land without any trouble whatever, in those sections, up to a few years ago, now finds that drainage is the only remedy for prevailing conditions.



MY DREAM HOME.

There's a cottage on whose gabled roof the slanting sunlight shines,
Through a lattice work of maple leaves and honeysuckle vines,
And just beneath the sloping roof high up among the leaves,
The birds their nests are building, hidden safe among the eaves.
There's a fragrance of a wild rose about the winds that blow,
Like a half-forgotten memory, from the land of long ago;
And a hush that's almost music, like a thin mist, seems to sway,
From the quaint, old-fashioned cottage to the cornfields far away.

The cowbell softly tinkles as along the paths they go
To the fields all white and scented, where the downy clovers grow;
And the sun moves slowly westward, till it sinks from sight away,
Where a few faint beams of scarlet mark the resting place of day.
And from the shadow shrouded east a flood of silver light
Is showered, like a blessing from the monarch of the night.

There's a woman who stands sometimes in that garden, sweet and mild,
With a wealth of untamed flowers in the grasses at her side,
And a heart that fain would linger 'mid the beauty of that way,
Where the wild bird calls a welcome to the first red blush of day.
Then the purple mists uprising from the meadows, dewy sweet,
Change and merge into the grayness of the wall across the street,
And the heart comes back awakened to life's old dull round again,
And the curtain drops till dream time on the cottage down the lane,

"TAKING THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW."

Are you one of those who never plan out the work for the days to come? Do you act upon the impulse of the moment, with no thought of how the work will stand the test of time, or what the outcome, under unforseen conditions may be? If so, I pity you, for few people can do this without making mistakes for which, when too late, they are sorry. Besides, there is a great deal of pleasure in planning ahead—"making believe," as the children say. You can thus have your dream, though the reality may never be yours, and the grayest life may be made very beautiful by dreams of beautiful things.

These dark days, when the family is kept indoors because of the cold and storm, is a good time to lay out and plant the garden (on paper). By this means, you will know just what you want to do, and get your seed order off and the seeds in hand before the "rush season" crowds you. One of the very best preventitives against the "blues," house-nerves, stupidity and yawning, is to keep the mind busy—hard at work, as the material business in hand progresses. Most of hand-work will allow the worker time to brood and "think thoughts," and one might as well think good, cheerful, healthy thoughts as to grow discouraged and discontented by giving way to the "doldrums." The most common tasks will never become drudgery if the mind is kept stirring. It is the child that is kept idle indoors, that gets into all manner of mischief and mishaps, from sheer idleness. The busy child, busy about something he likes, is rarely the saucy, disobedient one.

While plying the needle or running the sewing machine, the home-keeper can look out on her yard and, in imagination, plant her shrubs and perennials, so that when the time comes for the actual work, she knows just what is wanted and where. So, as she busies about the kitchen, she can plan for her back yard. Some of the prettiest things in the way of vines and flowers should be planted in sight of the kitchen window—the most cheerful, and the prettiest, so she can see them instead of the dishpan when the "three-times-a-day" dishwashing has to be done. If she wishes to shut out some disagreeable view, plan for the screen of vines—and let the vines be beautiful ones—bearing beautiful flowers and fragrance, and, it may be fruits. But have beautiful, cheerful things. Plan for your dreams, then work for your plans. Live, and grow, into the cheerful, beautiful life.

THE TOILET.

It is said that $6,000,000 are annually spent by the people of the United States (not all of them women) for cosmetics and beautifiers. Many of these aids to the toilet are the rankest of frauds, many are worthless without being positively harmful, while many others are positively injurious, if not poisonous to the

human system, used either externally or internally. Many preparations which are really beneficial fail of their purpose because of the carelessness or indolence of the users, for few men or women will give to their personal appearance the constant, persistent, persevering care which must be given to insure success. The remedies, removers and renovators are given but spasmodic trial, or, failing to do what is expected of them after a few days' trial they are thrown aside, whereas they should have been used for months, or even for years, in some cases, in order to produce satisfactory results.

It is an old saying that "beauty is but skin deep," and the saying is true, in regard to the beauty brought about through surface bleaching, and the like. But true beauty must come from within. If you want something that will wear and "stand tubbing," you must begin deeper than the cuticle. There is nothing which beautifies so absolutely as perfect cleanliness and good health, and to have good health, all the organs of the body must act normally. The body is like the family; if one member gets "grumpy," or out of sorts, it affects the whole of them, and before peace can be restored, the one member must be set to rights. In this age of hurry, worry, selfishness and greed, it is a little hard to get or maintain good health, but there are certain rules which all may follow, and these rules must be studied from each individual's standpoint, for what will apply to one will not do for another. The study of hygiene and sanitation is of far greater importance than many of the fads taught so assiduously in the schools, but a few more generations must be sacrificed before our youths shall be liberated from the chains of ignorance with which our so-called wiseacres so heavily weight them down.

KITCHEN GYMNASTICS.

"Madam, you are not ill, but suffering from too much help in the kitchen. Dismiss one of your maids and try housework yourself for two or three months and report the results to me."

In accordance with the doctor's advice, Mrs. Farniente dismissed one of her maids and began to learn how to use a broom, a dusting cloth and her own muscles, which had grown limp and flabby from disuse. In the morning, Mrs. Farniente made beds and found that the various twistings of the torso, required by the exercise, caused her to take deep breaths and started her circulation, which had been sluggish for years. At the suggestion of her doctor, she left all the windows of the chambers wide open while she was making the beds, so she might have fresh air with her exercise.

For the first time in her life, she began to notice how many different muscles were called into play by the ordinary duties of housework. Later, she began to observe a decided improvement in her health and spirits, and at the end of two months she reported to her physician that no prescription she had ever had filled had helped her so much as the last one he had given her.

This is only one instance out of many thousands that have never been chronicled in print, in which the practice of a woman's natural gymnastics, housework, has changed a semi-invalid to a healthy woman.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SUGAR AS FOOD.

Some interesting experiments with reference to the nutritive value of foods containing sugar were recently made known at the instance of the War Office at Berlin.

It is a fact well known to Alpine tourists that on difficult climbing excursions an increased desire is felt for sweets and sweetened foods, and many who never touch such things at home devour large quantities of them on these tours. It is also frequently remarked that the guides eagerly appropriate any sugar that may be left over, and consume it on the journey. Whether the sugar afforded real benefit to the mountain climber was the subject of the German investigation; that is, did the consumption of sugar render the tired muscles capable of renewed exertion?

To answer the question conclusively, the subject of the experiment was not allowed to know that a test was being made. One day a sweet liquid, containing thirty grams of sugar, was adminstered; on the next a similar liquid, sweetened by saccharin to render it indistinguishable from the other, as far as taste was concerned, took the place of the sugar.

The result was a complete triumph for the sugar. It was found that a greater amount of work could be accomplished on the days when the sugar was given than on those when saccharin took its place. This serves as far as it goes to prove that sugar is food in a true sense, and that it is in particular food for the muscles.

MONEY IN MAKING RAG CARPETS.

Rag carpet is an article seldom seen in the city, but in the smaller towns and rural districts the homely combination of rags and twine is preferred to the more beautiful and expensive but less durable mill woven product. More than 20,000 people in the United States earn a livelihood by the individual manufacture of rag carpets and small rugs. Of these the greater number use the improved machinery, but at least one-fourth of them cling to the old fashioned hand loom of our grandmothers on account of the superior quality of its product.

Practically all of the workers are women, and the field is a good one for the woman thrown on her own

resources without sufficient education or ability to become a stenographer or a saleswoman. The work can be done at home, is less arduous and more agreeable than that of the kitchen maid, scrubwoman, or factory employé and offers a degree of independence and an income that is gratifying to a self-respecting woman.

The process of manufacture is simple, and a person of intelligence can master all details by a few days' observation. One with little capital can purchase an improved loom and all apparatus for $150 or $200 that will turn out twenty or more yards of carpet a day at a profit of from 15 to 25 cents a yard, or a hand loom can be built by any skilled woodworker for not more than $20 that will weave ten or twelve yards daily.

There is not such a great demand for rag carpet as there is for rugs. One woman in a western city has a novel plan out of which she makes a profitable business. She attends auction sales and buys cheap, worn, wool carpets, which she cuts into strips half an inch wide and weaves on a small hand loom into rugs, which she sells for a dollar each.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Eating at regular intervals is more important for good digestion than the number of times each day or the quantity of food taken.

The most perfect form will be unattractive unless the skin possesses that brightness, polish and cleanliness which is its finishing touch.

A foot bath, providing a handful of common soda is added to the water, will very often relieve a severe headache, especially followed by a brisk rub.

Train the lungs to free, full and vigorous action. A human being can exist for days without food, but when the breath is cut off life ceases.

A good recipe for an antiseptic mouth wash is one part of thymol, twelve parts of benzoic acid, sixty parts of the tincture of eucalpytus, three parts of oil of peppermint and 400 parts of alcohol. Add a few drops to a glass of water and use for rinsing the mouth out night and morning.

Cotton serves as a better bandage than linen, for the reason that the linen more readily absorbs the albuminous serum in burns and skin diseases of a moist character thus keeping the surface dry and causing pain. It also absorbs the fatty substances used in dressings and thus prevents their action on the skin.

It often happens that a change in one's toilet soaps and powders will benefit the skin. When pimples appear again and again and the entire complexion seems to be thick with blackheads and pustules it is high time to go to a specialist and have the diseased tissues properly healed by means of massage and the proper applications and treatments. In the long run it will not cost any more than experimenting with lotions and ointments. Keep the digestive organs active, drink a great deal of water, bathe the entire body every day and keep the finger tips away from the eruptions. Open the pustules and apply hydrozone. Twice a week bathe the face with green soap. Don't use cold cream or anything oily when the acne persists. What is needed is some drying application like spirits of camphor to dry the poisonous liquids and to cause the old skin to shed itself in tiny particles.

FOUR HINTS WORTH TRYING.

Try turning down the wicks in your lamp when they are not in use, and you will find no oil collects on the outside of the lamp. The wick acts as a siphon to draw the oil up where it stops.

If your iron sink springs a leak do not buy a new one if the holes are small. Whittle some wooden plugs to fit the holes. The water will keep these swelled and they have been known to last for years.

Use a knitting needle to lift doughnuts from the grease. It will not perforate them like a fork and allow the grease to soak in. Also, three or four may be taken up at once and in that way they may be better drained and in less time.

Now that the day of the griddle cake is at hand again if you are lacking in a maple syrup supply try the following: One cup of white sugar, one cup of dark brown and one cup of water. Boil to the desired thickness and add two or three drops of vanilla when cool.

A NEW APPLE SAUCE.

Baked apple sauce is a very different dish from the ordinary stewed fruit. The *Boston Cooking School Magazine* gives a good recipe for the former. Pare and core the apples, cut in quarters, and put them in a deep crock with a cupful of sugar and half a cupful of water to two quarts of fruit. This is less sugar than stewed apple sauce requires, but the long cooking develops the natural sweetness of the fruit. Cover the crock closely and cook for an hour and a half, or until the apples are a deep red color. If they cook too fast, they will be mushy, but cooked slowly each piece will be left whole in a delicious syrup. Let the apples cool in the crock. Serve them with cream and hot biscuit or cake for dessert. For the filling of pies this sauce is considered very fine.

USES OF ORANGE PEELS.

Orange peels never should be thrown away. Before using orange peel the yellow rind off carefully and dry in moderately warm stove. When dry and cool store away in jar. When your tea is boiling drop in a slice in the water, and your tea will be delightful.

When making gravy for roast meats use a bit of your orange peel. When stewing dry fruits or for apple sauce a little slice of orange peel will make a rich flavor. When you boil a few slices of orange peel in water you obtain a wonderful remedy against indigestion or biliousness.—*Mrs. L. Vitak.*

FOUR HINTS WORTH TRYING.

If you find the glue cracking off, after drying, use one part of glycerine to four parts of the glue and this will be prevented.

If you have stained the window-sill by placing flower crocks on it, remove the stain by scrubbing with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water.

Buy a nickel's worth of assorted corks once in a while from the druggist. You will get about a dozen and a half and will find them decidedly useful many times.

When the bottom of the deep flower vases become discolored from water standing in them, mix half a cup vinegar and a tablespoon of rock salt together and pour into vase. Shake and let stand a while and the sediment will come out.

For the Children

A BOY'S FIRST ROOM.

I've got a room, now, by myself,
A room my very own,
It has a door that I can shut,
And be there all alone:
It has a shelf, a closet, too,
A window just for me;
And hooks where I can keep my clothes
As neat as neat can be,
A lovely paper is on the wall;
A rug is on the floor—
If I had known how fine it was,
I'd had a room before.

I like to go there after school,
Way off from every one;
I felt—well—sort of scared at first,
But now I think it's fun.
The voices of the folks downstairs
Seem faint and far away.
I hear the rain upon the roof;
I watch the birds at play;
Oh, yes, it's often very still,
At night there's not a sound—
But I let mother in, of course,
When bedtime comes around.

Youth's Companion.

A JOKE ON "OLD BUTTY."

Elizabeth's father had a flock of sheep, and among them was an old ram that was very fond of butting. The boys loved to tease him and then take to their heels; but sometimes he was too quick for them. Once Olin got a bump that sent him flying into a thistle-patch. But it was Elizabeth who played the best joke on "Old Butty," as the children named him. She was out in the pasture one day and called to the ram, "Hallo, 'Old Butty'!" He looked up and started for her. Now, Elizabeth's heels were not very swift, but her head could do some quick thinking for a little girl of ten years. She ran to an old stump that was near, and over it she threw her large apron. On came "Old Butty." Here was a fine chance to give a telling blow. His head came up against the gingham drapery of the stump. Why, there stood the little girl smiling, even laughing! There must be some mistake. "Old Butty" tried once more, but still Elizabeth seemed to think it very funny. He was puzzled and disgusted, and back he went to the flock. The little girl walked to the house and told her joke on the ram, a joke that her brothers and sisters still like to tell now that she is a woman.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.

J. S. FLORY.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except women. Like the wicked fleas, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate, but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. When they try to be mean they are as mean as purseley, though they ain't as mean as they let on to be, except sometimes, and then they are a great deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes with her nonsense is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummix her; when you get a girl flummixed she is as nice as a new pie. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after awhile, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess all boys do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoity-toitiest girl in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda water. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as an old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let'm wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons, and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spliced onto; and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.



THE RURAL LIFE

THE CORN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

O! the rustle of the corn
On a cool September morn;
The tassels whisper to the leaves
Of mysteries unborn.
And the wind that softly blows
Through the arching sylvan rows
Breathes a greeting from the woodland,
Where the crimson sumac glows.

O! the drowsy noonday corn,
When the distant dinner-horn
Winds faintly 'cross the stubble fields,
All brown and newly shorn;
When the dreamy Autumn sky
Seems to shimmer with a sigh,
And the noonday heat has hushed to sleep
The cricket's rasping cry.

O! the silence of the corn,
When the moon's ethereal form
Bathes the peaceful fields in dimness
That is misty and forlorn;
In a leaden blackness gowned,
Like the shadow on the ground,
And the stalks, grim phantom guardsmen
Stand in solitude profound.

WHAT MODERN MACHINERY HAS DONE FOR THE FARMER'S WIFE.

HARVEST time, in days gone by, was a great strain on the farmer's wife. It is different now.

This is the thrashing season in southern Kansas and in the wheat fields of this section can be seen the busy crews hauling the shocked wheat to the machines and then hauling the grain away to the elevator or to the bin, says the Coffeeville correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*. The little cloud of smoke which used to mark the location of the thrashing engine over the hill can no longer be relied upon absolutely, for in many fields here the engines are hooked up with gas pipes and natural gas is burned instead of coal. In thrashing, as in everything else, the last few years have brought many changes and the task of getting the grain separated from the garnered sheaves has become an easy one compared to what it was ten years ago.

Where thrashing used to be considered an annual event and would call forth the combined assistance of all the men in the neighborhood, it is now little more than ordinary every-day affair, and the interest and enthusiasm that used to be anticipate the coming of the thrashers in the rural community has in this strictly commercial epoch given way to calculations on the amount of grain per acre or the price it will bring when sold to the nearest elevator.

Improved Machinery.

THE machinery of thrashing has been perfected wonderfully in the past few years and the "hands" that were formerly summoned long in advance of the great thrashing day are needed no longer. The crews once consisted of an engineer, water hauler, two separator men, two feeders, two cutters, three weighers, and three stackers. The forces have been reduced until now the only men who accompany the thrasher in its rounds through the wheat belt are the engineer, water hauler and separator man. The farmer, instead of spending a day driving over the community seeking all the help he can get as he used to do, now calls up his nearest neighbor, hires two or three teams and men to help haul away the grain and waits the coming of the thrasher with no more anxiety than he does the coming of the rural mail carrier or some other perfunctory event.

The thrasher these days is a self-feeding affair and when it has taken the grain from the straw it separates the two with all the skill and thoroughness that can be devised. The men with their wagons haul the shocks to the machine, throw in the sheaves and the machine does the rest. The band cutters and the feeders who used to face the rapidly revolving cylinder as they fed it with the loosened straw are no longer in the deal at all. The separator sends the grain to the scales, which dump it in thirty-pound lots into wagons, count it and thus calculate exactly the amount thrashed.

Building the Stack.

The straw is blown out at the other end of the machine through a long tube which revolves in a semi-circular form, building a crescent-shaped stack. Here three more men have been dispensed with. In olden days the straw fell from a moving ladder device at the end of the separator. Then later the ladder was made to travel in a crescent-shaped circuit, but three men had to be used to place the straw as it fell from the crane-like dumper. Now, however, there is a strong, large fan in the center of the separator from which the wind blows the straw through a long tube

out to the stack. The straw by this time is nothing more than a fiber, for the thrashing machine of today cuts it completely and breaks it up into chaff. No man could stand in front of this blower on a stack for the straw comes out more like dust than original stalks of wheat. Some of the farmers say that the new method of stacking loses them some of their wheat by blowing it out with the straw, but the thrashermen come back at this by saying that their machines of today thrash much cleaner than the old ones did and they thus offset any loss by stacking by getting so much more grain out of the straw.

Cost of Thrashing.

There has been no advance in the price per bushel for thrashing because the machines can do so much more work in a day than they used to. The charge here is three cents a bushel for wheat and two and one-half cents for oats. The thrashermen, however, have caught the spirit of the times and are talking of organizing and demanding four cents for wheat and three cents for oats. The capacity of the machines runs all the way from 600 to 1,800 bushels of grain a day, and at this price the men owning them can prosper. The new machines can be set up quicker than formerly and offer much less danger from fire. The farmer has to furnish coal for the engine where no gas is used. This is working hardships on some of the farmers, for in the gas towns of this section there are few dealers who handle coal at any time of the year, to say nothing of having it on hand in the summer.

Farmer's Wife Profits.

The farmer's wife also profits by the new era in thrashing. Formerly she bore the brunt of the day's work in having to cook for all the thrashing crew and the other hired men. Now the thrashing gangs carry their own kitchen wagons and get their meals out in the fields. The farmer's wife has only the usual number to cook for, and it is a safe statement to say that she appreciates more than any one else this relief from the trials of the old-time thrashing season.

FARM LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

Life on farms and in villages a hundred years ago was very different from that of the present day. The houses were built of logs, the chinks daubed with clay, the roof thatched with grass, or, in the case of the more prosperous owners, the logs were hewn square, so as to need no chinking, or a frame of heavy timbers, sometimes eighteen inches in diameter, was made. Two small, lead frames, set with diamond-shaped panes of glass or oiled paper, served for windows.

The principle rooms were the kitchen and best room. The chief feature of the kitchen was the great fireplace. The room was six or seven feet high, and from the joists hung bunches of herbs and seed-corn and strings of dried apples. The furniture usually consisted of a tall wooden clock, a dresser or sideboard, a spinning wheel, some wood chairs, a wooden table with hanging leaves, and sometimes a loom for weaving. There was no carpet in the best room of a hundred years ago, but the floor was sanded and marked off in some simple design. The andirons before the fireplace shone like gold, and the fireplace itself, in summer time, was filled with feathery branches of asparagus.

The course but plentiful food of those days was usually served on wooden platters. It consisted mainly of salt pork or beef, salt fish, vegetables, "rye-and-Indian" bread or "bannocks," which was something like the present "hoecake" of the South, and bean porridge. Tomatoes, called "love apples" were cultivated only for the beauty of their fruit, as they were thought to be poisonous.

Sweet corn, rhubarb, head lettuce and the finer varieties of pears, grapes and peaches were unknown, and the foxgrape was considered a luxury. There was no thought of ice in summer, and the butter was kept cool by hanging it in a pail down the well. The flowers that filled the garden and delighted the eyes of our great-grandmothers were single hollyhocks, pinks, sweet-williams, sunflowers and peonies and lilacs.

CARE OF CALVES.

Why Seven Guernsey Heifers Were Sold at Good Prices.

In March last two men came into this neighborhood looking for grade dairy calves, says a correspondent of *Hoard's Dairyman*. They were men who knew what they wanted. They purchased seven grade Guernsey heifers, dropped last fall, of one man and paid him an average of $24.28 for the lot. At the same time they said they could purchase calves of the same breeding and age of neighboring farmers for from $10 to $15 a piece.

What made the difference in price? Simply the way the calves were handled. The seven calves were handled as follows:

They were kept dry and clean with plenty of fresh bedding every night and their quarters well kept, well disinfected.

They were fed skim milk fresh from the separator, after the first ten days, with a little ground flaxseed and blood meal added.

When the milk was fed they were put in stanchions and the milk set before them in pails. Afterward they were given a small feed of oats, followed by alfalfa hay. But the great care was to keep them dry and clean. As soon as they were through eating their oats they were let out of the stanchions and ran together loose in the compartment.

They were fed milk morning and evening. When

sold they were in fine, clean condition, but not fat. They consumed apiece in the six months they were kept about 3,500 pounds of skim milk, one dollar's worth of oats, two dollars' worth of alfalfa hay and flaxseed meal and fifty cents' worth of blood meal.

After paying for the oats, hay, flaxseed meal and blood meal, $3.50, and allowing $3 for the value of the calf when a week old—the price allowed by calf-buyers—we have $17.78 per calf as pay for 3,500 pounds of skim milk and the labor.

Twelve calves were kept in the compartment. Does it pay to make a little study of calf life?

DAIRY NOTES.

It often happens that the dairy cow suffers from cramps of the muscles, especially of the neck and sometimes of the hind legs. This can be overcome by giving an ounce of bromide of potassium in the bran mash twice each day for ten days.

Cart away the manure as fast as a load collects around the barn. It is better for the soil to cart it out at once and there is less danger of odors around the barn during the hot weather. After small grain harvest there is generally a good place to apply the manure on the stubble field.

Raw linseed oil is the best remedy for constipation. It acts more quickly than any of the other simple remedies. The cow, having a very complicated digestive tract, is very hard to treat for any bowel trouble, but raw linseed oil will usually act in from ten to twelve hours. Give a half pint at a dose and repeat in three or four hours till relief is brought.

There is no danger of using too much disinfectants around the dairy barn. Air-slacked lime is one of the very best disinfectants that can be used. Crude carbolic acid in warm water is also good. About a tablespoonful to a gallon of water is effective. Bichloride of mercury at the rate an one ounce to each eight gallons of water is another mixture that will prove death to germs.

WHAT FIFTY HENS DID.

During 1905 my fifty hens of the Barred Plymouth Rock variety, produced 6,952 eggs, which brought in cash $121.10; chicks sold on the market, $8.65; thirty pullets kept for use, at sixty cents each, $18; twenty-five bushels of hen manure, sold at twenty-five cents per bushel, brought $6.25. Total receipts, $154. Grain fed to hens, including meat scraps, $44.61; net $109.39, or $2.18 profit per hen for the year. These hens are kept in the yard the year round. This is a pretty good showing for a woman in her seventy-first year.—*Mrs. C. L. P., in Weekly Times.*

FEEDING MILK CATTLE.

Green food seems to demand more salt than dry. It does not cost much. The cows should have all they will use. The cow of good milking strain, with a good appetite, will do her best if she has plenty of variety in feed which she enjoys. The more food consumed the more milk she will give.

Feeding Alfalfa Hay.

At an experiment station it was found that the cost of producing milk and butter could be greatly reduced by replacing part of the concentrates in the daily ration of the cow, with some roughness rich in protein, such as alfalfa or cowpea hay. In substituting alfalfa hay for wheat bran it will be best in practice to allow one and one-half pounds of alfalfa to each pound of wheat bran, and if the alfalfa is fed in a finely chopped condition the results will prove more satisfactory.

Dry Feed in Summer.

Cows seem to long for dry feed in summer and even when in luxuriant pasture will eat considerable hay of very common quality if it is supplied them night and morning in the barn. Dry hay is an excellent regulator of the diet and should be furnished as long as the cows will eat it. With a fair amount of dry feed the pasture will maintain an increased amount of stock in full yield of milk.

The Silo Question.

The silo provides a feed that the cows will eat freely because it tastes good, not because they are starved to it, said a noted dairyman. If dried corn were considered as good as canned corn we wonder why some of our factories pay out $125,000 or more per season for tin cans, all of them to be thrown in the ditch when emptied. In like manner, if dry fodder is as good and valuable as silage, why do the best dairymen all over the country buy silos? They are keen business men—in fact, the business men are the first to see the silo merits.

A Cow Ration.

A well known eastern dairyman says: For cows weiging 1,000 pounds and giving twenty-five pounds of four per cent milk daily, a ration consisting of twenty-five founds silage, ten pounds mixed hay, four pounds each corn and oats and one pound of cotton-seed meal would be about right.

EGGS IN WINTER.

At an Illinois state farmers' institute the reader of an essay on poultry gave his method of feeding to get eggs in winter. Take one part of corn and two parts of oats and have them ground together quite fine. To 200 pounds of this add 100 pounds of ground wheat or of bran and middlings. To 10 quarts of this

mixture add 1 quart of animal meal, and moisten with skimmilk if you have it. Feed this in the morning in V-shaped troughs, giving as much as they will eat in fifteen minutes, and gather up what is left at that time.

At noon, give green feed of cabbage, beets or turnips cut up. An hour later give light feed of small grains, scattered in chaff or straw. The night feed, at 3:30 P. M. is equal parts of wheat, oats and corn, scattered in the straw so that they will work until dark to find it. Keep oyster shells where they can pick them when they please. Have dust bath of road dust or coal ashes for them, and provide plenty of fresh water. Use kerosene oil on the roosts and insect powder in the nests. With early hatched pullets or young hens through their moult this gives eggs all winter.

CULLING THE HERD.

It is the constant aim of progressive dairymen to improve their herds, and such improvement must depend largly upon culling the herd and getting rid of the unprofitable animals. From the breeders' standpoint records are especially valuable in assisting in finding customers for their stock. Many buyers insist on seeing records of dairy performance before purchasing.

There is no coinage in any kingdom that comes out so finely marked, or rings so clear as that human currency which bears the mint-mark of a Christian home.

FUNNYGRAPHS

"My wife simply pelted me with beautiful flowers when I came home from the club last night." "How nice!" "Not much. They were all in flower pots."

Molly—"When you spoke to father did you tell him you had $500 in the bank?" George—"Yes." Molly—"And what did he say?" George—"He borrowed it."

Young Gotrox (admiring picture in parlor)—"Does your sister paint, Margie?" Little Margie—"Yes, sir; but she's finished now, and as soon as she puts a little powder on she'll be right down."

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-a-a-s," admitted the "darky," "but a whale's diff'rent. A whale's got a mem'ry, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

"If you look over the hedge of that fine estate you can see the trust magnate who lives there taking the air." "Goodness! I hope he will leave enough of it for the rest of us to breathe with."

Manager—"I can't do a thing with Smith, the new clerk. I've had him in three departments, and he sleeps all day long." Proprietor—"Put him at the pajama counter and fasten this card on him: 'Our night clothes are of such a superior quality that even the assistant who sells them cannot keep awake.'"

"Your family plays the piano late every night," said the visitor. "Yes," answered the suburban resident, "we're trying to keep the people next door up so that they will be too sleepy to mow the lawn in the morning. And they're trying to mow the lawn so early that we won't feel like playing at night."

"I am afraid you don't like work." "Yes, I do," answered Plodding Pete; "I have so much respect for work that when I see a piece of it to be 'tended to I allus feel like turnin' it over to somebody else that wouldn't be as likely to spoil it as I would."

"Grandpa says his stay in the mountains did him no good. His room was right off the piazza, and people made love under his window until all hours." "But couldn't he sleep after the lovers went to bed?" "No; as soon as the lovers went to bed the children got up."

Mrs. Youngbride (sobbing)—"That horrid Mrs. Falsetop has broken up my home." Horrified Friend—"You don't mean to say she has enticed away your husband from you?" Mrs. Y.—"No-o-o! It's worse than that! It's the cook!"

"Explain," said the teacher to the class, "the difference between 'the quick' and 'the dead.'"

"Please, ma'am," answered Johnnie, "the quick is them as gets out of the way of motor-cars, and the dead is them as doesn't."

The visiting missionary at an almshouse stopped for a moment to speak to a very old lady and inquired after her health and welfare. "Thank you, sir," replied the old lady. "Yes, indeed, I've a great deal to be thankful for. I've two teeth left, and they're opposite each other."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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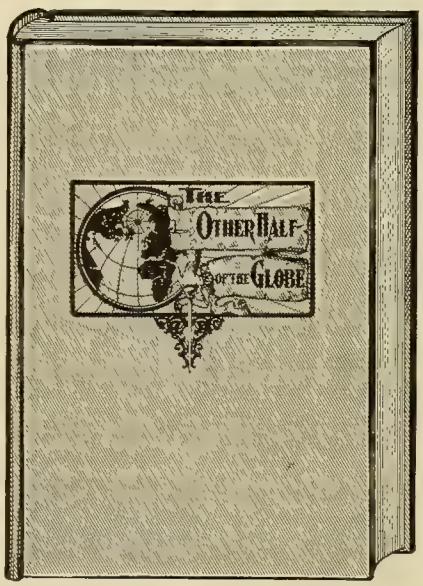
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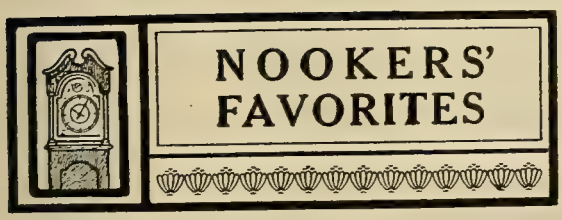
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OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way,
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray,—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house,—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house,—It seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more, too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me around.

Once I was young an' han'some,—I was, upon my soul,—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
An' I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me.
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
An' nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

An' when to John I was married, sure he was good an' smart,
But he an' all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
An' I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

An' so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now an' then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old an' gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer came, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall,—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile,—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done,—
They was a family of themselves, an' I another one;
An' a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings'd coved the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And th' other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house my childr'n dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—Will M. Carleton.

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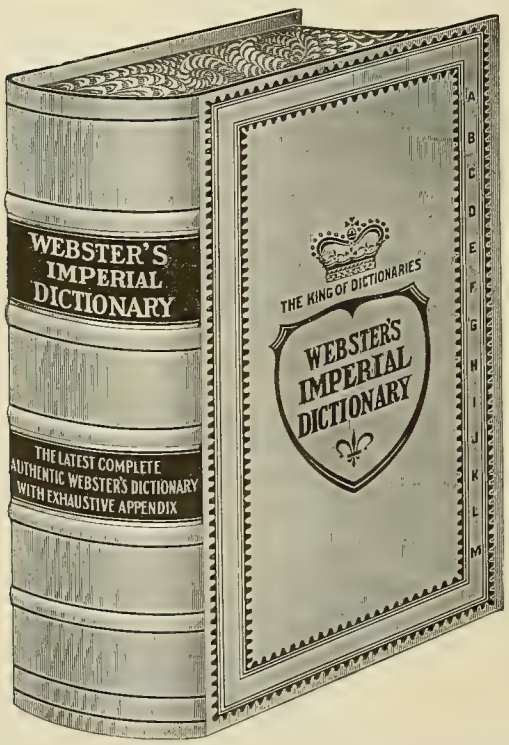
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A Weekly Magazine

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Eleanor West, Smile Specialist.

The Marks and Scars of a Mussel's Shell. —N. J. Miller.

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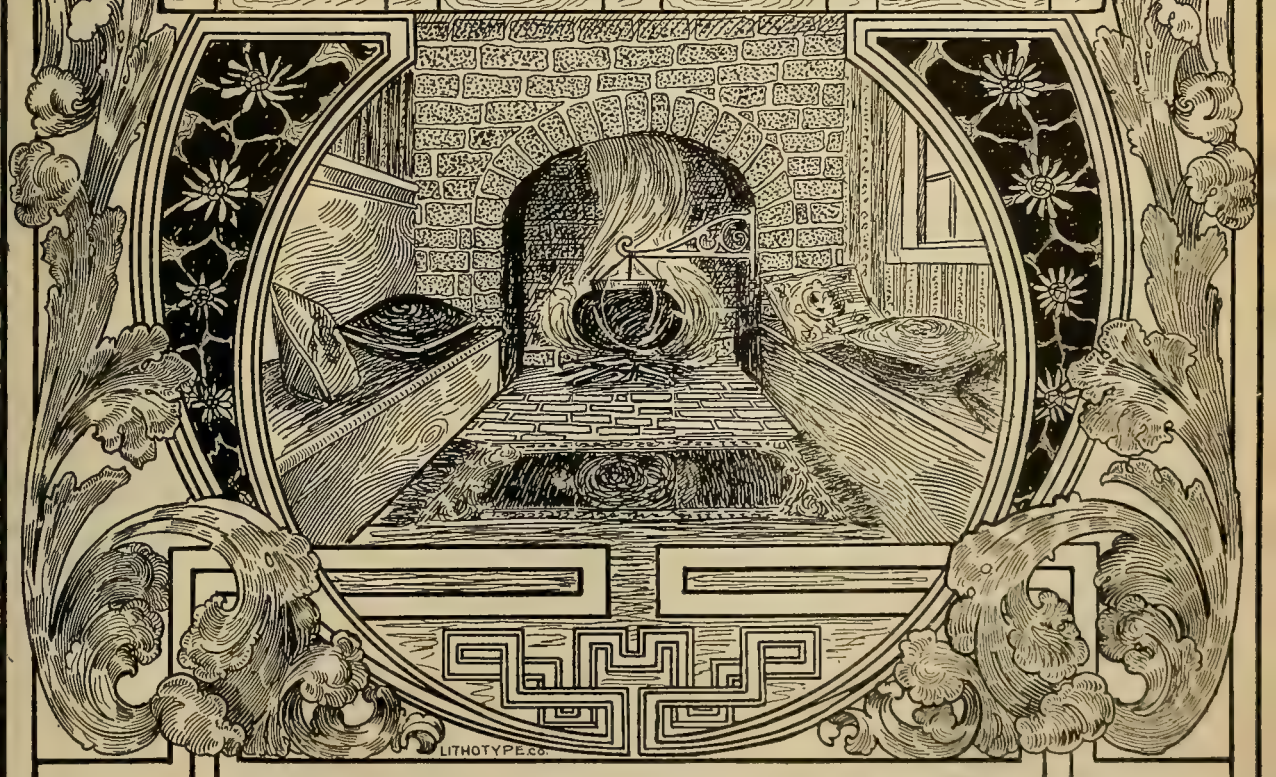
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Home of the Honey Bee.—D. J. Blocher.

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September 3, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 36. Vol. IX

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TO

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CALIFORNIA

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SNAP SHOTS OF BUTTE VALLEY



Bro. Early's Garden, with Buildings in the Distance.

The accompanying photographs recently taken give a very good idea of the growing vegetation in Butte Valley. You remember that the latter part of March and even the forepart of April, the land where these vegetables are now standing was in sagebrush. This all had to be cleared, the ground broken and the vegetables planted. Bro. M. D. Early, who owns this garden, was exceedingly busy with the business of the Company in caring for visitors, etc., that the proper amount of attention was not given to the Experimental Station. The majority of this garden was planted just a short time before going to Annual Conference. In one of these photographs you will notice sugar beets which show every evidence of being well filled with saccharine qualities. To the right in the sweet corn, stand Mr. and Mrs. Early with whom many of the readers are acquainted.

In the next photograph are to be seen tomatoes, beans, turnips, cabbage, rutabagas, lettuce, potatoes, vegetables oysters, beets, peas, etc. The facts are that this garden was cultivated once and partly irrigated once.

As above stated, the abundance of visitors to the Valley, the attention requires to treat them cordially, in assisting them to make purchases of homes, select building sites on what they had already purchased, etc., rendered it impossible for them to give the proper amount of attention to the gardens; yet Bro. D. C. Campbell last week brought from the Valley direct from this garden, a radish, measuring fifteen inches in length which is of the second sowing; also a turnip measuring seventeen inches in circumference and weighing sixteen ounces. The radish was not sixty days old from time of planting, and the turnip was of the second sowing. He also brought some very excellent peas and a fine lot of samples of wheat from the fields of H. F. Maust, John Campbell, Mrs. Wolfe and others, and some fine oats from his own farm. If possible we will show you some more pictures in a week or so of some of their wheat fields. Several of the brethren say that this wheat that was just coming up at the time of the Annual Meeting will average thirty or thirty-five bushels to the acre.



Bro. and Sister Early Standing in Their Garden.

We may show you, in the near future a photograph of their Fourth of July service in the woods. You will no doubt be glad to recognize the faces of some of your friends. An excursion of some forty or fifty brethren and friends will leave Chicago on Sept. 12, at 10 P. M. and Bro. D. C. Campbell will have charge of the excursion to Butte Valley. If you would like to accompany this excursion please write Bro. Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Nebr.

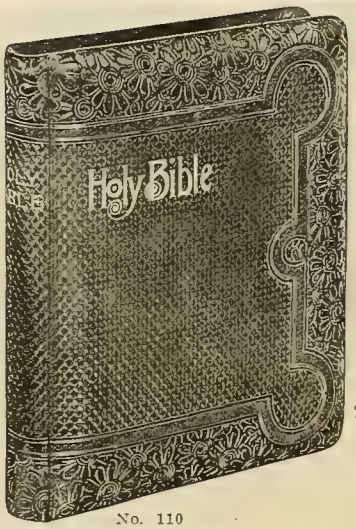
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Lomita California

In nearly all parts of this Coast country, and in fact in most places west of the Missouri River, the alkaline properties in the soil are abundant. California is not exempt from alkalis. Hence in purchasing a home one should be certain of natural drainage facilities. If the ground is too level you are likely to suffer loss from alkali. Agents will try to persuade you with theories and sometimes with much worse than theories, but you insist on drainage. You Eastern people, fathers and mothers especially, well remember the old ash hopper. When soap making time came round the father or the boys had to fill the ash hopper with stove wood ashes and then pour on water to get the lye with which to make soap. Mother made the soap and it was a dirt killer sure. Well, out on this Coast if you have fall enough in your land, you can make ditches to carry off the alkalis when you irrigate, but if you have not sufficient decline in the surface to leach out the extra potashes you can be certain the waters you put on your land will bring up the alkali and this will eat up your trees and vegetation. Good drainage will permit the surplus water to go out below and carry away the alkalis. Now at Lomita there is good drainage. The tract lies from 70 to 200 feet above the sea, and the surplus water is carried out and whatever alkali may be in excess, is harmless. We have not yet discovered any alkali, but if it is in the soil it cannot come up and do harm. Drainage is so good that any hurtful properties will be carried away. Any land in Southern California that descends at the rate of six to ten or more feet to the mile can be kept free from injury by alkali. We are explicit about this because we have been asked concerning alkali at Lomita. Some potash is necessary in any soil but its excess is not necessary, and the management of the extra amount is what the settler needs to be concerned about. You can manage it at Lomita or rather nature manages it for you. It certainly is a pleasure to work with nature and to have her do so much for you. No drainage ditches are required here. The road graders are very busy putting our streets in good condition, and the sidewalk and curb builders are busy in town, and the well drillers struck 60 feet of water at 155 feet depth but are going on down into the gravel bed where the water is exhaustless in quantity, houses are being built and lands sold right along. Our hopes are being verified. And the outlook is very encouraging.

However, we should like to see more of the Brethren lay hold of this opening for homes in acreage. It was offered them in good faith as beginners, but as other industrious people are seeking homes, we cannot shut them out, hence a number have taken hold with the members who are there and doubtless others will get in, for Californians know these good things, because they have studied intensive farming and saw much of it the past twenty years. A man from Riverside traveled through the colony one day, and stopped to get a drink out of M. M. Eshelman's well of pure water. He made some inquiries, looked at eight acres, and chose it, saying, "The price is all right." He easily apprehended because he was informed as to the value of twelve-month farming lands. It is not acres alone,—not the big body of land that each man needs here but the acreage well farmed, so conducted that he has an income all the time. The possibilities are great where the soil is rich, the water abundant and the mind willing to employ these elements. The time is coming when the "big farming" will be done mainly on small acreages. As the population increases, more homes will be necessary, and better farming must be done, and a higher state of exercise in mind applied. A good farmer works his head more and his hands less each year. He studies how to get the most out of his soil with the least muscle exercise.

The interest of the people who live near Lomita is commendable. All seem glad at the opening and prospective growth. They know it means a happy, prosperous community in due time, a community that carries with it, social, religious and cultural qualities. We are still willing to give you all necessary information and to do business that will be mutual. Address:

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Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

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Home Department Blue Book

Do you have a Home Department in your Sunday School?

Would you like to know more about Home Department work?

Are you interested in the Home Department?

Whether you can answer yes or no to the above questions you will be very much interested in the "Blue Book."

Send for a copy, or better yet, for a dozen and distribute them among your Sunday-school workers.

Price, per copy, ... 5 cents
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Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Ill.

Join Our Party Sept. 17th

And investigate the possibilities of the TWIN FALLS, north side tract to be thrown open for settlement

October 1

150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act will be Thrown Open for Entry on that Date

This will be a great opportunity to the settler to secure a Homestead in a mild, equable climate, where crops grow to perfection by irrigation. No failure of crops on account of drought. This tract is on the North side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho.

The Brethren

should now be arranging to go to the opening of this 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal for it will be taken up quick when once opened. Be there ready for entry Oct. 1.. A good sized party have already made arrangements to go.

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $35.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms. Crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands, take the Oregon Short Line, R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner or Twin Falls.

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

One-Way Rates in Effect from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31

	From Chicago.
Pocatello, Idaho,	$30 00
Ogden, Utah,	30 00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	30 00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	30 50
Payette, Idaho,	30 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	30 50
Boise City, Idaho,	31 10

For further information write to

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER 3, 1907. NO. 36.

When I Have Time

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more the many toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content
When you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend no longer wait,
To scatter loving smiles and words, or cheer,
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time.

Eleanor West, Smile Specialist

"ONE, two, three, four, five holes in that pair! Papa Doctor, do you think red darning-cotton looks artistic on a background of brown?"

Doctor West looked up from his medical magazine, glanced with a smile at the decorated sock, then let his eyes rest on the laughing face above it. "It certainly sets forth the fact that my daughter is an artist," he solemnly declared. For some reason he did not turn back to the fascinations of the medical magazine. "Do you get tired of it, daughter?" he suddenly inquired. "Your work at home is pretty humdrum."

"As if taking care of a Papa Doctor could be humdrum!" Eleanor exclaimed indignantly. There was a silence; then under the influence of those questioning gray eyes she admitted: "Well, I'll confess, Papa Doctor, that when I hear John and Alice talk, it does gives me vague and soulful longings for a career. Not one that would take me away from home, you know; I wouldn't leave you, Papa Doctor, for twenty careers. You see, John is famous as an eye specialist, and Alice in literature; but poor, little, insignificant me, I have no prospect of ever being famous in anything. You see, I have lots of spare time, and if I was only an artist or a writer, I might have a career too."

The doctor smiled at the mock-doleful tone. "I can suggest a career that you are eminently fitted for; in fact, you are a past master in the profession now, and it is one that this old world needs even more than it needs eye specialists," he remarked half-humorously. "How would 'Eleanor West, Smile Specialist,' do for a sign? Watch the faces about you, and see if you do not think there is demand for such a profession."

Eleanor laughed at the queer conceit; but the next day she could not get the suggestion out of her head. She found herself watching for the faces that "needed a smile," and was surprised to find how many of them there were.

"I guess Papa Doctor was right; this old world does seem to need a few specialists of that kind."

The next week was one in which the busy doctor had scarcely a moment of leisure; so it was nearly two weeks before there came another evening when he could settle comfortably down in his own sitting-room in his own easy chair.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you needn't think you are going to bury yourself in any medical magazine this evening," Eleanor exclaimed rebelliously as he picked up a magazine. "You went to sleep last evening when I wanted to talk to you ever so much, so now you have to do penance and listen to me for two hours with never a chance for a look into that old medical journal," she warned him with mock severity.

The doctor laid down the journal with an assumed air of resignation.

"Allow me to present you with one of my professional cards," Eleanor remarked, gravely handing him a bit of cardboard on which was neatly lettered, "Eleanor West, Smile Specialist." "I don't distribute these to the general public," she explained. "I just keep one tucked in the corner of my mirror to remind

myself of my vocation; and you have no idea how fascinating it is, nor how many cases there are that need treatment."

"The first one was Mrs. Watson. She was having a headache, the baby was cross, the cake she baked fell; I didn't very much blame the corners of her mouth for drooping as they did. I prescribed an hour's nap while the baby and I looked after the cake. It didn't take very long to coax a smile to the baby's face; it was a pretty sticky smile, owing to the frosting-dish, but it was genuine. And at the end of the hour his mother smiled, too. And you have no idea, Papa Doctor, what fun it is to watch the metamorphosis. There, doesn't that sound learned? And it took so little to cure them, too; lots of times only a smile, or a 'good morning,' or a wee bit of help or encouragement.

"But there were some cases that were harder than those," she went on. "Some that made me think I wasn't wise enough to be a smile specialist; it does take such a lot of wisdom to know what to prescribe sometimes, and you know Papa Doctor, I never was very wise."

There was a very tender light in the doctor's eyes as he answered the troubled question in the blue eyes. "You have wisdom of the heart, daughter, and that is better than any wisdom of the head."

"There was Tom Wentworth," Eleanor went on. "He was here on an errand last Friday, and his face was so hard and set I knew something must be wrong. At first he was dreadfully glum and wouldn't talk, but it wasn't very long before he started in and told me the trouble. It was about school. You see, Tom had been suspended until he would apologize before the school for some piece of mischief. Well, you know how stubborn he is; he declared he wouldn't apologize, so, of course, that would end school for him this year. He is in the graduating class, and expected to go to college next year; so his folks felt dreadfully. Tom felt dreadfully himself, but he had said he wouldn't apologize. I suppose the medicine I prescribed was pretty bitter, and I didn't expect Tom would take it. But he did, and the cure was complete. You should have seen the broad smile on his face when he came in to tell me about it after school. You see, he apologized, and Professor Curtis shook hands with him and was ever so nice, and the pupils all seemed so glad to see him back."

There was silence for a few minutes. The doctor's hand gently stroked the fair hair, and his keen eyes were misty. By and by he inquired, "And were there any more important cases?"

Eleanor nodded. "Oh, yes, there were ever so many more!" Then she laughed as at some funny reminiscence. "You know that queer groceryman on the corner who always looks so cross. Well, I made up my mind that he must smile. But it is too funny! You see, his smiling muscles have got stiff from non-use, and they work as if they needed oiling. I always want to laugh. But if I can keep him exercising them enough, I think perhaps they will get in easy working order in course of time. His is a chronic case, you see, and we couldn't expect to cure it in one day.

"Then another one is old Mrs. Riley. It's just possible that she knew how to smile once, but she forgot years ago. I'm not sure but the smiling muscles are paralyzed. I've tried every way I could think of to get her to smile, but I havn't had a bit of success. I'm not going to give up, though.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you have done penance nobly, and I will let you rest and read while I go and set bread." She flitted away, followed by her father's adoring eyes.

Several weeks afterwards, both Alice and John sent word that they were coming home for a short vacation. Both had become famous in a small way, and their home town determined to do them honor. The doctors of the town arranged a banquet in John's honor, and the ladies planned a reception for Alice.

"Doctor West ought to be proud of his children," a lady remarked during the informal discussion of the plans. "Not many fathers can boast of two famous children."

"Don't you dare speak as if Eleanor was not the equal of the other two," Mrs. Rankin spoke up quickly with warm partisanship. "It is true our town is proud of Alice and John, but I believe we are all still more proud of Eleanor, and I really believe she is doing even more to make life worth while than they are. Do not think I am belittling John's and Alice's work," she added hastily. "I am not. I think they are both doing a great work in the world, but I really think that Eleanor is doing a greater. She scatters courage and faith and kindness everywhere she goes, and the world needs those more than anything else."

There was a chorus of appreciation from every side. Each had a story—yes, many stories—to tell of courage and help received from Eleanor.

"Let's give a reception for Eleanor, or a banquet, and have toasts and let her know we appreciate her," impulsive Mrs. Sherwood proposed enthusiastically.

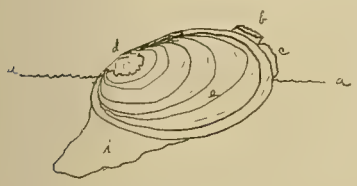
But Mrs. Rankin shook her head. "I do not think we could express what we feel toward Eleanor by banquets or receptions," she objected. "It is something too deep and tender to be expressed in that way."
—*Adapted from the Circle.*

Most people want large guaranteed slices of life. They would not be satisfied as the children of Israel were with manna fresh every day—they want grain elevators filled with daily bread.

The Marks and Scars of a Mussel's Shell

N. J. Miller

ANYONE who has examined the resistant shell of the fresh-water mussel recognized various lines and scars on both surfaces. These have more or less meaning involved in the development, experiencce and anatomy of the animal. The small elevations (*d*), perhaps, are the first to be recognized. They (umbones) are the oldest portion of the shell, some of which was formed before the mussel began its sedentary life. They enclosed the entire animal for about the first six or twelve months of its existence. From the egg the animal developed into a small form (*v*) with two valves, each provided with teeth (*u*). Finally, dropping from its parent's gills to the bottom of the water it met a fish nosing along the sand and mud. Since the latter didn't succeed in gulping the small form for food, the little waving thread stuck fast to the fish's gill, fin or skin. Immediately the constantly opening and closing valves stuck their teeth into the flesh and a gristle-like sac fastened the animal to the finned form for weal or woe. For several weeks, about ten, its fate was bound closely with that of its host which may have gone to distant branches of the stream, or even by way of the sea to more distant parts. Perhaps the host picked it up in the Cedar River and carried it to Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Denver, or by way of the sea to another river system. When the proper time came, the gristle-like sac dissolved and the young mussel and its host parted company.



A Fresh-Water Clam in Water and Sand.

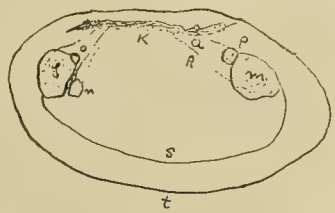
Having been dropped in a favorable place, it sank into the sand or mud and there went through the usual sedentary life of its more aged kin. Now five, six, eight or more years have elapsed since the umbones were the entire limit of the shell.



Larva or Young of Clam.

About the odlest portion of the shell, as an excenter, is a series of lines (*e*) parallel with the free edge of each valve. They are lines of growth, marking successive stages of the shell's development, each line being at one time the edge of the shell. New layers of shell are formed under the older portions, as secretions from the animal. As the animal continues to increase in size, the newer layers project beyond the older ones, thus producing a series of overlaps, like shingles on a house-roof. The successive overlaps produce the lines of growth, very similar to the annular rings about an ox's horn.

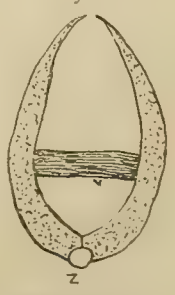
Sometimes the outer portion of the shell, usually colored, is worn off in the regions of the umbones (*d*) sufficiently to expose the white, pearly layer beneath. Often a line (*a*—*a*) can be drawn to mark off the area thus affected, which corresponds to the area projecting above the sand or mud in which the animal, in its usual position, is embedded. The constant rubbing of small particles, like sand, carried by the flowing stream and the carbonic acid in the water, are responsible for this condition. Sometimes the abrasion is sufficient to wear holes through the shell. It is not at all difficult for one to realize this battered and abraded condition when he recalls that telegraph poles in the deserts are nearly cut off near the earth's surface by the sand constantly blowing across the dry plains.



Inner Surface of a Valve.

On the inner surface are delicate scars and projections, everyone of which has some definite meaning. The most conspicuous are the projections (*k*) and groove on the upper side of the valves, arranged so as to fit into each other. They allow the valves to gape open about an inch or more to the locking point and prevent little twisting or side movement of the valves on each other. This can not occur when a strong current pounds the clam over a stony surface.

Nearly parallel with and a short distance from the free margins is the "pallial line" (*s*), a delicate streak. This marks the limit along which the thin, fleshly mantle of the "clam" is attached. The latter structure secretes the three layers of the shell, the two outer ones being laid down by the margins of the lobe and the pearly layer by the surface of the mantles and body of the animal. The shell consists of calcium carbonate and conchiolin, the calcuim carbonate or lime having been converted from its soluble form in the water to the hard, insoluble shell. It is very much like the white, shaly substance that one finds in teakettles in which "hard-water" is boiled.



Cross Sections of Valves and Muscle.

Anteriorly the pallial line ends into an oval area

(*l*) slightly depressed, associated with two smaller areas back of it; posteriorly into a similar large area (*m*) touching a smaller one above (*p*). The larger ones are the impressions marking the attachment of two large muscles (*x*), extending crosswise from valve to valve. On their contraction the valves close with a snap and with sufficient force to pinch one's fingers quite hard, should a living animal clasp them. Their sudden contraction will force the water to squirt out the siphon (*b*—*c*) like a small stream from a squirt-gun.

This phenomenon is best noticed when taking the animals from the water. Should these muscles (*l. m. x*) relax, the ligament joining the valves above causes them to gape, which allows the foot (*l*) to protrude. This is the only organ of locomotion. How slovenly it moves! The muscular foot is slowly pushed forward and downward into the sand. When pushed into the sand far enough and fastened, the foot suddenly contracts and by the aid of the retractor muscles, responsible for a little scar (*o* & *p*) near each large muscles scar, inside the shell, shortens. Since the foot is secure in the sand, the animal and shell are drawn forward about one-half the length of the shell. This plowing method of movement leaves a furrow in the sand, the usual markings one should find where clams abound. Sometimes the animal chooses to rest wholly in the sand and so, by its foot, makes an excavation sufficient to conceal the form. The protractor muscle used to push out the foot, is responsible for one of the little scars (*n*) on the anterior part of the shell.

Should one look more closely about the scars on the inner surface of the shell, delicate lines (*q*) will be seen extending from the umbones to the edges of the large muscle scars. These indicate the paths traveled by the muscles during the animal's life, their attachment being in the young stage beneath the umbones.

Denver, Colo.

"FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO."

The loafing habit is a menace to the boys of both country and city. Every wise mother must be on her guard against it for her sons. The grocery-store furnishes only too easy a lure for village boys, and hundreds of idlers frequent the public squares of the great cities.

There is no accounting for the seeming leisure of the army of grown-up loafers. Most of them are able-bodied although some are anemic or badly nourished. But the sad truth probably is that a doting mother began the useless career of each of them, and that a hard-working wife continues the indulgence.

It is not easy for a mother to invent occupation for her little son. The daughter may early be taught the use of broom, duster and needle. Then the doll is an unfailing and exacting taskmistress. She always needs new clothes. But work for boyish hands and feet is less abundant. The supply of family errands is small. The coal-hod has supplanted the wood-pile. In the end the boy sees through the device of trumped-up-work, and runs away from it.

Happy the mother who discovers in her boys some taste or talent. The passion of the carpenter for tools, of the draftsman for pencil and paper, or of the gardener for growing things ought to be hailed as a safeguard against the loafing disease. If no occupation of the usual boyish sort can be contrived, the boy may better be put to bread-making or sweeping than given over to idleness. There is scarcely a boy to whom a paint-pot and brushes will not appeal, and fence and blinds and steps will bear fresh coats of paint at frequent intervals.

Every device is worth considering if it will erect one new barrier against the loafer's habit—the destroyer of every manly virtue, from industry to self-respect.

STARS AND STORMS.

Much of the beauty of the stars depends upon their scintillation. The multitudinous flashing of their tiny rays gives a wonderful life and brilliance to a winter's night. The great star Sirius excites the most admiration when, near the horizon, it corcuscates with rainbow hues. But the astronomer would be glad if he could put a stop to the scintillation of the stars. That unsteadiness of light is one of the chief obstacles he has to overcome in studying them with the telescope.

Scintillation has generally been regarded as due only to slight disturbances in the atmosphere. But as recent observations have shown that red stars scintillate less than white ones, it has been suggested that the causes for some of the essential differences in the scintillations of different stars may be in the stars themselves. There is no doubt, however, that the main cause of scintillation depends upon the condition of the air.

Most people suppose that when the stars appear to lose their liveliness of light, and shine without twinkling, as minute, bright points in the sky, fair weather is in prospect. Studies lately made in this country seem to contradict this popular belief. It has been found that when the stars are feeble in their scintillations, foul weather is at hand. The night before a most violent storm in the south, for instance, the stars hung so quietly in the sky that they seemed to have entirely lost their scintillating power.

This is said to be only one instance among many which show that the unusual steadiness in the light of the stars precedes the appearance of storms.—*Selected.*

The Largest Bird

Harry B. Bradford

All should be interested to know something of the appearance and habits of this magnificent creature, which furnishes those beautiful plumes that are such a delight to behold.

This, largest of all existing birds, inhabits the hot, sandy desert of Central Africa, for which locality it is most wonderfully fitted. With feet as hard as rocks and head held high aloft, he may defy the



The Largest of Existing Birds.

desert's burning sand, and what would be withering heat to a smaller bird. These same horny feet and powerful legs can, with great swiftness, carry this huge bird well beyond the reach of its enemies, except man, who overtakes almost all things by one means or another. The feet have but two toes, the smaller being on the outside, and hunters find great difficulty in tracking him, as his feet leave only two round impressions in the sand.

His strides at full speed measure from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet, and at least one horse is usually "wind-broken" and killed in trying to overtake him. He can keep his pace for a long while, and at its end can deliver vigorous kicks with his powerful legs, which would do credit to a government mule. He is finally captured by a sort of lasso—a rope with a ball attached to its end, called a "bolas,"—which is swung around his long neck and must feel like a rather close-fitting collar for awhile.

In captivity he becomes very tame, and tribes of the Soudan and upper Senegal and the Algerian frontiers raise ostriches like poultry-yard fowls.

He is a gregarious bird, living in flocks, and is often found mixed in with herds of quagga, giraffes and antelopes on the plains, as well as with the zebras in their more rugged abodes.

The nest of the ostrich is a mere depression scooped in the sand, and the male bird shows interest enough in domestic affairs to sit on the nest during the night (you see he selects the coolest and easiest job as usual), while the female sits in the daytime. When the sun is quite hot, it is covered over with sand and left alone. This habit has given the bird the reputation of being a careless mother, but she has more wisdom in that little head than some give her credit for, as the hot sand does more for the eggs than she could.

It must be very handy for those who keep these birds, to bring in one of their eggs measuring about six inches long, this being large enough to make an omelet for half a dozen people, or equal to the weight of two dozen of our hen's eggs. It would be an unusual capacity that could take care of one of these eggs, poached, on an eighteen inch square of toast for breakfast!

David Livingstone wrote that it was hard to tell the bellowing of an ostrich from the roar of a lion, but the two specimens at our zoo, one of which I show herewith (which was sent from King Menelik of Abyssinia, as a gift to President Roosevelt), have not given visitors any opportunity to judge of any vocal culture which their earlier lives may have acquired.

This two hundred pound six-footer struts up and down his apartment at the Washington Zoo with head

held high, gazing at what is transpiring across the room.

He hopes the visitors will use up all their adjectives on the high-priced feathers he is so proudly and carefully cultivating on his wings and "feather duster" in the rear for some lady's bonnet. He probably imagines the elegant plumage will detract their attention from those long, barren bipeds which help to give him the credit of being the tallest of birds.

The appetite of the ostrich is proverbial, but "hardware" does not enter into his bill of fare, at the Zoo at any rate. On the desert he lives on wild melon, herbs and a few reptiles as appetizers, and also eats grass and berries when he can find them. His long neck gives plenty of chance for a well-developed taste, but at the Zoo he seems satisfied with such uninteresting stuff as hay and a few chopped vegetables. When thirsty he takes a great gulp of water from his pail, and then lifting up his head as though to give thanks, it runs down his long neck with a gurgling sound.

The male ostrich is colored a deep, glossy black, excepting the wing tips and tail feathers, the tips of which are white. The female is a little lighter in color. The skin is a drab gray in some and pinkish gray in others.

Last year's ostrich feather yield of South Africa was valued at four million dollars.

THE GOOD WE ALL CAN DO.

"THERE go the Andersons in their new automobile," said Augusta, as they sat on the vine-shaded piazza. "I'm crazy for a ride in a real auto, and I've never even set foot in one. People *are* selfish, and I don't suppose Maude Anderson will ever think of inviting me."

"We-ell," said her friend Mattie, "I don't suppose they realize what a great treat it would be to you or me." She hesitated a moment, then continued boldly, "just as *you* don't realize what an immense pleasure it would be to mama if you would invite her some time when you are going for a long drive. Of course, *I've* been with you lots of times, Gustie, but I've often wanted to ask you to let mama have my place some time. She never has anything but trolley rides you know."

"Why, I never thought of it," said Augusta promptly. "Why didn't you ask me before? We've always had a horse, and have been so used to driving that I never thought it would be any special pleasure. Tell your mama I'll call for her Saturday, and we will take the prettiest ride I can find—where trolley-cars won't take one."

When Mattie told her mother of the invitation that evening, Mrs. Loring's face lighted up. "Indeed, I should like it very much, Mattie, but wouldn't Augusta enjoy it more if you went instead?"

"No, mama; she really wants *you* this time. I'm not invited at all," laughed Mattie. She had not told her mother of the conversation that had led to the invitation, and that the first suggestion of the drive had come from Mattie herself.

"It has been a long day," said Mrs. Loring, "since I've had anything more than a car ride."

"'Dade, thin," said Mrs. Murphy, who had just brought back the laundry, and had stopped a few minutes, at Mrs. Loring's invitation, to rest and enjoy the cool glass of lemonade that was very refreshing after her long walk, "it's meself would be glad to get a car ride now and thin—'way out to the parks, wid me little Maggie—but it's precious few nickles I can be sparin' fer car rides this summer."

Mrs. Loring and Mattie gave a quick glance at each other as the same thought flashed through their minds. Had they not neglected a very simple means of giving pleasure to others? They could well afford the money to give Mrs. Murphy and her ten-years-old Maggie a refreshing car ride at times.

"Mrs. Murphy, when I have my pleasant carriage drive next Saturday, I'd like to think that you and Maggie are having an outing too. You take these dimes and enjoy a good ride. It will give me real pleasure."

"Wasn't Mrs. Loring good to give us this lovely ride?" said Maggie to her mother, as, in the very front seat of an electric car, they rode out to one of the beautiful parks the next Saturday afternoon.

"Yis, indade," said Mrs. Murphy. "And 'tis meself was wishin' we cud 'a' brought Biddy Ryan's little lame Timmie along wid us. How he would 'a' liked to see the green grass and the yaller buttercups!"

Maggie puzzled over this for some time. She knew it cost money for car rides, and she knew her mother had none to spare. It was hard work sometimes to get enough to pay the landlord and to buy food.

Before the ride was over, she had solved the problem. "Mama, I think Mrs. McCarthy would lind me her baby-carriage, and I could wheel Timmie over to the square, where he could see the fountain and the grass and the trees, and it would be nice and cool. He wouldn't be very heavy, if he *is* 'most five. Can I?"

"Yis, dear; an' it's a good thought, darlin'," responded Mrs. Murphy.

So the deed of kindness was "passed along." And each one found it was in her power to give pleasure to others—to share what seemed a simple thing to her, but meant much to others less fortunate than herself. —*Exchange.*

COMPARISONS, it is said, are odious: but someone that suffered by them must have originated the remark.

Sufferings of a Russian Emigrant Girl in New York City

Richard Seidel

Not long ago, a New York newspaper contained an article, pertaining to the sufferings of a newly-arrived Russian emigrant girl, who was saved from a horrible fate by a policeman. She was sold for twenty-six dollars to a man of low morals. Her mother, who had been only a short time in this country, said: "Had my child gone to the mines of Siberia, she could not have suffered more than she has in America."

This girl was enticed into a First Avenue tenement and shamefully whipped into submission. In this den of vice the poor, innocent girl was kept a prisoner for two months. The girl had left Russia, to escape imprisonment by the Czar's agents. Not quite twenty years old, she had attracted the notice of the Russian officials by her lectures on sociological principles. It is to be regretted deeply, that she should meet with such a terrible fate in a country, supposed to be a refuge for those who are persecuted unjustly.



Russian Emigrants.

She left home, accompanied by a fellow worker of the factory where she had been employed. The man was a dastardly imposter, feigning friendship in order to ensnare the innocent girl.

It is a matter of deep concern, how a young woman, working in the large manufacturing establishments of our country, can be protected, especially if she is a foreigner and ignorant of our mode of life. How many perils attack a young woman in our country! How distracted are her parents when they realize that human wolves can sell a young woman at auction, like a slave, to lead a life of shame!

The account given of this auction is something unheard of in a civilized country. The lowest bid was ten dollars. At the conclusion of the auction the man seized his human freight and went out into the streets of the city. Meeting a policeman on the street, the girl cried out, "I am sold! I am sold! Save me! Save me!"

Such is, in short, the dramatic story of Rose Cohen. We are, to a great extent, responsible for the outrage committed on this young girl. She came here to claim the blessings and privileges of a more advanced stage of civil liberty, and instead found degradation and slavery awaiting her. Every good citizen of America should protest against the horrors of vice revealed by this incident. Women should educate their sons to nobler thoughts.

The Russian, and all other emigrants who come to this country, expect to find liberty and equality. They expect to rise in the social scale and wish to enjoy the blessings of progress. What does progress mean? Does it mean the attainments of the degenerate rich? I do not think so! Should not true progress demand the punishment of the captors of this young Russian girl? The cultivation of the truths of life ought to mean progress. All our impulses ought to tend toward the right and we should know and choose the right. Progress should mean advancement toward the state where each is valued for his talents, respected for his work, and paid for his labor.

Stories like the one given show the futility of any kind of reform that does not teach man to govern himself. There is nothing especially new about this story, but it is true. The case of Rose Cohen does not portray the blessings of modern civilization. Modern barbarity greets the immigrant girl on her arrival, and assails her virtue. Men should learn to control their passions!

Brutus and Cassius

Leon F. Beery

THESE two men had many things in common, and yet if their lives and characters are investigated closely, distinct characteristics will be found in each man. They were working together in a common cause, and without harmony between them their plot would have fallen through; but as there are no two persons whose characteristics and manners of thinking are alike, so Brutus necessarily had to differ, somewhat at least, from Cassius, and Cassius from Brutus.

Undoubtedly Cassius is the more enthusiastic of the two. He heartily dislikes Cæsar for reasons both general and personal, and in his convincing fashion tries to persuade Brutus into the same feeling of dislike and even hatred towards the Emperor. Brutus conscientiously feels that Cæsar is becoming too powerful, but, from his personal love for him, and from his very nature, he does not wish to commit himself so freely. Cassius uses persuasive arguments, and by the time he has talked to him over and over, and left the letters at his window in the night, and then comes in person, with the rest of the conspirators Brutus is completely won over to their side. He does it not from a personal standpoint, but, as he says, "for the general good."

After the assassination of Cæsar, both Brutus and Cassius feel that they have gotten rid of a tyrant, and that they have no more reason to fear. Cassius, however, has a little more of a boasting spirit. Brutus feels as if he had done his duty, but Cassius seems to think that they have been a great benefit to future generations and peoples, as is exemplified in Act III, Scene 1, lines 16, 17, and 18. Although Brutus at first, apparently, has no fear, or at most very little, of Antony, Cassius has misgivings that he might somehow get revenge for Cæsar's death; and when Brutus gives Antony permission to speak to the citizens, he tries to persuade him to think more seriously of it, and not endanger himself and the other conspirators to the possible revenge of Cæsar's best friend.

This is probably due to the fact that a person who gets very enthusiastic over a project, and tries to win over to his side as many as possible, and even becomes excited over it (for such a man was Cassius), generally, if the plan is for some misdeed or crime, is the first to become fearful after it is over, as to the outcome of it. Cassius did the deed with more of a malicious spirit than Brutus. Brutus did what he thought was his duty, not with a milignant purpose, and therefore, apparently, did not let the result of it worry him.

There may be in the fact that Brutus wished to speak first, that he said briefly what he did say, and then withdrew before Antony spoke, a reason for believing that he was already feeling just a little tinge of regret,for he says, "As I slew my best lover for the sake of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Very likely Cassius also felt mean about it, but his regret was probably a little less dignified and honorable than that of Brutus, owing to his excitable character.

Nearer than any other place in the play do we get to the real and inmost character of each man in Act IV, Scene 3, the "quarrel scene." It is here that each shows forth what stuff he is made of, and here Shakespeare gives us his real conception of the two characters. Here we see the rashness and quick temper of Cassius, and the contemptuous sarcasm of Brutus. Brutus is certainly the best man in a "word-battle," while Cassius must simply listen and utter such ejaculations and threats as come to his mind. Brutus is more cool-headed, and by his tact gradually cools down the hotheadedness of Cassius. Cassius is furious, impetuous, vehement, boisterous; Brutus is contemptuous, scornful, insolent, and almost insulting. It is mainly through Brutus' tact in depreciating Cassius and making him see his wrongs that the final conciliation is brought about. This quarrel is merely an outburst of anger on the part of both men over some mutual wrongs of which they accused each other, and after it is over, Brutus and Cassius are friends again as warm as before.

The ends of the two men are practically the same. They had been worried, haunted, and driven to exasperation by the effects of their deed, and now they know that they must die. The ill luck of their army also helps to bring on their determination to die. Cassius, the excitable, is the first to yield, and being too irresolute in himself he must have some one else perform the deed. Brutus, the firm, carrying out the declaration that he would die if his country needed his death, musters the courage of his own free will

to run upon his sword, as it is held by another. With the death of these two men,—the head of the conspiracy, two of the leading Romans of the day, two men, alike in purpose, yet different in motive,—Cæsar, in the words of both as they die, is revenged.

Huntingdon, Pa.

FILES AND FILE-MAKING.

W. C. FRICK.

Of all the most indispensible tools in common use the file is one of the most important. Hardly a single class of manufacture but what uses some one or more varieties of them. Machinists use all manner of files, carpenters and joiners use wood-rasps, and horse-shoers use horse-rasps. Most any article of wood, iron or steel composition is unfinished until a file is used to make the necessary finish.

A file is a file wherever you see it, but there is a great variety of shapes, cuts and sizes. If you saw the entire list, you would be surprised, mill files, flat files, round files, half-round and saw files, feather files, in size from three to thirty inches, some of them, and of several grades of teeth, from smooth to rough. It is the manufacture of these in general about which we wish to tell you.

To see the crude material on its way to a file-plant one is unable to tell if it is meant for files, bolts or wagon tires. The steel comes in long bars, of thickness and width generally, of the files for which it is intended. As in most every other business, nowadays, the work is done by the piece-work method, that is each employee does a certain piece of work, is master of it, but as a rule master of no more.

Three operators prepare the steel bars for the stage when they begin to bear semblance to files. Cropping machines cut the steel bars into lengths somewhat shorter than the resulting files are to be. These are small or large machines, according to the size of files desired. The file-handle is next shaped and the taper put on the end. This is done under power-hammers of various sizes. Several of these hammers produce noise almost deafening. The file being now shaped is very rough and uneven. A number are now placed in a frame and passed back and forth upon large, wide grind-stones until both sides and edges are ground smooth. One more step prepares them for cutting the teeth. The edges of the file are now passed along an emery stone, in order that, when cut, the teeth on one side do not so extend over upon the two adjacent sides or edges as to render proper cutting of teeth there impossible. In case of flat files, teeth are cut only on the edges at the first operation; in case of round files teeth are cut all the way round and in two directions at one and the only operation.

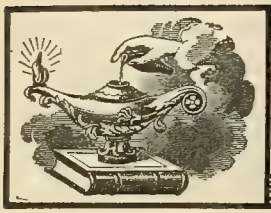
Now the making of files might conveniently be divided into five stages, viz., hammering to shape, grinding, stripping, cutting, and hardening and tempering. The first two we have described. We will now consider that of cutting. The teeth are cut by machinery. Only one file, if large, is cut by the machine at one time, or two if they be small. The machine used is extremely simple, but necessitates several handlings of the file. It consists of a steel table, or conveyor, moving along a horizontal screw, and of an upright cylinder in which works a piston to which is attached a chisel to cut the teeth. The elevation of this piston is accomplished by belt power, while the force applied in the descent of the piston and chisel is supplied by a chunk of rubber. The force is varied at different points by compression or release of the rubber, being light at the tip of the file, and increasing toward the middle. Between the steel conveyor and the file is a strip or bed of softer metal, e. g., a mixture of lead and babbit, to protect the soft teeth against the hard steel during the course of manufacture. Any attempt at straightening is done by the aid of a soft lead block and hammer.

If you will notice carefully you will see that on some files the teeth run in opposite directions on the same side. Stripping a file means to file it lengthwise with a finished file until it is everywhere level and during the course of its making a file is stripped a number of times. The steps taken in the cutting of an ordinary flat file are in order as follows:—(1) stripping: (2) setting its edges on the emery stone; (3) cutting the teeth on the narrow sides, or edges; (4) stripping again; (5) cutting the teeth in one direction on both broad sides; (6) inspection, to see if the teeth are cut perfectly; (7) stripping a third time; (8) cutting the teeth in the opposite direction on both broad sides; (9) a second inspection; (10) cropping off the surplus above the required length, and grinding off the rough corners. Any imperfectly machine-cut files are patched or finished by hand and are sold as second-class goods. Hardening and tempering is done much the same way as in other tools. After testing or inspection they are dipped in oil and wrapped in oil paper, ready for packing.

In a large file factory where the writer spent nearly three years of service, the process of manufacture was jealously guarded against sightseers and not even a photograph of any room or machine was allowed to be made.

Chicago, Ill.

One of the most sincere gestures ever made in this world is that of a dog when he wags his tail.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—The Healing Serpent.
Num. 21: 8, 9; Jno. 3: 14, 15.

EZRA FLORY.

THIS is Jesus' talk to Nicodemus. (Jno. 3.) If any one should have understood Num. 21: 8, 9 it seems that he, the *best of the best should.* But note the contrast between those two men—Jesus from poor Nazareth and Nicodemus from the rulers. Again; how impressively we see Jesus' mission through the teachings of the Old Testament! 1 Cor. 10: 11.

These people merited punishment and were entirely unworthy. There are always four primary elements in deliverance: (1) Wholly of God. (2) Through a person. (3) By blood. (4) By power.

God here does not remove the serpents but provides a remedy for the poison. It was by a serpent that sin came into the world (Rev. 12: 9). Here we have a type of Jesus, "made sin for us," "to destroy the works of the devil." Rom 8: 3; Heb. 2: 14. This remedy appeared in answer to confession and prayer.

It was a simple remedy. (1 Cor. 1: 26). Think here of the simplicity of the plan of salvation. Again; how God has used numberless simple means. "We preach Christ crucified; to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness."

Man could not have thought of such a remedy. We take pride in our intellect, and truly this is an advanced age, yet, with all our achievements, no human can invent a machine or device to save the soul. We are but lost without God's only remedy. Suppose the twentieth-century critics would have been there. Sick even unto death they would have said, "Well Moses, where did you get that pole? Is it oak or hickory? Don't see why the serpent should be of brass? What is the weight? Why have it up on a pole?" "But nay, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" The serpent-bitten, soul-dying skeptic to-day shakes his head and says, "I don't believe in the story of the quail, Jonah, Noah's ark, the virgin birth, the ordinances."

Next we notice that the serpent was lifted up. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." We can all see it. We can all admire it. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."

"How foolish not to look! How ridiculous to *choose to perish!* Looking stands for faith. Of sight we may equally say three things:

1. It is the easiest of our senses. A babe can do that.

2. It carries us out the furthest. Think of Abraham, Enoch (Jude 14), Job.

3. It is never satisfied. As much can be said of faith which is the eye of the soul.

The results of looking:

1. Universal,—"Whosoever." This is for black, white, high, low, rich, poor. "Look unto me,, all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved."

2. It was sure. We cannot say as much of an earthly doctor.

3. It was triumphant.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

"Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature?"

Here is the next argument. Sit down and fret for a year, and see how much bigger you are. You may well perhaps be something smaller; certainly shriveled in soul if not in body—but you will be no bigger. Put the finger of one hand on the finger of the other, and carry it down to your elbow, that is a cubit. Can you add that to your stature by your fretting and your care?

How quickly should we cease from worry if we did but think within ourselves. What good is it? Can you undo anything by fretting? Can you change it? Can you lessen it? If minding will not mend it, then better not to mind.

Some time ago I was talking with a friend of mine whom I had met in the train. I inquired after the health of his wife. "Well," said he in reply, "my wife is well, always well, and always very well, and what is better still, she is always happy. I used to think that she had not the same sensitive nature that I have. When anything occurs to annoy me I am utterly upset. I cannot eat my breakfast; I cannot do my business; I am really ill. But the other day I found out the secret of my wife's complacency. Something had gone wrong which very much worried me. In the course of the morning I went into the house and found her cheerily going on with her work, actually singing as she bent over it; I felt quite annoyed.

"Really, my dear," I said, "you don't seem at all put out by what has happened today."

"O, no," she said, "I am not."

"Well," I said, rather angrily, "then I think you ought to be."

"No, no, you must not say that. Look here. Years ago I made up my mind that when anythinng went wrong I would ask myself honestly and earnestly—'Can I do any good by thinking about it? Am I to blame in any way? If so, do not let me spare myself. Can I do anything to put a better face upon it?' If after looking at it honestly all round I found I could do no good, I made up my mind that I would give up thinking about it."

"Thank you," said I to my friend. "That is the philosophy of the highest life 'Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.'"

"But," said one to me one day, to whom I told this story, "I cannot help thinking about them."

"Then," said I, "you are the slave of the thing, and not the master. You remind me of a story I have heard of a soldier who on the field of battle called to his commanding officer, 'Captain, I have got a prisoner.' 'Bring him on then, my man,' said the captain. 'Please, sir, he won't come,' was the answer. 'Then come yourself,' replied the captain. 'Please, sir, he won't let me.'"

We ask often how much a man possesses. That is not the question. The question is how much possesses him.

Some time ago I was at the house of a gentleman in Yorkshire, who said to me, "I used to be a most irritable man. When anything went wrong I fussed and fumed, was miserable myself, and made all about me miserable. My religious influence was worse than undone. I suffered in health and I suffered in my business. But one day I pulled myself up and said, 'Look here, you are a fool!'"

While we are forbidden to call our brother a fool, it is well to hurl the epithet at ourselves if we deserve it.

"'You are a fool,' I said to myself. 'If your religion does not cure your temper, what has it done for you?' I made up my mind that I would bring all the strength of my will and all the grace of God that I could get to bear upon this besetment. Now I do not want to boast, but I thank God that it is a very long time since I found myself fretting or worried. I cannot tell you the difference it makes, not only to myself in the happiness of my own life, but in the happiness of those about me."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

CONTENTED LIVES.

CONTENTMENT may be good or bad. It is good when we have peace of mind relating to "the things not in our power;" for this is to submit ourselves to Providence, walking quietly in faith. But contentment is bad, if it be an easy mind as to "the things in our power," when those things are ill, as when we are satisfied with weak effort, with imperfect performance, and a falling short in ourselves. This contentment is like the abasement of a serf who is at ease in being enslaved.—*Christian Register.*

TOMORROW'S TRAGEDY.

CLARA M. PARSONS.

"Tomorrow," so I thought, "I'll pluck the flowers
Close pressed beside the way yet seldom seen;
Tomorrow throng the golden, fleeting hours.
With those fair deeds that might so well have been
In all the long, unfruitful years of yore;
To morrow"—but the chance was mine no more.

"Tomorrow," so I dreamed, "my feet shall tread
Calm paths of beauty, high, serene and bright,
By all brave aims and aspirations sped,
Forever scaling glorious height on height;
And those who love my soul shall joy with me
Tomorrow"—but it never came to be.

"Tomorrow," so I planned; "I'll fill the heart
That, starving, beats so close against my own,
With that pure bliss of answered love a part,
And she no more need, anguished, walk alone;
My tender words shall flood her life with light
Tomorrow"—but, ah me! she died last night.

PEOPLE WHO NEED MORE RELIGION.

THE man who lets his horse stand hitched all day, out in the cold, without a blanket.

The man who growls like a bear with a sore head every time his wife asks him for money.

The woman who whispers it around that some other woman is not any better than she ought to be.

The preacher who is all the time looking for an easier place at a bigger salary.

The man who walks with his hands in his pockets, and lets his wife carry the baby.

The mother who never tries to point her children to the Saviour.

The man whose neighbors never have any idea that he is a Christian.

The preacher whose sermons never help anybody.

The man who keeps a dog and says he can not afford to take a religious paper.

The people who never have anything good to say about other people.

The man who don't see the sense in sending missionaries to Africa as long as there are so many hoodlums in America.

The man who puts a penny in the basket when he ought to put in a dollar.

The man who says that charity ought to begin at home whenever the missionary collection is being taken.

The people who always pray the same prayer at prayer meeting.

People who get their backs up at one another and stay that way year after year, without taking the Lord's way to be reconciled.

THE INGLENOOK

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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KEEP YOUNG.

GLANCING through the pages of a popular magazine, the other day, we happened to notice the words of our heading and they struck us so forcibly that we will enlarge on the thoughts presented.

Much depends upon the influence of the mind and the power exercised for weal or woe. Why not greet each new morning with the happy thought, "I am still young"? It will be well to do this, because, as you think, so will you be. This body of ours is not the real man; the power within us,—that something that lives forever,—is immortal. True, the body does get older, but our spirits are ever active, and, spiritually, we need never grow old.

This matter of keeping young spiritually is not as difficult as you think. Brush away the cobwebs of your mental storehouse and think young thoughts. Don't become wedded to old ideas but keep your mind in readiness to receive new thoughts and higher aims. Never class yourself with the "has-beens," but look forward to greater things yet to do.

Do you ask the secret of perpetual youth? Here it is: "Kindly thoughts, good cheer, and the consciousness that you have done to others as you would have them do to you." No one is older than he really feels. Make it your pleasure to feel as young as you can, and the Lord will be pleased to grant you the desire of your heart for further usefulness.

THE SOUTH AND PROHIBITION.

ADVOCATES of temperance are rejoicing to see the South taking up prohibition as a means to an end of solving its race and labor problems. The step is in the right direction; there is logic and wisdom in such a course.

Thoughtful southerners, to whom the so-called negro problem presents many phases, realize that liquor is not only bad for them if they drink it, but that it is bad for the entire community if the laborers drink it. Negro criminals, like white offenders, are mainly the products of liquor and idleness, the two evils going together. A few days prior to the race riot at Atlanta, it was ascertained that there were 2,455 idle negroes in forty saloons, dives and "clubs" in one street in that city.

For these very important and particular facts the Georgia legislature has lately passed a law to prohibit within that state the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. It prohibits the keeping on hand of liquor in any place of business, or giving it away to induce business.

One of the Georgia legislators claims that, economically considered, it will be better for the state to put its new prohibition law into full effect, than to increase the labor market by the introduction of 100,000 desirable laborers, as suggested and demanded by the factory interests of the state. He argues that the laborers of the state, if kept sober and efficient, will be ample to supply all needed demands made upon them.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

THE toiler in the country, as well as his brother in the busy mart of the city, often, in a time of discouragement, exclaims: "Is life really worth living?" Life stretches out before them like an unending succession of days of drudgery and they fail to see the brightness that might be theirs if they would but look for it.

Most of the INGLENOOK readers are living in the country. With the ripening harvests came days of toil, when the days were warm, the labor unremitting, and rest periods but very few. At such times the question has come to many a weary one, "Is it worth while to live on the old farm?" They look with longing eyes at the apparent ease of the inhabitant of the town or city, imagining that theirs is a life of unalloyed pleasure. The fact of the matter is that the town people miss many things that the farmer, perhaps, esteems very lightly.

Let us, dear farmer friends, look at things as they really are, and you will see that, even on the old farm, you can make the most of life. Do you want health? It is yours by virtue of the pure air and the healthful surroundings of your country home. Do you want to insure yourself a livelihood free from the anxieties and perplexities of the city worker? You find it in the country. Do you like to live among a people where you can feel at home and perfectly contented? You have that advantage among your country friends.

The person who really *lives* is the one who makes the most of his opportunities, and goes on from day to day with the assurance that in the end all will come out right. The end may not be in view as yet, and it may seem as if the top of the hill is not to be attained after all, yet with a brave heart and a stern determination we can press forward, doing for ourselves

and others life's allotted task. So doing we will be captains, indeed, of fate, winning our battles in spite of all obstacles,—making the most of life.

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

As we look at humanity in the busy activities of life, from day to day, we cannot help but note the difference between the various ways of dealing with one another. On the one hand we notice stolid indifference, but, thank God, there is still a great deal of mutual helpfulness,—the milk of human kindness. It is by this that the giver is made none the poorer and all who receive it are cheered and blessed.

Passing along the street, the other day, we noticed a poor newsboy who, apparently, was in great distress. Several persons had passed him by unconcerned, but just then a kind-hearted lady inquired as to the cause of his distress. He told a pitiable story of having been robbed and abused by older boys in the same business, so that even the small amount earned had been lost, and he would have nothing to take home to his widowed mother. The lady, after further questioning, gave him means to buy a new supply of papers and promised to call at his home and see to further needs. The boy's face cheered up at once; it fairly beamed with happiness. I thought, as I passed on, that surely this little act of kindness and sympathy would not fail of its reward.

In this connection the words of Cardinal Gibbons are worthy to be recorded. Read them and then put them to practice:

"You may have the wealth of the Vanderbilts or of Rockefeller, but what will it avail without sympathy? You might own Manhattan island, the richest island in the world, but if there was no other man there whose hand might grasp your hand, of what value would it be? While you cannot raise the dead as Christ did, the greatest thing you can do for God is to save your brother from a worldly life."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"Can a man who is a Christian actually be engaged in the production of great wealth, according to the present ethics of business?" asked Prof. Shailer Matthews, of Chicago, in a recent address. He continues: "There is constant danger that the Christian attitude may be lost in the unscrupulousness of business. We have too often seen how different is the code of morals which a man prescribes for himself as an individual and as a director of a corporation. What shall be the fate of the church that does not inspire and purify a materialistic age? It will be the fate of the salt that has lost its savor." Here is a voice of warning that is backed by the authority of Holy Writ. There is danger ahead for those who "would be rich," irrespective of methods and at the sacrifice of godliness.

A graduate, with highest honors, of a noted college in the East, was given a $900 position as instructor in a western college, in recognition of his scholarship. The man who graduated at the foot of the class in the same eastern college is the recipient of a three-year contract to pitch for a noted baseball league at $5,000 a year. Thus brawn triumphs over brain—at least there is apparently more money for the expert ball-player than for the erudite professor.

In Boston four school nurses are employed in districts where newly arrived immigrants are most numerous. This has resulted not only in an improvement in the health of the children, but in their personal appearance as well. The nurse examines their heads, hair, nails and teeth. She talks to them about the care of the teeth, the use of the tooth brush and of the handkerchief and personal cleanliness generally. The children soon begin to take a pride in their appearance, and often stop the nurse on the street to exhibit their hands and nails.

According to the latest returns from the Chinese census, the empire has a population of fully four hundred million persons; enough certainly to wield considerable influence on the future of the world, if they once shake off the shackles of antiquated customs and rouse to a consciousness of their power. It is this possibility of an invasion of Europe or America by the "Celestials," that keeps the nations of the world wide-awake and in suspense, knowing that there would be grave danger in dealing with so vast an army as China could muster. Admiral Mahan, some time ago, called attention to this very matter, and there seems to be abundant reason for the warning he gave.

Much of the criticism in the newspapers, concerning Japan's attitude towards the Koreans, is not justified by the facts in the case. When Japan took hold of Korean affairs the peninsula was almost destitute of roads, waterworks, hospitals, schools and banks, and the treasury was so depleted that no funds were available for such works. It was Japan that raised $5,000,000 for Korean needs, of which $750,000 was at once allotted to the building of high roads connecting the chief harbors and cities. A common school system on the Japanese plan was created, and the other needed works were promptly and efficiently undertaken. Courts of justice had been mere auction-rooms, where judicial favor was given to the highest cash bidder, and the royal or imperial court was a veritable sink of corruption. These have been reformed by the Japanese, and are rapidly being put upon a basis which would be creditable to any civilized land.



Echoes from Everywhere

Nelson Morris, of Chicago, the well-known founder of the meat-packing business which bears his name, is reported in a critical condition, and but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

As a step towards inculcating principles of honesty into corporations, a new law of the public service commission prohibits stock-watering,—the practice so generally indulged in by many companies.

Anarchists are again making themselves felt in Russia. Recently the chief of police and several Cossacks were killed at Kryvoiosera, Russia, in an encounter with these enemies of organized society.

California fruit-raisers and shippers object to the new rates, to go in effect Oct. 1, by which the rate to Chicago will be $1.10 per hundred, instead of 90 cents, as heretofore. They claim the new rate is practically prohibitive.

Up to Aug. 22 scarcely any rain had fallen in New Haven, Conn., and adjacent territory, for seventy-six days. It is now proposed to employ a battery of field artillery and discharge a sufficient amount of ammunition to secure the needed rain.

The enormous sum of $5,500 was paid for "Star Masterpiece," a Berkshire hog, formerly owned by the Wisconsin State University. Residents of Kirksville, Ill., were the purchasers at the price above given, which is the largest ever paid for a hog.

A rate war between the Cunard and the German steamship lines is in full blast, and has had the immediate effect of causing substantial reductions in cabin rates. The prospective passengers rejoice in the handsome saving they are enabled to make.

President Castro, of Venezuela, has fined an asphalt company $5,000,000 for being implicated in a revolution against his government. He might have decreed the death penalty, but probably the funds were needed more than the funerals of the offenders.

Owing to a lack of funds, four thousand men were laid off Aug. 23 on the new line of the Panama railroad and others will follow. The construction of the road is of great benefit to the canal work, and it is hoped to resume operations as soon as possible.

Bethany Union Church, Chicago, gave a vaudeville performance on the afternoon and evening of Aug. 24, at the residence of one of their members, for the benefit of the church. The question is, What will be next? Does the end justify the means? We think not.

Chicago is making a strong effort to get rid of its undesirable characters,—the vagrants, and especially the criminal element. Numbers of them are rounded up each day and disposed of in such a way as to rid the city of them, at least for the time being. The move is a good one.

J. D. Uzzell, the negro editor who is held responsible for much of the recent race trouble on the eastern shore of Virginia, was brought to Norfolk under strong guard Aug. 21 and locked up in the jail. Uzzell asked to be sent to a safe place, there being great danger that he would be lynched.

Some people find it hard to withstand the allurements of a full treasury. C. J. Camp, of Chicago, treasurer of the Milk Drivers' Union cannot account for a deficit of nearly $20,000, and in consequence will have to face prosecution and the attendant results. Another lesson as to the foolishness of crooked dealings. It don't pay.

About 20,000 post cards are sent each week to the Dead Letter office at Washington from Chicago alone, because the senders fail to comply with the law. Ever since it was discovered that there was danger in handling the tinsel post cards, it has been decided to have all such enclosed in envelopes. A clerk of the post-office in Milwaukee sustained the loss of an arm, on account of handling tinsel post cards while suffering from a wound in his hand. Senders of post cards should bear in mind that the card they send is fully within the specifications of the law, and also that the necessary amount of postage is attached.

So great is the increase of crime in New York, that it will probably be necessary to establish four night sessions of the court, instead of the one that had been arranged for. Evidently some radical action is needed at the eastern gateway of the United States.

THE celebrated steeple-climber, John Goldie, known the world over, fell, on the morning of Aug. 20, from the top of the Townsend chimney in Glasgow, Scotland. This chimney is 448 feet high and the highest in the world. The body of the unfortunate man was mutilated beyond recognition.

FROM a small, barefooted boy on a tramp steamship to the owner of a mansion on one of the handsomest residence streets in Cleveland, is the advancement made by James Corrigan, the ore magnate. The ups and downs of his eventful life read like a romance, and illustrate anew the old saying, that "where there is a will, there's a way."

THE whipping post is every now and then urged as a sovereign remedy for the prevention of crime, but Delaware is about the only State that tenaciously adheres to this relic of barbarism. Recently an official of that State has refused further to employ the cruel method, claiming that it only infuriates the victims, and brutalizes the administrators.

A RED SHAWL, vigorously waved across the New York Central track near Utica, N. Y., prevented a serious train wreck Aug. 25. The train was approaching at the rate of sixty miles an hour, with every seat filled, when two girls, walking along the track, saw a giant tree lying across the rails, near a curve. They promptly gave the signal and the train was stopped in ample time.

JOHN A. BENSON, a wealthy real estate dealer of San Francisco, was found guilty Aug. 22, in connection with extensive land frauds. He was convicted of defrauding the government out of at least 100,000 acres of forest lands. It is refreshing to learn that our authorities are getting after crookedness everywhere, and do not spare the wealthy land grabbers just because they happen to be persons of influence.

RECENTLY the lives of three young men were saved, just outside the harbor of New York, by a fearless girl who was at home on the water, but who positively refused to make known her name or place of abode. In reply to the importunities of sensational reporters, she said: "My desire was to save life, not to gain notoriety." Others, who like to pose in the limelight of popularity, could profitably imitate the example of the unassuming life-saver.

A RELIGIOUS movement of great proportions is said to be sweeping over parts of Germany, according to a cablegram of Aug. 25. Men are freely giving their watches and jewelry, and women are dispensing with finery of all kinds. Conviction seems to have fallen upon many, as to the need of a better life. Time will show how much of the movement is of permanent value. Usually the Germans are not carried away by emotional movements of the kind.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN has offered $125,000 for a famous and ancient dwelling house at Goslar, Germany, which dates back to the sixteenth century, and is adorned with many excellent wood carvings. It is the intention to take down the house as carefully as possible, and re-erect it in New York. Men like Mr. Morgan spend their thousands for a pet whim of no practical benefit to anyone, when hundreds of worthy causes in this country are languishing for a lack of proper support.

KINDNESS, as a general thing, meets with a response of a similar nature. Not so was the experience of a kind-hearted Swede and wife, of Milwaukee, recently. They consented to give lodging to five children during the night, but during the darkness the man and woman who brought them disappeared, leaving the kind entertainers with the five heirs, ranging in age from five months to eight years. The Swedes have agreed to keep the children, and it is to be hoped that they will prove a great blessing to them.

DR. TRIGGS, formerly an instructor of English at the University of Chicago, who attained considerable notoriety some years ago on account of his peculiar views on sociological questions, is again before the public. This time he has so-called "advanced" ideas in regard to the institution of marriage. His theories are such that his wife has seen fit to obtain a decree of divorce. Evidently the learned professor has strayed very far from the old-fashioned gospel idea of marriage,—to say the least.

STOCKHOLDERS of the United States Express Company are demanding to know why the dividends have fallen to less than half the amount of previous years. President T. C. Platt is alleged to have managed the affairs of the company in such a way as to favor competing companies, which own large amounts of stock in the United States Express Company. The fact that Senator Platt and those on his side own one-third of the stock prevents the calling of a stockholders' meeting, as has been desired by those who demand an accounting for the alleged mismanagement.



Before it is Too Late

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far-away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For those some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

A Victory for Home

"ONLY a week more—"

"And sister will be here."

"Oh, I'm so glad she'll be done with that mean old school!"

"She's going to stay with us all the time now, isn't she, mother?"

"We can't tell till she comes, dear." Mother's tone was a little sad, for the thought of her eldest daughter coming home from school to be her help and comfort, to take her share of the home cares and teach her younger sisters, had lain warmly at her heart.

"Why can't we tell, mother?" clamored the little ones.

"Perhaps sister Emily will want to go somewhere else, after spending summer here."

That was it. Latterly, Emily, in her letters, had thrown out suggestions of a desire to go to the city, not far from her home, to teach. It was hard to think of, they had all looked forward so long to the home-coming; but if she earnestly desired it, mother would not let her wishes stand in the way. "I sha'n't let her go," said little Alice, stoutly. "I'll take such tight hold of her she can't get away any more."

A letter was brought to mother.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, mother dearie," it began, "but I want to ask if you will be willing for me to spend the early part of the summer away from you? Margaret Marshall, my chum, has asked me to visit her. I should not wish to do it, except that it will give me the opportunity to attend the summer school and lectures—a great advantage to me, in view of what I hope to accomplish in the future. Of course, the next few years ought to be the most useful of my life, and I'm sure you will agree with me in thinking that I ought to seize on every chance of improving myself.

"As you are coming to see me graduate, I shall have a nice little visit with you. It's too bad I can not see the little ones, but they can wait, and what good times we will all have when sister does comes! Write and tell me what you think of it, mother darling."

A forlorn wail went up from three little voices when the small girls were told of the new plan. Mother felt that she could have joined in it easily; the blessed home-coming had meant so much to her. How could her daughter disappoint her so?

But she could understand it better when she reached school; in the whirl of the closing days, the glow of delightful anticipation, in the crowding in of new interests and new pursuits, was it to be wondered at that the quiet demands of home should be shoved

aside? Certainly, it would require much of the grace of God to turn from all this pleasant excitement to the simple routine so satisfying before years of school. Mother was sure it was all right, but her heart kept on aching.

Music was popular in the school and formed a conspicuous part in the closing exercises. Emily was to sing, and in the glow of loving pride with which her mother looked at her, as she stood before the audience, in her simple white dress, she forgot for the moment everything else. But the shadow fell again. All the sweetness, the beauty of the young life was for others, not for those who loved her at home.

As she paused in her song, Emily's eyes fell on her mother, who sat near the stage. A pain smote her near the heart, for mother's face wore a look of pathetic sadness which her daughter had never seen before. And through the lights and the music and the upturned faces came a rush of feeling so strong that she almost forgot her part. She saw, as never before, the contrast between mother's life, written so pathetically on her gentle face, and her own, filled to overflowing with all the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Her whole heart was in the close of her song, for she sang to her mother as she had never sung before. A burst of applause greeted the close.

The next morning was full of stir. For in the afternoon the young people were to separate, some to return, others to take up a new life. Emily was to travel a short part of the distance with her mother, then to change cars and continue her journey with her friend, leaving her mother to go home alone. All that morning Emily was in wild spirits.

"I'm going to have good times, mother. Such good, good times." Not one word of regret at the prospect of being separated from her again; not a thought, apparently, of the little ones who mourned because sister Emily was not coming. Mother really began to wonder if her daughter was growing absolutely selfish.

When the time came to change cars, Emily was on her feet, still laughing and chatting.

"Aren't you going to wish me good-by, dear?" said mother, as Emily followed her friend to the door of the car. She turned with a merry laugh.

"Good-by, mother. It won't be long before I see you again."

The door closed on her. Mother sank back into the corner of her seat with a sob, while out on the platform the merry voices still kept on. How light-hearted those girls were, and how thoughtless of all besides their own desires and pursuits. She never would have believed Emily could be so.

"You are making the mistake of your life, Em."

"No, I think not."

"It isn't too late yet to change your mind. Come, Emma, you rush down there and change your trunk check while I buy you a ticket."

"Thank you, dear; but my mind is not subject to change."

"You'll regret it when it is too late."

"If I do, you may be sure I'll tell you so. You must write and tell me of all the good things you hear. Now—time for you to go—good-by—good-by."

Farewell shouts echoed back and forth as the train moved away, but mother, who had not heeded the light talk, did not look up until a pair of arms held her in a close embrace, and she looked up in Emily's face.

"Did you think I could leave you, mother darling? It has been my little joke all the morning—to get this little surprise on you. Oh, mother, do you think me the most selfish, undutiful daughter in all the world?"

"How you talk, my dearie!"

"Because if you don't, you and I have a disagreement. Well, mother, I seemed, somehow, to come to my senses all at once, and last night I fought it out with myself, with the result that here I am, going to the dearest home with the dearest mother in the world; and to stay—not to leave you when the summer is over."

"But, Emily, you are giving up so much. You said these next few years were going to be so important to you."

"I said so, and I say so still. But I don't think the next few years can be better spent than in doing what I can at home. You see, I am looking at the other side of things. There are plenty of girls—poor things!—who have no home. I will let them do the struggling and tugging, because they have to. But there is one girl who is not going to throw away the blessing which belongs to her. Now for the precious little ones, and the dear home life!"

"But, my child, you are giving up a great deal. Have you considered it well?"

"I know I am," said Emily, with a serious look on her face. "But I have thought it all out, mother, and believe I am keeping more than I gave up."

* * *

WANTED.

"WANTED.—In one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sunshiny daughter who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away her mother's wrinkles and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address Mother, Home Office."
—*Selected.*

SUN-COOKED PRESERVES.

Sun-cooked preserves are among the most delicious of all preserved fruits, tho not so generally known among Americans. The sun brings out all the fresh individual flavor of the fruit, particularly strawberries, currants, cherries, blackberries, loganberries, Tokay grapes, and figs. Peaches, pears, and plums have not juice enough in themselves. Cooked according to the following rule for Barle-Duc, the fruits will retain their native flavor: To every pound of fruit measured before pitting or seeding, allow a scant pound of sugar or even less in the case of particularly sweet fruits. Strawberries, for instance, should have a much scantier proportion of sugar than currants or sour cherries. Prepare the fruit at night, hulling the berries, pitting the cherries, stemming the currants, or cutting out the two seeds of the Tokays, as the case may be, and taking care to preserve every particle of the juice. Have ready hot platters or deep plates, and have the sugar heated in the oven, taking care not to let it melt or color. Spread a thin layer of the hot sugar over the bottom of the dish, then a layer of the fruit, and lastly another layer of sugar. By morning a thick sirup will have formed. This is drained off into the preserving-kettle and allowed to cook slowly for ten minutes, skimming if necessary. At the end of this time, put in the fruit, and cook until it just comes to a boil. Now skim out the fruit, spread fruit and sirup on broad platters, and set in the hot sun, covering with panes of window-glass. As the sun disappears in one place, move the fruit to another where it can have the full benefit of the sun's rays until rich and thick. Put in jelly-glasses, and cover with circles of writing-paper wet with brandy. Put up in this way, the fruit retains its natural color and flavor, while it is really very little trouble to do.—*From "Canning and Preserving Fruit," by Emma Paddock Telford, in the August Circle.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

See that the sides or walls of your refrigerators are occasionally scoured with soap, or soap and slaked lime.

Shabby dark leather will look like new if rubbed over with either linseed oil or the wellbeaten white of an egg mixed with a little black ink. Polish with soft dusters until quite dry and glossy.

Use a silver knife to peel apples, and the hands will not be blackened as when a steel knife is used. The acid of the fruit (acetic acid) acts on the iron in the latter case, but does not affect the silver.

To clean very dirty brass, scrub with a nail-brush dipped in powdered bath-brick dust and paraffin. Even the most tarnished brass can be cleaned in this way. Polish with the dry dust and a soft duster.

In order to keep silver that is not in constant use in a good condition, fill a paper with alternate layers of forks, spoons and other objects, and common flour that is perfectly dry. If the silver is bright and dry when put away it may be used at any time without being cleaned for a year or two. After this time the flour needs drying again.

Nature furnishes us many cures for the successful treatment of diseases, if we will but study her methods instead of following fads. For ivy poison, bathe the poisoned member in a strong lye made from wood ashes. This simple remedy has given almost instant relief in many cases of ivy poisoning. An excellent remedy to reduce swelling or pain of any kind is made as follows: Take one egg, one-half cup of vinegar, and the same of turpentine; put it all together in a bottle and shake thoroughly. After standing a little while it becomes as thick as cream. If desired, it can be thinned with a little vinegar.

A remedy that is said to be fine for asthma is made by gathering about six double handfuls of peach tree leaves, boiling them, and then squeezing the juice out. There should be about one quart. Add this to one quart of good molasses and cook to a candy, then pull and cut into small pieces and take a piece five times a day.

A good remedy for ringworm is made of sugar of lead, dissolved in rain-water, with ten drops of laudanum added. This should be applied with a feather or camel's hair brush.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Iodine will help neuralgic pain if the spot where the pain is severest be painted with it.

There is nothing to beat rhubarb juice as a cure for gout or rheumatism, except water from medicinal springs. All kinds of scurvy and blood poisoning yield to the juice of lemons or of limes, which are the greatest blood purifiers in existence.

Common mustard used as a plaster or poultice is the best cure for a cold on the chest, and the white of an egg with sugar is the finest medicine for hoarseness To cure a burn an application of the white skin that lines the shell of an egg is unbeatable, while the raw yolk is a capital tonic.

A physician announces that distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double—the head down and hands hanging—so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper portion of the body. In nearly every instance of nervous or anæmic palpitation the heart immediately resumes its normal function.

For catarrh a lukewarm solution of salt and milk is sniffed by the nostrils three times a day, one-fourth teaspoonful of the salt being used in a half pint of milk. Chronic sore eyes are bathed frequently with water in which a small amount of salt is dissolved, while it is applied very strongly to sprains and bruises. Moistened salt is bound upon burns, and if applied in time it will prevent blistering. Mixed with the white of the egg, it will abolutely prevent felons.

For the Children

THE REASON WHY.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry,
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She is always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason,
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard.

YOUTHFUL NATURAL HISTORY.

A PAPER submitted in the recent summer examinations contained the two following essays by a youth of ten whose literary talent will no doubt some day shine forth in the land. He is at all events original in his ideas.

The Eagle.

The eagle is the king of all birds.

The eagle can fly right at the sun and never wink its eye.

It is because it keeps its eyes open like all us Americans that we let it be our national burd and emblum.

The young eagles are called signetures.

If you leave a baby lieing around where a eagle can get it it will take it in its beake and fly away with it to its learie.

My father says President Roosefeldt wood sooner have our nationol burd to be a stork, because it bringeth and taketh not away as the Eagle doth.

The Beaver.

The Beaver youst to be yoused all the time to make hats out of, but when peepel wor straw hats and other kinds the Canadions took all the Beavers for ther nationol emblum. thou Canada is not really yet a nation I don't think.

The Beaver is very yousful to cut down trees and holler them out for canoes for the Injuns with its teeth.

Beavers work very hard at that all sumer and sleep in rivers under the ice in the winter. I think that is all ther is to no about Beavers.—*Robert Elliot, in Woman's Home Companion.*

"THE LEDDY WHO SAID 'THANK YOU.'"

NANCY stepped from an electric car late one afternoon on her way to the small upstairs shop where certain artistic wares are found. As she hurried along the crowded street, looking for the familiar front of the building, she saw in surprise that it had disappeared. Its place was partly taken by scaffolding, and for some distance the space in front of the building was boarded in, enclosing piles of lumber, plaster and several workmen.

At first Nancy turned away, but on second thought decided to persevere and indulge in the feminine pastime of "asking."

"Are people still doing business in the upstairs shops?" she inquired pleasantly, looking into the open door in the boarding.

"Sure, Miss, everything's goin' on, same as ever," replied the head workman, coming forward, "excepting in the front, of course."

"But can I get through here?" and Nancy laughed a little doubtfully.

"Sure. We'll fix that all right," was the answer as, with an authoritative wave of the hand, the man motioned two others to lift away a heavy piece of timber, to kick aside some plastery blocks and to place a clean plank in the doorway.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," apologized Nancy, as the workman pulled off his rough cap and gallantly helped her to mount.

If Nancy could ask questions like a woman, she could also select a purchase quickly, "like a man." Before many minutes, therefore, she reappeared in the doorway and, thinking to have slipped out unnoticed, her pretty brow wrinkled in annoyance to find the plank removed and the work going on as before. She was plainly helpless. By this time the friendly man caught sight of her, and with a "Wait a minute miss," he sprang for the plank himself, again ordering the way cleared for "the leddy."

"Thank you," smiled Nancy. "It is too bad to interrupt your work again, especially as I suppose you're here to build this new front and not help persons in and out of the building."

"Oh, no, miss," he replied, "we're used to it; we've been a-doin' of it all day long. But," he added, hesitating as he stood aside to let her pass, "you're the first leddy as has said 'Thank you.'"



THE RURAL LIFE

Home of the Honey Bee

D. J. Blocher

Swarming.

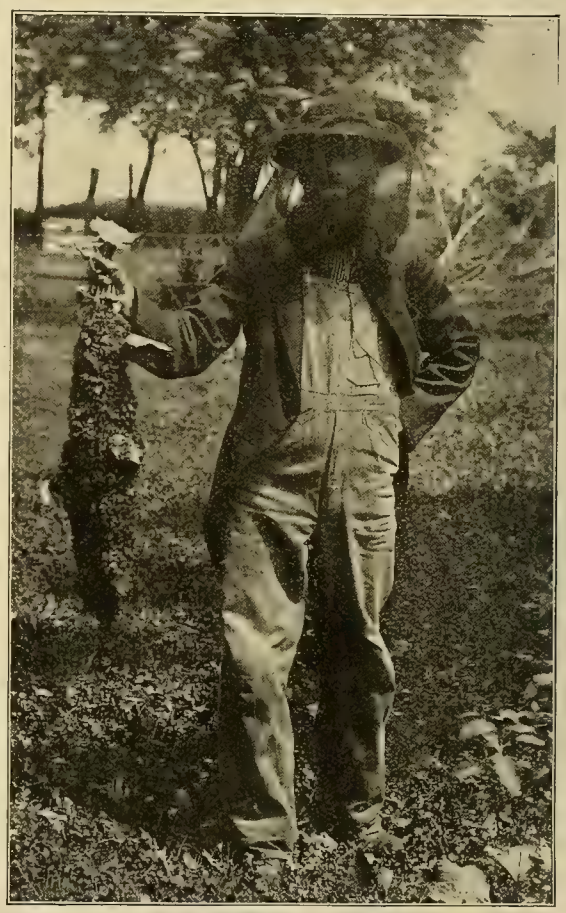
THE very moment we entered one of our yards to get a view of the yard, a swarm began to issue, and before it had clustered, another came out of another hive. The two mingled in the air. We had been wishing for a view of a good swarm, so now we had a chance to get a view. The bees began to settle low on a bush across the fence. I got across and cut the twig and small vine on which they were clustering, and held it till I thought I had about half the bees. Then I returned across the fence for a view. The swarm was good size but not a real large swarm. Sixty thousand bees and over makes a fine swarm and one that can hustle in the honey. The view is not as good as we meant to get for the *Nook,* but is the best we could do under the situation.

When I was a boy it was the custom to rattle pans or ring cow-bells to cause the bees to cluster, but it has been quite clearly demonstrated that bees do not hear, and therefore noise cuts no figure with them. However there are many people who think noise is what counts in everything, ar at least it has that appearance. They forget that the world moves by men and women who *do things* and not by those who make noise.

Again to my subject. Just this season we were reminded of the old-time custom of making noise to have the bees cluster. This was repeated in our own village by several of the neighbors. We do not pay any attention to the bees when they swarm, excepting to know where they have settled. Then we take a hive to the place, and gently shake the bees at the entrance of the hive, and the work of hiving is done.

Bees appreciate good handling which is observable in the handling that different men give them. They are not slow eitheir to give you a "pointer" on the business.

After the bees are hived, they should be taken back to the old stand, the old hive removed, a rod or so, and the new swarm set where the old hive was. This throws all the field bees into one swarm and they are the ones to get the honey. Then, if there were any honey boxes on the parent hive, they should be removed and placed on the new. This puts unfinished honey and the field workers together and if any honey is to be had, it will come by this method.



The Author at Work.

I have handled bees from boyhood and have tried many methods of handling swarms for honey, and the method just described is the most satisfactory. At

this writing some of our swarms so handled have already stored seventy-two one-pound sections of honey. Some people may think it is the young bees that leave the old hives. This is not the case, as can clearly be proved in various ways.

Bee men have been trying to hit on a plan to do away with swarming, and run all efforts into honey. But overcoming the swarming, and yet have a compact body of bees to do lots of work, is hard to do from the simple fact that the swarming is nature's way of perpetuating the race, and, to be successful, this nature must in some way be overcome. Just this summer we heard of one man who has learned to introduce as many as fourteen unrelated queens into one hive, all laying, with no swarming inclination. Bee men have an eye on this move, but have no clue to the work. If his efforts prove successful he will reveal his plan to the beekeeping world for practical purposes.

In a later article we shall speak of the individual bees and also give further description of each.

Pearl City, Ill.

A Pennsylvania Canal Boat

S. Z. Sharp

In Two Parts.—Part One.

Sixty years ago, and longer, the traffic between Pittsburg, Pa., and Philadelphia was carried on by means of boats on the Pennsylvania Canal, which followed the Juniata River from a point near its source to its confluence with the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg.

The waters of the Juniata and of other streams were necessary to supply the locks with water when boats passed through them, and had to be raised to a higher level. This canal was constructed up the sides of the Alleghany Mountains as far as it could be supplied with water. Boats that were required to cross the mountains were built in sections, so that they could be drawn up the sides of the mountain,—a section at a time,—on an inclined plane, by means of powerful machinery, and let down again into the canal on the other side of the mountain, where the sections were joined together again. Boats plying on either side of the mountain only, were not built in sections.

These boats were drawn by horses hitched tandem fashion to a long rope or cable, attached to one end of the boat. A well-kept road, called a "towpath," led along the edge of the canal, and on this path the horses walked.

When two boats met, coming from opposite directions, the driver of the horses going down stream moved his horses away from the canal and stopped. The impetus given to the boat and the slow current of the water, carried the boat forward. This let the cable drop to the bottom of the canal, and the horses and boat going up-stream, passed over the cable between the horses and boat going down stream.

Sometimes the canal followed the foot of a steep mountain, where there was no room for a towpath, which made it necessary for the towpath to run on the other side of the canal. Then horses had to cross over a bridge to the other side. How to get the horses and rope over the bridge, and the boat through underneath, without detaching the rope from the boat, might give the reader some thought.

Well, it was very simple. The horses first went through under the bridge and drew the boat far enough; then turned square around went back, crossed the bridge on the lower side and continued on the other side of the canal.

The horses usually were driven by boys. James A. Garfield one of our presidents, when a boy spent some time as a driver on a towpath.

The water in the canal had to be about sixty feet wide, and from six to seven feet deep, no matter how the land sloped. This necessitated the construction of numerous locks, such as are contemplated to be built in the Panama ship canal.

These locks were always in pairs, a little more than the length of a boat apart.

Before a boat came near a lock, the lock-keeper was notified to get the locks ready, by the boatman's playing a tune on a long tin horn, similar to that used by our grandmothers to call the men to dinner from the fields. When passing through the mountains, the reverberations of the sound from the boatman's horn were often wild and shrill, like that of the hunters in the Alps. We were really sorry when the canal was abandoned and the music of the boatmen's horn was heard no more.

When the boatman went down stream, the lock-keeper opened the upper lock and let the boat in between the two locks. Then shutting it again, he opened the lower lock, letting out the water between the two locks till the boat was on the lower level and went on. In going up stream the order was reversed.

A good deal of travel was carried on by means of a "packet boat," as it was called. It was of light draft, nicely painted, and provided inside with neat parlors and staterooms. Such a boat was drawn by double teams, frequently relayed, and went at a speed of five miles an hour. This "packet boat" was the

lightning express of that day, and contrasted somewhat with the lightning express running now along the same line over the Pennsylvania Central R. R., at a tenfold speed, or fifty miles an hour.

All the traffic between Pittsburg and Philadelphia was carried on through this canal, and at the time it was sufficient for all purposes. To the younger readers of the INGLENOOK it may seem a slow way of moving traffic, yet it was a great improvement upon an earlier age and an earlier method, by which all the goods from Philadelphia west had to be freighted by four and six-horse teams hitched to covered wagons. A description of the life in that age would make an interesting article. What become of the canal boat and what took place later, we must leave for our next article.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY MOSQUITOES.

YES, blood is the aim of these busy little insects who intrude their company so "feelingly" into our presence when we least desire it. "Where in the world do they all come from?" we ask in despair. Go with me to the nearest pool of standing water. Here the "lady mosquito" lays upon the surface a boat shaped mass of eggs which weighs something like one-fifth as much as her whole body. She must have stuff out of which to make them, and the requisite material is furnished by a single good sized drop of blood, which some human being or other animal is expected to supply. When we are bitten, therefore, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are providing substance out of which a fresh brood of mosquitoes will be hatched.

Mosquitoes are very ancient insects. They have been found fossilized in rocks millions of years old—including one species called *Culex damnatorum* (gnat of the damned), which was of extraordinary size. In so great a length of time, during which only the females had any use for blood, the long disused biting organs of the males have become mere rudiments; so that the gentleman mosquito of today could not possibly perform, even if he so wished, the difficult surgical operation by which his mate procures a supply of gore. He does feed upon the juices of plants, and is often found reposing inside of flowers, which afford a sustenance adequate for his purposes.

The so-called bite of a mosquito, however, is not, properly speaking, a bite at all, but a sting. She is provided with a beak nearly half as long as her body, which contains, neatly packed away, a wonderful little set of surgical instruments, inconceivably sharp. These consist of a lance, far finer and sharper than the smallest cambric needle, and four tiny saws, with which she cuts the skin and the capillary blood vessels lying beneath, so as to allow the blood to flow freely. In addition to the stabber and the saws there is a long-grooved tool, down which flow oily drops of poisonous fluid from the venom glands, to dilute the blood and make it pour out rapidly.

The venom glands are two in number; and in the back of the insect's head is a sort of bulb apparatus, by which the blood is pumped up into the throat and stomach. If one waits until the operation is complete, practically all of the poison will be pumped out of the wound, and the bite will have merely the appearance of a small, red puncture, without itching. But if a slap destroys the creature while she is engaged in the performance, not only does more or less of the venom remain, but the little saws, each of which has forty-two serration, are likely to be broken off beneath the skin, remaining to cause additional irritation.

As for mosquitoes in general, it is not to be denied that in one way they have an important usefulness—that is to say, in purification of standing water. Their larvæ feed exclusively upon decaying vegetable matter, and thus act as scavengers. If proof of this wanted, place side by side two barrels of water, one covered with a gauze net, and the other uncovered. After a few days the uncovered barrel will be found full of "wigglers," but sweet; the other will be found foul and offensive to the smell.

PROGRESS AND VALUE OF TREE PLANTING.

REPORTS from all parts of the country show that the past season has undoubtedly been characterized by a more extensive planting of forest trees than any previous year in the history of the United States. The work is progressing very favorably in every State in the Union. It has been most extensive in California, in the great Middle West, and in the New England States. But even in the South, where planting has been more or less limited because of existing natural forests, the scope of the work has greatly broadened.

The trees planted have been mainly hardwoods. Several large nurserymen, however, report greater sales of conifers for forest planting than they have ever made before. In the Middle West catalpa, black locust, Osage orange, and Russian mulberry were the favorite trees; in the North and northeast preference was given to white pine, chestnut, larch, and spruce; in the South the native conifers held the lead; and in California, where the immense annual planting area has been increased to at least five times its former size, eucalyptus had practically a monopoly.

A few figures readily show the value of forest planting from a commercial standpoint. In Pawnee County Nebr., a sixteen-year-old catalpa plantation gave a net return of $152.17 per acre at the time the plantation was cut. This meant an annual profit of $6.24 per acre. A ten-year-old plantation of the same species in Kansas showed a net value of $197.55 per acre. Still another plantation in Nebraska, gave a net income

of $170.50 per acre when fourteen years old, which amounts to an annual income of $8.69 per acre. Several equally striking cases could be cited throughout the entire Middle West, and it is known that where the catalpa will succeed no other tree will pay so well. Good soil and moisture conditions are, however, essential for success with this tree.

Osage Orange has been known to produce as high as 2,640 first-class posts and 2,272 second-class posts per acre, and it is well understood that no posts are better than those of Osage orange. Land producing such a forest as this could hardly be put to a better use, since timber is the easiest of all crops to raise and from now on will never go begging for a market.

Red cedar in plantations twenty-five years old has reached a value of $200.54 per acre. European larch used for fence posts or telephone posts reaches an average value of $200 to $300. White pine plantations forty years old have exceeded a value of $300 per acre, and it is known that the eucalyptus, even when grown for fuel alone, can compete as to profits with oranges.

It does not take a lifetime to get results. Catalpa often reaches a post size in from eight to ten years, and will give service as a post for from fifteen to forty years. Osage orange, which reaches post size in from twenty to fifteen years, usually lasts longer than calapa. Black locust, though badly affected by the borer in some regions, grows about as fast as the catalpa and has almost the some post value, while it has the great advantage over catalpa of being able to thrive on poor land. European larch reaches a size suitable for telephone poles in twenty-five years. When treated with preservative it will then last from fifteen to twenty-five years. Eucalyptus makes a heavy yield of fuel in seven years, and the crop should nearly always be cut before ten years. On favorable sites white pine will make saw timber in from forty to sixty years. Already the demand for the timber of this tree shows conclusively that the investment will prove immensely profitable.

In every region of the United States there is at least one forest tree, and generally there are several forest trees, which can be planted with a complete assurance of commercial success if the plantation is properly established and given proper care. The Government has made a very careful study of most of the forest plantations in the United States. Its publications on tree planting may be had free of charge upon application to the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. The studies on which they were based were made especially for the benefit of farmers and other land owners, and to prevent the waste of thousands of dollars annually lost by planting the wrong forest trees or by improper care of plantations.

From the manner in which our natural timber has been cut it is clear that each region will have to be made as nearly self-supporting in timber growth as possible. The lesson of the past is that the right forest trees grown in the right way will bring a big profit.

FUNNYGRAPHS

A Vermont editor claims to have seen a rainbow at night, and the temperance people have given him up as hopeless.

"My dear sir," protested the eminent Senator, "I try to take a broad view of every public question."

"I notice you always stand on both sides of it," said the dissatisfied constituent.

She: "You haven't any confidence in either candidate?"

He: "On the contrary, I have confidence in both. I believe all the things they say about each other are absolutely true."

"Yes, Miss, those ruins over there are of the great lighthouse—blown down in a single night."

"Goodness gracious! How silly of them to put it in such an exposed position!"

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows. "I hav tuk your paper for leven yeres, but if you kan't spel enny better than you have been doin fur the las tu munths you may jes stoppit."

Mrs. Gadd: "You look tired, Mrs. Gabb. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Gabb: "Tired! I'm nearly dead. I've sat at my bath-room window every day for hours seven weeks on end, listening to the sounds in the parsonage next door, and I haven't heard a cross word yet."

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said a widowed mother to her only son. "O, mother, I hid behind the sofa when Colonel Gobler was saying to Maria that he'd take her even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there; and so I held my tongue and laughed in my sleeves till I busted 'em."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additioal lies. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

For Sale.—A nice home in Brethren community, for sale cheap, on easy terms. Large eight-room house, nearly new, new orchard and poultry house. Barn contracted for. Nine or nineteen acres of land. Good schools, markets, roads, water, etc. Telephones and daily mail.—Address: Garfield Nine, Brookside, W. Va.

Wanted.—Matron. Man and wife to do the dining room work and wash and wipe dishes. Some one who wishes to attend school to work for part expenses.—Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.

NEFF'S CORNER

Only a few hours' ride from Lake Arthur, I am still in position to look after the interests of those who have invested there. I have employed a thoroughly responsible helper, who is there every day, to look after rents there, and whenever necessary I can go in person to attend to Lake Arthur business myself. Being fully convinced that I could make the change without injury to any and with advantage to many, I decided to come to Clovis. And the rate at which things are moving here is really lively. A 25-foot vacant lot on Main street sold a few days ago for $1,850. A property that cost less than $1,200 sold inside of six weeks for $2,500. A building that cost less that $900 rents for $75 per month. Contracts for improvements here, such as depot, eating-house, shops and yards, have already said to have been let by the railroad company amounting to $260,000. It is estimated that when all the work now arranged for is in operation, here, Clovis will have a monthly pay roll of $150,000. If you would like one or more lots with three-room houses, such as will rent for $15 per month, you can get them well located now for $450 each. Same sized lot (50x140 feet), as well located, with two-room house, such as will rent for $10 per month can be had for $350. If you would like one or more vacant lots to hold awhile for advance in price, a limited number can be had with good house on lot next adjoining (which, of course, will enhance the value of yours) at $125 for in-lots or $150 for corners. If interested in lands near by the good market which this and other adjacent towns will afford, you can get them. I have none to sell, but I have made inquiry and find prices low. We hope to have a Brethren church and community in the near future, and if you will investigate you may find that there is room for you. Write

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mex.

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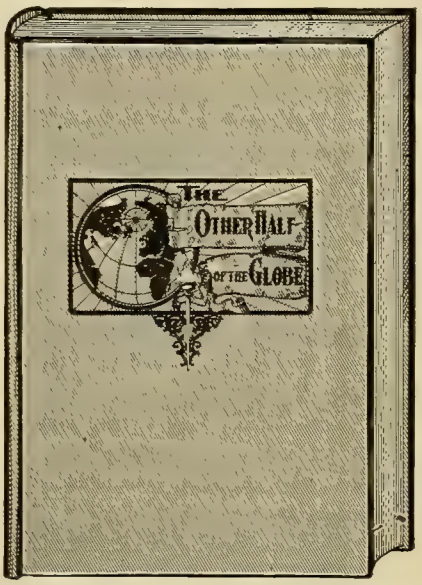
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LIFE.

Life, I know not what thou art
And know that thou and I must part,
But when and where and how we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we've long been together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in a brighter clime,
Bid me "good morning."

—Mrs. Barbauld.

THE FELLOW THAT'S DOING HIS BEST.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold,
For the man who has fate on his side;
There are cheers for the folk that are jingling the gold
And are drifting along with the tide.
But the man who is striving to get to the land
And facing the hungry wave's crest
We quite overlook, for we don't understand
The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story is done,
Though we smile as he plods on his way,
For his own self-esteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray.
And he knows the affection of home and of friends
And the pleasure of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good-will, as the twilight descends,
For the fellow that's doing his best.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MORNING.

Oh, the beauty of the morning! It showers its splendors down
From the crimson robes of sunrise, the azure mountain's crown;
It smiles amid the waving fields, it dapples in the streams,
It breathes its sparkling music through the rapture of our dreams.

It floats upon the limpid air in rainbow-clouds of mist,
It ripples through the glowing skies in pearl and amethyst,
It gleams in every burnished pool, it riots through the grass,
It splashes waves of glory on the shadows as they pass.

It steals among the nodding trees and to the forest croons,
In airy note and gentle voice, 'neath waning plenilunes;
It calls, and lo! the wooded brakes, the hills and tangled fens—
A world of life and mystery—swarm with its denizens.

It trembles in the perfumed breeze, and where its ardor runs,
A thousand light-winged choristers pant forth their orisons;
A thousand echoes clap their hands, and from their dewy beds,
A million scarlet-throated flowers peer forth with startled heads.

Oh, the beauty of the morning! It rains upon our ears:
The music of the universe, the chiming of the spheres;
From cloistered wood and leafy vale, its tuneful medleys throng,
Till all the earth is drenched in light, and all the world in song!

—Elisha Safford.

"IT NEVER COMES AGAIN."

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

"NOBODY KNOWS BUT—MOTHER."

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody lists to the childish woes
Which only kisses smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the pleading prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience long—
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storms in after years,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love—
Nobody can—but mother.

—Lillian Dooley.

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With each order for one dollar's worth of our Motto Cards as listed below.

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Find enclosed draft for 200 Cook Books. I am getting along well and like the work fine. The most books I have sold in a day was 31. Suppose I would have sold more, but finished the town and had to quit. Ida Brower, South English, Iowa, June 25, 1907.

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"I do not feel that I could devote my whole time in selling the Inglenook Cook Book just at present, but would like to work at it what I can. I feel it will be helping womankind to introduce it into these homes for the recipes are so easy to understand and so many every day wholesome things that it makes any one hungry just to read them. Please send me a cook book to use in selling the same." Mrs. J. W. Hoover, Sunfield, Mich., July 15, 1907.

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that these reports are nearly all from inexperienced canvassers.

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Waupecong, Ind.

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Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

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In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

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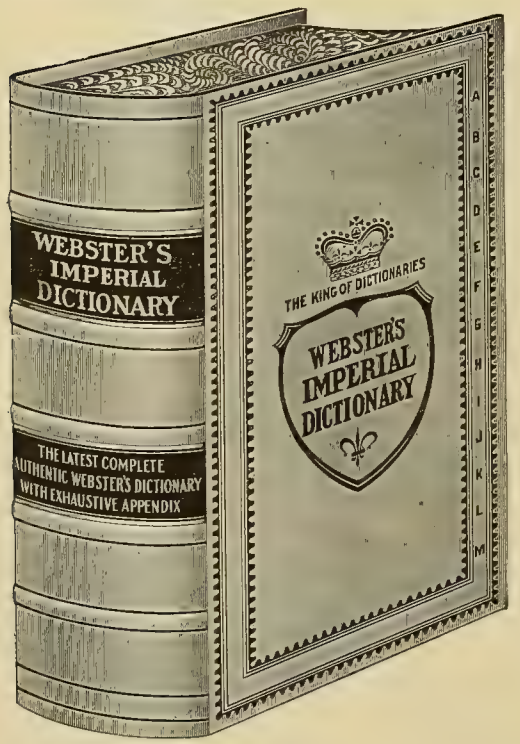
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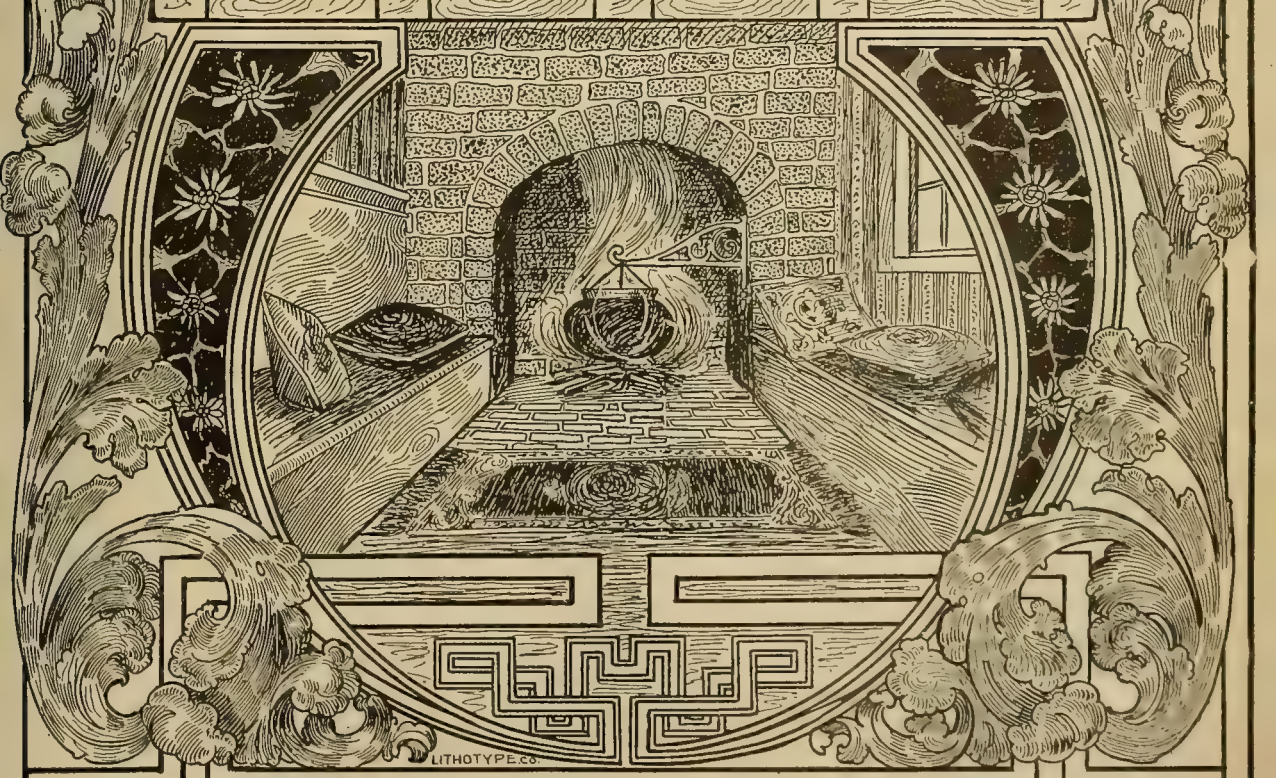
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

September 10, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 37. Vol. IX

Cheap Excursion

TO

BUTTE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA

Thursday, September 12

Elder D. C. Campbell, of Colfax, Indiana, and a number of LAND BUYERS and SETTLERS who have bought in BUTTE VALLEY, CALIF. invite others to join the

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MORE SNAP SHOTS FROM BUTTE VALLEY



Vegetables from Bro. Early's Garden.

Last week we promised to show you some more views from Butte Valley, and here they are. Next week we will show you Bro. Maust in his wheat field, with his self-binder. The two pictures on this page will be interesting to the readers of the Inglenook, because a great many people, on going to Butte Valley, seem to fail to find Silas Smith and his second wife; if this isn't a case of it then it is hard to find one. This was certainly taken in Butte Valley, and those who have been there will probably know the parties. Some people think that because the land will raise five tons of alfalfa to the acre that it takes two to milk one cow, but this is not always the case.

The other picture shows some of the beautiful radishes at close range, as well as some red beets, sugar beets and heads of lettuce. The large, thrifty pumpkin vines certainly denote a fertile soil. The potato crop this year, like everywhere else in California, was something wonderful. We herewith print a clipping from San Francisco Chronicle, Aug. 29, which explains itself.

MAKE FORTUNES IN POTATOES.

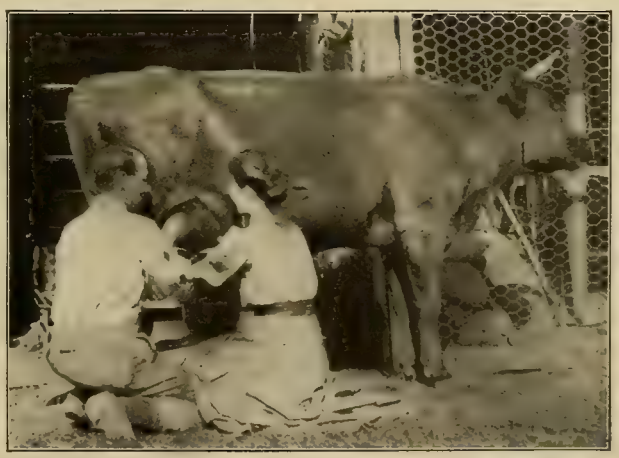
Farmers Report Large Yield and Good Prices for Potatoes, Onions and Hops.

The California State Board of Trade, in gathering statistics concerning the crops of California for the present season, has received reports from many districts showing that the yield is very heavy and prices good. Potato growers will make fortunes this year. From reports thus far received, the State Board issued the following statement yesterday:

"San Joaquin county alone has over 18,000 acres in potatoes and they are turning out well, averaging 250 bushels to the acre, making a total of **4,500,000 bushels,** more than twice as many as last year. **Some growers** are getting **over 300 bushels.** One has 420 acres in potatoes and is getting an average of **175 sacks per acre, or 73,500 sacks** in all, which he is selling as fast as he can dig them at from **$1.65 to $2.00** per sack, over **$120,000 for his crop.**

Stanislaus county growers are doing even better as far as yield and returns per acre are concerned, especially with sweet potatoes which are turning out marvelously well. From Southern California potato districts come equally good reports. Good yield, good quality and good prices.

The onion and dried bean crops are also reported good, both in the nothern and southern districts. Hops, too, are generally turning out better than was expected, and as the crop in other quarters of the world is short, the growers in the State who are able to hold on will make money. On the Durst ranch, near Wheatland, which is one of the largest hop-ranches in the world, the crop has been nearly all gathered and the hops are of fine quality.



Silas and Lucile (?)

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Wearing Out

That is just what a great many people are doing. They know something is wrong, and yet can't tell what is the matter.

Did you ever think what a large proportion of the American people are sick, or, at least, if not exactly sick, are not well? Something is the matter all the time.

How many people of your personal acquaintance are constantly complaining of being "so tired," having "such a headache," of "not feeling just right," and a thousand and one other things, until it almost seems as if the world had become one huge hospital filled with incurables? ! What is the cause of all this? It is certainly not a natural condition, but on the contrary one that should cause much anxiety and alarm.

The people in America are proverbially in a hurry. They eat in a hurry, work in a hurry and sleep in a hurry, overworking and overstraining nature, and then wonder why it is they don't feel well and strong.

One of the results of the American way of "rushing" things is the impoverishing of the blood, which furnishes the sinews of life. Not being able to respond to the calls made on it, the blood becomes thin and weak and, losing its strength, it soon fails to accomplish the work for which it is intended, and disease in its varied forms is the inevitable result. This weakness becomes sometimes the heritage of following generations.

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AN OCTOGENARIAN WRITES.

Lindsay, Ohio, Dec. 5, 19 .

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Dear Sirs: -Age is telling on me, as I am 84 years old, and I am thinking of resigning now my agency for the sale of your medicine, although our business relations have been very pleasant.

It has been a blessing to me that I was able to earn my living up to now and that blessing is due to a large extent to the invigorating qualities of the valuable remedy, the **Blood Vitalizer,** which had kept me on my feet for years.

I wish you further luck and God's richest blessing and remain.

Yours truly,
Jakob Artz.

SUFFERED FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., July 31st.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Next to God, I am thankful to you for what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. For 24 years I suffered with stomach trouble. I had fainting spells, cramps and vomiting. I suffered terribly, and would have these attacks as often as once a week. I consulted the best physicians, as they were recommended to me, but they failed to cure me. One doctor had me under his care for four months and said I was cured and did not need any more medicine; but in a short time I was in the same condition again. It is now about eight years ago that I first heard of your **Blood Vitalizer.** I used it for some time and it cured me. I have never had any relapse since and have felt since then altogether like a new man. As long as I live and the **Blood Vitalizer** is to be had, I stand as a champion for your remedy. We would not think of being without it in the family.

Yours very truly,
Box 53. Andrew P. Peterson.

WAS A VERY SICK MAN.

North Plymouth, Mass., July 31st.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Son, Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—You will, no doubt, recollect sending me about six months ago a trial box of your **Blood Vitalizer.** I am now in a position to tell you what it did for me. I was a very sick man. The seat of my disease seemed to be my chest and stomach. I cannot give it any name. The doctors said my heart and stomach were badly affected but I cannot place much reliance in what they said, as they all failed to help me the least bit. Your **Blood Vitalizer** cured me, however. and I cannot praise your remedy enough for it. It is the only medicine that had any effect on my trouble. I am glad I learned of it and know where to get it in case any of my friends should need it.

Yours truly,
Frank Hallgren.

A DIFFERENT GIRL.

Edwardsville, Ill., May 15th.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I must let you know how successfully your remedy, the **Blood Vitalizer,** has been used in our family. We have a daughter, who is now almost six years old, and who has been sick and ailing almost since infancy. She had no appetite and looked very bad. Everybody who saw her thought that she was troubled with worms. We finally took her to the doctors and they said she had poor, weak blood. We tried their remedies but it seemed of no use. Then we commenced giving her your **Blood Vitalizer** and she commenced to pick up right away. She got a good appetite and people who see her now think she is a different girl. They can hardly believe she is the same one who was sick. We shall always keep your **Blood Vitalizer** as our family medicine.

Yours respectfully,
Box 268. Frank Harbeck.

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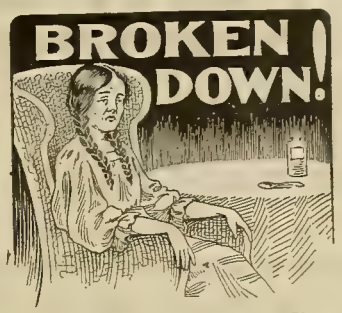
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Brethren Publishing House,
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Lomita California

"Do you think it advisable to try California a while before purchasing a home?"

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What brings contentment sooner than to own the land you are on,—own your house, and trees, etc? Every tree you plant is your own. Every flower and shrub that you encourage and cultivate is yours and these things you own are calculated to enlarge and strengthen your likes.

We have known farmers, who each owned 160 acres in the Mississippi valley, lease out their farms at $5 per acre,—and come out to California to "try it awhile" to see if they would like it. Now how did they go about it to find out what they would like? They rented some poor houses in some village, bought "second-hand" furniture with "Stint" thrown in, purchased their meat, butter, milk, groceries, vegetables—everything that they needed to eat and wear, and sometimes worked for $1.50 per day. They owned no horse, no buggy, no cow, no pigs, no hens, no garden—just "cooped" in a few rooms, and then were surprised at "the high cost of living" and utterly amazed that their income was far below what came from the 160 acre farm, where the hens roamed freely and split the air daily with their cackles over the egg business; where the fine hams and sausages came each autumn from the herds of fat hogs in clover, where the fat cows yielded rich cream and yellow butter, where the garden flourished so nicely and the apple bins delighted their owners. Yes, it "surprised" these farmers that they "could not like California," where they made no effort to produce the same kind of things that they had "down east." How unfair to "test" California that way!

Come to Lomita, get some of this good dirt and pure water, mix it in proper proportions, sow some seed, cultivate as you used to in your former home, follow the same economic conditions, look at your revenue and then consult your feelings, your likes and dislikes, and California will be genial toward you, as the East was, with the cyclones and lightnings, and freezings cut out. By making yourself a home, you will more likely be quite contented, and realize for your honest toil what you deserve. Try California as you would any other State, by honest industry and laudable efforts. There are lots of good places to do this and Lomita is one of them. The things that make for industry are awaiting you and we are never "too busy" to point them out to you. We much prefer to **Do** rather than to talk or write. Come look at our offerings and be convinced.

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The Brethren

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Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

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Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

One-Way Rates in Effect from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31

	From Chicago.
Pocatello, Idaho,	$30 00
Ogden, Utah,	30 00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	30 00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	30 50
Payette, Idaho,	30 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	30 50
Boise City, Idaho,	31 10

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Record of the Rocks

Robert E. Ericsen

I HAVE just been at work in the quarry. It is hard work, yet I enjoy it. Here, several hundred feet above sea level, I have turned over layer after layer of rock, showing the print of marine shells.

Here is a fine sandstone slab in the shade of a mulberry tree. Let us rest here and see what we can find. Notice that rock at your feet. It has a fresh fracture so we can examine both the exterior and interior. On the side see that print about the size and shape of your thumb nail. Clean the hardened clay from it and see the lines radiating from a point at one end. This is the print of a marine mollusk. On the upper surface you can see the upper portion of a shell, showing the hinge. There too, are several objects shaped like twigs. These are crinoids.

Here, in the ages long ago, when this old world was fresh from the hands of its Creator, the waves of ocean spread the glittering sand in sheets over vast layers of crinoids and mollusks. The ocean bed sank lower and lower till this bed of sand was deeply buried, and the enormous pressure soldified it into solid rock. Later it was upheaved and water eroded this valley, laying bare the rock.

Rocks are classed in two general divisions, stratified and unstratified. The stratified show the action of water, the others of fire. They are also called aqueous and igneous.

The common kinds of stratified rocks are,

1. *Calcareous,* which includes the limestone formations. They are composed principally of animal remains.

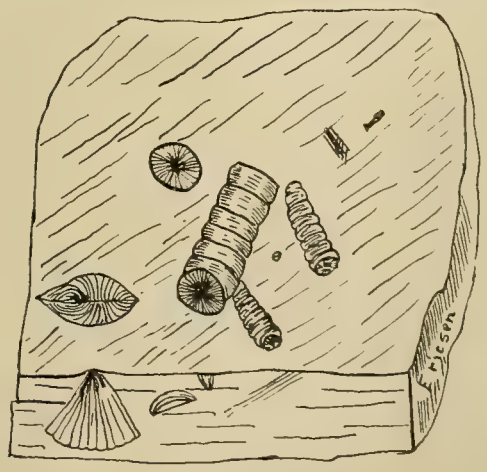
2. *Sandstone,* which consists of sand washed down from the land and settling in the water. Many fossil remains are found in this rock. The quarry where I have been at work consists of an unknown depth of the first, with a layer of the second, the one gradually blending into the other.

3. *Argillaceous,* or clayey sandstone. When it breaks into layers, it is called laminated.

4. *Shale* consists mainly of clay arranged mostly in layers, but breaking an all directions under the influence of heat or moisture.

The blackness of some shale is due to the carbon of plants and animals. When burnt, the carbon is consumed and the shale is white. For the same reason black limestone yields white quicklime.

Plants and animals have contributed much to the formation of rock. Limestone is formed mostly from shells, corals, crinoids and foraminifers, their contribution being carbonate of lime. Corals and crinoids are found only in ocean waters, hence stone abounding in their remains are of marine formation. The



Sandstone Slab.

coral, usually, has been pulverized by the waves, losing all trace of its origin, but foraminifers often form a fine-grained rock without grinding. Chalk, when viewed under a microscope, is seen to consist almost wholly of their remains.

The crinoids grew erect on a fixed stem. Pieces of these stems are often called "Indian beads" or petrified sticks. In the southern part of this county are limestone quarries where the layers are several feet thick and many fossils are to be found there.

From this ancient ocean bed we today take stone for walks, roads, walls and cement. Let us call noth-

ing useless. The waste of today may be the valued product of tomorrow. Let us, like the crinoid of old, fill the place assigned to us, believing that though we cannot see it, in the great sum of human existence we are not a cipher.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

DANGER OF HEADACHE REMEDIES.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, utters a solemn warning in *The Ladie's Home Journal,* against certain headache remedies extensively used in this country. The new Food and Drugs Act requires that most of the drugs used in headache preparations be mentioned on the label of the bottle. But the fact remains that many people will not know their significance. Caffein and antipyrin are frequent ingredients of headache powders, but they are not required to be mentioned by the act. The people have therefore only a partial protection.

Now acetanilid, caffein, phenacetin, antipyrin and the many derivitives of these, when not used under the direction of a competent physician, are dangerous, and their mixture is apt to be deadly. They depress the nervous system; they disturb the digestion; they interfere with natural sleep; they require to be used in increasingly larger quantities as the system becomes accustomed to them; they are almost without exception excreted by the kidneys, thus adding an additional burden to organs already badly overworked. They produce a habit of gaining relief which soon asserts itself completely and becomes irrisistible.

This indictment does not lie against any one particular remedy, but against the whole system; and especially should we be on our guard against the manufacturer's and the druggist's practice of using fanciful names to cover up the sale of the drugs which enter into the composition of headache powders.

There is only one safe way to use a headache remedy, says Dr. Wiley. Go to a reliable physician and find out first from what kind of a headache you are suffering, for it should be remembered that one kind of headache is caused by the eyes, another by the stomach, and still another by some other cause, and each requires a different treatment. In most cases of headache there is a congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain and its membranes, and the natural remedial act to relieve pain would be to reduce the congestion. On the other hand, when a headache is caused by fatigue or lack of blood in the brain, just the opposite condition is present, and a stimulting treatment is indicated. Go directly to the root of the trouble, and let a physician discover where it lies. The headache remedy may be quicker in its result, but it is a poor result that alleviates a headache at the expense of the heart or the general health.

GOD IS LOVE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

From this house of flesh incarnate
Within which my soul is stayed,
Looking out upon the beauties
Of a world divinely made,
Through the windows of the vision
Often have I looked above
For earth's beauties, pointing skyward,
Sweetly whispered—**God is Love.**

A BARROOM ADVERTISEMENT.

SELECTED BY EFFIE E. MILLER.

Tombstone, Arizona, claims to have the frankest saloonkeeper in the United States. He keeps the "Temple Bar" saloon and advertises as follows: "Friends and Neighbors, I am grateful to you for past favors, and having supplied my store with a fine line of choice liquors, allow me to inform you that I shall continue to make drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, respectable part of the community to support. My liquors will excite riot, robbery, and bloodshed. They will diminish your comforts, increase your expense, and shorten life. I shall confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and incurable diseases. They will deprive some of life, others of reason, many of character and all of peace. They will make fathers, friends, wives, widows, children, orphans, and all poor. I will train your sons in infidelity, dissipation, ignorance, lewdness and every other vice. I will corrupt the minister of religion, obstruct the gospel, defy the church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

"I will thus accomodate the public. It may be the loss of my never-dying soul, but I have a family to support. The business pays, and the public encourages it. I have paid my license and the traffic is lawful, and if I don't sell it, somebody else will. I know the Bibe says. "Thou shat not kill," "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven" and I do not expect the drunkard-maker to fare any better, but I want an easy living and I have resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and to fatten on the substance of my fellow-men. I shall forever carry on my business with energy and do my best to demolish the wealth of the nation, and endanger the safety of the State, as my business flourishes in proportion to sensuality and ignorance.

"I will do my best to prevent moral purity and intellectual growth. Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawnshop, the poorhouse, the hospital, the penitentiary, the Police Court and the jail, where you will find many of my best customers have gone. A sight of them will convince you that I do what I say.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

A People Without a Country

HAVE you ever thought that it is possible to find a large body of people, absolutely without a country that they can claim as their native land? Such are the gypsies. You have seen them everywhere, no matter where you travel,—a roving people,—here to-day and gone to-morrow.

The more they are persecuted the better they thrive. They may seem few, but they are millions strong. They may be hidden, but they are there in all castes, colors, characters, occupations, positions in society, degrees of culture.

There are gypsies and gypsies. Some wander on the road, some dwell in secret in the cities, some mingle with the great world, their nationality unguessed. John Bunyan is thought to have been a gypsy; Jane Welsh Carlyle, the brilliant wife of the brilliant philosopher, is thought to have been a gypsy. New York has had a gypsy member of the state legislature; Pennsylvania had a gypsy sheriff; Virginia had a large wholesale and retail cigar dealer who was one of the Romany Rye.

Peculiar Traits of the Gypsies.

They deal in horses and naturally are familiar with them.

They are without religion.

The women are fortune tellers, especially by palm reading.

They eat without scruple animals which have died a natural death, being especially fond of the pig.

They flay animals, carry corpses, and show such aptness for these and similar despised callings that in several European countries they have long monopolized them.

They make and sell mats, baskets, and small articles of wood.

Their hair remains black to advanced age, and is retained longer than with Europeans or ordinary orientals.

They speak an Aryan tongue, which points with many other indications to an Indian life.

They have shown great skill as dancers, musicians, singers, acrobats; and it is a rule almost without exception that there hardly is a traveling company of such performers or a theater in America or Europe which has not at least one person with some Romany blood.

Note of Sadness in Gypsy Song.

Among old Gypsy songs is this:

"I've known no father since my birth;
I have no friend alive on earth.
My mother's dead this many a day—
The girl I loved has gone her way;
Thou, violin, with music free,
Alone art ever true to me."

Americon Rovers Are Prosperous.

The American gypsy like all other sorts of good Americans, is celebrated for his prosperity. He does not beg, for one thing, and in all respects is a much improved race. Gypsies, like peacocks, it is said, thrive best when allowed to range far.

Long ago, when part of the south was under Spanish rule, there were gypsies who were supposed to have come from Spain. It was thought they married with the mulattoes, and that many of the mulattoes were partly gypsy. In Cuba are many gypsies, soldiers, musicians, dealers in mules, and red pepper, which business they almost monopolize; also jobbers and dealers in various wares, and innkeepers. In Mexico there are many.

There are a good many gypsies in New York—English, Irish, and continental. Some of them keep tin, crockery and basket stores. But they are all mixed gypsies, and many of them of fair complexion. For many years there has been a secret society of gypsies in New York. The principal or arch gypsy was a merchant who had a printed vocabulary or dictionary of the language, which was open only to the most thoroughly initiated.

The gypsy language has no alphabet or characters, far less books and literature. But it lives by verbal transmission. The gypsies are proud of being in possession of a speech peculiar to themselves, unknown to the public, and take great pains to teach it to their children, and when by themselves to use it for their ordinary affairs. But they hardly ever own to it before the "green gentiles."

Gypsies Do Not Kidnap.

The greatest fear of Gypsies exists among children, and this is due to the time honored superstitious fear of kidnaping. That Gypsies made a business of stealing children and holding them for ransom is widely believed throughout the civilized world, although police records of America and Europe reveal few authenticated cases. That Gypsies, seeking revenge, have stolen children of their enemies is undoubtful, but this does not account for the widespread belief. The best authorities believe that such a traffic actually existed among the Hungarian tribes many generations ago and that kidnaping for ransom was common.

In their domestic life the Gypsies are models even for the highest civilization, and the devotion of wife to husband, and of each member of the family for the others is notorious. The children are carefully guarded, and taught the lore of their forefathers, while such a thing as divorce practically is unknown among them.

* * *

WE cannot all play the same instrument, but we can all be in the right key.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

THE Puritan needed a vent for the energy repressed by his rigidly ordered existence. Shorn of ornament in dress and decoration, he evidently worked off a portion of his sense of the ornate in some of the titles of the religious works of the time. Many of them are sensational and alliterative enough to satisfy the yellowest reporter of to-day. The contents of the volumes thus labeled must be of lurid and strenuous nature, or else it might be said of them, as the dramatist wrote of the cognomen of humankind.

> The name is but a shadow, which we find
> Too often larger than the man behind.

"The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely prophet David; thereunto are added William Humin's Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now newly augmented," is impressive, but a little cumbersome for ordinary conversation and advertising.

Another, inconveniently long, is:

"A Reaping Hook, well-tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop of Buscuit baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

After these, titles such as the following sound tame and hardly worthy of notice:

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary"; "Matches Lighted at Divine Fire," and "Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit."

In a much milder and secular sort of a way the modern newspaper partakes of the spirit of its Puritan exemplar in the headings of the paragraph columns:

"Quirks and Quibbles"; "Nibbles for the Million"; "The Junk-shop"; "Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens"; "Paragraphical Pudding"; "Spice Islands Passed in the Sea of Reading."

DANGEROUS PIGS.

The Fearless Mexican Peccary Will Fight Man or Beast.

A WRITER in the *St. Louis Republic* say that the most vicious and fearless member of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog, of Mexico. This animal seems utterly devoid of fear and displays an intelligence in fighting man strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of mental attributes.

Their ability to scent man is particularly marked. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you, and then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was almost miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree.

The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled round the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his amunition and brought down a peccary at each fire, but this had no terrors for the beasts.

Toward morning they began to eat those he had killed, after which they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend through sheer exhaustion dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him.

The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path.

AMUNDSEN'S ADVICE TO WELLMAN.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN, the well-known Arctic explorer, has expressed very pessmistic views as to the possibility of Mr. Walter Wellman reaching the Pole by means of his airship. He has strongly endeavored to persuade Mr. Wellman and his companions to postpone their expedition for at least a year when certain improvements which have proved their worth on French and German baloons might be added to their outfit.

The captain is confident that within a few years balloons will be constructed which will make the exploration of the pole possible; at present the risk is unduly great. Mr. Wellman's only hope, he thinks, lies in a strong south wind which might drift him across the Pole to some part of America or Asia. Should progress be delayed by adverse winds or other causes, the airship might be weighed down by crust ice; in which case a return by dog sleds would be necessary. Whether his return would be feasible would depend on where the airship sank to earth.

Mr. Wellman has, however, considered the risks. The record of Arctic exploration is one of contending with obstacles; no expedition has yet started without knowing what it might be called on to face.

RAILROAD WRECKERS.

More Strenuous Workers than Fire Fighters in Big Cities.

THE career of the wrecker on a big railroad is like that of a fireman in the fire department of a big city, only more strenuous. Like the fireman, the wrecker is on duty every second day and night, and, like the fireman, the wrecker braves blizzards and sleet storms, often facing hardships and cruel suffering and even death for the saving of life and property. But where-

as even in emergency the fireman never covers an area greater than the most populous section of a city—the line traversed by the wrecker covers a hundred or more miles—and whereas the fireman is in touch with at least such comforts as he may snatch while on his feet, not infrequently the wrecker is landed in the heart of the wilderness miles and miles from the nearest town, and the pangs of hunger are added to privation.

Sometimes when a big wreck has happened and cars and engines are piled high on crushed and mangled bodies the wrecker is rushed through darkness and snowdrift to work from twenty-four to forty-eight hours without even a chance to take his cap off, and just as his "job" is nearly completed along comes another alarm that sends him sixty or seventy miles in an opposite direction, where box cars and coal cars have heaped themselves thirty feet high, paralyzing the road and costing thousands of dollars' worth of loss in time and prestige almost every hour.

Despite these hardships, the danger, the excitement and the bustle of the work endear it to the men.

WHY LATIN IS USED BY PHYSICIANS.

"I DON'T see," said the man who was leaning against the drug store counter, "why a doctor can't write his prescriptions in English instead of Latin."

The druggist said, "You think, I suppose, that the doctor writes his prescription in Latin so it can't be read so easily—so the layman can't steal his trade and learn what he is giving him. But that's all wrong. In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language, does not change, as all living languages do.

"Then, again, since a very large part of all the drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

"But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it calls for iodide of potassium and he gets it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him as dead as a mackerel. That's an exaggerated case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently doesn't try to remember.

"Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get Latin prescriptions filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription come here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constanople, Cario and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"

A TIMELY WARNING.

WHILE a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop.

The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly towards the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm.

The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.

The Check Letter Test on United States Currency.

THE United States government prints its currency and numbers its bills in a series of four, so that every piece of paper money turned out bears one of the check letters—A, B, C, D. One of these letters is always found in two places on a United States bill, in the upper left hand corner and in the lower right hand corner. The placing of the letter on the bill is not determined by the number of the bill. The rule is to divide the last two figures on the note by four. Should the remainder be one, the check letter must be A;

should it be two, the check letter is B; three, the check letter is C, and nothing, the letter D.

For example, I have before me a five dollar certificate. Its number is 81489730. The terminal number is 30. Divide by four. The result is seven with two over. The check letter is B.

Here is a yellow back gold certificate with twenty-three as its terminal number. Divide this by four, and we have five with three over. C is the check letter.

Should this rule of four fail to work on any United States currency note you may bet all you have that the money is bad. Some counterfeit bills are right to their check letters, but a great many are not so if the rule of four works, the bill may be still bad, but if it doesn't it is surely bad. This rule applies only to United States currency and not to national bank notes. —*Minneapolis Journal.*

SOME BLUNDERS.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

As a rule people don't like to remember the blunders they make through life, whether they are laughable or otherwise, for one mostly feels too much ashamed of his blunders, but a record of many of those blunders would drive dull care away and bring a smile to the sourest face.

I know that some of my own blunders look ridiculous to me now, althought I did not feel so much like laughing when they occurred.

One time I was going up street, and on a narrow crossing came face to face with a gentleman, who stepped to the one side to let me pass. I was of the same mind and stepped the same way he did. Thus we seesawed back and forth, each trying to make way for the other to cross and both of us stepping the same way at the same time. At length we both stopped seesawing and looked at each other and laughed. Then we got our bearings and passed each other without further trouble.

Then, another time, a friend and I were crossing a bridge in the city, and my friend said that he believed his train was coming into the depot. I turned to look at the incoming train, and did not see a man try to pass between me and the parapet of the bridge, and as I whirled face front again, I struck the unlucky fellow in the stomach with my elbow, and down he went on the parapet of the bridge. I begged pardon of course, but he did not pardon me; he only held his waistcoat and said "Oh!" I suppose he did not have breath enough left to say any thing else.

Still another time, I was in a crowded market house, and got into a jam of humanity, that had but little mercy on small people. The blockade above would not move on, and I was finally crowded up close to a "Chink," who was standing at a vegetable stall, with a two or three hundred pound man close behind me. Some desperate person tried to break through the jam, and the fat man surged against me, while I landed against the Chink's back, which caused him to sprawl into the vegetables on the stand, to the amusement of the owners of the stand. I begged pardon for what was no fault of mine, and the Chink laughed; but the fat man did not ask my pardon, for shoving me against the Chinaman.

A lady friend of mine was also the victim of a laughable incident. Their wagon on the market square was standing alongside of the crossing, and the lady attempted to climb into the wagon-seat over the front wheel, when her foot slipped and threw her on the back of a big negro, who was just crossing the street. Of course the darkey broke the lady's fall and she did not get hurt, but the poor darkey pawed the air for a few steps to save himself from hitting the pavement on his face. The lady's family had a standing joke about this incident for a long time.

A little girl whom I knew was once sent to the butcher shop for a porterhouse steak. She asked the butcher for a poorhouse steak. She got the steak all right, but when she came home, she asked her mother what kind of beef poorhouse steak was made out of.

Another laughable incident happened to a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who was hurrying to the restaurant for his dinner, and holding his hat on his head at the same time, to keep the high wind from carrying it away. With his head down he rushed around the corner, and plumped into the motherly form of a fat, black Aunt Dinah. The shock almost demoralized both of them.

Now every one of these blunders, caused at least some of the actors in them to feel ashamed, even while they laughed at the ridiculous side of their mishap. Blunders like those happen almost every day, so it is better to see the funny side, and laugh with the bystanders, for laugh they will, and I, for one, do not blame them for laughing.

Glen Easton, W. Va.

LIFE'S COMFORTERS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPENCOTT.

The heart that has felt life's bitterest pain
And been in the depth of despair,
Remembers the pain, and sympathy gives
To those who have sorrows to bear.

The comforters they, of others, will be
And teach us to be more resigned
To trials that will come to every life,
And each of us will sometimes find.

Moorestown, N. J.

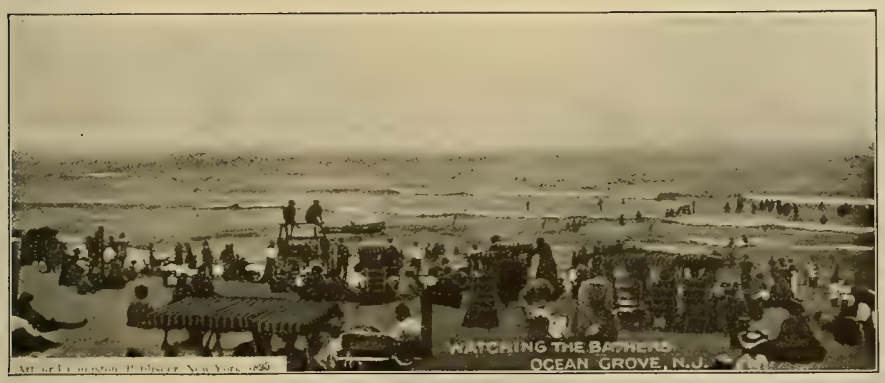
If you lose anything on the street, a lot of people help you hunt for it: not because they are sorry, but to have the credit and triumph of finding it.—*Everywhere.*

Ocean Grove, New Jersey

Richard Seidel

THIS charming resort was formed with a view of bringing the people under religious influence at a season when they are most at leisure, by locating these influences amid agreeable surroundings, and under a system the most rigid on the continent. Here 25,000 to 30,000 people are kept within the space of half a square mile under an autocratic from of government. The experiment is so extraordinary that the place merits the careful examination, even of those whose religious convictions or sense of individual dignity and independence revolt against such a form of administration.

The Vineland camp meeting grounds having proved unfit for the purpose, the coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May was explored for a more favorable site.



Ocean Grove was visited in February, 1868. It was a wild, wave-lashed solitude of sand, over-grown with pines and oaks and cedars, but the advantages of the location were apparent. Only one family then lived there, and there were only thirty-four people between the limits of Deal Beach and Ocean Beach. In July, 1869, twenty people pitched their tents at Ocean Grove and the first united religious service on this memorable spot was held in a tent July 31. Twenty-two persons were present. This was the beginning of the campmeetings at the place, which then received the name of Ocean Grove.

Satisfied with the point selected as a permanent religious resort, an association was formed Dec. 22, 1869, composed of thirteen Methodist clergymen and thirteen laymen, to put the proposed plan into execution.

Up to the time of the meeting above mentioned no land had been purchased excepting eleven acres on the beach for $50, but while two of the promoters were examining the new possession, one of them picked up an old Spanish silver dollar on the sand. It seemed a favorable omen, and soon after a further tract was purchased in the grove that grew a little removed from the beach. Other land adjoining was purchased by the Association until the present rectangular area of some 260 acres had been secured, surveyed and marked out with streets and lots. The risk attending the purchase of this land was unusual, for the enterprise was an experiment and the association had no private funds of consequence. It was essentially a faith undertaking, aided, however, by business shrewdness. Once fairly started, the enterprise went off with a rush. In 1870 to 1871 no less than 373 building lots were sold, and sixty cottages were up by the end of the year.

Now we find at Ocean Grove a flourishing community, which seems fairly to have passed from the period of experiment to that of actual success. The rules laid down by the Association, though maintained with unrelaxed severity, do not yet appear to check the growth of the place. Nature has admirably ministered to the maintenance of the characteristics of Ocean Grove. On the west it is enclosed by a fence and gates; on the north and south are two narrow lakes crossed by foot bridges.

On entering Ocean Grove the stranger is aware of something uncommon, as he reads the names of the principal streets. He passes from Pilgrim Pathway to Tabor Way, Herman Way, Embury Avenue, Whitfield Avenue, Carmel Way, Zion Way and the like. On Main Avenue is the Association Office, a neat brick building with a clock tower. Here also is the postoffice. Just north is the park, devoted to the special purpose for which Ocean Grove was established. So far as practicable, the evergreens of the primeval woods have been left to give beauty and protection to the immense covered enclosure called the Auditorium. Open on all sides except at the end where the platform stands, it allows the soft sea wind to cool the vast audience, which are often gathered there.

Ocean Grove is especially favored with an abundant supply of notable gatherings. The great Auditorium

is one of the best attractions of the camp-meeting city. It has a seating capacity of 10,000, and it is here that all the large gatherings are held. There is a permanent festival chorus of 1,000, and many special musical attractions from time to time during the season.

Ocean Grove is especially favored this season by a varied assortment of hotels and boarding-houses, a large number of bungalows and over five hundred tents, which are scattered throughout the resort.

Proceeding eastward down Main Avenue, the handsomest street of Ocean Grove, we come to the ocean. A metal statue of the Angel of Peace faces the Avenue, which widens at this end, producing an imposing effect, notwithstanding the somewhat crowded appearance of so many cottages and hotels. A broad space has been retained between the city and the beach. A fine driveway and a well-kept plank walk, about 6,000 feet long, extends on the entire ocean front. Pavilions and numerous seats have also been provided. The bathing grounds are at either end of the sea limit of the city, the bath-houses being arranged in compact rows, in front of which are extensive pavilions built over the water.



On the south of Ocean Grove is Fletcher Lake, a narrow-winding pond, crossed by two wooden bridges. On the north is the famous Wesley Lake, nearly three-quarters of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. It was one of the features which led to the selection of Ocean Grove and the disappointment was therefore great when, one morning, it was found to have vanished over night, having broken through into the sea. However the opening was eventually closed, and as this, like the other lakes on this coast is supplied by fresh water springs, it again became available for the row boats, which, on both these lakes, add so much to the pleasure of summer visitors.

Two handsome iron trestle bridges were completed in the winter of 188-90. The Association has established a thorough system of drainage, and, for the better health of the place, has artesian wells.

It is chiefly in the regulations by which it protects the ends for which it was founded, that Ocean Grove is most distinguished from other resorts. In order to maintain control over the character of the population, no lot is sold outright, but only leased for 99 years, with privilege of renewal. The lease carries with it the burdens of ownership in the way of taxation, improvements and repairs, and the privilege of ownership, including sale of lease during satisfactory tenancy and the fulfillment of the proviso that no liquor be sold or any nuisances created on the premises.

The sale of tobacco under any form is strictly forbidden, under penalty, and smoking is not allowed in the neighborhood of the camp meeting grounds.

The sale of spirituous liquors is forbidden under severe penalties, excepting under very strict regutions by the druggist. By special act of the Legislature, this prohibition extends for a statue mile from the limits of Ocean Grove.

No carriages are permitted on the beach, no bicycles, or wheelbarrows on the plank walks and it is forbidden "to discharge any cannon or other piece of artillery, or fire works within the limits of said Association."

No swearing is permissible in the boats, where it is presumed, parties might be inclined to indulge in unseemly speech, out of ear-shot of the Association. An efficient police is employed day and night to exclude tramps or other unsuitable persons, and enforce the other regulations. The gates are closed at 10 P. M., daily, and all day on the Sabbath, when no one can enter except by the bridges, which are carefully watched and only those desiring to attend services can then cross, paying no tolls, but liable to a fine of $10, if crossing for other purposes. No papers can be sold on Sunday, nor, by agreement with the authorities of Ashbury Park, within one block of the Ashbury end of the bridges. No boats are used on that day and no milk is distributed. Of course no bathing is permitted on the Sabbath.

The bathing question has received the serious consideration of the Association, lest the lessons of purity imparted at the camp-meetings should be forgotten. The following ordinance is posted in prominent places about the town: "Modesty of apparel is as becoming to a lady in a bathing dress as it is to a lady dressed in

silk and satin. A word to the wise is sufficient." For the sake of example, all respectable people are requested to discountenance the practice of the sexes in assuming attitudes on the sand that would be considered immoral at their city houses or elsewhere. If this rule is not observed it becomes the duty of the police to serve a small card on the offending person and if the thing is repeated, the offender must be ordered from the beach. As a rule respectable people retire from the beach at 10:30 o'clock in the evening. All persons are expected to be off the beach one-half hour before that time."

The throngs which flock to all the various gatherings and devotional exercises indicate that after leaving a wide margin for those who visit Ocean Grove from motives of curiosity, a large number remain from motives of earnest zeal and faith, while it may be reasonably assumed that of those who go "to scoff," some remain to pray.

IT'S LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

MIGNON WHISLER.

An Arabian Princess was once presented by her teacher with an ivory casket not to be opened for a year. After a year's impatient waiting she unlocked the treasure. In the satin linings lay a shroud of dust the form of something beautiful, but the beauty now gone. On a note she read these words: "Dear pupil: Learn a lesson in your life. This trinket when enclosed had upon it only a spot of rust: by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold,—only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect mar a bright and useful life, and, in time, leave only the dark shadow of what might have been. Place herein a jewel of gold and after many years you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself. Treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

Character building is a silent but a momentous work. It is the tiny act that reveals your true make-up. More courage is required to do a seemingly insignificant work conscientiously and scrupulously, than to do a great one which is plainly visible to all the world. All preparations are made in silence and secrecy down beneath the tread of human life, but the results are manifest in the structure which for glory or shame mysteriously grows before our eyes. This life is, at best, only the scaffolding about our true life, which is immortal.

John Alexander Dowie, a well-built but unknown man, began about twelve years ago, to preach in a dingy, little hall in the pawn-shop and saloon neighborhood of Chicago. He surprised his audiences by claiming to heal their diseases. Newspapers joked about the matter, but nevertheless caused his name to become popular. Soon he rented a large hall and finally founded Zion City. His name, once a joke, now became well known. Once an obscure man, now, mainly because of the little fact that the reporters had made him famous by their humorous sketches, he became the controller of thousands.

Success depends largely upon apparent trifles. The ordinary man thinks that what he wants out of life can be gotten if he has the price. To get the price means success. This is the reward of endeavor, not of accident. The biggest human success is a complete man or woman, and that is more difficult than to be a statesman or a popular author.

We acquire an education only by beginning at the bottom, learning the little truths as they are given us. This education is able to do two things for us. It can add to our stock of knowledge and it can bring out our latent faculty. Walter Scott says, "The best part of every man's education is that which he gives himself."

Discouragements, if taken rightly are stepping-stones to greater achievements and to higher worlds. The worlds may not be seen at first, but a few more steps will reveal the beautiful to us.

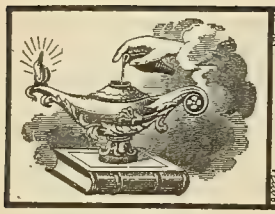
We are apt to want to start big in life. Unless a big beginning is made, we are apt to doubt the big ending. If we want to found a church or a school, we must first have a showy and costly building before success can be assured. When a man first becomes a public speaker, he usually wants to tell all he knows at his first appearance. Soon he has it all told, too.

Why not start low—at the bottom—and mount toward the greater—the more sublime? Raphael in his earliest efforts had very few articles with which to work. Cheap canvases, few paints and fewer brushes, were what he used, even after his true genius was recognized. Lincoln, too poor to furnish better materials, used a pine board for a slate, and a bit of coal for a pencil. These men overcame adverse conditions, and filled the places that needed them. We may expect great things of life, and if we are willing to take the great things in small bits, we shall have them. "To be a part of God's great universe, to be one of his voices, to be a worker and a helper, means to me the fullness of satisfaction," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"I know we are building our heaven
As we journey along the way,
Each thought is a nail that is driven
In structures that can not decay.
And the mansion shall at last be given
To us as we build it today.

Elgin, Ill.

Be *big*. A magnanimous mite out-credits a mean million, where accounts are kept in spiritual values.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—"Beware Lest Thou Forget the Lord." Deut. 6: 12.

CHAS. O. BEERY.

Is this word of warning necessary? Is there a tendency for man to forget his Creator and Redeemer? The present indifference to God's law and the open rebellion to his will show that man does forget God. The vain struggle for wealth or pleasure occupies the mind more than the rememberance of the Lord.

Throughout this whole country wherever a railroad crosses a public road, there is some sign of warning: "Lookout for the cars," or "Stop, look and listen." May this text, "Beware lest thou forget the Lord," be a constant warning lest any Christian on the way should be sidetracked in the mire of sin and death.

"Beware lest thou forget the Lord," were God's warning words to the children of Israel before their entrance into the land of promise. God knew that the people would more likely forget him in the day of prosperity than in the day of adversity. So, immediately after the assurance of the wealth and plenty of the land, came the warning: "Beware lest thou forget the Lord."

To remember the Lord, to love him, one must remember his words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart." Deut. 6: 5, 6. To forget God's Word is to forget God. So long as a child remembers his parents' words of loving council, he will not forget his parents. I can never forget my sainted father, for I remember his wise words of loving council.

In addition to having God's Written Word inscribed in our own hearts, another safeguard against forgetting the Lord is that we shall teach our children God's Word. As parents, do we do the teaching in our homes, that God expects and demands? May we not be expecting the Sunday-school teacher to do what God has commanded us to do?

"Remember Jesus Christ" is the New Testament appeal. How can we forget him, who died for us and is now doing so much for us? As we remember him and teach his Word, there is no danger of our forgetting the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Tyrone, Pa.

TWO OR THREE.

There were only two or three of us
When we came to the house of prayer,
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care,
Since, after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master himself was present there,
And gave us the living bread.
We knew his look in our leader's face,
So wrapt and glad and free:
We felt his touch when our hearts were bowed;
We heard his "Come to Me."
Nobody saw him lift the latch.
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was his token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?
And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm
It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
"'Twas the time of the dearest privilege,
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
To feed us with living bread.

* * *

GOD'S CURE FOR WORRY.

ANXIETY seems to be a kind of hysteria to which Americans are peculiarly susceptible. In suicide, at least, we seem to be in a fair way of outstripping the rest of the world. Some Hindus that Professor James was showing about Cambridge remarked upon the strained faces of Americans and their distorted limbs, in contrast to oriental placidity and grace. He said that it was the custom of Hindus to retire at certain times every day to relax their muscles and meditate on eternal things.

Has Christianity a cure for anxiety? The Christian is tranquil as regards provision for the future. He provides for the future, but without anxiety. Over and over Christ bids his disciples: Be not anxious. This does not mean that we are not to work hard and lay up against a rainy day.

The scriptures teach that righteousness is the parent of comfort. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The universe is on the side of the man who does right. Exceptions to this are only apparent. The life of the individual is too short for the principle to work itself out completely, so that it stands out more clearly in the history of a family or of a nation.

It is not only provision for the future that is apt to make us anxious. We worry over our past. Now the Christian revelation provides a drug for these painful memories. We learn, like St. Paul, to forget the things which are behind. We cannot change the past, but we believe that all our sins are forgiven. Our very sins then become stepping-stones. They prevent presumption. They fill us with sympathy for the erring. We love God, because He first loved us.

Our work, too, often makes us anxious. We thirst for recognition or else we grieve over the meager and inconspicuous results of all our efforts. But the value of our work is determined not by the bulk of the result achieved, but by the spirit in which the work is done. It is only as we go deep into the work itself, without thought of the consequences, that we vitally affect the lives of others. Besides the chief value of our work is that it promotes ample and symmetrical self-development. God thinks more of a man than of his work. The work may be wood, hay or stubble, in the end burned up, but the man is saved.

We are employed by our Great Master to work by the day, not by the piece. Every day should have its ritual and it is more important to live by rule than to accomplish some great result. This is the secret of "Toil unsevered from Tranquillity."

The supreme crises of life are an even more fruitful source of foreboding than our past or provision for the future. This mind is infested with the thoughts of bereavement and with poverty, sickness and death and old age. Here, again, the Christian's eye is calmed by faith in the love of God. Providence is only another name for the love of God which anticipate these crises, so that when we arrive at them we see the traces of the Father's hand that has arranged them for us beforehand, either lightening the burden or strengthening our shoulders to bear it. Some of these things we may never have to experience at all, and why should we allow ourselves to suffer them in imagination? We have no right to occupy the mind with unpleasant things. The imagination has power to mass untoward events so as to produce the effect of their occurring simultaneously. Real evils come to us one by one and grace is promised for each day's need.

DON'T LET YOUR PAST SPOIL YOUR FUTURE.

THERE is nothing more depressing than dwelling upon lost opportunities or a misspent life. Whatever your past has been, forget it. If it throws a shadow upon the present or causes melancholy or despondency, there is nothing in it which helps you, there is not a single reason why you should retain it in your memory and there are a thousand reasons why you should bury it so deeply that it can never be resurrected.

The future is your uncut block of marble. Beware how you smite it. Don't touch it without a program. Don't strike a blow with your chisel without a model, lest you ruin and mar forever the angel which lives within the block; but the past marble, which you have carved into hideous images, which have warped and twisted the ideals of your youth, and caused you infinite pain, need not ruin or mar the uncut block before you. This is one of the merciful provisions that every day presents to every human being, no matter how unfortunate his past, a new uncut block of pure Parian marble, so that every day every human being has a new chance to retrieve the past, to improve upon it if he will.

Nothing is more foolish, more positively wicked than to drag the skeletons of the past, the hideous images, the foolish deeds, the unfortunate experiences of the past into today's work to mar and spoil it. There are plenty of people who have been failures up to the present moment who could do wonders in the future if they could only forget the past, if they only had the ability to cut it off, to close the door on it forever and start anew.—*O.*

LOVE'S OMNIPOTENCE.

EVERYTHING becomes possible to those who love. The commands of the Lord are no longer grievous. for the soul that loves is gifted by that love with fresh energies; it discovers in itself unsuspected possibilities and is supplied with overflowing currents of new vigor. We shall be enabled to do so much if we only love. We live by loving, and the more we love the more we live, and, therefore, when life feels dull and the spirits are low, turn and love God, love your neighbor, and you will be healed of your wound. Love Christ, the dear Master; look at his face, listen to his words, and love will waken, and you will do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth you.

A MAN was praying for his unconverted neighbor and said, "Touch him with thy finger Lord," when suddenly the thought came to him, "Am I not God's finger?" He concluded to see. His efforts won that neighbor to Christ and he learned the truth that God works through human agents in the winning of the world.—*Selected.*

THE true life is not thinking or dreaming, but doing. To wait for great opportunities, which may never come, is to miss the little within our reach. For as surely as the house is built brick upon brick and stone upon stone, so the little deeds, the daily trifles, the apparently ordinary actions, comprise the aggregate of human life and human achievement.—*Selected.*

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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UNCLE SAM'S BIGGEST ARMY.

WITH September opened the school year in the United States for eighteen million children. These mornings we can imagine the little brown-skinned fellows trudging down the pikes and the mud roads, across the fields, through the woods, over hills, climbing fences, etc., in childish prattle at every step. Those were glorious days when we, too, looked years into the future and saw our own picture of a renowned school-teacher, a wealthy farmer, or some eloquent statesman, when we mastered the Herculean task of repeating the multiplication tables, or spelled down an entire school, or received the teacher's public approval for conduct or good lessons.

And these little urchins are Uncle Sam's chief assets today. No other wealth of his is to be compared with them. On the playground of one of our little, red schoolhouses by the crossroads today walks and plays a future president; in some little breast are the elements that will help his nation to span the dark chasm of some national trouble. Then there is the genius, the poet, the laborer, the inventor, the missionary. Let us take off our hats in respectful salute to this army of little people,—some day they will rule the world.

THE CAUSES OF WAR DISAPPEARING.

IN a recent interview Prince Buelow, of Germany, expressed himself as to the possibility of wars becoming less frequent. As a reason for this he pointed out the fact that the interests of nations are so closely interwoven that the least disturbance to one affects all of them, more or less.

Now, Prince Buelow is a man of wide experience and his opinion deserves consideration. It is a very practical answer to those who speak of war as a necessity, as something that must continue as long as human nature is what it is. We are learning, though slowly, that there are better means of settling disputes than by a resort to brute force. Peace conferences are a help, perhaps, but not nearly as much so as the growing tendency to unite civilized nations by the bonds of mutual trade relations, which cannot be disturbed except at a loss to all concerned.

The growth of political power among the people, the spread of intelligence, the influence of industry and business are distinctly discouraging to the war spirit, as it is shown by the "jingo" politician or the sensational newspaper. People of today largely think for themselves and do not allow themselves to be led according to the ideas of scheming demagogues.

Then, too, the chances of war over unclaimed territory have nearly, if not entirely, disappeared, because there is little territory in the world that has not been seized or portioned out. China is saved because it is easier to agree to keep that country intact than to agree on a plan for dismemberment. Russia has evidently reached the limit of her ambition in Asia, and with the end of her intrigues the yearly output of war rumors has been about disposed of.

Evidently there will be fewer wars, both because the nations are knit together by the vastly increased importance of their business relations, and because there are so few things left to fight about. Men have dreamed about the golden age to come and wished it might be near at hand. That era will have dawned upon us when wars have entirely ceased, and love prevails.

USING OPPORTUNITIES.

YES, it is true, as we have often been told, opportunities are lying all around us, and the strangest of all is—we don't care. The late John J. Ingalls comes to us in the immortal lines of his poem and endeavors to rouse up our latent ambition in these words:

"Master of human destines am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate;
If sleeping, wake: if feasting, rise before,
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more."

The vital point is not whether there is only *one* chance as Senator Ingalls claims, or whether there are chances time and again, as we all know there are. The matter of greatest importance is whether we, as wide-awake men and women are prepared to grasp the opportunity as it comes to us.

The world has long worshiped at the feet of genius, and much homage has been bestowed upon that indefinable "something" that enabled one man to do what his fellows could not. Too often we forget that genius

is for the larger part a plucky determination to make use of the opportunity at hand and put plenty of hard work into the undertaking.

Opportunity knocks! It knocks today. "Awake, if asleep; if feasting, rise before it turns away!" Vast possibilities are before you. Will you grasp them?

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

When the McCormick harvesters were first put on the market, the farm hands made a very effective protest by burning the machine as it stood in the field. It was a foolish thing to do,—you might as well endeavor to stem the tide of the ocean as the onward progress of inventive genius. Then, also, these inventions, while dispensing with help in a given line of work, create a greater demand for it in some other. The farmer of today must have his self-binder and other labor-saving machinery to carry on his farming operations. Help is scarce enough then, though comparatively few men are required to do the work, as compared with former years. Machinery has multiplied the demand for mechanics faster than can be supplied by the labor available.

Farm labor conditions in the United States, however, will be readjusted in the not distant future. The immense foreign population, all the time coming to this country, with the fast increasing home population, will eventually reach the limit of expansion in land ownership on a large scale. The time will come when division and partition will go to the extent of putting a family on every 160 acres or less. There will be a more thorough utilization of every foot of ground, and it will be made to yield to the utmost.

Society will adjust itself to all new rising conditions. Machinery, new and improved, will still be invented to take the place of labor. Labor hours will be shortened in all the most toilsome and over-burdened callings of mankind. The adjustment will be made to give each one more time for mental and artistic culture and for those enjoyments that enhance the individual happiness and make for the general good of all.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Wireless telegraph service between Ireland and Canada will be in complete running order, as soon as the station in Canada is finished. The rate will be considerably less than the cable charges.

A remarkable illustration of the force with which a swordfish strikes a blow has recently been reported. While repairing a ship lately which had completed a long voyage in Pacific waters, a sword was found which had successfully pierced a sheathing one inch thick, a three-inch plank and beyond that four and a half inches of firm timber. It has been estimated that it would require nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds to drive an iron bolt of similar shape the same distance.

Even the fishing industry is giving up the time-honored ways of fishing in favor of improved methods. From Stavanger, Norway, comes the news that motor boats are rapidly displacing other vessels in the fishing industry along the Norwegian coast. United States Consul Rasmussen writes: "It was demonstrated during the Norwegian herring fishing this spring, that for all practical purposes and for all kinds of weather, the motor boat was far superior and the results so much better that it will replace the sail and row boats as fast as fishermen find means to buy."

Those who are interested in agricultural matters will be glad to notice the following item of interest: "A Belgian agriculturist, Monsier Le Breton, has recently made some experiments with barbed wheat to determine the effectiveness of the defense which barbs afford against the ravages of graminivorous birds. In the same field, near Antwerp, he sowed some barbed wheat and some Japhet wheat, which is without barbs. The Japhet variety grew rapidly, but every head was despoiled by the birds before the grain could ripen, but the barbed variety was so well guarded by its array of miniature spears that the attacks of the same birds were completely defeated, and the grain ripened in security. At the same time it was observed that the insectivorous birds were as busy capturing their prey among the barbed heads as among those that possessed no natural defenses."

An interesting phase of the question as to what a man may or may not do in or about his premises, was brought out in a late trial at Aurora, Ill. Through the efforts of the local union of plumbers an ordinance of the city requires all plumbing to be done by a licensed plumber. Mr. Nicholas Schlentz, a wealthy citizen, who is an expert in a mechanical way, did his own plumbing, assuming that he had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. A test case was made of the matter, and the offender fined $9 and costs by the justice court. The case was appealed to a higher court, and the outcome is awaited with interest. Some interesting queries occur to the average householder in thinking of the ultimate outgrowth of such ordinances, if applied to other mechanical details of a house. Will it be lawful, by and by, to make your own repairs of door or window, or put up a shelf, etc.? It seems to us that some of these restrictions are just a trifle burdensome.



Echoes from Everywhere

Of 6,933 Ohio divorces applied for, 4,975 were granted. Is marriage in Ohio a failure? Or is it that too many "marry in haste and repent at leisure"?

It will cost $140,000,000 to keep New York City going during the year of 1908, according to the estimate of the board of apportionment. Large cities require large revenues.

While Roy Knabenshue's airship was about 2,000 feet above the fair grounds, near Greenville, Ohio, Aug. 27, the balloon burst, causing the entire outfit to drop like a rocket. The aeronaut escaped unhurt.

Aug. 29 a whale of large size was seen near Sandy Hook, N. Y., a sight somewhat uncommon to that part of the Atlantic coast. As no one was prepared to engage in the capture of this monster of the deep, he escaped unhurt.

Investigation of the affairs of the Chemical National Bank, of New York, now in progress, is believed to have revealed a defalcation of about $200,000. The police are looking for a man missing from the cashier's department.

Pennsylvania will receive the handsome donation of $1,000,000 from Charles M. Schwab, the iron king, provided the State agrees to establish a large industrial school for the training of boys in useful occupations. Here is a good example for others.

General Grant's old farm, located outside the city limits in St. Louis county, Mo., was sold at auction Aug. 30 for $75,000. It comprises 438 acres and has long been a point of interest, as the old log cabin, once occupied by Grant, is still standing.

Arrangements have been completed for the organization of a $50,000,000 American syndicate, which plans to develop several million acres of oil lands in Mexico. It is purposed not only to supply the Mexican market, but to ship the product in competition with that of the Standard Oil company.

By utilizing the principle of the farmer's hotbed, exposing pipes of ether to the rays of the sun, under glass cases, Frank Shuman, a Philadelphia engineer and chemist, claims to be able to turn the sun's rays directly into power, sufficient for commercial uses. The development of his plans will be watched with interest.

Prof. Percival Lowell has during the past year made extensive observations of Mars, and has come to the conclusion that the planet is inhabited. A series of photographs, taken at different times, shows an intelligent arrangement and disposition of the canal system, and affords a ready means of watching the development of the same. Further discoveries by this well-known scientist will be awaited with interest.

Near Charleston, Ill., fifteen persons were killed, and fifty-two injuried, Aug. 30, when a trolly car on its way to the county fair was crashed into by a heavy-laden freight car of the same line. The motorman of the freight car was to blame for the accident, as he did not follow instructions to keep the track clear for the approaching car. He disappeared immediately after the crash.

Aug. 28 there was the most serious encounter between the French and the Moors since the occupation of Casablanca. It is estimated that at least 12,000 Moors were in battle array and their loss, though not fully known, must have been heavy, as many of the French war vessels participated in the battle, and showered shells into the hills where the natives were gathered. The result was a complete victory for the French.

It was reported some time ago that a lady at Port Jervis, N. Y., had been cured of cancer by a snake bite, and some were ready to affirm the efficacy of such a treatment for all cases. It is now stated by State Zoölogist Surface, of Pennsylvania, that there is no foundation whatever for such a claim. He says that from time immemorial there has been much superstition concerning the so-called medicinal qualities of certain parts of snakes, but that all such claims have no real foundation.

So largely has crime increased in France, that it is proposed to return again to the use of the guillotine as a means of capital punishment. Whether even this measure will adequately prevent crime, remains to be seen.

Col. Ivanhoff, governor of the political prison at Wiborg, Russia, was assassinated at St. Petersburg, Aug. 26. The assassin was arrested. The people of Russia will evidently see some turbulent times before settling down to satisfactory conditions.

Prince Wilhelm, of Sweden, after touring this country, arrived in New York Aug. 29 and is now viewing the sights of the eastern metropolis. He is reported as being somewhat fatigued by the continued sight-seeing and feasting. It is not to be wondered at, for only an iron constitution could withstand the enormous strain of such a trip.

Great excitement was caused at Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 27, when Cedar, an untamed African lion, escaped from his cage at Luna Park. Before he was slain, an aged lady was fatally hurt and the entire crowd of people thrown into confusion. More than fifty shots were fired by the park policemen before the animal was killed.

Proprietors of St. Louis breweries are coming to the aid of temperance workers to the extent of forbidding the sale of beer on Sunday in any saloon supplied by them. It is a somewhat unexpected proposal, but not altogether a bad move for them, as thus they place the saloon business with the law-abiding institutions, as far as Sunday closing is concerned.

The French government is attempting to eradicate the many frauds in connection with the selling of adulterated wines. It is the intention that nothing be sold that is not in conformity with the label. So far nearly 5,000 prosecutions have been made. It would seem to be a safe plan for everybody to stick to temperance principles and thus run no chances of adulterated liquors.

Nelson Morris, the noted meat packer of Chicago whose illness was referred to in our last issue, closed his earthly existence Aug. 27. In his funeral sermon Jenkin Lloyd Jones, referring to the career of the departed one, said: "Let us take heart; let us climb with tender humility the steps that lead to the imperishable altar of character, the altar steps of simplicity and sincerity."

New York health authorities are waging a vigorous warfare against the spread of tuberculosis. An "instruction card" has been issued for distribution among the people and it is believed that much good will result from an intelligent understanding of the disease, —its prevention and its cure.

The plague, so prevalent in India, where 59,616 lives have been taken by the dread disease, seems to have taken a foothold in San Francisco. Up to Aug. 29 there have been nine cases and six deaths. Strenuous attempts are being made to stamp out the disease before further contagion results.

The $10,000,000 cantilever bridge, being constructed across the St. Lawrence, six miles from Quebec, Can., collapsed in part Aug. 29, carrying to their death eighty workmen, most of them skilled mechanics from the United States. It was to have been the greatest cantilever bridge in the world.

Because patrons of the saloons overtax their stomachs at the saloon free lunch counters, go home lacking appetites, and growl at the offerings of their wives, Aurora (Ill.) saloonkeepers have decided to do away with the saloon meal. Now there is just one more step they ought to take,—do away with the saloon, root and branch. The wives and children everywhere would rejoice.

If a man really wants to do something, he can do it even if he has but one leg to carry him there. Station agent, E. A. McGrath, at Stowell, Wis., saw a five-year-old girl playing on the track as a train was approaching. Hampered as he was, he hobbled to the rescue and snatched the child away just in the nick of time, saving himself only by dropping into the ditch alongside of the track.

The tallest building in the world will be the Singer skyscraper in New York, for when completed it will rise 612 feet above the ground. It will exceed the height of the Washington monument, which is only 555 feet. There will be forty-seven stories in this building, and in order to make everything perfectly secure, the foundation has been laid on solid bedrock, ninety feet below the level of the sidewalk. Eighteen elevators will be used to convey the 2,500 tenants to their offices. It will require 15,000 electric lights to illuminate halls and rooms. A powerful searchlight will flash forth from the top of the tower, visible for more than sixty miles out at sea. This light is intended to be a beacon to sailors. Truly, this is a day of large undertakings.



THE WIFE OF LOT

Hattie Preston Rider

In Two Parts.—Part One.

It was no thought of Lot Taber to deny that he gained his wife through another's defection. Doubtless he had faith, though, like most men who try the dangerous experiment, that in time he could win her away from that first memory. In any event, Mildred represented to him the whole excellence of womankind; and he had the patience which is an ear-mark of all greatness and simplicity of soul.

They went west. Lot had bought a tract of land well up the Redwood River. The task of bringing it under cultivation was an unceasing delight to him. As for Mildred, she grew strong and rosy, breathing the fragrance of the pines, busy with her household, and interested in Lot's plans for their future. Yet, somehow, back of it all lurked the old shadow. Now and then Lot found her weeping, but the discovery only drew from him redoubled gentleness, while he toiled and waited, trying to forget the man who had trampled with a beast's feet where he would have walked so reverently.

The pines were Mildred's only confidantes, in those days. They sympathized with her sore heart, her pain did not hurt them, as she knew it hurt Lot. For a year they were her solace, then her longing outgrew them. She put her cry of loss and bitter homesickness, of whose real depths Lot never dreamed, into a written story, with cleverly-disguised setting and plot. She had some literary experience already. After months of toil over detail of construction, the manuscript was sent to a distant publisher and accepted.

The first copy of his wife's work came into Lot's hands fresh from the press. He was not a bookish man. Mildred's literary attainments were to him good and desirable only as a part of herself, a pursuit in which she took pleasure. He read the story, however, and the keen eyes of his love saw between the lines its unsatisfied heart-hunger. The revelation came to him like a blow, and the faith that had lived within him, that he might sometime possess his wife as other men possessed theirs, died in that hour.

Mildred's book found favor with the critics. The little town of Woodville woke up, one morning, to find that its daughter had grown famous. Her success was the talk of their literary circles. One of the local newspapers had a cut of her birthplace, in an article written up by an enterprising young reporter. Then came a great social event,—the celebration of the town's semi-centennial; and the dignitaries of the occasion sent the newly-fledged authoress an invitation to be present as the guest of honor.

"You shall go, Milly," Lot decided, unselfishly, but it cost him a sharper pang than the thought of his prospective loneliness. Orson Randall still lived in Woodville. Mildred would inevitably meet the smooth-tongued lover of other days. Might not the freshening of old memories make her present chains doubly heavy? Lot no longer denied to himself that they were heavy; to his honor, he never once doubted her outward loyalty.

The girl who had gone away branded by pitiless gossips as jilted, came back a great woman, in Woodville's eyes. Everywhere she was flattered and courted; her most trivial sayings were remembered and repeated. On the eventful day she was the cynosure of all eyes, and none of them so brimful of admiration as those of Orson Randall, who, through a lucky speculation, had become the great man of the place. Woodville was punctilious as to its affairs of state. At the banquet it was he on whose arm Mildred's hand rested, as she passed down the long line to her place.

Now shortly something happened to Lot Taber's wife, that comes once in a while to women of her sort. It may have been the near presence of her old lover, the familiar glow leaping back into his eyes as they rested upon her; or it may have been the first intoxication of success and adulation, but from a shy, reticent girl she woke suddenly into a brilliant, self-possessed woman. It was a passing fancy that won Randall from her. Now, the change growing under his astonished gaze stung him beyond measure, for the loss of the jewel he had played with and flung away.

He told her so, before the evening was over, though not in so many words, but while she gave no sign, he knew by the deepening color in her cheeks that she understood.

"The air of the west has done you good," he had said, looking down at her ardently, as the others passed by them along the dining-hall. "Does the fragrance of the pines always give one such a bloom, Mildred?"

She glanced up at him.

"At least it is magical to clear one's existence of cobwebs," she retorted brightly.

He winced, flushing dull red.

"And to sharpen the tongue," was his addendum.

"Mine can endure a deal of that, they used to tell me," she answered, with a light laugh.

"I also can remember when it held only gentle speeches," he said, insinuatingly. "I wish that time were here again.'

Lot's face, aglow with honest tenderness, rose up before her, that instant. But a strange, sudden perverseness, unlike anything she had ever known and which she could not explain, seemed to lay resistless hands upon her.

"Being the time men designated as 'winged' though, it 'comes again no more,'" she answered Randall's suggestive speech, with a suspicion of mockery in her voice.

Elgin, Ill.

The Offended Member

Ida M. Helm

"Good-bye, papa, good-bye, mamma!" Five little children shouted these words after their parents as they rode down the lane, and little four-year-old Anna continued throwing kisses till mamma waved her handkerchief for the last time and the buggy disappeared behind a cluster of trees. Then they ran into the house.

"Oh we'll have a delightful time," said Faye, dancing about the room and clapping her hands.

"I guess we will, we'll play meeting and I'll be the preacher. Papa said women ought not to preach; it's in the men's place to preach and I'm the only man present except Johnnie and he's too little to preach," said Ralph with much self-esteem.

"But we can't spend all of the time playing," said practical Grace," we must do our work just like we would if papa and mamma were here."

"Of course we will do our work, but it's only nine o'clock and we won't have any work to do till noon, so there's plenty of time for me to preach a sermon before dinner. Now we'll play we are all church members; it's time to begin services now," Ralph replied.

Grace and Faye seated themseives on the couch and Anna placed her small arm chair in front of them and sat in it. Johnnie occupied the step at the stair door. Ralph laid the Bible on the writing desk; then he placed a foot-stool behind it, saying, "It will do very well for a pulpit." Suddenly he moved it away, saying, "Brother Trimble says when his mind gets over-full of good ideas he likes to walk around over the pulpit. My mind might get full of good ideas and I might start to walk and fall," he thoughtfully said.

"First we will sing a hymn. Grace you may get the hymn book and lead," said he.

Grace announced, "We'll sing, 'I am Jesus' little lamb.'" "Then she said, "You know little lambs are kind and gentle, and do not quarrel; if we want to be Jesus' little lambs we must never quarrel, but we must love each other and always be kind to every one. Miss Roberts says, when we sing we should always think about what the song means that we are singing. Now, while we all sing, let's think about what the words of the song really mean." They all did very well singing,

"I am Jesus little lamb,
Happy all day long I am.
He will wash me white as snow,
For I'm his lamb."

When they had finished the song, Ralph gave out his text, Heb. 12: 14, "Follow peace with all men." He then said: "This is the scripture text that I repeated to my teacher last Sunday, and I think it is a very good one. If people were peaceable and loving at all times, it would be a good thing. If any one quarrels with you, don't quarrel and he will have to stop quarreling. If any one strikes you, or pulls your hair, don't strike back, nor pull his hair, but be peaceable as a little lamb, like we sang. If anyone tells you to wash your face, or gather chips, or wash the dishes, or pick up potatoes when they are dug, don't say you don't like to, you'd rather play, but go right along, peaceable and kind."

Here the services were interrupted by a howl and when the audience looked toward the steps, they saw that Johnnie had left his seat and was lying on his face behind the couch.

The preacher at once left the pulpit and proceeded to take the offender back to his seat, but Johnnie kicked and positively refused to go. "You slapped me the other day when I said I didn't want to pick

up chips. Then, when I did'nt go right along to help you pick up potatoes, you came into the woodshed and took hold of my hair and led me out. Do you think I'm going to let you push me around any way that you please? I think preachers ought to do like they tell other people to do." pouted Johnnie.

At this point Faye remembered how Ralph had broken her doll and did not try to make amends for the mischief he had done, and she accused him of divers wrongdoings. "You are setting a bad 'ezample' for Anna. Mamma said we ought to set good 'ezamples' for people that are littler than we are," said she.

Grace saw that things were going from bad to worse and she would have to lend a hand to help matters. "We can't excuse the preacher for doing wrong but you must not try to make out that the preacher does all the bad things," said she. "If you will think about all the bad things that you have been doing, you will find yourselves not far behind him. By your quarreling you are setting a bad example for Anna. Don't you remember mamma said that every person is a preacher and that we preach the plainest sermons in our way of living? You got mad because what the preacher said hit you. Now you are quarreling with him although everything he said is true."

"I don't care, he don't do what he told us to do," said Johnnie.

"If he don't do right, that is no excuse for you to do wrong. You can preach good sermons for the right in your daily living if you will," sail Grace, and she continued, "every preacher that preaches in church preaches his most powerful sermons in his everyday life. Mamma said so."

Little Anna sat meekly looking on, and quietly waiting for things to come right, so that they could go on with their services, but Johnnie and Faye ran out of the room and it was plain that "playing meeting" was at an end for that day.

In every community the counterparts of these children can be found. Some go meekly and quietly about their work and if trouble arises among their neighbors or in the church, they pass it by and they patiently continue in their humble way of living. Like the modest violet they shed their sweetness about them. Others are ever looking around for more difficult work. When troubles arise they do all in their power to bring order out of confusion. They ever try to learn how they can best serve the church, their country, and their fellow-beings.

There is a class of people that see all the flaws and wrong-doings in others, and they seem to feel their best when telling some one of their discoveries.

How much better it is to lose sight of the bad in counting the many good and beautiful things in this world and in reviewing our blessings!

"Do not look for wrong or evil; you will find them if you do." Let us take a look at these children and see which one we should imitate.

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

DIDN'T THINK.

Used to let his poor old mother go and carry in the wood,
She was just a pack-horse for him, but he never understood;
Never thought of bringing water from the spring down by the lane,
Or of helping her to gather in the clothes before the rain;
Let her keep a-waiting on him, though her back was aching so—
'Twasn't cause he didn't love her—he just didn't think, you know.
After 'while the weary mother put her burdens all away,
And we went and heard the preacher praise her poor old soul one day;
And I stood and looked down at her when they pushed the lid aside.
Poor old hands! I didn't wonder that her boy sat there and cried
Just as if he couldn't bear it—just as if his heart'd break—
He had kind of got to seeing what she'd suffered for his sake.
There's a lot of kinds of sinning that the Good Book tells about—
Sins concerning which a body needn't even be in doubt;
But there's one sin that I reckon many a man who doesn't think,
Will be held to strict account for when he goes across the brink—
For the wrong that's done a person by another's want of thought
Hurts as much as though the injured was the victim of a plot!

APPLES AS MEDICINE.

CHEMICALLY, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, rum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water, says a writer in *Popular Science Monthly*. Futhermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing essential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason rudely understood that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing old and feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action; those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple-sauce with rich pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

A good, ripe raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

For the Children

YOUR OWN BOSS.

"Now and then I hear a boy say: "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy." Did you ever know anyone that amounted to much who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was glad to quit.

You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water, and frost; he must be at home every morning and night to milk the cows. The physician must buy his clothes and groceries of his patients. Do you think that Marshall Field, the great merchant was independent? Not a bit. He carried two great stores around on his back. He would have been unhappy if he had not been doing something for the thousands in his great army.

No one can be his own "boss," unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

There is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you. It is to stay right where you are, and begin by ruling yourself. That is the first step. Then begin to help other people, and after awhile you will find them willing to do anything for you. Your workshops will become a throne.

PEGGY.

ETTA E. HOLLER.

YES, Peggy was just a common, black pig. She was the "runt" of a large family of pigs. After being given up to die, father gave her to me to "raise" if I could.

I was glad for her any way, and the first thing I did was to give her a genuine bath of warm water and soapsuds. From that time she began to grow, but no wonder, considering the amount of rich, sweet milk she drank.

She grew very rapidly, and now was as large as her brothers and sisters. She had an apartment occupied by herself alone. As she was wholly in my care, I saw to it that she had a clean bed of straw almost every day.

Peggy really was very particular with her toilet. She enjoyed her daily brushings. She would not move while I brushed her, except when I would tell her to lie on her side. She would do as I told her.

She knew my voice. She was not slow to show her appreciation of her kind treatment in many ways. She knew who cared for her. She would follow me all the time when I would be out in the lot or the orchard, where she could be, and when I would get out of her sight, she would utter a most peculiar noise, just like a pig will when lost.

Childlike, I thought her a great pet. Indeed she did show a remarkable degree of intelligence. "Yes," I hear you say, "a very desirable pet, indeed!"

Possibly not as desirable as some other pets, but she was a pet for me anyway. It was real comical to see some of her performances. She would flee from father as if in great danger, just because he did not care for her. If I was near, she would run to me and get as close to me as possible, as if to say, "Now I'm safe."

She enjoyed a game of hide and seek as much as I did. Many games did we have. If I would go into the barn, she would jump up too. Then I would hide, and she would hunt. All the time, while hunting for me she would run, and make the peculiar noise of a lost pig. Then, when she found me, she would jump, seemingly, for joy, and utter the low, guttural noise of a pleased pig. She would catch hold of my dress and shake it, until I would have to laugh at her pranks.

If she was at the far end of the field, and I would call, "Peggy, Peggy," she would come as fast as her short legs would carry her.

She would play until she become so fat that she could hardly get about, yet she tried to play. She would beg for her feed, and jump through a door, made for her. In many ways she showed her appreciation of my kindness to her, but finally she was sold, and went the way of all the porkers.

I had several pet pigs, but Peggy showed the most intelligence. They all showed to me that even a dumb animal is not without feeling, and not lacking in intelligence as much as some people think. Even a hog will manifest its appreciation of kindness and care.

Rude as the illustration may seem, yet it seems to me, we could learn some good lessons from a pig, besides being kind to them.

Do we heed our Master's voice? Do we show our appreciation of his loving kindness towards us, by our actions and works?

When the adversary is near, do we stay close to our Master? Do we follow him? Let us not be like a hog under an acorn tree. Rather let us look up to him from whom our blessings come, and thank him for them.

Hagerstown, Ind.



THE RURAL LIFE

The Boy with the Hoe

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

—Our Paper.

Farm Life Up to Date

About five years ago the old cook stove got so unpopular with women folk that we simply had to buy one of those big, steel ranges that set us back sixty dollars.

When this great bakery was installed it made some other things in the kitchen look like three dimes. A lot of modern steel and tin ware had to come soon afterward, the old things wouldn't work on that range.

Then a neighbor just the other day telephoned a testimonial about an oil stove just the thing for the kitchen in summer time, so we have got to buy one.

When the women got the kitchen work lessened they had more time for other parts of the house. Of course, one of the daughters in the family had taken some music lessons. She butted in and urged the purchase of a piano.

That piano of ours drew a new center table into the parlor, then a new-fangled lamp.

Two years ago the women took up the bath-room proposition. Now we have a bath room with a big porcelain tub in it; but before we got that outfit we had other rivers to cross; we had to drill a well, put in a windmill, construct a tower and build a reservoir.

Then there was a lot of piping and plumbing to do. And while we were at it we put in a lighting plant, acetylene gas. The windmill got lazy on still days on which there seemed more than wind enough, so we had to buy an engine to do its work.

Then there was more trouble. This engine was hard to keep in business—it cleaned up all the work we could find for it, so we had to get busy and devise new chores for it.

Why not buy a cream separator to run with the engine? Why not buy a feed grinder to work it? Yes, get a fanning mill, a new meat chopper, a sheep-shearing machine and a few other tools to work this devilish gasoline engine.

Now, efficient farm labor is getting scarce, and we are trying to reduce our requirements for it, so we purchase some two-row cultivators. Wanting to get the most out of our corn crop we have built a silo; that will call for a silage cutter, also a corn binder.

As hay is a short crop we are going to bale a lot of oat and wheat straw—this will compel us to buy a baling press. New ideas as to corn culture have caused us to invest in surface cultivators and one-horse harrows to use at the last cultivation. Of course, we must keep peace in the family, or, in other words, the women folk demand an appropriation for their department every year, and it is increasing right along. But the best of it is the more things we buy the more money we can make, and the better we can live, so I guess we are coming out all right after all.

Our women folk get to town more than ever before, read more and plan more. The men also get out and mix with one another and with business men. This broadens us and makes us want some of the things city people heretofore have had as their exclusive possessions. We are using printed stationary, we operate a typewriter and have a copy press.—*Agricultural Advertising.*

There is no way of stopping growth: the only question is, in which direction it extends—whether up or down, larger or smaller.

Home of the Honey Bee

D. J. Blocher

Transportation of the Honey Bee.

In this view we have several packages for the transportation of the honey bee. In years gone by the bees were excluded from the U. S. Mails as some bee men were careless in caging, and then the mail clerks would receive some pointers, too, on beekeeping. But now they are again accepted as mail, and rapid transportation is again had.

On top the large hive is our mailing cage, which has all the essential principles of any good cage. It has three compartments, one for candy, one for warmth, and one for ventilation. The card on the cage is pulled aside far enough so two compartments are seen. The cage is finely arranged for good traveling in the mails and does not injure the mails, if properly provisioned. Then, again their feed does not dry out, as the compartment is paraffined all around, except the small passageway which they enter to feed. Foreign cages are a trifle larger, but if good connections were made, the cage shown on the hive would carry its occupants half way round the globe.



Hives and Shipping Boxes.

In going long distances, such as to Japan or China, or other places of long travel, the bees must experience all kind of climatic conditions and it is little wonder that they sometimes perish.

In sending bees to Japan, we have lost about half the bees mailed. Long confinement under all kinds of climatic conditions, and delays on the road, makes their safe arrival a matter of consideration. Yet, when we remember that a queen bee of good stock, landed in some foreign shores in a healthy condition, is of inestimable value to that country, we do not feel discouraged knowing that one-half or at least one-fourth of the queens sent to foreign lands will arrive safely. At home this would not be tolerated and would be a very bad showing.

A breeder in Italy says that out of fifteen queen bees sent to the United States only four survived. This seems like a bad showing, yet those four imported queens will do wonders in improving a lot of stock in this country.

In beekeeping as in any other business, the farther any business is extended, the more dangers and obstacles are encountered, and the results therefrom are the only justifiable incentives for carrying on the work. It costs just one penny to send this little cage and its occupants to anywhere in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Port Rico, Hawaii, Philippine Archipelago, Guam, Tutuila, or any other possessions of the United States. This one little penny, which is considered of little value, will carry something of value and far-reaching effect half way around the globe. All is made possible by the strong arm of the carrier and the proper relations existing between the sender, carrier and receiver. This little penny is also able to carry soul-saving news around the world if the proper relations exist between the sender, carrier and receiver. But how slow we are to believe and to act!

On every cage cover are the words, *"Queen Bee! Deliver Quick!"* In sending to foreign lands this is sometimes printed in several languages. The prime purpose in sending out queens of choice varieties is to improve the stock, or make good the loss of another queen.

On the ground will be seen three small hives. These are the same length and depth as the large one and are used in sending nuclei swarms by express. The object in sending bees in this way is, to build up new swarms and thus help the bees to start a hive or strengthen some weak colony. It is the cheapest, easiest and safest way to get started in bees. As the bees increase, they are given larger quarters, till the

full capacity of the hive is reached. These small hives are always screened on the top or bottom, or both, to give plenty of ventilation.

If the bees get too much heated, the combs melt down. To strengthen the comb, some fine wires are imbedded in the foundation which is seen in two frames near the hive. This is pressed wax, in the shape of cells and built in by the bees. This is fastened to the ends of the frame and gives much strength to the comb. It is very desirable all the time in handling the combs. Bees are sometimes sent by freight, in large hives. This is done more frequently, perhaps, where men send large numbers of swarms. They are sent in large hives, where they move large apiaries, or send bees by the car-load. Where bees go by the car load, an attendant goes with them. An enterprising firm sent a car-load to Cuba at once, after her independence. Many large apiaries are to be found in our country and all the bees are transported by one or the other of the packages or boxes shown in the view, with slight variations in arrangement.

Pearl City, Ill.

A Pennsylvania Canal Boat

S. Z. Sharp

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

In order to supply the Pennsylvania Canal with water, and to replenish what passed through the locks, numerous dams had to be built in the Juniata River from which the water was drawn as needed. These dams held a great deal of stagnant water, which produced a great deal of miasma, and bred fever germs all along the stream. Then, as regularly as the summer came, there was much fever and ague. When the Pennsylvania Central Railroad was built and the smoke from the locomotives, containing sulphur was distributed through the air, these sulphur fumes at once destroyed the fever germs, and sickness suddenly stopped. This blessing should be numbered among the many, brought about by the railroads.

Grain dealers generally hired boats to convey their grain to market and bring back store goods, but sometimes the owners of boats would carry the grain to market for the farmers at a certain rate per bushel and pay the farmers whatever could be realized in that way. Father preferred the latter method, and we remember with what interest we awaited the return of Henry Hertzler, of Mattawana, Pa., after he had sold each boat load of wheat, and made his tour on horseback among the farmers of Kishacoquillas Valley with his leather saddle bags, filled with gold. As he piled up the gold on our father's table, it excited greatly our boyish interest.

At that time we had no "greenbacks," or any other paper money for which the United States government guaranteed face value. The country then was flooded with counterfeit notes, and the many private banks issued notes under par, for want of sufficient capital. Some banks were discovered later to have had little or no capital at all. These last were called "wild cat" banks. Under these circumstances it was an important matter to get gold for produce sold, as there was not enough gold in existence to serve as a circulating medium for all transactions.

One of the important commodities carried by boats was coal, and you may imagine what a number of boats is required to supply all the large cities with that article. In no better way can we illustrate this than by stating that a coal boat carried from six to eight carloads of coal, the boats had to keep some distance apart to get through the locks. Now a train of coal cars, sixty to seventy, in number, will carry as much as ten boats carried then.

To prove that it would be impossible to carry the needed coal by means of canal boats, one need only to station himself at a certain point along the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and count the number of coal trains passing every ten minutes at a certain time of the day, each train carrying as much coal as ten boats could carry, and it must become apparent that the canal boats could not carry the coal needed if the boats touched each other in the canal and filled it from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, let alone the other traffic required. This gives some idea of the wonderful development of our country within the recollections of one man.

The Pennsylvania Canal was owned by the State and was rather an expensive luxury. High water in the river produced many washouts which cost much to repair them and the state officials were glad to get rid of it, hence it was sold to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company for $9,000,000. The purchaser kept it up for a while for the purpose of shipping coal which did not require to be delivered at once, but in the course of time the company did not think it paid to keep up the constant repairs and it was finally abandoned forever. Only the walls in some places along the river and a few other remains remind the traveler of what was once considered a stupenduous enterprise, and which was supplanted by another and mudh greater enterprise, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, with its four tracks and its method of taking water while the train is running.

We remember the time when the first single track was being constructed, and when it was finished as far as Mill Creek, a station five miles east of Huntingdon, and the one nearest to our home. What a commotion there was in our community when it was announced that on a certain day the first train would reach this point. Few, if any, had ever seen a train of cars and every one wished to see the "iron horse and the queer-looking wagons."

Every man, woman and child that could do so started early for Mill Creek, to be present when the train would arrive. A long line of eager watchers stood on each side of the track all looking in one direction. Our patience was equal to the emergency. Even the continued drizzling rain could not dampen our ardor, as we had provided ourselves in the morning with umbrellas. At last a rumbling sound was heard in the distance; then a cloud of black smoke appeared and the iron horse, panting, heaved slowly in sight. The engineer was evidently a wag, for as soon as he came within speaking distance, he shouted: "Put down your umbrellas or you will skeer the horse." The umbrellas were folded, and the iron horse has been running along unscared ever since.

Fruita, Colo.

TEN ACRES ENOUGH.

Many a man who has gone into business with the notion that he must have an extensive plant in order to succeed has found that he has undertaken too much. This was the experience of an Arkansas farmer, who for many years fitfully tilled a farm of two hundred acres without making at any time a comfortable living. At last he sold the land to five Italian families, who took forty acres each. A northern traveler who passed that way and was attracted by the neatness and evident prosperity of the small farms entered into conversation with one of the proprietors.

"How much land have you?" he asked.

"Forty acres," said the Italian.

"Is it all in tillage?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the farmer. "Ten acres are all one man can attend to. I bought the rest for my sons."

Ten acres may seem like a small farm to most Americans, but carefully cultivated it produced for the Italian more revenue than two hundred had for the previous owner.

FEEDING GRAIN IN SHEAF.

THERE is quite a saving of labor when the hens can be made to do a portion of the work for themselves. A poultryman who has excellent success finds it more profitable to feed sheaf oats and sheaf wheat than to thrash the grain for the hens. He states that when he throws one or two sheaves on the floor the hens are compelled to work to get the grain. They do not cease their operations when they have secured all of the grain, but continue to get more if they can and work the straw over and over. He always cuts the bands and mixes the sheaves. Now that is an idea that is not new to some and it is not known at all. It shows how easily one may provide work for the hens and also save labor to a certain extent. The fowls are always willing to work for the food received if not given to them in a manner which requires no effort on their part. It is not inferred that such a mode of feeding is the best, as the hens should have something more than grain, but that is the way to feed grain. Where one must purchase grain let it be thrown in cut straw so that each hen can work and get her share instead of one domineering hen securing the larger portion.

FUNNYGRAPHS

A passer-by was amazed at seeing an Irishman poking a dollar bill through a crack in a board walk.

"What under the sun are you doing that for?" he asked.

"Why, y' see, sir," replied the Irishman without looking up from his work, "a minute ago Oi dhropped a nickel through this crack, an' now Oi'm puttin' a dollar through so's to make it wort' me whoile to pull up th' walk an' get th' nickel."

The wife of an army officer at a Western post recently had occasion to visit a small neighboring town, to do some shopping at what is called the General Store She was much entertained by the variety and antiquity of the stock of goods, and as she passed out her eyes were attracted by a pile of mottoes, elaborately lettered and ornately framed, the upper one being the Scriptural passage: "Walk in love."

As she paused, the clerk, a dapper young man of more affability than advantages, stepped forward with the remark, "Them are the latest things in mottoes. This top one is swell to put over a young lady's door—"Walk in love."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceedsix lines altogether.

For Sale.—An almost as good as new "Chicago" Typewriter at about half price. Alignment perfect, print very clear. Write for particulars at once to W. R. Miller, 466 Jackson B'lv'd., Chicago, Illinois.

Wanted.—Chief cook and janitor. Good positions. Apply at once. Address Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wanted—Matron. Man and wife to cook Fireman. Fine position. Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.

NEFF'S CORNER

I have now been at Clovis two weeks and already a site has been selected for a churchhouse. The ground, 100x140 feet on a street corner, is to be donated and a good start is already made toward a building fund. Fifteen lots have already been purchased by Brethren. I am having a house built for a brother in Illinois, and am hurrying preparations for the building of my own residence, and though busy as I can be, I hope to begin soon on a house for a sister in California. I am expecting some brethren in from Illinois and Idaho next week, who come with a view to settling.

Several have written me concerning lots. Some think the price named, $125 for in-lots and $150 for corners, high. But remember these lots are in town. I could get cheaper lots for you by going out into the corn field or out on the commons where nobody lives and perhaps never will. But these lots you can now get at these prices are within one to three blocks of the church site and each one lies next adjoining or just opposite across the street from one that has a house on. They are also conveniently located with reference to the round-house and shops, though not too close. Remember you can get a lot so located and a house such as rents for $15 per month, all for $450. And did you figure it? $15 per month income on an investment of $450 is just 40 per cent per annum. I find I can get the lots for you on payments, so if you want a lot and haven't the ready money, write me and I will name terms. Or if you are interested in cheap farm lands, let me hear from you.

Address:

JAMES M. NEFF.
Clovis, New Mexico.

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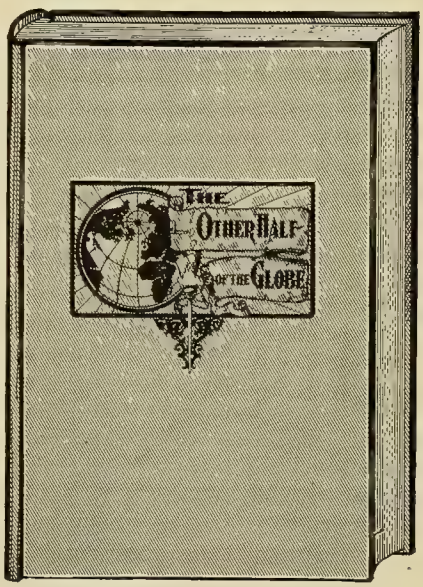
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BY

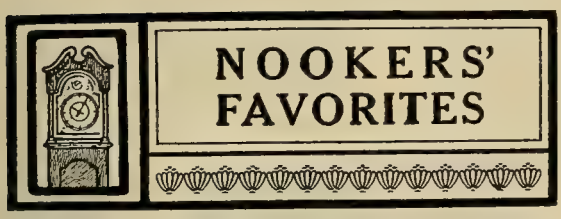
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IN THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy;
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet, yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast.

NEVER MIND.

Selected by Clara Fay.

What's the use of always grieving
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on, and never mind.

Travel onward; working, hoping.
Cast no lingering glance behind
At the trials once encountered.
Look ahead, and never mind.

What is passed is passed forever.
Let all grieving be resigned.
It will never help the matter.
Do your best, and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and never mind.

Unfriendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
And sometimes they have no value.
Pass them by, and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower;
Enemies may be combined,
If your trust in God is steadfast
He will help you. Never mind.

LITTLE BESSIE.

Selected by Susan G. Hause.

Hug me closer, mother, closer,
Put your arms around me tight;
For I'm cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange tonight.
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast,
And I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said.
Then before the lamps were lighted,
Just before the children came,
When the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.

"Come up here, My little Bessie,
Come up here, and live with me,
Where no children ever suffer
Through a long eternity."
Oh, I wondered, wondered, mother,
Who so bright upon me smiled;
But I knew it must be Jesus,
When he whispered, "Come, my child,"

Oh, at first I felt so sorry,
He had called and I must go,
Go to sleep no more to suffer—
Mother, don't be crying so!
All at once the window opened,
In the fields were lambs and sheep,
Some from the brook were drinking,
Others lying fast asleep.

There were little children singing;
Sweeter songs I never heard,
They were sweeter, mother, sweeter,
Than the sweetest singing bird.
Hug me, closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight.
Oh how much I love you mother,
And I feel so strange tonight.

Then her mother hugged her closer,
To her ever burning breast;
On her heart that near was breaking
Lay the head so near at rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the silence calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep.

In the quiet little churchyard
There is now a new-made mound,
And the form that was so cherished
Has been laid beneath the ground;
But up yonder in the portals
That are shining very fair,
Little Bessie now is sheltered
By the Savior's loving care.

A 25c Motto FREE

With each order for one dollar's worth of our Motto Cards as listed below.

No. 352—Cornflower Series. Size 8¼ x 4¼ inches. Corded. A pretty series of oblong text cards with designs of overhanging flowers. Assorted texts and designs.
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No. 279—Cyprus Series. Size 8 x 4¾ inches. Corded. An exquisite set of floral designs in pretty rustic border, cut out. Assorted texts and designs.
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No. 2825—Size, 3¾ x 7½ inches. Deckled edges, with silk cord to hang it up. Four designs, including design of lily, rose, etc. Bright silver text. Assorted texts.
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No. 277—Finland Views. Size, 6½ x 8¼ inches. A charming series of views from Finland, on cut-out shield, with effective silver border. Assorted texts. Corded.
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No. 278—Floral Shields. Size, 6½ x 8¼ inches. Corded. A fine series of floral text cards with silver border, cut-out shield-shape. Assorted texts.
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No. 2826—Size 5⅞ x 7½ inches. Deckled tinted edges. Silk cord. Four designs, roses, poppies, chrysanthemums and lilies. Bright silver texts. Assorted texts.
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No. 256—Snowflake Series. Size, 5½ x 8¾ inches. Corded. Heavy cardboard with round corners. Enameled surface. Colors, green and maroon. Assorted texts in beautiful white raised letters.
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No. 2828—Size, 7¼ x 11¾ inches. Beveled silver edges. Silk cord. Four designs. Choice clusters of roses, asters and lilies. Bright silver texts.
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We have just a small supply of the above **Text Cards** that we must close out in order to make room for our new supply. They will go quick at our offer named above. Order at once to insure your choice.

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SOLD 31 IN ONE DAY.

Find enclosed draft for 200 Cook Books. I am getting along well and like the work fine. The most books I have sold in a day was 31. Suppose I would have sold more, but finished the town and had to quit. Ida Brower, South English, Iowa, June 25, 1907.

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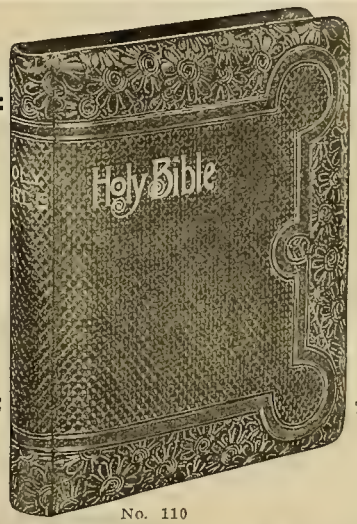
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Annual Meeting Report

On account of the great demand for the report of our late Conference held at Los Angeles, California, we are compelled to run a second edition. The report is of more than ordinary interest this year for several reasons:

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2. The important questions discussed.

3. The valuable information along educational and Sunday-school lines.

4. On account of its value as a reference book.

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RAISIN CITY, CALIFORNIA

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Over 2500 acres sold since Annual Meeting. Eld A. W. Vaniman and three others Elders and a number of Brethren have purchased land and will locate there this fall and winter.

J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed soon. A large tent 28x40 has been set up on the church site and will be used for Sunday school and preaching until a church house can be built.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal.

Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

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BY S. F. SANGER AND D. HAYS.

Anti-war history of the Brethren and Mennonites, the peace people of the South during the Civil War, 1861-1865.

From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publshing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

First, to give a true and faithful rtcord of the sufferings and experiences, largely from the personal testimony of those who, through religious convictions, declined to bear arms against their fellowmen, believing that Christians should not take up the sword, but follow the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

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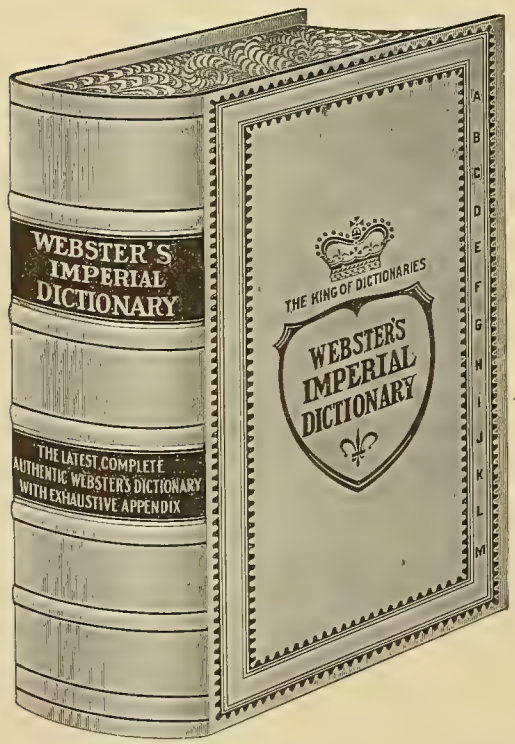
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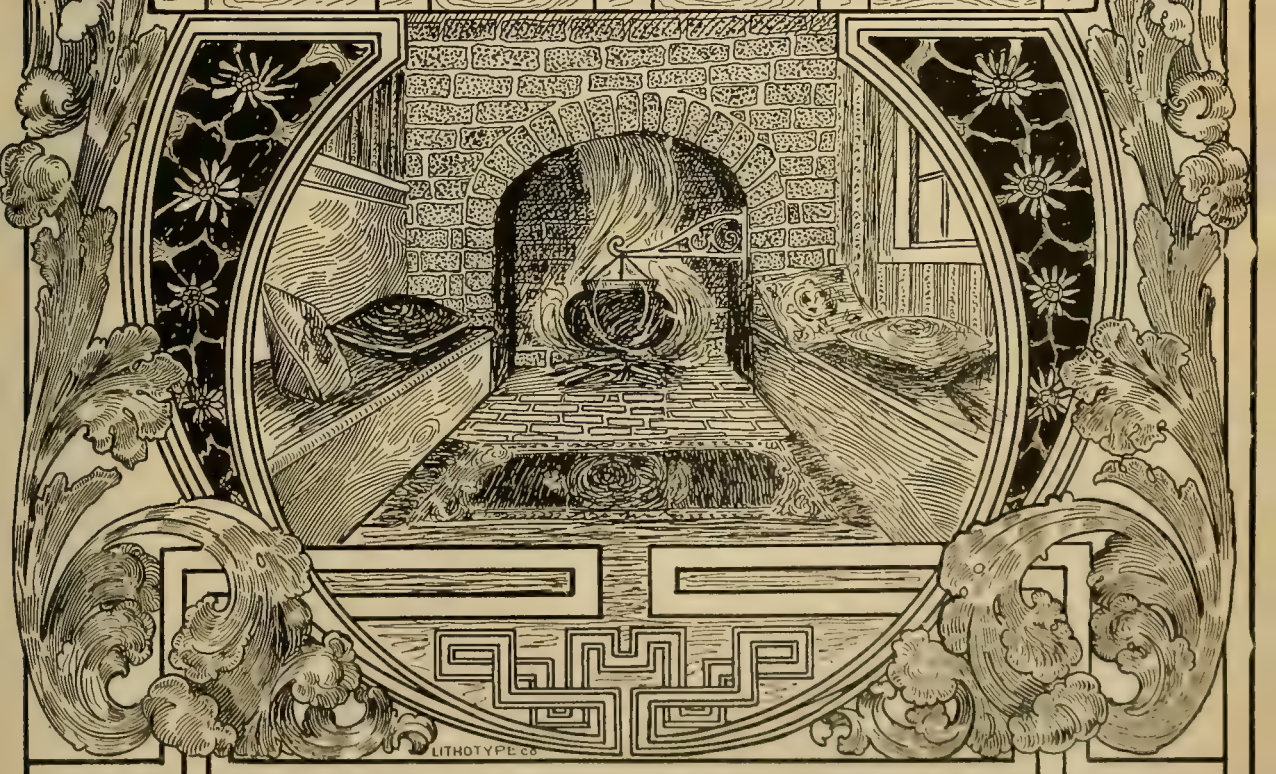
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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BUTTE VALLEY GRAIN FIELDS

H. F. Maust Cutting Wheat.

HERE are the pictures of Bro. Maust in his oats field and his self-binder at work in his wheat field. We promised these pictures a week ago and here they are.

Many of the Brethren, who attended the Los Angeles Conference, will remember as they passed through Butte Valley this wheat was just cleverly up, and now almost everyone who sees the grain thinks that the wheat will average from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre. Mr. Manson, the chief of engineering corps, says that he saw in the northern part of Butte Valley some of the finest Scotch White Oats that he has ever seen this side of Scotland. In all probability the settlers will take advantage of this valuable find and make a specialty of that superior quality of oats.

A letter from the Valley says that fifteen families will move in this week, and on the evening of the 12th inst., Bro. Campbell and Bro. Wheeler left Chicago, over the N. W. & U. P. for Butte Valley with about forty people. Bro. Early says new settlers come into the Valley nearly every day. It begins to look as though the Valley would be thickly settled long before we anticipated it.



H. F. Maust in Oats Field.



H. F. Maust's Grain, Looking West. E. M. Wolf's House and Barn in Distance.

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J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed soon. A large tent 28x40 has been set up on the church site and will be used for Sunday school and preaching until a church house can be built.

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Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad 14 miles from Fresno a city of 25,000.

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From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publshing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

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Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

Lomita California

Water is here for use: Things are looking up and forward now. Improvements by home-making, water developing, and street-grading are in evidence. In this land of the afternoon sun, where things of beauty and useful productions come so readily, if given half a chance, it does not require much time to change from a state of wilderness to one of grandeur. It has not been long since that large party stood up under our camera, which failed to copy any one, until the now; but things look quite different from that barley field. And the fodder is not in the shock nor the frost on the pumpkin vine either.

The barley was a good crop. The berry was first class. And the corn—well, come and see. And the sea breezes are perfectly free. Heat that makes one swelter and wish for fans and ice is tempered by the placid Pacific here.

Yes, here the careful poultry raiser ought to find himself always on the highway of prosperity. He can raise alfalfa and corn and other food stuffs for his fowls, thus avoiding the high-priced feed which is solely controlled by the middleman. A minimum cost of food for your poultry and the high prices for eggs and meat simply put into possession of the careful poultry man advantages that must bring him satisfactory revenues. But the birds require attention daily.

Swine will do well at Lomita. With corn and barley and alfalfa, and no cold weather to check growth, what would a Kansas or an Illnois hog raiser accomplish here? Some of you come and try it. The conditions certainly are favorable for the pigs.

The California vegetable union has an immense demand for all kinds of vegetables, 300 acres of cabbage grown at Lomita would find ready market this winter; and peas by the acre would get ready sale at good prices. Cabbage and tomatoes can be planted with a machine and cultivated like corn. Tomatoes are set in May, cabbage yields about $100 per acre: tomatoes $150. Set your ground to cabbage in October, harvest in February and March. In April put potatoes in same ground, harvest them in June and July. Plant the same ground to potatoes in August, and harvest in October. This makes three crops in one year. On this account land and water are cheap at $350. per acre. Rightly managed the land will almost pay for itself in one year. We want good farmers.

The water is flowing in a beautiful stream, and those who are willing to join water with land are now sure of excellent results. Come! It is no longer a question of water, but of muscle and brain and will power. You can "look around" a great deal, but you can not look more surely than by getting some of this good soil in such a genial climate that will work crops for you all the year. Try it! Only $350 per acre. One fourth cash: balance one, two, three years at six per cent interest. Address:

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Join Our Party Sept. 17th

And investigate the possibilities of the TWIN FALLS, north side tract to be thrown open for settlement

October 1

150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act will be Thrown Open for Entry on that Date

This will be a great opportunity to the settler to secure a Homestead in a mild, equable climate, where crops grow to perfection by irrigation. No failure of crops on account of drought. This tract is on the North side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho.

The Brethren

should now be arranging to go to the opening of this 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal for it will be taken up quick when once opened. Be there ready for entry Oct. 1. A good sized party have already made arrangements to go.

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $35.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms. Crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands, take the Oregon Short Line, R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner or Twin Falls.

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

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Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

One-Way Rates in Effect from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31

	From Chicago.
Pocatello. Idaho,	$30 00
Ogden, Utah,	30 00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	30 00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	30 50
Payette, Idaho,	30 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	30 50
Boise City, Idaho,	31 10

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER 17, 1907. NO. 38.

How the Choice Was Made

Ida M. Helm

Wanted—A boy to do errands about my office. Good pay. Call at my office corner of East Main Street and Belle Avenue at 8 o'clock Thursday morning, August 22.
T. Goodyear.

FIVE boys read this notice with an extra long look at the words "Good pay," and immediately each little fellow began making preparation to secure the job. Tom Reed went to the pump with his tooth-brush and a large piece of charcoal in his hand. After rubbing his teeth for fifteen minutes, he gave his mouth such a complete washing as it had not received for many a day. I have heard that Goodyear is pretty particular about who he employs in his office, and he hates tobacco, cigarettes, and whiskey, so I must clean up or I'll get left. I will scrub my mouth again to-morrow; then Trursday morning I'll scour it again and I'll take a bath before I start. I never have had any tobacco about my new Sunday clothes, so I'll wear them and he will never suspicion that I use tobacco. It's an enviable job; all of the boys that work there like him, and he always pays well.

Clem Brown, Simon Swift and Hal Sherfey, all good enough boys in some ways but sadly lacking in others, each began to try to cleanse himself of different odors of tobacco, beer, hard cider, etc.

James Hawk never did like to work, or keep himself neat and clean, but his mother saw the notice and urged him to try for the place. At first he was rebellious to his mother's wishes, but when he read the notice and saw the two words, "Good pay," he agreed to apply for the place. His mother coaxed him to wash his hands, neck and ears; then she gave him money and sent him to the barber.

Two boys decided to apply for the place without any extra preparation. Sam Coxy, standing outside the horse-stable door, thinking about it, tossed the stump of a cigar to the ground, and gave a long whistle of determination, as he mentally said, That's the chance of a boy's life and I mean to try for *that job*. Then he lit another cigar and began smoking, and went on with his work as usual.

Earnest Winters read the notice then went on with his work as he did before. Although there was no visible sign of anything more than common, his mother accidently heard him say to himself, "I have heard that he is pretty particular about who he employs, but *mother* says I am a good boy and if he asks me whether I use tobacco in any form, or any kind of strong drink, or whether I swear or play cards, I can honestly answer, "No." If he will give me the job, I will do my very best at the work he gives me to do. If I fail to get the place, I shall stay at home and do the chores and errands just as I have been doing."

Clem Brown finding it hard to do without tobacco and disliking the job of keeping his teeth scoured for two days, dropped out of the contest. Eight o'clock Thursday morning found six boys at Mr. Goodyear's office, each one waiting for his turn to put in his application. Each boy except Sam Coxy had with him a certificate of recommendation from some one. Mr. Goodyear told them he would examine each boy; then he would make known in the presence of all whom he had selected and why he had selected that particular one.

Lawyer Goodyear was a large, imposing man, with very bright, black eyes that looked through large glasses and seemed to discern the thoughts that ran riot through the boy's minds. They felt considerably awed in his presence, and some of them became confused. Hal Sherfey was the first of the boys to come under the lawyer's scrutinizing inspection. He felt guilty, and when it was over, he felt sure that he had not answered the questions as he had intended; he knew he had contradicted himself.

Simon Swift's turn came next. Feeling conscious of the deception he had planned to practice on Mr. Goodyear, he could only stammer his answers in a half intelligible manner.

The next boy to pass under Mr. Goodyear's keen preception was Tom Reed who answered every question promptly and clearly, just as he had decided he

would. He considered himself very smart and he mentally saw Mr. Goodyear offering him the position in the presence of all the other boys. His pride received a shock when the examiner questioned, "Did I not see you coming out of the back door of Scroggs' drug store last Saturday afternoon? Tom's strong will came to his assistance and he quickly answered, "No, Sir," although he knew it was a lie.

Mr. Goodyear dismissed him and called Sam Coxy. He came forward with a cigar in his hand, and waited with a broad grim on his face for the first question. He answered every question truthfully. When the lawyer asked him, "Do you swear?" he answered, "Sometimes I do, when I'm mad." When the lawyer asked, "Do you ever take strong drink?" he said, "Not very often; I did several times when the fellows treated, but I like tobacco better and after mother gets her share of the money I earn, and I buy a few clothes and tobacco, I do not have much money left, so I cannot treat the other fellows, and they do not treat me any more." Then the lawyer asked him, "If I give you this place, will you use tobacco or strong drink, play cards, tell lies, swear, fight and steal things?" The grin left the boy's face and he said, "May I ask a question?" Mr. Goodyear answering in the affirmative, Sam asked, "Do you care if I do those things?" The lawyer answered, "Certainly I do *care;* if I give you the place you must be a good boy and not do any of the things I mentioned." "Well, I'll try, was his answer. Mother says when I say, I'll try to do a thing, I generally do it. I used to lie but mother didn't want me to, and so I quit. She says she has not caught me in a lie for three years. I cannot play cards as I never had nobody to play cards with. I don't steal; mother said she'd skin me if I did." A look of scorn came over his face as he said, "I don't want nothing that don't belong to me." He walked to the door and flung the cigar stump far into the street; then he looked straight into Mr. Goodyear's eyes as he said, "There, if you'll hire me, I'll never use tobacco again till you give it to me.

James Hawk's turn came next, but he walked in such a languid, tired sort of a way and drawled his answers in such a sleepy tone that the man behind the large glasses asked him but few questions.

Ernest Winters was the last one to bear witness for himself, and he answered all of the questions in an unassuming manner. Then he handed the examiner a letter that a lady who once visited his mother wrote, after she returned home. The lawyer took it read it so all could hear:

Mrs. Levi Winters:—

I would like to have a boy that is honest, industrious, and thoughtful for the interests of other people, to come and live with me and help cultivate my large garden, and take the vegetables to the market and dispose of them. I want a boy that I can trust at all times and while visiting at your house I found that your son Ernest is just the kind of a boy I want. If he will come I will pay him well.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lottie Tucker.

Mr. Goodyear looked carefully over the letter and envelope, and saw that the handwriting and stamp address on the envelope was the same as the handwriting and address in the letter. He handed it back to Ernest; then he said, "I will not name any one; each boy knows how he witnessed for himself. One boy told two different stories. One stammered in such a way that I hardly knew what he wanted to say. One answered clearly and promptly but did not look at me once while he answered the questions. I saw the boy once, less than a week ago, with a cigar in his mouth. I always mark boys when I see them coming out of back-doors of drug stores where liquor is sold. One boy I hardly knew whether he was asleep or awake he walked so feeble and answered my questions in such a sleepy way. I am afraid he is not able to do the work attached to the position I have to give." Then he said, "Boys, remember,

"'Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to the seas.'"

"Take my advice and begin your lives over, study the manners of industrious, truthful men and mold your characters after their pattern. You are all young in years and now is the time you are forming habits that will cling to you through life. I do not want a boy to work for me who tries to deceive me or is lazy. I have selected the boy whose mother received the letter from her friend. Every time he answered a question he looked straight into my eyes. A boy can not help but write his character in his countenance and I know the boy whom I selected has an honest, truthful face." He continued, "I have decided to give the boy who threw the cigar out of the door an offer. My hostler has told me several times that he wished I would get a boy to help him in the stable. I have been looking around for a boy, and this one answered all of my questions truthfully. He did not try to deceive me in the least, and he says he will be a good, obedient boy—and I will give him a chance for promotion. A man once found a diamond in the mud; it was rough and dull looking but when it was cut and polished it was of priceless value. There are human diamonds that are rough and uncouth before being taught and educated in the way of right, but when the rough marks of wrong and ignorance are rubbed off, their true beauty shows itself. An unadorned exterior often harbors a wonderful soul. I like to help boys who help themselves. Let us work for the true riches, and not think only of the 'good pay' of this world. Some men with millions are poverty-stricken. No other kind of poverty is worse than mental or spiritual poverty. Avarice is wrong

and intemperance will gradually destroy brains, body and soul."

Ernest and Sam promised to be on hand ready to begin work on Monday morning. Then the boys started home, two of them carrying very happy hearts. The others were sadder and possibly wiser boys. If not, it was not Mr. Goodyear's fault.

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

The Block System of Moving Trains

Robert E. Ericsen

WHAT is known as the block system of moving trains is being used on many of the roads of the United States.

Formerly all orders for trains were sent to the station agent who, in many places, attended to the freight and passenger traffic, besides being baggage master and express agent.

Now, at certain places along the railroad, towers are erected, their location being governed by the proximity of switches more than any other one thing, the distance varying ordinarily from three to six miles.

At each tower an operator, called a signalman, is constantly on duty unless temporarily excused by the chief dispatcher, the leave of absence being governed by the time when a train is due at that place.

The track between two towers is called a block and not more than one passenger train is allowed on a block at a time. More than one freight *may* be allowed under a caution signal.

Between the tower and the track is a post, about thirty-five feet high, called a semaphore post, from the top of which are two arms extending at right angles to the track like a capital T. No train is allowed to pass unless the arm to the right of the approaching train is lowered, which is done by the signalman, rods entering through the roof for that purpose.

When the board is perpendicular, the track is clear and the train may proceed. When partially lowered it is called a caution signal and the train may pass at reduced speed.

At night a light is placed on the post and the raising and lowering of the arm brings different colored glasses between the light and the observer. A red light signifies "stop," green "caution" and a clear light is called white and signifies "clear track."

Even in daytime these terms are used in regard to the signals—they are called red, green or white boards from the color of the light their position would show at night.

Like all other occupations, railroading has its slang terms, intelligible only to the fraternity. To "give the board" is to allow a train to pass. When the signal is given for a train to start it is "giving the high ball." When a train "goes in the hole" it goes onto a siding. An operator is a "ham" and when he sleeps at his post he is said to be "haying" or "in the hay."

In sending messages, the operator uses a species of shorthand, abbreviating in every possible manner. "R. u. tr?" is "Are you there?" "I" is an answer to calls equal to "I hear." "G. H." is "Go ahead." "N. m." is no more." By this means time is gained.

On a large sheet the signalman keeps a record of the time when a train enters his block, which information he receives from the tower where it enters. He must record the number of the train, the number of the engine, and the signals,—if any, displayed by them. (Trains are sometimes named for the convenience of the public, but to all railroad men they are known by numbers, the even numbers going in one direction and the odd in another.)

When a train passes his tower, he must notify the operator on either side, giving the time of leaving.

He must copy orders as directed by the dispatcher and deliver one copy to the conductor and one to the engineer of the train designated.

Sometimes a "19" order must be given, which means that the order is written on form no. 19 and given to the train men as they pass. This is one of the most risky of all his duties, because he must stand near the track and anything falling from a train going forty or more miles an hour might do serious injury. A hoop is made by twisting a wire around itself and the order is placed between the wires. He holds the hoop at right angles to the track and it is caught by thrusting an arm through. At night he must hold a lantern to indicate the position of the hoop.

Wrecks are sometimes caused by train crews not heeding signals. For instance, a red switch light shows an open switch, and white a closed one. Sometimes through the fault of no one, a switch light goes out, and then the engineer, instead of stopping to investigate, as the rules direct, takes chances and thunders past at unchecked speed.

The work of an operator is very confining—twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, he must be at his desk ready to answer all calls.

The engineer is a brave man and people so consider him, yet he is only running as ordered. But little notice is taken of the almost unseen fellow who,

often overworked (being sometimes at his post twenty-four hours or more without sleep), is giving him his orders from the despatcher. Should he fail to copy them correctly, even to the change of a letter or figure, fearful results might follow.

Though his responsibility is great, his salary is as small or smaller than that of any other position on the road.

THE TOWER MAN.

The operator in the tower sits,
Holding his nightly vigil all alone,
On him the care of many lives is thrown—
Many the souls dependent on his wits.

As o'er the rails the gleaming headlight flits
Shining an instant, only, then is gone.
And when the semaphore's white light is shown
Letting the train rush past he calmly sits.

Each night alone he waits while others sleep,
In his lone tower he must watch and wait,
Let us like him a constant vigil keep,
In all our deeds with "**Right**" co-operate,
Never repine when sorrows round us sweep—
God knoweth best, and heeds our ev'ry strait.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

WESTERN NOTES FOR INGLENOOK.

H. M. BARWICK.

A Million Dollars to Move the Crop.

ONE million dollars was transferred from New York and other designated money centers to the West Aug. 23, to aid in moving the western crops to eastern centers.

The United States Government has directed this help for years and it is highly appreciated by the western farmer and grain men.

After Effects of Strikes.

At the time of the strike at Cripple Creek, Colo., a few years ago, the city numbered 16,000 inhabitants. Now it is barely 8,000. There is as much gold there as ever, the developed mines are there, mining is being done, but the push and life so characteristic of a thriving mining town is all gone.

The residents blame the strike for killing the town. Somehow the blight seems to have come to Cripple Creek to stay. But dozens of other cities have had the same experience. Strikes are local wars and war is devastating at all times.

Improvements in the Channels of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

It may not be many years until the people of the United States will hear of internal improvements on gigantic scale. Especially will this be true if the people of St. Louis and Kansas City succeed in impressing President Roosevelt with the justice of their claim.

The two cities named have combined and on Oct. 3 the President will be piloted over the waters of the two rivers named with the expressed purpose of convincing him, and through him Congress, as to the necessity of preparing the river channels for larger steamboat service. The Missouri River channel is dangerous, but with a first-class water way for a few hundred miles, it is argued that the entire West would receive lasting benefits of great value.

Those of the West who know the truthfulness of their claim all join hands in asking Congress for a heavy appropriation to make their water ways serve the needs of the entire country.

Hundreds of millions of public money has been appropriated in the past for less worthy objects than that of opening up the Missouri River.

LEARN FROM THE ANIMALS.

IF man would stealthily observe the habits of animals during torrid weather, he might learn something to his advantage. The animal adapts himself to the weather when left alone. He refrains from drinking either whiskey or beer. He does not race up and down in the sun. He cuts down his rations a little, stays in the shade, snoozes at midday, and studies to be quiet. So he goes through a hot summer in fine shape, save when scourged and tortured by man. The most obvious rules of nature warn men not to give way to angry passions in such weather as this. War, personal conflict, or even bitter quarrels are hideously corrosive and destructive to the vital element. No man can possibly live long who flies into a passion every hot day. He sears his soul and shrivels up the juices of his body by such short-circuiting of his energy. There is no excuse for the brawling and quarreling and bellicose utterances that are heard on all sides. It is a confession of weakness more contemptible than the drunkard's. Let everybody brace up and resolve to keep cheerful! It is easy enough to any man who is a man. Then, when he makes himself cheerful, he will discover that he is cool.—*Washington Post.*

TWO MISUNDERSTOOD TITLES.

THERE is the widespread misconception about the title of the Emperor of Russia. He is almost universally called the Czar or Tsar. That is not a title at all, the word czar meaning simply king. He is never called that in Russia, the educated people calling him emperor, and the peasantry, gossudar, or lord. The Russian ruler has been officially and diplomatically known as emperor ever since Peter the Great obtained recognition as such. The other misunderstood title is that of the German ruler. He is not the Emperor of Germany, as so many persons call him, but the German emperor, a title that was expressly stipulated for by the German states when the confederation was formed, in the time of Bismark.

Indians in the Beet Fields at Rockyford, Colo.

N. J. Miller

In Two Parts.—Part One.

THE group of Indians shown herewith have made an exceptionaly good record in the beet-fields this season. The majority are spending their vacation from the government schools earning money to invest in sheep, goats, cattle and horses for their elders to care for in their absence. The youngest of this group is twelve, and the eldest about fifty-five. Each one is capable and willing to do a good day's work.





This group of Indians I have known to begin work at five o'clock in the morning and work steadily, except during the noon hour, until seven o'clock at night. One day, while under my direction, they even missed their dinner and the noon hour so as to gain extra time, never lagging a minute. The idea that the Indian is lazy and makes a poor workman does not hold true in this case.

Just Before the Dawn

Richard Braumstein

To one whose life is passed in pain and sorrow,
A stormy voyage on a violent sea,
A daily and a seeming endless struggle,
With cruel disease and chill adversity

"Be not afraid, nor let your heart be troubled."
But set your doubts and fears at rest;
The Father, loving all his wayward creatures,
Gives unto each the lot he knows the best.

'Tis alone the active soul that conquers,
Nor yet possesses bravest, noblest traits,
Nor aids the most in winning life's great battles,
He also serves who only stands and waits.

Although to you the world is sad and dreary
And hope and joy may seem forever gone,
Do not despair, but let your faith grow stronger:
The night is just before the dawn.

In God's own time the shadows all will vanish,
The mists of grief and pain will pass away
And from the dim and darkened clouds of sorrow,
Your life will shine forth into perfect day.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Abide with me, O Lord forever,
In the morning's ruddy glow,
When temptation's darkening shadows
In my pathway seem to grow.
Still be near me, ever guiding,
Up the steep and rugged height,
On whose glorious summit beaming,
Is a crown of golden light.

Still be with me at the noontide,
Through the heat and toil and care,
And though rough the toilsome journey,
May I know that thou art near;
Helping me to brave the tempest,
Guiding o'er the weary way;
Teaching me the blessed lessons
That thy love and truth portray.

And when evening's gentle shadows
Gather near and nearer still,
May I feel thou wilt not leave me
But thy promised care fulfill;
Then sweet peace shall crown my efforts,
And will be my true reward,
If aright I've turned my footsteps,
Upward to the throne of God.

Thus abide with me forever,
Make my heart thy dwelling place,
Where thy light in glory beaming
Every error shall efface.
And through phases ever changing
I will cling in trust to thee,
While my earnest prayer ascending.
Shall be Lord,—"abide with me."

THROUGH HOLLAND.

HERE is a pretty description of a day's travel through Holland: At Amsterdam I left the train and boarded a boat bound for the Helder, the northernmost point of North Holland, where the low-lying islands curve round to the horizon, looking as if they had been appointed ocean outposts to Friesland. The voyage might take a day, but what of that? There is only one to travel in Holland—by water. The boat glides through the brimming canal, passes the clean towns and the many windmills. Life persists; passengers and cargoes come and go, but you are no longer at war with the world or in trouble with it. You are a spectator, idling through a summer day, wrapped in aloofness, content merely to be moving through the moist and luminous air. When the environs of Amsterdam are left behind and the waterside houses give place to the reeds that bend as the backwash overtakes them and the factories fade into vast, bright meadows, the spirit of this land, wrested from the sea, obsesses the traveler. I forgot to count the windmills, was indifferent to the locality of the hut where Peter and the Great studied shipbuilding and was content with pretending to choose a habitation from among the dwellings whose gardens are washed by the waters of this great North canal.

"We passed through Alkmaar. On one side Dutch farmhouses, compact, four-square, stretching in an endless line along the waterway; on the other side the meadows and beyond them, far away, the sweeping line of the dunes. They rise above the North sea and on their sandy sides and heights men are forever on the watch against the encroachments of the the Ocean; they plant the 'shrub' called heim, that binds the sand together, making a bulwark against the rage of the waves. 'God gave us the sea, but we made the shore,' says the Dutchman. These flower-fruitful and pastoral meadows that outstretched as we glided northward were once submerged in water. The fight against the sea never ceases. As we moved northward the three great dykes loomed out. I gazed out at these hight bulwarks, patrolled and watched by day and by night, and mused on the legend that at Amsterdam there is one master key a turn of which, in times of peril from foreign invasion, will drown the land again.

"And as I mused there swept past a barge. The great sail was hoisted. The family—a mite of the 50,000 canal population who live out their lives on these floating houses—were gathered round the tiller, where mynheer smoked and steered. A barge—the symbol of this sea-conquering people. Below the Helder I landed. Beyond this is the fort, with the fringe of islands outposting Friesland, the fishing fleet and the gunboats, and the channel between the mainland and the Texel opening to the world. As I crossed the bridge I saw the sight of sights. There was no fuss, no shouting, no spilling of wine at that launch. The barge moved from her cradle, shot downward, took the water in a rush, pretended to capsize and all at once acquiesced. She had found her master."

REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEAT.

COAL has been reached at a depth of 1,321 feet in Lord Londonderry's new colliery at Seaham harbor, in England, after a remarkable engineering feat. Owing to the presence of enormous quantities of water forming a quicksand, it was found necessary to freeze the ground to a depth of nearly 500 feet. Twenty-eight holes were bored in a circle about the shaft to a depth of 484 feet, and freezing tubes were inserted. Brine was the medium used to extract the heat from the strata. The length of time required to form a wall of ice was 185 days, the wall being maintained for 353 days. In the shaft bottom the frozen sand was so hard that it could be penetrated only by blasting.

SOME people cannot do anyone a service, without "bossing" them meanwhile, and trying to do so forever after.

What May Be Seen at Long Branch

Richard Seidel

THE general impression that Long Branch, like Monmouth Beach, Seabright and many other resorts on the coast, is a watering place of recent origin, is erroneous. It was known among Philadelphians who, by the way, were pioneer residents of the New Jersey coast, as early as 1788. Tucker's Beach and Long Branch, further south, were also visited by them at that time. In these old days the fishermen carted fish, oysters and crabs in shore wagons to Philadelphia and Trenton, and on their return trips conveyed the summer visitors and their household effects to the seashore.

Long Branch derives its name from the adjacent branch of the Shrewsbury river. It is known to have been in 1734 a camping ground of the Cranberry Indians, two of whom, Tom Store and Andrew Wooley, claimed the land between the Manasquan and the Shrewsbury. In 1753 a conference was held at Crosswicks, between the Indians and four settlers from Rhode Island, to arrange for the purchase by the latter of a portion of the state which now includes Long Branch. After much palaver, it was agreed that the settlers should be allowed to buy as much land as a man could walk around in a day, if one of them could throw an Indian champion in a wrestling match. John Slocum, a man of large size and athletic strength, was the champion for the whites. After a long struggle he threw his man.



At the outbreak of the Revolution, Long Branch is said to have been the property of Colonel White, a British officer residing in New York. He erected a summer residence on his seaside estate, which was, however, confiscated after the opening of hostilities. Others say that this house belonged to Ebenezer Wardell and was confiscated because he sympathized with the British.

In 1788, Mr. Elliston Perot, of Philadelphia, persuaded an old woman in charge of the house to allow him and his family to occupy it during the summer, on condition of providing the beds and food. Others begged the privilege of sharing the house with Mr. Perot, and this suggested to a Mr. McNight the idea of purchasing the building and establishing a public resort. Borrowing $2,000 McNight made additions to the dwelling and was so successful that he cleared $40,000 from his venture, a large sum in those days. The best families of Philadelphia resorted to it. McKnight's hotel was purchased in 1820 by William Renshaw, whose widow continued the house until 1837. The property then passed into the possession of James Green, who built the Bath Hotel. It burned down in 1867, the loss being $100,000. The Hotel Scarboro now occupies the site of the Bath Hotel. Besides McKnight's hotel there was another hotel established in Long Branch in 1792, by Herbert and Chandler. Gradually, but steadly, the importance of Long Branch increased.

Speaking of this famous resort, an old resident describes Long Branch as it was in 1840: "Then one little steamer made the trip from New York, rounding the Hook and making her way into the Shrewsbury through an inlet at Seabright (now closed) almost at the spot where the Octagon Hotel used to stand. The water rushed through it as in a mill race, and the passage through was an event of the day. From the little dock inside, stages with the tires of their wheels eight inches broad, toiled slowly along the sands to a farm, the borders of which is now Monmouth Beach, and thence to the upper end of Long Branch and to a low tavern, known as the Fish house, at about the point where the telegraph office used to stand. The telegraph office has been removed to a point further inland. The Fish House was then several hundred yards from the beach. There were but two other hotels—the Bath House, about half way between the present West End and Ocean, and the Conover House. Then all who came here drove from Philadelphia, Trenton, or Princeton, in their own carriages; few came from New York. The fare was

plain. Great dishes of boiled, hard-shell crabs and lobsters were on every table. There were beef, mutton and vegetables from New Jersey farms, and rich cream and milk, and in the kitchen were colored cooks from the South. People came here for their health and after supper every one went to the beach and there stayed until ten or eleven o'clock. Every one bathed in the sea; a white flag gave notice that it was ladies' hour, and no man except a husband then ventured on the beach. When the red flag was up the men crowded the surf. The hotels were then so far back that the bluffs concealed the bathers."

The Long Branch of today is a seashore cosmopolis. The features which attract the vast summer throng to it probably repel as many, if not more, from it, a circumstance to which the majority of the more rational resorts on the coast doubtless owe their origin. The leading characterisitics of Long Branch may be described in one sentence: It is the only resort on the coast which supports a synagogue; the "tiger" has several superbly appointed jungles, in one of which, at least, one man is known to have lost considerable money in one night. It is "fashionable" in the sense in which the word is used by those who fondly imagine that lavish display of wealth is evidence of high social position. In fact, the display of wealth, in the equipages on Ocean Avenue, in the costly fabrics and jewels of evening toilets, at the gambling table or on the race track, seems to be the chief amusement of a large majority of the successors of the worthy Philadelphians, who, over a century ago, discovered the resort. It may be judged from the foregoing that Long Branch is not a place whither a circumspect parent would take his family for a quiet summer by the sea; but for those who like to be in the whirl of a "fashionable" watering place, it is without rival, as it is also for the cynic who enjoys to view the "maddening crowd" as it goes by.



Yet, as there are islands in a rushing, roaring stream, so there are some spots in Long Branch where the noisy throng has not intruded. Besides many private cottages, there are the hotels, cottages and grounds of Hollywood, near the West End station, a settlement within itself, under one management, and including a huge bathing pavilion, shut in by high walls from the gaze of the curious, and for the use of the Hollywood guests only. Another pavilion is that of the West End. It is connected with the second floor of the hotel by a bridge and has 600 bathing houses. There are also numerous bathing houses under the Iron pier, the landing for excursion boats, which extends on a level with the 25-foot high bluff, 800 feet out over the ocean. The bathing hour, near full tide, is announced by the hoisting of a white flag on the hotels. The bathers are carefully watched by life savers in boats on the line beyond the surf, and should bathing be dangerous, the flag is not hoisted.

Ocean Avenue, toward evening, is probably the liveliest thoroughfare in the United States. Here one can see almost every kind of vehicle,—stages crowded with excursionists, buggies drawn by swift roadsters, automobiles, tandems, four in hands, T-carts, etc., many of them perfectly appointed and each interesting in its own way, as representing one of the many types of people to be found at this resort. Among the turnouts are many from the resorts north and south of Long Branch, whose residents doubtless look with quite amusement upon much of what they see. Even of those who would not care to live there, Long Branch is interesting, if only as an object lesson in certain extreme phases of American life,—phases which could manifest themselves only in a country whose society is still undergoing the process of fermentation.

Ocean Avenue itself is a beautiful thoroughfare, a broad driveway along the five miles of bluff, commanding a superb view of the ocean and swept by its cooling breezes. It is a part of the famous "Ocean Driveway," which extends from Highland Beach to Bay Head, a distance of about twenty miles.

Long Branch is abundantly supplied with pure water obtained from Green's Pond and Whale Pond Brook, the latter a stream which feeds Whale Pond, a picturesque lake between Elberon and West End. The system of pipes extends ten miles from Elberon to Highland Beach and is under control of the Long Branch Water Supply Company. A thorough sys-

tem of electric lights illuminates the avenue and beach and the promenades are kept in excellent repairs.

The fire ruins of the Rothschild cottage on the Ocean Driveway are a continual reminder of what inadequate fire protection means. In Long Branch six well distributed first companies can take care of almost any fire, if caught in time, but West End has only one fire engine company.

Long Branch practically includes North Long Branch (formerly Atlanticville); East Long Branch, Long Branch Village; and Branchport. Long Branch Village, accessible from the Branchport station as well as from the Long Branch station, is one mile from the beach and is a business place, rather than a summer resort. It was settled before the Revolution and in former years was locally known as "The Pole," owing to a lofty liberty pole, which stood near the center of the village.

Branchport, closely adjoining Long Branch Village, is pleasantly situated at the head of the network of creeks and inlets forming the Long Branch of the Shrewsbury River.

Charming Scenery of the West

Furman R. Cline

He who has eyes to see and sees not is worse than he who never saw at all, for we believe that God created all things for a purpose.

At the end of another very pleasant and profitable week, as we sit and meditate upon the experience of the past month, we must admit that our lot has been cast among the beauties and grandeurs of nature which California alone can furnish to the Easterner.

The duties of the week being ended, a day was set apart on which to visit Lake Tahoe before going farther west into California. Neither tongue nor pen can describe, with credit, this beautiful lake in its full grandeur as it sleeps quietly among the snow-capped peaks and sweet-smelling savor of the pines, which makes it a favorite place for hundreds of tourists who annually come to enjoy a few months of quiet rest. There is the choicest camping ground around its sides for over a hundred miles.

It extends over six hundred square miles and is from 1,500 to 1,800 feet deep. Fishing and hunting are indulged in freely and the sportsman is amply repaid for his time as game is plentiful.

Though one could write pages of its beauty and spend hours upon its banks, we must travel onward toward the Pacific. Slowly winding our way up across the Sierra mountains, we soon find ourselves looking with a wishful and longing eye at the acres of beautiful fruit land in the noted Sacramento Valley.

Though it was not our lot to stop in this place, we were bountifully supplied with the various varieties of the juicy fruit by the "coming financiers" of the land, who were eager for the loose change of the hungry passengers.

The San Francisco skyscrapers were next to greet our eager eyes as we crossed the beautiful bay and entered the "City of the Golden Gate."

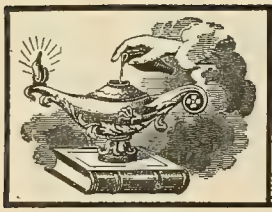
For the first time we stood upon the banks of the Pacific and looked out upon the mighty deep as the waves came rolling towards us in all their grandeur. Then, as never before, did we fully realize the insignificance of man's power, as compared to the forces of nature which were continually at work.

So impressed were we with its grandeur that we were not satisfied until we were more than satisfied. Some thirty hours later, having ridden about three hundred miles up the coast and getting a slight touch of that pleasant sensation, known as seasickness. though we paid our fare at the start we could not help but offer our tribute to the waves occasionally, as they so boisterously pitched us from side to side and it was not with sorrow that we once again found ourselves on solid footing, and in the beautiful city of Eureka, in the northern part of the State.

To state that we are in the "Garden of Eden," expresses our thoughts but mildly. Though it may have its drawbacks we are looking at it from the aesthetic side and to see the spreading palms and towering redwoods, along with the many varieties of beautiful flowers which grow out of doors the year round, one feels like taking off his hat in their presence and yielding to their charming power.

Still realizing that the beauties of nature are not all stored in one little section of the country, we are desirous of pushing onward, eager to grasp all that we can and thus be of a little more use to our fellowman.

Rockyford, Colo.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

G. A. SNIDER.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psa. 116: 15.

As we look upon death, it means separation,—the removal of loved ones from our midst to the cold grave,—the departure of friends, from the land of the living to the silent city that awaits us all.

These thoughts are not the most pleasing or precious to us. We are looking from the shadow into the dark valley, and all is mystery and confusion to us. Our Lord is in the eternal sunlight and sees all from the lighted side of the valley. He knows of no confusion or mystery but that all is well.

I. Why is the death of his saints precious in his sight?

1. Because death means the returning of God's children to their long Home. God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. The wicked refuse to be God's children by adoption. Saints are God's children. What event is more precious to the parent than the return of his long-absent child? That son who has climbed the mountains and crossed the deserts in the interest of his father's business, is now returning, foot-sore, careworn, to his father's house. Has not the father reason to rejoice?

Precious! Oh how precious, because it affords God an opportunity to administer to every need of the child. While in good health we are apt to feel strong and able to care for ourselves—death is utter helplessness. When all human help fails and friends and relatives can no longer comfort, The Great Physician, our Lord and Master, takes the patient into his mansion, where he alone can supply every need.

2. The death of saints is precious in his sight, because it means rest for his children. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." "Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors." (Rev. 14: 13). "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." After the struggles and trials in this life of sin, God delights to have his saints at home with him, enjoying sweet rest.

3. Precious is this death because it brings joy to both the saint and our Lord. It is the passing of his child from this life of care, disappointments and sorrow, into the presence of Jesus where there are no sorrows, or discords, but all is harmony and love. It is the door that opens into the eternal mansions prepared in the Father's house. Joy, yes, unspeakable!

Again the death of his saints is precious, because it is used as an agency to draw the lost to Christ. The death of our precious children often causes us to open our doors and invite Jesus into our homes.

At the death of a tender, loving, little boy, hard-hearted and sinful parents have been turned to seek the Lord. Precious? Yes, because of its useful ministry.

CONCLUSION.

(1) Precious is the death, because of the opportunity afforded the Father of being with his children to administer to their needs.

(2) Precious because of the joy it brings to the child in being at rest with the family of God in the Father's presence.

(3) Precious, because the useful ministry it subserves in bringing the lost to Christ.

Fostoria, Ohio.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

SOME Christians have met with a strange experience which has given them no little trouble. They had hoped that if ever they should be overtaken by affliction they would be so wonderfully supported by their religion that they could "rejoice and be exceeding glad." They had expected to "glory in tribulations also." But to their surprise they have not found it so. Instead of finding ecstasy in affliction, they have found depression. Their spirits have sunk like lead. They have been covered with clouds. In their distress they have concluded that they have no religion, or that religion is vain.

St. Peter refers to this experience in these words: "Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." Grace does not always produce ecstasy. It is sometimes accompanied with depression of spirit. The best men in the world may have this experience. It is written of the Son of God that when he entered the shadows of his passion he "began to be very heavy." Surely he "was tempted in all points like as we are." He traveled the whole length of the gloomy road. Then why should we think it strange if we also are depressed in spirit in time of affliction?

This experience may be inexplicable, but the brightest side of it is that there is joy in sorrow when grace is in the heart. Read again the words of Peter in

their relation to the whole sentence: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice; though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." What a singular expression! "Ye greatly rejoice," and "Ye are in heaviness," at the same time. Does it seem strange? But it is even so. The heaviness will pass away, but the joy will remain. On the surface of the ocean there may be a current flowing toward the south, and in the same ocean at the same time, far down below the surface, there may be another current flowing toward the north. Two currents flowing in opposite directions at the same time in the same sea. And in the same heart there may be two currents of feeling flowing in opposite directions. The one seems to bear the soul downward into darkness, while the other bears it upward into the light. The one is on the surface, the other is in the depths of the soul. The one is caused by changes in worldly conditions, and will soon pass away; the other is caused by the love to God, and shall abide forever.

A SONG OF TRUST.

Behind the cloud the sun still glows;
Above the thorn there smiles the rose;
And side by side with sorrow goes
  Joy with his song and laughter.
God sends the stars into the night;
And grief shall give way to delight:
Trust him, and find the paths all bright
  That lead to the hereafter.

For every noble deed begun,
For every strife of conscience won,
For every kindly service done,
  The path of life grows clearer:
God's hand is ever at our side;
God's voice is ever close to guide;
Trust him, and so be satisfied:
  Each hour makes heaven nearer!

Great Thoughts.

WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

THE gold in the quartz is valuable, but the gold purified by fire is more valuable. The ordeal of suffering makes the good more beautiful. It is the smelting of the ore.

Charity should begin at home, but it should not stay there. Life is service. Service is a part of life; it is the only real human life, and from Christ's own existence we see the example of it.

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in his Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our life beautiful we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note, and yields discord.

The best things to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

The day is coming when the great ship of the world, guided by the hand of the Son of God, shall float out of the clouds and storms, out of the shadows and conflicts, into the perefct light of love, and God shall be all in all. The tide that bears the world to the glorious end is the sovereinty of God.

It is said there is no thought that is good in the mind but soon looks good in the face. Heart qualities are artists that work, indeed, behind the screen, yet at last they strike through the canvas and become manifest in the facial illumination. Contrariwise, in men long inured to vice and crime, sinful thoughts within have so disposed of the facial tissue without, that the countenance has in it something of the crawling serpent.

"Every day is a little life," was an old thinker's wise epigram. If each day gets the better of us, how we are going to conquer in life as a whole? Only as we make each day a victorious battle-ground, where selfishness and shirking and disobedience and discontent are overcome, can we make life a victory in the end. Lavater, the old philosopher, laid down the rule that "each day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love." It is a rule which makes life happier for the doer, and for everybody else.

REST IN THE LORD.

EVEN in our supplications it is needful to "rest in the Lord." Perhaps it would be a good thing for many of us in our praying seasons if we were to say less and to listen more. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Listening might bring restfulness where speech would only inflame us. It is not an insignificant thing that the marginal rendering of that lovely phrase, "Rest in the Lord," is just this, "Be silent unto the Lord!" Perhaps we need a little more of the Quaker silence and respectiveness, and a little less of heated speech and aggression. At any rate, we must get the doubt wrinkles out of our prayers, and in our speech with God we must manifest the assurance of a calm and fruitful faith.

I call you then to rest! Nay, the Master himself is the caller: "Come unto me," thou strained and careworn church, "Come unto me," and I will distinguish thee from the world, for "I will give thee rest."

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace."

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LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"All I wanted was a little happiness" was the outcry of a society leader who, after a whirl of fashionable life, found herself worn out and nervous. Her days had been passed in idleness; she had no duties to perform, no work to do. No wonder she spent her time brooding over her supposed wrongs. To her happiness was unattainable because she did not understand the principles leading to it.

Happiness,—the bright side of life,—may be ours, but because we are so ignorant of its nature, many of us miss it. The simplest way to see the bright side is to resolve to look for it. If we imagine we have nothing to make us happy, let us stop right there—"count our blessings," yes, name them and note their number. Let us think of the friends we have, the loving family ties, books that cheer our lonely hours, work that our strength and ability enables us to accomplish for the world's welfare.

How prone we are to give our time to morbid brooding over conditions that confront us! We call it worrying and we know it is foolish, but we say we cannot help it. There is a way out, however,—*get in tune with life!* To be in tune one must learn to understand what life is, and what is one's personal relation to it. If prayer were made more especially a means of self-discipline rather than a request for special indulgences and selfish desires, we would rise to loftier views and nobler aims. Life would come to us as a sacred trust, and the bright side would be seen because we are prepared to see it.

Perhaps the happiest person is the one who loves the most. To do one's duty is not enough to create happiness. One must love to do the right,—make it part of his very being. Looking kindly at our duties, they will turn kindly faces to us. Don't worry over them, and they will smile at you in return and you will be happy with them.

If you want to be really happy, be sure that you have the source of joy within you. If you love some one who does not return your love, be happy, at least, that you are capable of loving. Love your family, your friends,—even your enemies! If you cannot have a certain thing you crave,—if to get it is beyond your honest endeavor,—do not lose heart on account of not having it, but rather pray to learn to accept your life without it. Put yourself in tune with life as you find it. Then you will be at peace, and peace is true happiness,—the bright side of life, enduring to all eternity!

LIFE'S FAILURES AND WHAT THEY TEACH US.

In these day of vast achievements, when glowing success is regarded as the highest and only thing worth striving for, we should remember that there are some lessons to be learned, also, from our failures. Real success has seldom been attained without incidental, small failures. With the attainment of success, however, we are very apt to forget the small discouragements of the past, and consequently we fail to point out the pitfalls to ourselves and others who might be helped. Why a man fails in some points is always as potent a factor in striving for success as is the manner by which he succeeded.

The sooner we learn to discover the reasons for small failures, the sooner are we likely to reach the end longed for. Men, with whom we necessarily have to deal in a business way, are the materials that will contribute to our failure or success. If we know the characters and tempers of this material, we have the right understanding, but first we must know our own ability, and also our own limitations.

When we ask why we have failed to impress a fellow-man favorably under certain favorable circumstances, we are reaching out for knowledge that will be valuable to us. Here is a chance to learn. Have we, at other times, succeeded, let us analyze the case and find out why. There is a possibility that, after a series of marked successes, our self-esteem may overreach itself. We lose our sense of proportion.

"Know thyself," said the sage of olden time, and in no way can we learn more about ourselves than by reviewing our failures and having them serve as stepping-stones to better things.

IS THE PEACE CONFERENCE A FAILURE?

Judging by the latest advices received from The Hague, there is no prospect to obliterate the recent demonstration of the hopelessness of accomplishing any practical good.

The delegates were prepared to find that serious obstacles must be overcome before permanent results in favor of peace could be attained, but they were hardly ready to witness the wrangling that characterized the recent negotiations.

Leaders of the conference who have left the military issue alone and devoted themselves to what they

call judicial organization along peace principles have made no progress. During the week ending Aug. 31, various projects were taken up, handled carefully and dropped.

The main trouble with the delegates from the various powers seems to be that each one appears to think a concession on his part would imply weakness on the part of the country represented. There can be no real good from a peace conference unless there is an honest desire on the part of each country to lay aside selfish ambitions, and work for international peace as a blessing to all concerned.

LABOR UNIONS vs. EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE recent application by a manufacturer for an injunction to restrain labor unions from boycotting individuals not belonging to their unions and manufactories employing nonunion labor, will mark a new epoch in labor union history, if the courts hold that such action is legal.

This nation was born during a struggle for God-given rights and equal liberty for all. It seems to be the effort of labor unions to change this law of equal legal rights among all men, from the poorest to the richest citizens, by making rules to ignore every man and every industry not inclosed within their jurisdiction, and this is today the greatest menace to our future progress.

We have only to inquire what relation capital has had in producing such national prosperity as we have experienced in the past, before labor unions began their work of industrial regulation, to find out the truthfulness of the claims of the unions.

Capital, without question, was the initial basis of our rapid growth as a nation. No railroads would ever have been built without it, and without railroads agriculture could not have flourished, for its products could not have been sold in distant markets. Capital started and carried on our factories, until now our nation is the richest one on earth, and better wages are paid than anywhere else.

Liberty of conscience, and liberty of brains and muscle, account for these results,—no selfish combination of laboring men could have done it. Labor unions probably represent less than ten per cent of the labor of the United States. True, they require fewer hours and more money for a day's labor, but what has been the result? They have increased the cost of living for the common people, for, as a natural result, every manufacturer who increases wages is compelled to raise the price of his products.

The common people are the ones most interested in curbing the influence of the unions, because such restraint is for their benefit. Think of less than ten per cent of laboring men presuming to dictate to the other laborers and their employers as to who shall or shall not work! Where is our boasted liberty? Let all give this matter serious consideration, and it will not be hard to determine the right course of action, in order that equal rights may be given to each citizen of the republic.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ELECTRICITY is being applied more and more to machinery used in British coal mines. Some mines are now so fully equipped that nothing workable by electric energy is otherwise operated.

A NEW source of fruit supply for the United States may be found in the Sandwich Islands, if the experimental shipment just made to Chicago should prove to be a success. The Hawaiians raise the best pineapples in the world and other fruits of equal merit. The main difficulty will be the distance to be traversed. However, the shippers have assurance from the railroads and steamship companies that rates will be reasonable. The present scarcity of fruit in the United States will make this new addition to our fruit supply especially desirable. A Chicago commission merchant says: "I am sure the time is not far distant when the Hawaiian pineapples will be the favored variety on the markets of the central and western states. They are far superior to the Florida pineapples, which are the main source of supply here now. The pineapple plantations in Hawaii are growing rapidly. While now the annual acreage is 3,000. I predict that within two years it will be twice that."

MENTION was made in these columns, a few weeks ago, of the sale of the Zion City lace factory to Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago. It is now announced that the new owners have also bought the candy factory and that $1,000,000 will be spent at once for new machinery in these factories. The deeds for the property are absolute warranties, and not merely leases, as had been the custom heretofore in Zion City. The deposed leader, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, expects to go to Las Vegas, N. Mex., in the interest of the new colony to be established there. He advised his followers to sell their Zion City holdings, and figured that the proceeds would net him $600,000, for which he could buy 60,000 acres of land from the Vegas Colonization Company. Whether Voliva will be able to coax away the people from Zion City just when a new era of prosperity seems to dawn upon them, owing to the enlarged factories, etc., is a little doubtful. Probably their experience with Mr. Dowie would lead them to be very slow about trying the experiment.



Echoes from Everywhere

GERMANY exports more than 3,000,000,000 lead pencils every twelve months. They are shipped to foreign countries at the rate of over 10,000,000 a day, counting six days to the week.

THE new owners of Zion City industries, Messrs. Marshall Field & Co., will continue the same restrictive principles in vogue heretofore. No tobacco or liquor of any kind will be permitted in or about the factories.

A MAN who has not been identified leaped from the suspension bridge over the river at Niagara Falls Sept. 6, while hundreds of persons, assembled to see the first illumination of the falls with colored lights, looked on.

ADVICES from St. Petersburg, Russia, under date of Sept. 4, report an alarming increase in cholera cases. Householders have been instructed to employ the strictest sanitary measures. Seven new cases are reported at Novgorod.

DAN O'LEARY, the famous pedestrian, began Sept. 8, at Cincinnati, Ohio, his proposed feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, walking one mile in each hour. Just what is to be gained by such an exhibition is hard to see.

POLAR BEARS, instead of dogs are to be employed in the polar expedition of Captain Ronald Amundsen, according to his recent lecture in Copenhagen, in which he gave an outline of his plans to reach the much-sought-for North Pole.

FIFTY persons are said to have been buried alive by a vast avalanche of snow that rolled down the mountain side Sept. 6, and obliterated the Chilean custom house at Juncal. This station is on the Argentine frontier, high up in the Andes.

AT Bayard, Iowa, the women and girls have formed a law and order league, to aid in the enforcing of the laws prohibiting the sale of liquor. As a consequence the backbone of the town officials has become wonderfully stiffened, and they are attending to their duties as they never did before.

IT was only a pig, and not very much to quarrel over, yet, during the exchange of words, Rev. John Grant, a Methodist pastor, killed the Rev. Martin Green, Baptist, at Galloway, Ark., Sept. 8. Another lesson as to the wisdom of settling disputes by the easy and safe way of the Gospel.

LUTHER BURBANK, the expert on plants, told the national irrigation congress at Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 6, that he was still trying to produce a thornless cactus. He predicted that his new cactus would become the great fodder of the arid region, for all kinds of stock relish it and fatten quickly.

INSTRUCTION in vertical writing, which of late years has been the vogue in the Greater New York public schools, was superseded at the opening of the fall term by instruction in the free-arm system. The free-arm system it is said, is widely different from the old methods and has done away with copy books for good.

OVER two thousand persons have already applied for quarters on the fleet of steamboats which is to carry President Roosevelt from St. Louis to Memphis. More requests will likely come in than can be granted. The governors of fourteen states and nearly one hundred United States senators and congressmen are in the list.

CLARENCE A. BYRNE, newly released from a cell where he had been confined for the death of his 6-year-old daughter, who was not allowed a doctor's care, renounced the Christian Science faith at a meeting Sept. 6. He declared that, while he still believed in its tenets, he had been deserted by those who should have helped him.

CHARLES M. SHELDON, the well-known author of "In His Steps," arrived at New York on the steamer "St. Louis," Sept. 7. He said he would like to write another book, entitled, "How Christ Would Run a Steamship." "If I had the money I would build a steamer the size of the largest now afloat, and run her between Europe and this country and not sell a drop of rum on board, nor permit any form of gambling," declared Mr. Sheldon. "It would be the most successful steamer in the service and would declare a dividend for religion."

An agency has been established in Chicago, to supply young women desiring to attend entertainments, etc., with suitably-attired escorts for the modest price of $1 per hour. The lady who hires the gentleman is expected to foot the bills. This is certainly a new idea, and we submit it to the criticism of the fair sex in our country districts.

Imagining that the Lord had commanded her to share the fate of Joan of Arc, Mrs. Joseph Lanolde, of St. Lazare, a small French Canadian village, burned herself to death Sept. 4 on a funeral pyre of her own making. Her purpose was not discovered until too late to effect a rescue. Another case of religious frenzy that led to sad results.

One result of the prohibition law in Georgia is likely to prove somewhat of a surprise. Ministers who administer the sacramental wine to their respective members, will be liable to indictment under the new law. As interpreted by the grand jury, these indictments will number as many counts as there are members in the congregation.

Contracts aggregating $2,000,000 have recently been awarded American firms for rolling stock to be used by foreign railroads. The American Locomotive works, the Baldwin Locomotive works and the St. Louis Car company will supply nearly one hundred locomotives and 300 cars, including a number of motor cars, to Japan, China, South America, Mexico and the West Indies.

After saving the lives of 300 passengers, Sept. 4, by repairing the track that had been tampered with by train wreckers, Francisca Levita, died four days later, in consequence of injuries sustained when struck by a train at the time of completing the repairs above referred to. Had he not succeeded in fastening the rail joint so as to secure the passage of the train, the entire train with its 300 passengers, would have been sent over the embankment.

The capitol grounds at Washington, having a lawn of about 40 acres, are being mowed by a motor mower. This machine is built on the automobile principle, mows the grass evenly, while its broad wheels roll it. It weighs 2,200 pounds and cost $1,500. It consumes only one gallon of gasoline per hour. Previously the work took several days; now the entire lawn is mowed in three hours.

Robert Jones, a brother of the late Sam P. Jones, has been holding meetings at Decatur, Ala. In the meeting held Sept. 8, no apparent results were visible, whereupon the evangelist poured the contents of a glass of water over his hands, saying: "I'll wash my hands of you. I have done my duty by you. If you want to continue on your road to hell it ain't my fault." Would it not be better if the reverent gentleman had a little more of the gentleness of the Master whom he claims to serve?

Delivering messages to trainmen while trains are passing stations at high speed, is being successfully accomplished by the Pennsylvania railroad. The orders are attached to hoops held by a post, and, in passing a station at high speed, the conductor simply runs his arm through the hoop containing his train orders, and thus gets them without further trouble.

A small steamer was being towed across the country by men and horses, recently, near Beulah, Mich., and was just crossing the Ann Arbor railroad track, when, unexpectedly, a belated express train thundered along, and with full speed crashed into the steamer. Men jumped from both the boat and the train, but no one was hurt. The engine was considerably damaged, and the boat lost its stern. Moral: Boats, like men, should stay in their rightful element.

An attempt was made Sept. 4 to wreck the St Petersburg-Berlin express train, near Berlin, Germany, resulting in the injury of several persons. As the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, was supposed to have been on the train, it is now thought that anarchists or Russian revolutionists are responsible for the derailment of the train and the telescoping of several coaches. Such accidents as this one are hard to guard against, as the removing of spikes from the rail is generally not noticed until after the derailment.

By some writers this age has been called the cement construction age, and while much has been done in the way of more permanent buildings, we have a great deal to learn yet. Some lost arts will have to be rescued from oblivion, and learned anew. It has been for years a hidden secret of builders how the Roman masons, hundreds and thousands of years ago, managed to make mortar which practically defied the ravages of time. In the ruins of old castles, churches, etc., in Europe one frequently will see an overhanging arch, the other side of which has been battered down perhaps by cannon balls years ago. This fragment seems to defy the laws of gravitation owing to the excellent binding of the mortar. It now is stated that the Hungarian chemist, Brunn, has discovered the secret of this and has compounded a liquid chemical which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of wind and weather. Prof. Brunn says that it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone and renders it waterproof. It imparts to all metals qualities which defy rust and oxygen.



THE WIFE OF LOT

Hattie Preston Rider

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

He drew back, piqued and baffled, while she sat cool and smiling. It was exactly the sort of treatment to feed his rekindled fascination. Mildred's old friends, the gossips, watched them in astonishment, and whispered together:

"If she still cares for him, she puts it off well. That's what marriage will do for a girl. How do you suppose Lot Taber would fancy seeing Randall look at his wife like that?"

Left to herself, that night, after the affair was over, in the familiar little room of her girlhood Mildred closed the door, and walked straight to the tiny stand that held the old-fashioned service. She poured the bowl half full of water, and, with a whimsical laugh, plunged the hand that had lain on Orson Randall's arm into it, chafing and rubbing it vigorously. Then she dried it, and held it up for her own rueful inspection.

"It's not a stain; only a soil," she said to herself, shaking her head gravely, but with shining eyes. Then she thought again of Lot's face, and the crimson dyed her own.

The matter did not rest there, however. At every social meeting Orson Randall sought her out, till not even the gossips doubted the genuineness of his infatuation. It culminated, at last, in a scene Mildred never forgot, to her dying day. As for the rest of her visit, it was an ovation. She went home at its close with the reflected light still in her face, and an inscrutable look in her eyes.

From the window of the parlor car, in the great Union depot, Mildred beheld a new world. The passing crowd throbbed and surged with its life, taking on an interest for her such as she never dreamed. Through the throng, once, she caught a glimpse of a pair of broad shoulders that somehow reminded her of Lot's. She leaned eagerly out, but they were lost in the motley stream. Then she settled back, with her head against the cushions.

Three minutes later, the sound of a familiar voice sent her bolt upright, flushed and trembling; and all because a bronzed giant stood there looking down at her, an eager question struggling with the tenderness in his eyes.

"Lot!" she cried.

She held out her hands impulsively, and then withdrew them, in sudden shyness that amazed him. He took the vacant seat facing her.

"You weren't calculating on my meeting you here, were you, Milly?" he remarked, with satisfaction. The clang of the bell, as the train got under way, drowned her incoherent answer. He bent toward her, "Are you glad I came, little girl?" He had spent hours over the question, himself.

A choking sob rose in Mildred's throat, filling her eyes with tears. Her lashes drooped. Lot slipped to her side.

"Milly?" he said, in a shaken undertone, but she calmed as suddenly, like April.

"Don't!" she begged.

Along the rails, the wheels were beginning to throb monotonously. Grimy walls of the great city flitted past. Their fellow-passengers disposed themselves in comfort for the long journey. But Lot sat with his keen, puzzled eyes on his wife's face, mindful of nothing save how her color went and came under his glance. His claim on her had never seemed so unreal as at that moment. What did it all mean? In place of the reticent woman who had bidden him a passive good-bye at the little depot among the pines, a month ago, here was one flushing even at the lightest touch of his hand, yet ready with a laugh, quickly-repressed tears, or a bright repartee, for every speech look of his!

There had been no flutter of hopes and fears in that first wooing. Lot had gone to her, in the very hour of her humiliation with the offer of his honest heart and name; she accepted both, with, she believed, as honest assurance to him that, though her love was dead, her loyalty was his forever. Then there had been the cruel revelation of her book. But now, at the change in her, hope sprang to life again within him, fighting its doubts. Was the witching thing fluttering just out of his reach, his for the taking? With the whole strength and fervor of his long-repressed na-

ture, Lot wooed his wife all that homeward journey; and when he handed her down in the moonlight at the little depot among the pines, he knew that he had won. Together they stood a moment, watching the train as it sped from them down the shining track. Then Lot's eyes met Mildred's. He opened his arms, and she slipped into them, laying her head on his shoulder.

"I'm more blessed than that other Lot's poor wife, dear," she said to him with a happy laugh. "I'm like the Children of Israel entering the Promised Land, rather."

"It might have been the air of the pines that worked the miracle," Lot guessed, still half-incredulous, as he kissed her hungrily; but she shook her head, for in truth she knew the backward look had been her heart's awakening.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF GOOD MOTHERS.

Boys recommend their mothers, we sometimes say, but mothers also recommend their boys. His mother's character, in a place where she is known, is a valuable part of the stock in trade of a boy just entering upon business. A striking instance of this has come to our knowledge in a most unexpected quarter—the liquor trade. A boy from the country applied for a position in a liquor store in Boston, and would have entered upon the work had not his mother objected. The proprietors made an effort to get her to withdraw her objection, and wrote as follows:

"We employ some fifty-odd men, and have not a single man who is not steady, upright, and industrious. We are even stricter and more particular than we would be if engaged in any other business, and, unless your determination is fixed, we would like you to come to Boston and see us. The fact that your son has a mother who is interested in, and watching over him is one of the strongest recommendations he could have for us."

This is much better testimony to the commercial value of a good mother than it is to the business which handles such dangerous goods that it is forced to insist that its servants shall be as unlike as possible to its customers.

HOW TO GROW LEAN.

The flesh-forming habit, when not congenital, is usually due to the fact that a person during youth and active life eats a certain quantity of food necessary to growth and sustenance, and then when maturity is reached keeps up the habit of eating after the body demands less.

The best way to avoid obesity as age creeps on is to cut down the rations so that they will meet only the demand and leave no excess, because nature, which is not wasteful, stores the surplus up as fat, to be held in reserve for emergencies. It is this surplus, this overstock, which in middle age causes people to grow stout.

The trouble is that long after the body demands less food people because of the pleasure they find in eating or from habit or indifference, continue to maintain the rations of younger days. The result is that the nutrition in excess of that demanded to maintain the system is piled up as surplus in the form of fat, anl this surplus fat, like fuel crowded into the furnace, is not conducive to the best health results, and is in fact absolutely injurious.

Some forms of food tend to produce fat more rapidly than others, namely the starches and sugars. Hence, where there is a tendency to produce fat a restriction in the quantity of potatoes, rice, and other starch foods is advisable. Sugar acts as starch in this particular, not only supplies heat and energy, but also fat. Strange to say, the eating of fat—that is butter and fat meats—does not tend to produce any excessive fat in the body, since the fat which is consumed is practically all burned, forming heat and energy.

The use of drugs to diminish avoirdupois is extremely reprehensible. There are no specifics that prevent the forming of fat. The only way a drug can diminish fat is by deranging the digestion, upsetting the stomach and thus preventing assimilation. Well corrected and systematic exercise is one of the best means of reducing surplus flesh, since exercise requires the consumption of fuel which otherwise might be stored as fat.

USES FOR BACON.

When your irons stick, rub them on a piece of bacon rind cut off before the bacon is sliced, then rub them well on paper.

When a boy runs a rusty nail in his foot bind a piece of fat bacon on the wound to take the poison out.

When Mary comes home with sore throat dip a piece of bacon in hot vinegar, sprinkle with pepper, and apply while warm to the throat.

When the baby is teething and fretful, give him a piece of fried bacon with the rind on to chew.

When frying pancakes cut a thick piece of bacon and use on a fork to grease the griddle.

Rub the nickel plate on the stove with bacon rind, then polish with a flannel cloth.

When cooking string beans add a slice of bacon for flavoring.—*Marie Brandenburg, in Chicago Tribune.*

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child they are leading him,
For his hair is white and his eyes are dim;
As a little child he is whispering low
To the phantom friends of long ago;
As a little child he is wandering back
In fancy over the golden track;
In the years that were and the days that fled
He is dreaming the dream of the dreamless dead!

As a little child they must humor him.
When the hair is white and the eyes are dim.
Ah, do not jeer at his peevish ways
That try one's patience through dreary days—
He's living over the life he knew
In boyhood's valley of gold and blue;
As a little child on a mother's breast,
His heart is weary; he wants to rest!

As a little child he must have his way,
In this thought of youth and his dreams of play;
He has forgotten his time and place
And lives in the joy of an olden grace;
As a little child in the childheart spell
He hears the chime of the fairy bell,
And thinks he is young as a boy again
In the rosy weather and country lane!

As a little child with his hand in theirs
They lead him forth as his fancy fares;
His hair is white and his form is bent,
And his voice is soft as a sacrament
When he calls the names that are on the tomb
As if they were sweet in the living bloom;
He is forgotten, he does not know
He isn't a child in the long ago!

Second childhood they call it. Yea!
Old heart grown young in the dream of play,
Feeble footstep and palsied hand
Are lost in the vision of childhood land!
He hardly sees and he seldom hears,
But ever the voices of vanished years
Are singing sweet as they sang of old
In the gates of youth and the fields of gold!

DRINKING TOO MUCH WATER.

Professor Millon comments on the habit which some children acquire of drinking large amounts of fluid during and between meals and at night. He adds that even in adults this habit of drinking copiously is easily established and soon becomes imperious. A man who is very thirsty during the first hot days of summer and drinks constantly, condemns himself to keep on drinking copiously all through the season. No one notices how much a child drinks, and by the age of ten or twelve, the habit becomes actual potomania, causing the ingestion of five or six quarts of water a day. The excess causes dilation of the stomach, but there is no vomiting, no eructations nor cutaneous phenomena, the symptoms being generally exclusively of a nervous order. Headaches, restless sleep, bad dreams, and even insomnia are frequently encountered in children who overdrink in this way. The child wakes with a frontal headache which may persist at times for days and weeks. The character suffers from the returning headaches and lack of normal sleep. The disturbances may be the result of irritation of the sympathetic nerves from distension of the stomach by the large amounts of fluid ingested. The dilatation of the stomach is not permanent, and all disturbances are soon corrected when the physician and parents succeed in restricting the ingestion of fluids within normal bounds.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Cocoa Pudding.—Make a custard with three eggs, two cupfuls of milk, three rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar, three level tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Butter small moulds or cups and fill two-thirds with fine breadcrumbs, then pour in enough of the custard to fill the cups. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm.

In my estimation, the best corn pone is made at the time of the year after the lard has been rendered. Then take one large pint of well-pressed "cracklin's" and mix with 1 quart of meal. Scald with enough hot water to make it sticky, then add 1 pint sour milk in which one teaspoonful of soda has been disolved, and 1 level teaspoonful of salt. Shape into pones and bake in hot oven.—*Old Virginia.*

Chicken Broth.—Take an old fowl (it makes better broth than a young one, if not too old), weigh it and cut it into small pieces removing the skin and cracking the bones well. Proceed as with "stock." Next day, or when thoroughly cool, take off the fat, and to each one and one-half quarts of stock allow a tablespoonful of raw rice. Proceed as with mutton broth. Add a little parsley.

Tomato Preserves.—Peel one peck of firm ripe tomatoes; halve crosswise, remove seeds, weigh and make a syrup of one-half their weight of white sugar. When the syrup boils clear, drop in the fruit, cook until clear, remove to a jar, and boil down the syrup one-half. Pour over the fruit and seal. A few minutes before the fruit is cooked, add thin slices of lemon, one lemon to one quart of the preserve.

Peach Catsup.—Pare and quarter one peck of firm, ripe peaches, add one pint of water to the peelings and one dozen sliced kernels; simmer thirty minutes, then strain, add peaches to the liquor and simmer another thirty minutes; add one cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful each of lemon juice and sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves, mace and pepper, and boil very slowly until as thick as desired. Seal hot in pint jars.

PEACH PUFFS.—Beat two eggs very light, add one-half cupful of mik, a pinch of salt, one cupful of flour with which has been sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one tablespoonful of melted butter. If necessary add one-half cupful more of flour. Butter small, deep cups, put in a spoonful of batter, slices of peaches and cover with the batter. Steam half an hour and serve with either hard or soft sauce.

TOMATO OMELET.—Scald and skin a large tomato, chop it up and mix in a little minced shallot. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately; then mix the beaten yolks with the tomato and shallot, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Put one and one-half ounces of butter into an omelet pan, and when it is puite hot add the whites of the eggs to the other mixture, turn it into the pan and cook gently for three minutes.

SWEET PEACH PICKLE.—To four pounds of peaches allow two pounds of white sugar, one-half ounce each of mace, cinnamon and cloves mixed, and one pint of the best white vinegar. Pour scalding water over the peaches and remove the skins with a button knife; drop into cold water; stick four cloves in each peach. Lay the peaches in preserving pan with the sugar sprinkled over them; bring gradually to the boil, add vinegar and spice, boil five or six minutes. Remove the peaches and place in bottles. Boil the syrup thick, and pour over boiling hot.

For the Children

SELF SHOULD BE "NUMBER TWO."

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the other one instead of yourself,—
And he should be Number One."

—Selected.

A HASTY INFERENCE.

"Now, Herbert," said the teacher to one of his smartest lads, "What is The Hague tribunal?"

"The Hague tribunal ar——" commenced Herbert.

"I'm surprised at you, Herbert!" interrupted his instructor sharply. You know very well you should not say 'The Hague tribunal are." Say 'The Hague tribunal is!"

"Yes, sir," said Herbert. "The Hague tribunal isbitrates national controversies!"

A CURIOUS MILL FOR GRINDING.

YOU have a mill in your mouth for grinding food, and a good one it is. It has twenty teeth in it on purpose to grind up this food, and while this mill is at work there are little factories there preparing a fluid to moisten it too.

And just so the food of plants needs moistening. The rain does that when it falls and soaks into the ground. In the spring of the year the farmer loosens the earth, to break up this food, so that the plants can use it better. If the rain does not come for a long time, the food is so dry that they cannot manage it well, and they wilt and die. The dry earth is to them just what our food would be if we had no fluid to moisten it. These saliva factories of ours do a great deal of good, and we could not well live without them.

A NOVEL IDEA.

FREDDIE despised the multiplication table. It made you ache all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny colored candies. She was opening it, and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!"

It was the most slpendid way to learn your tables. Freddie went to work with a will, and when the teacher (that is mamma) said, "School's out," he had learned his five table. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the table, and the next day after the threes, and the next day after the fours.

One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh, yes'm," he said politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm," eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie. And he went home, wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.

—*Home Herald.*



THE RURAL LIFE

TO THE APPLE.

Thy rounded form and ruddy cheek,
Thy full proportions' homely grace,—
What sturdy health they seem to speak,
How beams with cheerful smiles thy face!

Oh, let the orange flaunt her gold,
The peach her bloom seductive show,
The grape display her purple bold,
The cherry prank in gaudy glow.

I'd give them all away for thee,
Pomona's pride, New England's joy;
Thy devotee I'll ever be
To latest days, as when a boy.

Symbol thou art of sanity,
A soul serene, a temperate life;
In thee we find no vanity,
No idle pomp, no foolish strife.

Who would have health and length of days,
Who would look back on years well spent,
Oh, let him join in this thy praise
And learn the secret of content.

—Percy F. Bicknell.

HOW TO KILL PERNICIOUS WEEDS.

It frequently happens that a farm becomes infested by noxious weeds or plants that defy all efforts of the farmer to eradicate them. A farm that has always been free from such pests may be suddenly infested by their introduction in clover or grass seed purchased abroad. Two of such weeds have done much damage in my own neighborhood and are still unconquered on many farms. These are the red or sour dock and wild garlic, often called onion. The dock was brought in some years ago in some foreign grass seed. It grows about six inches high, has a very small leaf and forms and ripens its seed very early, which, as it ripens, turns red, and hence, its name. It fills the ground with a mass of roots, every piece of which will grow. No land is ever too poor for it to flourish on. I have seen it growing in the poorest clay gullies, but it is just as much at home on the richest soil and grows correspondingly thicker. When it once gets a foothold in a meadow, it is there to stay as long as the grass, and the worst of it is that it not only crowds out the grass, but the seed is ripe by the time the grass is cut and is carried to the barn in the hay and thence finds its way into the manure and is scattered all over the farm. Where it has first been discovered in small spots, I have known farmers to kill it out by piling straw upon it.

The wild garlic is equally as bad, but instead of frequenting the meadows, prefers the wheat fields. It also grows up before the wheat is cut and forms a bunch of "buttons" on the top of its stalks and high enough to be cut and bound up with the wheat. These are carried to the thresher and threshed out along with the wheat, and find their way with the grain into the half-bushel and sacks. There they send their onion odor all through the wheat so that when the miller examines it, his nostrils reveal their presence without question, and the farmer is docked more or less on the bushel, according to their abundance. I find, however, that if the wheat be held in sacks, or preferably spread out, much of the onion scent will evaporate, and after a few months pass away. This is the only remedy for those whose wheat is rejected altogether at the mill, as often happens. Every year the harvesting of the crops only serves to scatter these buttons all over the field and start thousands of young plants.

Now, how to exterminate such pests, is the question. Cultivating the fields in corn will not do it altogether, though it looks as if it ought to be effectual. There are two methods. One is to start a rapid rotation of such crops as occupy the land but for a short season and demand continuous cultivation of the soil, or cover the ground with a dense and smothering growth. Early potatoes fill the requirements of a short season and continuous cultivation, but many fields are too poor to make such a crop profitable. Corn is good if it be planted late and cultivated until it is in roasting ear, with the cultivation directed primarily toward the destruction of these weeds. Of short season cover crops we have a better variety. The principle in all this is that a quick rotation, involving several plowings a year, and heavy, fast-growing crops that shade the ground with a dense growth and thus discourage other forms of vegetation, will make it impossible for any kind of perennial weeds to survive. Such a crop we have in the stock pea, which matures its seed and vines in about three months from sowing.

Red clover is good if sown with the wheat and cut early and either cut a second time or immediately under and followed by peas or fodder, corn or sorghum, cane or millet. These are all good crops to combine in

a rapid rotation. Peas, sorghum, and millet all mature about the same time; follow them with another plowing or thorough disking, and sow to rye. Pasture the rye, turn it under the next May and sow to one of the above crops. The sorghum may be thickened by sowing peas with it. This will call for two plowings and affords two crops per year, if we may call the rye a crop.

A second way to fight these weeds, which might be more successful, depending largely on the individual farmer and the thoroughness with which it was carried out, is to summer fallow the land. By this, I mean to plow the land in the spring and keep its surface stirred until late in the fall. This could most easily, quickly, and effectively be done by a disk or cutaway harrow. It should and must be done often and regularly enough to allow no vegetation to much more than get its head above the ground. It is, I believe, conceded that no form of vegetable growth can survive a treatment that regularly suppresses all growth as soon as it appears all through the growing season. I believe that such a treatment would eradicate dock, garlic, or any other such pest. It would involve the loss of income from the land for one year as well as the cost of numerous diskings, but against this must be set the benefit the land would derive from such rest and thorough workings, and the utter eradication of not only certain weed pests, but all kinds of weeds of which there is always a large variety on the average farm.—*L. R. Johnson, in Rural World.*

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of verticles and thin laminæ of horn, amounting to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining to it. In this are fitted as many laminæ belonging to the coffin-bone, while both sets are elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper, inserted leaf by leaf into another, will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus, the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminæ in all the feet, amounting to about four thousand, distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted on in an oblique direction.

FEED THE COW.

A cow of one thousand pounds weight will eat one hundred pounds of hay a day. Sixty pounds of this goes to keep the cow in flesh and the other forty goes to meat or to milk. If the pasture will not allow her that much food every day, she should have enough of some other food to make good the loss. You need not expect a cow to give up any of her share of the feed to make milk for you.

DAIRY NOTES.

Every year the silo increases in favor with the dairyman.

The usual amount of salt for butter is a half ounce to the pound. However, this varies according to the taste of the trade.

A little grain while the cows are on pasture will make the herd more profitable.

Never fill the churn much over half full. If the temperature is right, the butter will come quickly.

Teach the boys to be gentle with the cows. Stoning and chasing will not do.

Warm cream should not be mixed with cold cream. Before mixing, cool the new cream to the same temperature of that in the cream jar.

A good cure for "lost cud" is a half pail of bran night and morning and a good pasture all day.

The small yield high, fat cows are a drag on dairying and dairymen.

It is not sufficient that cows have all the grain they can eat. The stomach of every animal needs something bulky upon which to work.

Good judgment, knowledge and skill are all necessary if you would be a successful dairyman. All can be attained.

Before butter is good it must escape the dangers from dust feed, stagnant water, foul odors, bacteria in pans, pails and strainers and overripe cream.

During warm weather one of the greatest difficulties is keeping milk sweet. Nothing should be put in it. Cleanliness and coolness are the two preservatives that should be used—and no other.

Let plenty of sunlight into the barns. Disease germs and harmful bacteria exist in dark places. They truly "love darkness rather than light."

Never use hard soap in washing dairy utensils. Soft soap should be used only when it is impossible to clean the pans and pails without it. Boiling water is much more satisfactory.

WATER FOR DAIRY CATTLE.

It is absolutely essential for the highest milk production for an animal to have good, clean water and plenty of it, says Professor Erf. About 87 per cent of the milk is water, and if the cow's supply of water is limited the milk yield is proportionately reduced. It pays to furnish pure, palatable water in summer as well as in winter. Cows should not be allowed to stand in ponds of water which become so filthy that the cow frequently will not drink enough to maintain a full milk flow. Such water is liable to taint the milk, and some of the filth which collects on the cow's body while standing in the water is apt to fall in the pail during milking. Milk contaminated in this way will frequently taint the entire output of the herd or of the creamery.

CARE OF HORSES FEET.

Broken and Diseased Hoofs Result from Ignorant Shoeing.

WHEN the hoof is gone, there is no horse left. There is an old adage to this effect, the truth of which is incontrovertible. Yet no part of a horse's anatomy is worse used than the feet, and there are no more frequent diseases brought to the notice of the veterinary surgeon than those of the feet. This comes of the unwise fashion of rasping, cutting, burning, tarring and greasing the hoofs.

Horn is a fibrous substance, which contains twenty-five per cent of water. When horn is deprived of water it becomes dry, hard and without elasticity. precisely like a piece of glue which breaks and splinters into glassy fragments.

The common practices of burning the sole to procure a fit for the shoe, or rasping the outer surface to get a good shape, and of tarring and greasing the hoof, all tend to drive the water out of the horn, and not only to harden and contract it, but to make it brittle.

The substance of the frog is horn, but is of a softer and more open texture than the sole and crust of the hoof. It is, therefore, the more easily affected by injurious conditions, and when it is deprived of its water it shrinks to a greater extent than the more solid horn.

From this explanation of the character of the horny covering of the feet any reasonable horse owner may learn how to treat the hoofs.

When a shoe is to be fitted, the edge or wall sole should be prepared by cutting or rasping, not by burning. Indeed, the shoe should be fitted to the foot, and not the foot to the shoe. When, from bad management, the sole and frog have become dry and contracted, no grease or tar should be used; but water should be used freely, and then the hoofs should be dressed with glycerine, which will mix with water and does not displace it.

Glycerine contains no acid or acrid properties, but is soft, bland, emollient and does not evaporate. It therefore softens the horn and allows the fibers to expand. Contraction is thus prevented, or is overcome when it has actually occurred.—*Sel.*

HOPPER METHOD POULTRY KEEPING.

Of late there has been much said concerning the "hopper method" of feeding poultry, says *Western Fruit Grower.* This method is to feed all dry food in a V-shaped hopper, with a small opening at the bottom to allow access by the fowls to the food contained in the hopper. The hopper is filled as often as necessary, and the fowls help themselves to what they want. The Maine and Connecticut experiment stations have both reported very favorably upon this method, and the claim is made that where fowls have access to different kinds of food they select a balanced ration which is better adapted to their needs than a ration that the poultryman might fix up for them. After having tried this method, the Maine station reports:

"We have never had so many eggs laid during the winter months by a like number of hens."

This statement is made by reason of their having fed five hundred and fifty Barred Rock pullets by the hopper method, all on dry feed. They further state that the number of hens lost during the winter was less than ever before. The Connecticut station makes even a stronger claim for this method. There were twenty-four Rhode Island Red pullets brought to laying maturity at four and a half months old. The saving of labor and expense by this method will be readily seen, as by the ordinary methods of feeding and watering, no one man could attend to such a number of birds.

FROM A FARMER'S NOTE-BOOK.

CLICKETY clatter goes the mowing machine. Many a machine is "pounding" at the pitman. It needs tightening.

"Is it hot enough for you?" is heard on every hand. No. Not yet. Hot weather is what we are praying for in the corn belt.

It doesn't pay to forget to oil the windmill these days. If it is squeaking look after it.

The mower should run quietly and smoothly. It will cut better if the sickle runs close in the guards. A rubber band around the levers will stop the rattle of the release rods and trigger. It should not be necessary to yell at the horses to make them hear.

A top dressing with manure-spreader on the clover-stubble field will give a good second cutting or aftermath. Can't make better use of manure than to turn it into protein roughage for the calves, sheep, etc., next winter.

There is such a thing as trying to work too fast. I find it pays to take a long nooning and then step a little livelier in the afternoon. Beats lagging all day.

Rest comes quickly when a man goes out in the shade of the old apple tree, lies flat on his back and forgets work for a few minutes.

Have you neglected putting a shade over the hog pen? The pen is a mighty hot place in the summer.

It beats all how many leave their hayloaders standing in the field all winter. They are mean things to stow away, but, my land! it doesn't pay to be reckless with so much money.

No great loss without some small gain. It will make a difference perhaps with the codling moth crop because the apple blossoms were so generally frozen in May. Maybe that is nature's way to keep pests in check.

While eggs are cheap and not much desired in the bill of fare, why not put a few dozen away for next winter. Use ten per cent water glass solution. Put only strictly fresh eggs in storage.

Don't let the boys kill the bumble bees they may find in the field. It may be necessary to plug the nest while getting the hay there, but don't destroy the nest. These bees are necessary to fertilize the red clover. No bees, no clover seed.—*Successful Farming.*

BRISTLES.

BY GEORGE.

Be sure that the pigs have clean, dry beds in their sleeping places.

If pigs are obliged to sleep in damp beds, especially as the cool nights come, they will not thrive.

If it is not already done, separate the fattening pigs into different feeding lots, according to size and age.

Do not keep swine on one pasture until it is eaten bare. Change as soon as eaten down and allow a fresh start.

Feed vegetables, apples and soft corn with the grain ration.

Pigs fatten best and most rapidly when they can have some grass with the grain ration.

Give sweet corn-stalks,—anything for variety. Give pumpkins and sweet apples.

Do not feed the pigs selected as breeders as you do the fattening ones. Keep them growing but guard against overfatness.

Feed wheat-bran middlings, roots and grass but no corn to the breeding stock.

While a pig will drink dirty water, clean water will make better pork. If a pig is allowed to wallow in a barnyard pool, he will never get over the habit, but will always return to it.

When hogs get a habit of catching and eating hens, you may be sure something is lacking in their ration. Vary it, right off. Feed a variety of things till the hog gets the thing it lacks.

Push the most mature for the early market.—*Farm Journal.*

IMPERFECT MILKING.

Cows that are imperfectly milked, from whatever cause, either carelessness or imperfect milking from the fault of the milker or from the difficult task by reason of the anatomical construction of the udder, are converted into worthless animals. The milk that remains in the udder from imperfect milking is that which is held by the small pouches or milk vesicles up in the bag and will form a curd that will excite inflammation and destroy the secreting function of its mucous lining or cause the adhesive and complete closure of the cavity or pouch.—*W. R. Gilbert.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

"What made your husband's hair turn so gray? He's still a young man. Was it the result of some terrible fright?"

"No. He once tried to have a house built."

Giles: "My wife can drive nails like lightning."

Miles: "You don't mean it!"

Giles: "Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."

"Come, now," the bad boy's mother cried, "it's time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure," replied the bad boy. "It means it's no use for you washin' my face an' hands, 'cause they'll only get dirty again."

Minister (on return from holiday)—Well, Daniel, my good man, and how have things been going on in my absence?

Daniel—Deed, sir, a' things been gaun on brawly. They say that you meenisters when ye gang frae hame aye tak' guid care to send waur men than yourselfs to fill the poopit. But ye never dae that, sir!

Conjurer: "My assistant will now guess without assistance how many hairs any gentleman present has on his head."

Shock-headed Member of the Audience: "How many are there on mine?"

Assistant: "Two million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-four."

Conjurer: "The gentleman may count his hairs if he likes, when he will see that the number is exact."

An old negro who lives in the country came into town and saw an electric fan for the first time in his life. The whirling object at once attracted his attention, and after intently gazing at it for several minutes, showing all the while the greatest astonishment and curiosity, he turned to the proprietor of the shop and said:

"Say, boss, dat sottenly is a lively squirrel you got in dis yeah cage. But he's shorely goin' to bus' his heart ef he keep on makin' dem resolutions so fas."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceedsix lines altogether.

For Sale.—An almost as good as new "Chicago" Typewriter at about half price. Alignment perfect, print very clear. Write for particulars at once to W. R. Miller, 466 Jackson B'lv'd., Chicago, Illinois.

Wanted.—Chief cook and janitor. Good positions. Apply at once. Address Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wanted—Matron. Man and wife to cook. Fireman. Fine position. Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.

NEFF'S CORNER

I clip the following from a current issue of the Clovis Chronicle:

Build Houses.

There is a large demand for rent houses in Clovis, and the demand is going to increase from this time on. In a short time the fast freights to and from the Pacific coast will be run over the Cut-off and this will necessitate train crews living here, and many of them will be men with families and they will want houses. It is expected that these fast trans will be put on about the 15th of next month, which means that a number of crews will be located here permanently within a month. Again, it will not be long until the Cameo branch is completed, and when this piece of road is completed the Pecos Valley trains, both freight and passenger, will run through Clovis, adding more train crews, switchmen, hostlers and the like to our population, making a further demand for houses. As every house in Clovis is occupied as fast as completed there is bound to be great demand for houses of all kinds, and especially small cottages. Houses wil demand good rentals and will be a good investment. Fifty additional houses in Clovis would find tenants immediately and the demand is going to increase with each succeeding month.

If you are interested in an investment of this kind that promises an income of 40 per cent, write me for particulars.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

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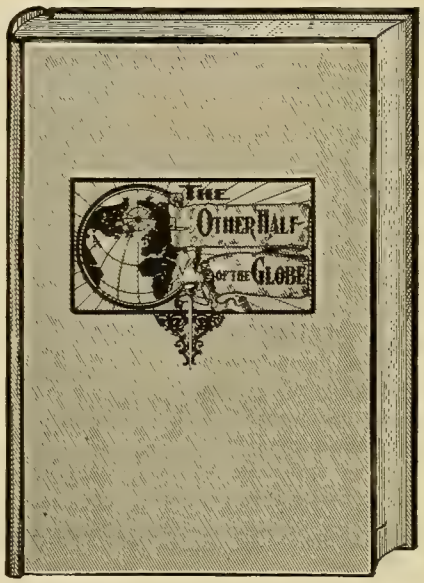
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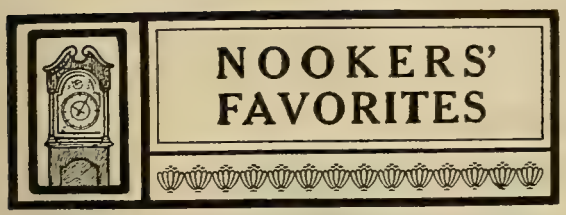
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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Mrs. Mary A. Ford.

The surging sea of human lives
Forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore
Its daily freight of souls;
Though bravely sails our bark today,
Stern death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived
A hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood!
Why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space
For everything alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed
Are waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom
A hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly
In life's short, narrow span
On golden stairs to climb so high
Above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine
In slavish homage bow;
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust,
A hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause?
Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice
Of censure or of fame.
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn
That dyes with shame the brow
Will be as long-forgotten dreams
A hundred years from now.

O patient hearts that meekly bear
Your weary load of wrong,
O earnest hearts that bravely dare,
And striving, grow more strong.
Press on till perfect peace is won,
You'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road
A hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil
That freedom, right and truth
Alone may rule the universe,
For you is endless youth.
When 'mid the blest with God you rest,
The grateful land shall bow
Above your clay in rev'rent love
A hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O time!
Like breakers on thy shore;
They rush against thy rocks of doom,
Go down and are no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds
That gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes
A hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes
The past and future stand,
An open page, like babes we cling
To thine protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are naught to us
If we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne
A hundred years from now.

(Selected by Forest R. Riley.)

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there—
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
Work that is noble, good and true;
Busy for others the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Down darkest ways, If God wills so.

THE TWO SINGERS.

A singer sang a song of tears,
And the whole world heard and wept,
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years
And the hopes which the dead past kept;
And souls in anguish their burden bore,
And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world whistled and smiled,
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,
And the trust of a little child;
And the souls that before had forgotten to pray
Looked up and went singing along their way.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

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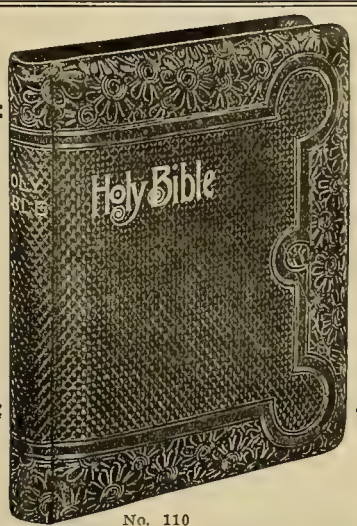
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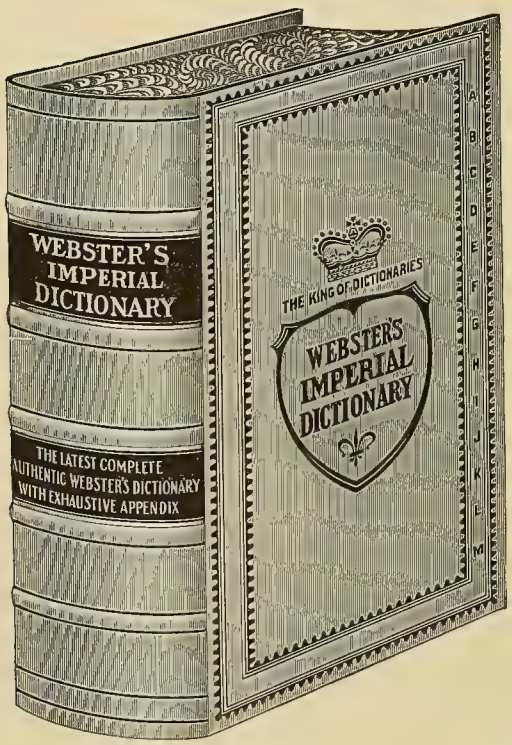
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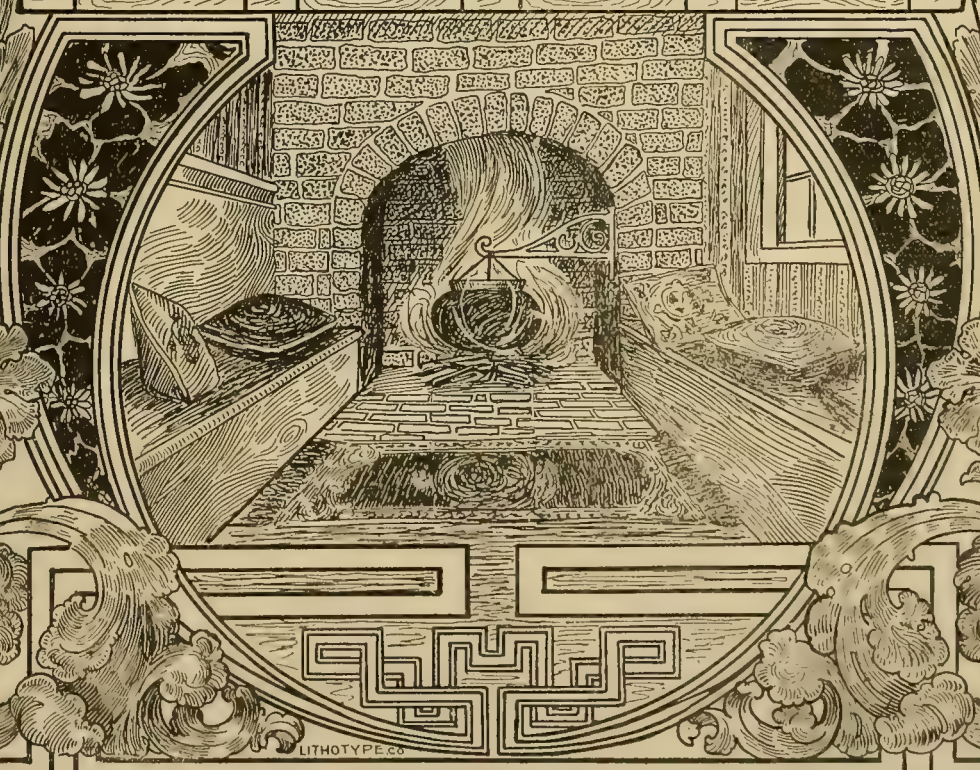
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, = = Elgin, Illinois

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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Developement of Butte Valley

The growth and development of Butte Valley has been no less than remarkable. The two years have not yet elapsed since the very first movement was made to open this territory to the world. The first advertisement was written in the beginning of 1906. An excursion was made in the following August. Several settlers made purchases of land. The advertisement at the Annual Meeting at Springfield interested a great number of brethren who now have their homes in the Valley. In October another excursion carried several eastern brethren to this land of future prospect.

The natural consequences were that these people who had found the valley more than it had been represented to be wrote and told their many friends, which they are still doing. En route to the Los Angeles conference a great many brethren had an opportunity to see the valley that otherwise might not have had. They saw the temporary houses in which the people were living while larger ones were being constructed. They saw spring crops just coming up, which now have been harvested. Last week's Inglenook showed some scenes of grainfields that have been a surprise to everyone.

The demand for labor in California is something wonderful. It has been necessary for the state authorities to appoint a promotion committee to gather all the data possible concerning those who want labor and those who want laborers. Wages are high there. Climate and living conditions are desirable, and there are very attractive opportunities in the agricultural district for workmen to acquire homes of their own. In a San Francisco bulletin of Aug. 28th is a statement that in San Francisco at present are needed plasterers, lathers, stair-builders and plumbers. And in the State at large laborers of all kinds, and especially laborers for the extension of railroads, are wanted. The same is true of sawmills and lumber-camps. Lumbermen wages reach as high as $4.50 per day.



Fourth of July Picnic on Butte Creek.

Among the parties who left on the evening of the 12th a large number were settlers, making Butte Valley their permanent home. The same will be true of the party of the 20th inst. There are quite a number leaving for Butte Valley on that evening and a party of fifteen or more are coming from Canada to locate in the valley within the next few days. Those who want to accompany the next excursion should write Geo. L. McDonough, Omaha, Nebr., and also address

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,

ROOM 14, CENTRAL ARCADE, FLOOD BLDG.,
CORNER MARKET AND POWELL,

SAN FRANCISCO, - - CALIFORNIA

A Word About Testimonials

It is not what a manufacturer says about his remedy that should carry conviction, but the word of those who have used it. Letters of testimonial are not new things. There is probably not a medicine on the market, however worthless it may be, but what has its so-called "testimonials" attached. This very fact detracts in a measure from the value of testimonials in general. Letters of testimonial however, like individuals, possess character. The bonafide testimonial is easily recognized by its ring of truth, its spirit of sincerity.

We, ourselves, believe in testimonials. When we buy an article, we are influenced in a measure by the word of those who have used it and are familiar with it, if it happens to be someone we know, our confidence is all the stronger.

A STIRRING TRIBUTE FROM A MOTHER.

Springfield, Mass., April 30, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I consider it my duty to write to you a few words in regard to my health so that others may read and profit thereby. I do this as I think every mother of a family should do. For five years I suffered very much. I was treated by doctors but it seemed impossible for me to obtain even fairly good health. I had spent over $500.00 to no avail before I found the real remedy, a remedy which has given me new life. I was terribly thin and emaciated and could neither eat nor sleep and expected that my death was near. I prayed God to spare my life and through an article which I saw in our family paper, I learned about Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. It is this remedy which has saved my life. I am, since using it, in perfect health and I only wish that every one who is sick and ailing would use this grand medicine, and experience its wonderful benefit.

Very Gratefully,
Mrs. Joseph Thauvette.

178 William St.

FEEL LIKE NEW PEOPLE.

Bainbridge, Pa., July 26th, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The Blood Vitalizer which we ordered of you reached us all O. K. We can truthfully say that we already feel like new people. The world seems bright to us again and we thank God, the giver of all good. Both sister and I are chronic liver and stomach sufferers, so the medicine has been put to a severe test.

After spending over a thousand dollars on doctors and hospitals, we praise God for such a medicine as the Blood Vitalizer.

Sincerely yours,
Barbara Dayer.

There are letters of testimonial published in the INGLENOOK, week after week, concerning Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, the old herb-remedy, that ought to set people to thinking. It would be hard to read them, knowing the circumstances under which they have been received, without forming the conviction that the remedy spoken of must be above the ordinary and possessed of real merit.

If you are interested in such a medicine and are deferring a trail, owing to the lack of faith, let us hear from you and we shall, in all probability, be able to place you in touch with some one who has used it, whom you know personally or by reputation. In this day of high handed commercialism with all kinds of "schemes" and "cures" so freely exploited, skepticism is indeed pardonable and in place of being a reflection, it is tribute to one's intelligence.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is not to be obtained in drug stores. It is not an article of commercial traffic, but is supplied direct to the people through the medium of local agents appointed in every community. Address at all times the sole proprietors,

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RAISIN CITY, CALIFORNIA

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Over 2500 acres sold since Annual Meeting. Eld A. W. Vaniman and three others Elders and a number of Brethren have purchased land and will locate there this fall and winter.

J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed soon. A large tent 28x40 has been set up on the church site and will be used for Sunday school and preaching until a church house can be built.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal.

Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

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BY S. F. SANGER AND D. HAYS.

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From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publishing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences, largely from the personal testimony of those who, through religious convictions, declined to bear arms against their fellowmen, believing that Christians should not take up the sword, but follow the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

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We want an active, live energetic agent in each congregation to sell this book. Liberal terms to agents.

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Price, each, ...25 cents

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Elgin, Ill.

Investigate the Possibilities of the TWIN FALLS, North Side Tract to be Thrown Open for Settlement

October 1

150,000 Acres of Land Under the Carey Act will be Thrown Open for Entry on that Date

This will be a great opportunity to the settler to secure a Homestead in a mild, equable climate, where crops grow to perfection by irrigation. No failure of crops on account of drought. This tract is on the North side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho.

The Brethren

should now be arranging to go to the opening of this 150,000 acres of land on the Twin Falls, North Side Canal for it will be taken up quick when once opened. Be there ready for entry Oct. 1. A good sized party have already made arrangements to go.

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $35.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms. Crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands, take the Oregon Short Line, R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner or Twin Falls.

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

One-Way Rates in Effect from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31

	From Chicago.
Pocatello, Idaho,	$30 00
Ogden, Utah,	30 00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	30 00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	30 50
Payette, Idaho,	30 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	30 50
Boise City, Idaho,	31 10

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER 24, 1907. NO. 39.

Charity's Sting

Martha Shepard Lippincot

How sad when charity we give
With such a grudging care
That poor recipients of it
Are hurt each time they share
The little help we deign to give,
And feel they'd rather be
In want than even to accept
Our heartless charity;

Which brings no sympathy for them;
But cold, reproving words,
To make them feel they are of less
Account than cared for birds;
When not a sparrow ever falls,
But what the Father knows;
While for the falling of mankind
The world, small mercy shows.

How many who are poor and sick
Will often suffer so,
Because the world, real charity,
Will seem so loath to show;
They cannot bear the grudging gift
That brings no sympathy,
You'd understand it all yourselves
To, in their places be.

Then let us give our gifts with love
And every kindly thought,
So those receiving needed help,
No bitterness are taught;
But feel they've found a friend at last,
Who fully under-stands,
And tries to brighten their sad lives
With loving, willing hands

The Baltimore Oriole

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

WE are told that the oriole gets its name from its colors, which are black and orange, these being the colors of the arms of livery of Lord Baltimore, formerly proprietor of Maryland. In his "Life Histories of North American birds," Major Bendire gives ten orioles, but so far, I think, but two have been identified in this part of the United States, the Baltimore and the orchard orioles.

In summer the Baltimore oriole is found thoughout the northern half of the United States, east of the great plains, and is welcomed and loved in every country home in our land.

Brilliancy of plumage, sweetness of song, and food habits to which no exception can be taken, are some of the striking characteristics of this beautiful bird, the most beautiful perhaps, of our summer visitors. There is no mistaking the oriole if one remembers his colors. The head, neck, fore part of back, part of the wing feathers, also some of the tail feathers of the adult male are black. The whole of the under parts, some of the wing feathers, and the posterior of the back, are bright orange, tinted with vermilion in the neck



and breast. The female is not so gaily dressed as her mate, though the colors are the same in subdued tones.

The males come north first. About April 10 I begin to listen for the call of the oriole. They always come in the night and early in the morning I hear their "Come to me, dearie; come to me, dearie," as

they restlessly flit among the branches of the apple trees, hunting for insects, of which the oriole eats an enormous quantity. It is etimated that during the whole season an oriole's food consists of 83.4 per cent of insect matter that is injurious to the farmer's crops. He is very fond of caterpillars and the various kinds of beetles. His bill is well proportioned and well adapted to the taking of his food.

By some authorities the orioles are said to mate for life. When the female arrives, the male seems delighted, and they soon make preparations for housekeeping. The mother oriole is a wonderful weaver, and her nest when completed is our finest specimen of bird architecture. The nest is in the form of a long pouch, and is usually suspended from the extremities of the limbs of the trees upon which they are found, and trees with long drooping branches, such as the elm or willow, are most frequently chosen, although their nests are often found in other trees. Across the street from my home stands an elm tree that each season shelters one or more orioles' nests, although the tree is not more than fifteen feet from the trolly line. The materials used in making the nests are mostly fibers of hemp, milkweed, and when near a house, of horsehair, bits of twine, yarn and grapevine bark.

So far as my observation extends, the male does not assist in building the nest, not even so much as helping to gather the material. He does, however, remain on guard near by, and encourages his mate by his cheery song. The eggs are a pale gray, dotted with purplish spots around the large end, and covered at the smaller end with a great number of fine intersecting lines of the same hue. It takes fourteen days for the eggs to hatch, and in about the same length of time the young are ready to leave the nest. The poet Lowell in a poem, entitled, "The Nest," describes the oriole's nest with a rythm that is truly delightful:

"Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest,
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock nest,
Cheering his labor with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

"High o'er the loud and dusty road
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings
O'er which the friendly elm tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured leaves."

The note of the oriole is more of a whistle than a song—clear, distinct and resonant. It has a carrying quality that enables one to easily locate the bird. Some one has said that the oriole's song is exasperatingly cheerful. I have never found it in the least degree exasperating, but I have often found it impossible to sleep after four o'clock in the morning, after the arrival of these birds in the spring. They are the early singers, beginning at the first streak of dawn.

By the middle of summer the song has lost in quality until it is but a cheery call of one note, and by the latter part of August the old birds have donned their sober-colored traveling costumes and soon after start for Mexico and the West Indies to spend the winter.

Spiceland, Ind.

The Immigration Problem

William L. Judy

If there is any vital question before the American people today—a question that demands their earnest attention, that cannot be put off longer, and that has baffled the minds of our statesman, it is the question of immigration. What are we going to do with the thousands of foreigners who crowd our shores annually? The last few years have been record-breaking ones. There are coming into our midst throngs of immigrants of different races, creeds, and languages. Should we allow them to continue entering, or should we impose heavy restrictions? That is the question which demands a solution.

In considering the problem, it is very necessary to bear in mind from the beginning that the "quality" of the present immigration is far below that of a half century ago. The population of the United States according to the census of 1790 was 3,929,214. Today the population is estimated above eighty millions. Such an increase could come about only through external additions. The arrivals from the close of the Revolutionary War to 1820 numbered 250,000. England furnished almost 75 per cent of these, Germany, France, and Spain followed in order. The first record kept (1820) shows the number for that year to have been 8,385. The number increased to 724,564 in the twenty years following. From 1840 to 1870, a period of thirty years, the total reached 6,500,000. Up to this time (1870) there was scarcely an immigrant except from kindred or allied races. The majority hailed from the mother country. Indeed, they were not regarded as "foreigners." All intended to reside here permanently. Our ways and customs were not so new to them. Our nation welcomed them and encouraged such immigration. We needed them in order to develop and settle the country. They

made industrious and enterprising citizens. Of such immigration we can not have too much.

But a great change came about 1870. Not even one per cent of the total immigration was from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Russia combined in 1869. The percentage was "seventy" in 1902, or, to put it in another way, in 1869 the immigrants from these countries were about one-hundredth of the number from the United Kingdom. France, Germany, and Scandinavia. The immigration by countries in 1903 follows in order: Italy, 26. 9. per cent of the total; Austria-Hungary, 24; Russia and Poland 15.9; and Norway and Sweden, 8.2. These numbers show a marked "change in nationality." Now they come from Eastern and Southern Europe. The English make up only three per cent. The Latin element greatly predominates. Our language, our political ideas, and our institutions are a blank to them. No small number leave their families at home. Their intelligence, physical endurance, and their wealth are far below that of the early immigrants. From what has been said it is easy to see that the "quality" of immigrants has greatly decreased and that many are *undesirable.* Just a word about the present number. 1,026,499 foreigners arrived in the year 1905—26 per cent more than the preceding one, which was also a record-breaking year. Twelve thousand immigrants entered New York harbor inside of twelve hours, May 7, 1905. Thus we see that both in the number and quality of the present day immigration there is great danger to our nation.

The causes of such unprecedented immigration are obvious. Naturally the overgrowth of population results in an exodus. Religious persecution and political oppression are not so instrumental now as formerly. The Jews of Russia furnish a good instance of this. The open opportunities in the western world attract the foreigner. What a contrast he see between it and his own land and government! Wonderful reports of America's prosperity reach the remotest parts of the Old World. America is only another name for opportunity—it is the land of promise to them. This is the chief cause of immigration. They are only too glad to leave a land misgoverned and oppressed for ages, where they enjoy no political freedom, nor can earn a mite above the necessary expenses of a meager living.

Another reason must not be passed by, namely, the "facility and cheapness of tran-it." Once ships were few; the trip was wrought with many dangers of the sea: and the cost of transportation ran high. A century ago one who was able to endure the hardships of a journey across the sea and pay his way, was regarded as thrifty and enterprising. Such is not the case today. There are many ships, no dangers, and exceedingly low fares. Attractive inducements are offered by steamship lines. A large part of the present immigration is neither normal nor spontaneous. Frequently the glowing descriptions of prosperity and plenty are o'erdrawn by the steamship agent, who finds it to his advantage to encourage migration.

No one can say definitely as to the results of the present immigration. Who knows but in a generation or two hence the traits on which the stability of our government depends—the love of constitutional freedom, the sturdy self-reliance, and the veneration for the sanctity of the home,—may become so changed that those other traits, born of years of oppression, and social and political heresy, will become predominant? Such a possible contingency will certainly check the vainglorious advocates of the doctrine that our country is an "open asylum for the opprest of all nations."

The racial, economic, social, and political effects are everything but good and desirable. There is no definite American type of physique because of the many nationalities. The absence of a national character is a great loss. The question of racial bias effects our prosperity more than ourselves; and for them we are in part responsible. Still more harmful are the economic effects. The railroads, mine owners, and contractors, in behalf of their own interests, have caused a great demand for the cheapest labor, that of the unskilled immigrant,—the "dago" or "hunky," in common parlance. The argument that foreigners have come to do the lower work that Americans will not do, is fallacious. As long as society was "homogeneous" such was not the case. The American with a family to support is not able to cope with the average foreigner, who has no family, works cheap, and lives still much cheaper. Immigration of a low type prevents the immigration of the better class of foreigners, who know that they will be considered in the same class as the "dagoes." Consequently we find that the English, Irish, German, and Scotch go to Australia or South Africa, for there they find no Italians, Poles, or Sicilians.

The application of labor-saving machinery has lessened the demand for skilled labor. The effect on wages vitally concerns the American laborer. As has been said he can not work on a par with the foreigner. The latter usually live in groups and settlements and work in gangs. Therefore, they usually dominate an industry, accepting a rate of wages lower than the current rate. This deplorable condition is greatly the result of the "padrone system." Contractors induce foreigners to come over in crowds. Immediately upon their arrival, the contractors take charge of them and send them in gangs over the entire country. The necessary result follows: Quite a number of American laborers are thrown out of employment. Truly the economic effects are doing much harm to native industry.

The social effects show themselves in "illiteracy, crime, insanity, disease, pauperism, congestion in large cities, and the perplexing problem of assimilation." *An illiterate man can never be an intelligent citizen* in our democracy, whose perpetuity and success depend on the education of the people, the possessors of all power. Twelve and nine-tenths per cent of the immigrants in 1900 were unable to read or write their own language, much less the English. Crime, insanity, and pauperism cannot be separated from the immigrant. A visit to the jails and asylums fully justifies the above statement. The beggars in our cities are recruited mainly from the foreign element.

The immigrant comes with very little money; oftimes this is borrowed from friends already in the country. Consequently he can pay his way little further than the port of arrival. New York City has 1,270,080 foreign-born inhabitants as a result of this condition. Cities are rapidly developing, hence they attract the immigrant. There the foreigners congregate by nationalities—a great barrier to assimilation. This last term (assimilation) possesses more moment than the American people realize at present. They adopt an easy-going optimism in regard to it. Assimilation, so they argue, was an easy problem in the last century; thus will it be in the present century. But bear in mind that in the last century the immigrants could readily be assimilated, being of kindred or allied nationalities and eager to adopt our ways. Today they come from different nationalities; their purpose is not the same nor as commendable; they have far less ability. Where two races meet, one must rule; the other withdraws itself socially and politically, and no longer does universal democracy exist where this is true.

It yet remains to speak of the "political effects," which have been touched upon somewhat. Bad economic and social effects go hand in hand with similar political effects. When we consider that most immigrants are of voting age, that naturalization is easily secured, that an ignorant citizen is unfit to be an intelligent citizen, that a far greater number of those coming in are more illiterate than a generation or more ago,—when we consider all these things, we can see the great danger of our government, its stability, and its institutions. Having come from a government which places the power and government in the hands of a few, who rule the many, and who are accustomed to place their interests in the hands of others, they do not take kindly to our political ways, in which each and every citizen has a share in the government. The inevitable tendency is toward socialism. The effects of the undesirable immigration (which makes up a great part of the entire immigration), have been discussed briefly. We shall now merely mention the different methods proposed for restriction.

First of all, popular sentiment is unanimously in favor of more stringent laws to restrict immigration and especially to exclude more of the undesirable class. Everywhere the "hunky" is looked down upon,—treated with disdain. The Americans have nothing but contempt for them and do not care to associate with them any more than is necessary. They feel that the "hunkies" have no right here.

Space requires that the proposed restrictive measures be named only. They are (a) head tax and money test or requirement; (b) physical test; (c) illiteracy test; (d) consular inspection at the port in Europe whence they sail; (e) minor methods: total suspension of emigration for certain periods; exclusion of certain races; limitation of numbers, socialists, those who do not at once declare their intention to become citizens of our republic; bad characters, "birds of passage" (those who stay several years in the country, then return to their home country; after a short time they return to the United States; this they do sometimes as often as six times in a few years), persons without families; aged persons; and lastly, extending the period of deportation. Most of these restrictions are self-explanatory. The most widely discussed and most popular method is the illiteracy or educational test. Such a test excludes directly those undesirable on account of illiteracy, and "indirectly" those undesirable for other reasons. It is significant to notice that there is a marked "relation" existing between illiteracy, the amount of money, the standard of living, the tendency toward crime, and the liability to assimilate. The educational test would greatly reduce the total number of immigrants and eliminate most of the undesirable. Of course no single method will exclude all of the undesirable ones but the illiteracy test will keep out a far greater number than any other single method. There is no doubt concerning the practicability of imposing restrictions if our Congress wishes to do so. Various bills intending to restrict have been presented but no radical method has been passed.

It might be well in this connection to give the present immigration laws as far as concerns restriction (passed by Congress on March 3, 1902). The following classes are forbidden to land: Idiots, insane persons, epileptics, persons insane any time during the five years previous to their arrival in this country, two or more attacks of insanity any time in their previous life, paupers, persons likely to become public charges, beggars, those affected with a dangerous contagious disease, convicts, prostitutes, and persons whose passage across is paid by others except relatives. Most of the few really sent back by the immigration officers are those who come under the class "likely to become public charges." Next come those affected with insanity or with a dangerous contagious disease. The fact that at present there are in the country many foreigners who are in no way desirable, and who have

come in under the present laws, is evidence enough to show that the present laws do not restrict near enough undesirable foreigners.

This problem demands immediate attention. There is no sound argument in favor of non-restriction. No man can tell the future results. American ideals, institutions, and industries must suffer. Assimilation is not the work of the day or year, nor is it, as is commonly regarded, such an easy problem of little importance. Who dares to deny the menace to our nation caused by illiterates who know not the price of freedom or how to keep it when once secured. President Roosevelt has truly said of immigration: "We can not have too much of the right kind, and we should have none at all of the wrong kind." We do not need the vast throngs of ignorant menials who crowd our shores every year. "Must" we open our doors and accept the diseased, the insane, the convicts, and the anarchists of other lands? Is America the dumping place for all the rest of the world? The American laborer, the institutions of democracy for which our fathers fought and died, the ideals of liberty and freedom, the stability of our government, our social life, our morals, our civilization, our posterity—all demand that stringent restrictions on immigration be enacted at once.

WHATEVER IS IS BEST.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

No I am not a fatalist. By the above caption I do not mean to convey the idea that our lives are irrevocably foreordained for us, and that all our efforts to alter the course of events would be futile. Such a belief is fatal to progress.

All fatalist nations are no more advanced than they were centuries ago. This belief is a bar to mental, moral, and social progress. My belief is in an overruling Providence that can and does prosper the good, and turn the evil (including natural calamities) to some *future* good.

To illustrate, let us notice the following: Ages ago the earth was in many places a foul, reeking morass, filled with rank vegetation in all the stages of growth and decay. *Today* those swamps are our planes of coal storage supplying us with fuel which Providence has held in concealment till needed.

The crinoid and allied forms swam the seas in such innumerable hosts that their dead bodies, falling to the ocean's bed in a perefct shower, for indefinitely long periods of time, formed vast deposits.

Today we quarry their forms from the earth where the sediment of ages has solidified them into stone. On my little Southern Illinois farm where I live, several hundred feet above the present sea level, I have quarried sandstone and limestone richly interspersed with marine shells.

America lay for centuries, her immense forests, broad prairies, fertile valleys, and boundless mineral wealth apparently idle, useless, wasted.

But while the conflict between human liberty and kingly oppression was raging during the dark ages, this land was secluded and preserved for future use. When human freedom began to assert itself, and Europe needed, as it were, a safety valve for her overcrowded population, then was the great discoverer directed westward. Hither came the oppressed of all nations, bound together by the common bond of love of liberty, and founded a mighty nation to be a model for others and from which shall go forth missionaries to revolutionize and evangelize the world.

The apostles followed Christ in hopes of being the favored ones when he should establish an earthly kingdom. They were doomed to disappointment, but their years of service fitted them for the task of establishing the Christian religion, the grandest institution the world has ever seen, or ever will see.

When the little band of believers at Jerusalem was scattered by persecution, no doubt they felt disheartened, but that, instead of crushing them, scattered them to all parts of the world, where each became a missionary; while, had not persecution scattered them, the spread of the Gospel might have been long delayed.

Alexander the Great carried death and destruction to all parts of the known world in his efforts to spread his kingdom. Wherever he went the Greek language was established and later, when the disciples were dispersed, they had no need of an interpreter.

All living languages change constantly. The Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, which languages have since become dead, thus preserving the scriptures in their original purity.

We may strive honestly, faithfully, patiently, and to mortal eyes may fail. We may labor to do good and see our work, apparently, come to naught. We may see all our efforts for our financial improvement frustrated. Yes, all this may happen to a man and yet he may be a grand success.

Lincoln was a very unsuccessful man, judging him by the common standard, but his perseverance, in *spite* of defeat, developed the sturdiness of character necessary to accomplish his work.

What we call success may be a failure, and what we call failure may be a grand success.

Such are some of my reasons for believing that if we honestly strive to do what we think is right and best, at the same time endeavoring to learn better than we now know in the final grand total of the world's deeds, what we have done will be for the best.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

Indians in the Beet Fields at Rockyford, Colo.

N. J. Miller

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

THREE good specimens of young man-hood. The one to the left has worked in the beet fields four consecutive seasons. The smallest one has completed the sixth grade in public schools, speaks English fluently and has hopes and ambitions to become a mining engineer. The second to the left is a good type of the Navajos. One notes easily that he has more prominent cheek-bones and is more "raw-bony" than the round-faced Hopi Indians on either side.





Red, white, and green are the Indian's favorite colors. Those not students are fond of displaying their Navajo blankets and hair braided in furs. Perhaps the older individuals will never outgrow the blanket habit.

* * *

REAL FAMILY LIFE.

NOTHING impresses an American more in England than the contentment of the middle and upper classes with their home life, the entire absence of the craving—so ever-present in America—for publicity, and the conservative character and tone of all amusements. Of course, London and the large cities of the kingdom have the characteristics of all cosmopolitan places, but the small towns and the country-side are a homeland, a garden inclosed, a region of privacy and family life, which neither desires nor allows public intrusion. Its beauties are for a chosen circle, and its pleasures are those of simple and family character which have no sympathy with crowds and noise and popular demonstrations. This is why England is so restful to an American visitor, especially if he is so fortunate as to have friends in the mother country who are outside of diplomatic and fashionable life. Those who know only London and its fashionable life, or the public side of English character, can have little idea of the peace and healthful influence of a great part of English living.

STARVED ROCK

O. H. Kimmel

THOSE who have passed along the Illinois River in the southern part of LaSalle county, Illinois, have noticed the high massive rock that rises perpendicularly from the water's edge, standing as a stately forelight on the southern bank of the stream.

The rock itself is simply a huge mass of St. Peter's sandstone which seems to be indigenous to that neighborhood,—a fact which carries with it its own geological story. This sandstone may be said to be an outcrop, just in this community, and Starved Rock is the highest point of the outcrop. All around this region is found the soil common to the northern half of Illinois, and the vegetation is of the same class. But



Starved Rock, which Reaches a Height of 157 Feet Above the Illinois River.

in the vicinity of the rock and on its summit is found vegetation, which geologists say, was indigenous to this region at the preglacial times. Such trees as hemlock and pine are quite common on the rock, and in the canyons around it. Peculiar ferns and berries are seen on every hand, growing in secluded places, much perhaps as they grew there before the ice sheet came down and surrounded them.

But the geological story of Starved Rock and the recital of its probable past geographical relations, are of secondary interest, as compared with its significance in the early history of this country. The interesting days at Starved Rock were centuries after the ice sheet had retreated, when a new climate, a new vegetation and new era had come to the vicinity. These days were the days of the red man and the early Frenchman in America. These were the days when the wandering tribes in their primitive civilization and customs were trying to work out their uncertain destinies, and establish themselves as nations over other nations of the same race. In the working out of this purpose, an event, which we shall soon relate, gave this peculiar rock its name.

Perhaps the first white man that ever saw this rock was Marquette, early in the sixteenth century. He, with Joliet, and his company of Frenchmen, was descending the Illinois River from Michigan on his way down to a great river of which they had often heard the Indians speak, and which they afterwards found to be the Father of Waters.

When they reached the Rock on the Illinois, they found a village of Illini Indians, consisting of about seventy-five lodges and perhaps fifteen hundred Indians. Here Marquette stopped and preached to the Indians, and remained with them for some time. While here, he changed his plans about descending the Illinois, and, after some delay, started to return to Michigan. He fell sick in the region of the Chicago River but after some time recovered and finally, in about the year 1675,—which must have been about a year after his previous visit,—he returned to the Indian village on the Illinois. Here, things had changed. Instead of the peaceful village of a year before, everything was noise and bustle. It now contained many hundred lodges and thousands of Indians.

On inquiry he learned that the Iriquois Indians were planning on attack on the Illini, and the Illini had assembled at the rock in order to make a grand stand against the intruding enemy.

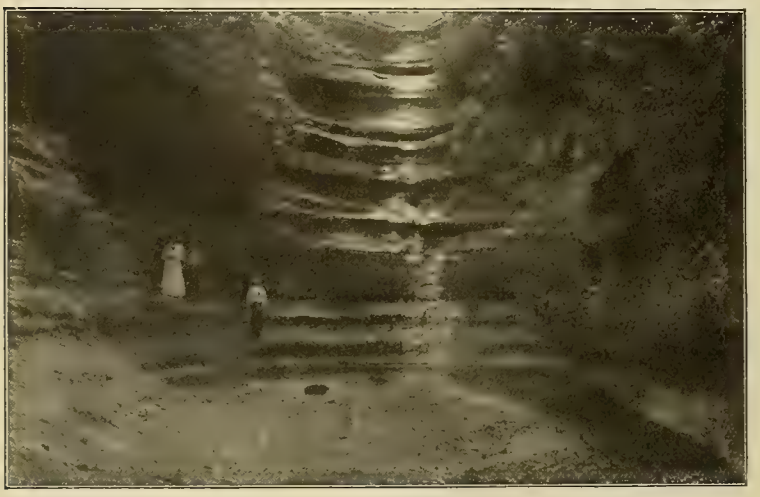
The Illini seem to have had implicit faith in Marquette, for they seated themselves in a circle, and listened to an address from him. In this circle of auditors were some five hundred warriors, fifteen hundred young people and enough old men and squaws to make an audience of between four and five thousand people.

It seems that Marquette now left the village and did not return. In the year 1679 Marquette's coworkers and trader, LaSalle, came to the village and found another and very startling change. Instead of the

thousands of Indians he found the town empty, but everything in excellent shape. The four hundred sixty lodges were in good shape, and many of the Indian utensils and tools were in them. On closer investigation, however, he learned that the entire town of Indians had gone hunting. It seems that, at this time, they were in no fear of the Iriquois for they left the town entirely unguarded. LaSalle found some corn in the village and took some of it for his men and stock, resolving however to pay it back on his return.

He now started southward, on his way to the "great river," but when he reached the region where the Illinois widens into a lake,—now at Peoria,—he found the Indians encamped. Later he returned to this place and made his headquarters there with the Indians.

The Illini did not find in LaSalle, who was a cunning and shrewd trader, the same kind of sympathy and compassion as they had found in Marquette, and they soon began to suspect that he was in league with the hated Iriquois. Not being able to disprove this successfully, he soon left the vicinity, not however until he had built a strong fort near the Illinois River in an attempt to prove his faithfulness to the cause of the Illini.



French Canyon, Back of Starved Rock.

A year later when he returned to the vicinity, he found the fort burned to the ground and the Indians as sullen as ever, so he left the place and sent Fanti, a friend and coworker, to represent his interests at the Rock. It is uncertain what the village at the rock was called at this time, but there is some evidence that it was called Le Rocher by the French, and probably Kaskaskia by some of the Indians. We know, of course, that the permanent village of Kaskaskia did not exist for some years after these events had taken place, and then, at a point further south in the State.

Tonti, it seems, could not get along well with the Indians and he, too, soon fell into suspicion. One day a young Indian, returning from a hunting expedition, informed the village that a band of Iriquois, led by a large body of Frenchmen, were advancing on Le Rocher. Tonti, in order to prove to the Indians that he was true to them, went in person to meet the foe. In reality a band of Iriquois were advancing upon the village in full array for war, but no Frenchmen were among them, of course. Tonti led the fore guard in defense against the enemy and was wounded. The Illini saw this and thereafter believed in Tonti, and respected him. The attack ended in disaster to the Iriquois.

The Illini at Le Rocher and the French now made an alliance and a fort was built on or near the rock called Fort St. Louis. Before many months the village had grown into a large town containing thousands of inhabitants. But about this time political changes in Canada,—the seat of the French Government for this region,—caused unrest and disappointment to the Indians. Frontenac, the friendly French governor of Canada, was dislodged by an enemy and the French-Illini alliance finally died out.

The Illini constantly hearing of the marauding expeditions of predatory parties of the Iriquois, off to the eastward, gradually drew away to the southwest and built up Kaskaskia, which afterwards became the first capital of Illinois, and Cahokia, which became the county-seat of the first county in the State. Only a small settlement of Indians seem to have remained in the vicinity of the Rock.

It may be well to state here that the Illini Indians consisted of a confederation of the tribes found in this region. They were the Metchiganies, Kaskaskias, Peorias, Cahokias, and Tammarois. After their scatterment southward, the territory, as we know, finally drifted into the hands of the English, and Pontiac was killed by a faithless Peoria Indian, and the Illini confederation began to fall apart. A band of Pontiac's friends are said to have banded together for the purpose of punishing the Illinois tribes for their treachery in encompassing the destruction of Pontiac. So relentless were the enemy that extermination threatened the Illinois.

Finally, after being pursued from place to place, tradition says that they resolved to make a final stand at the site of their ancient village, near the Rock. After resisting a relentless attack for many days, the Illini retreated, one stormy night, to the

rock, which they climbed, and whereon they made their last desperate stand. Being surrounded on three sides by the enemy, and by water on the fourth side, the Illini found that they must either surrender or starve. Tradition says that they decided to do the latter and that the entire remnants of the tribe died of starvation on the rock. One story gives it that one brave escaped to tell the horrible story, and another states that eleven strong warriors made their escape from the starving pen.

Whether this story is true in whole or in part, can never be known, as it is an Indian tradition. It seems feasible that the part reported by the Frenchmen is quite true. But when they retreated into Canada, and leave to us only the Indian version of succeeding events, we can not be so positive of the truthfulness of the traditional stories. Of one thing we are certain,—not all of the Illini Indians could have perished at the Rock, and it is hard to believe that any enemy could be so thorough in its hunt as to succeed in surrounding all of the Indians in so wide a territory and drive them to destruction. But while some of the data may be doubted, we have evidence that it must have been founded on some truth, and, at any rate, the event has been perpetuated in history by the name "Starved Rock," which it has permanently bestowed upon the great rock of the Illinois.

THOUGHTS ON NATURE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"We never grow tired so long as we can see far enough." I read the sentence again, then laid down my book and thought about that sentence. It still haunts me. I had been reading Emerson's "*Nature*," and when I reached this sentence, it soothed me as a cup of cool water on a midsummer's day.

Often had I felt the truth of these words, but in a vague, unexpressed way. In my early days, the days of dreams and day visions, it had taken the form of a strong desire to let my eyes look across a stretch of landscape so illimitable that only the horizon in the distance should be visible. I did not care for mountains—the thought of them smothered me—I wanted to see, to have free range for my sight, not to be hedged in by oppressive towers of earth. It may have been provincialism, being prairie-born, but I longed to feel the breeze that came from the misty rim of the South, and blew across the intervening stretch, free and unchecked to the misty purple of the North.

That, I take it now, was merely an expression of the "deathless heathen." As the instincts of primitive man concern the physical, so in the child are the senses first appealed to.

Gradually, the intense desire to view the infinite with my physical eyes lessened, or rather, turned into a new channel. With the first glimpse into the realm of science, I realized that here was a well so deep that its waters could never run dry. The only limit was that of my own capacity, and I soon realized how restricted that was.

And yet, this thought did not tire me. Instead it was the inspiration that kept me from growing weary. Had I been able to comprehend all, how cramped would have been the boundaries of the universe, and how savorless existence in its self-sufficiency!

Nature took on a new immortal loveliness: the marks that had heretofore been but marks of beauty, became revelations of wonder. The veining of a leaf was no longer a beautiful witchery—it held the essence of a world and the seed which had sent up the tiny shoot, was more marvelous, in its inherent power, than the force which built up the Pyramids of Egypt.

Then came the sight of the spiritual. The physical and mental had been stepping-stones to the height from which we view, with mortal eyes, the things of immortality. Here, indeed, was the horizon boundless. At first the very vastness seemed overwhelming and there came back again something of that sense of awe of the incomprehensible which the child had felt in the presence of the night, when the heavens had been illumined with its myraids of stars. But just as the stars gradually brought assurance of the all-pervading goodness, so the illuminations of experience which time brought forth, softened the feeling of awe and brought with them a sweet sense of nearness to the Great Presence.

The scientists tell us that atmospheric pressure at sea level is fifteen pounds to the square inch. Estimating that the earth's atmosphere extends forty-eight miles up into space—and it may extend a good deal higher than that—each square inch of that air, reaching form the earth's surface to the top of the atmosphere, weighs therefore, about fifteen pounds. Now, if we could gather up all that atmosphere and put it into a gigantic balance, we should have put into the opposite scale a solid globe of lead sixty miles in diameter to equal the weight. Air is not so light as some persons think it is you see.

In ancient times the great engineering works were costly in human lives. The making of the Red Sea canal is said to have involved the loss of no fewer than 120,000 Egyptians. Buckle's examination made him believe the number to have been somewhat exaggerated, but he gives it as still a guide to the enormous waste of human life in those days. The men who kept 2,000 slaves engaged for three years bringing a single stone from Elephantine to the pyramids did not care a great deal so long as in the twenty years in which one of the pyramids was building there were forthcoming the 360,000 men required for the work.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Ps. 103: 8.

THE Lord has shown his mercy toward us, by regarding our weak natures. He has properly estimated our strength and asks only such things of us as we are able to do.

"His commandments are not grievous." On the other hand it is a source of strength and eternal joy to fellowship God in communion and service.

The Lord is gracious in his settlement with sinners. "He knows our frames," "pities his children," and is moved with compassion. God not only assists us all along the way by his Spirit, but has actually laid on his own Son "the iniquity of us all." Isn't that grace? Yes, amazing grace!

Man forfeited all right to God's goodness by willful disobedience and it is only by grace that sinful flesh is allowed to assist in God's work of redeeming lost souls. How can God permit the blasphemer and ungodly to approach the altar, claim his favor, and then begin telling the story to others? It is only by grace,—such grace as the world never fully knew until Christ came.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea." Whenever the newly-born child of God's sees the unfathomed depths of God's grace, he will be confounded, for such heights and depths, such glory and raptures of joy will bring us all to the cross in sackcloth and ashes, will kindle a flame of love, devotion and praise, that all the gold of Ophir will seem as filth in comparison.

May God help this wicked world to get a glimpse of his love and grace which passeth all understanding.

H. M. B.

DR. CHAPMAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS DEPARTED HELPMEET.

STANDING at the grave of his beloved wife, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, paid the following tender tribute to the partner of his joys and sorrows:

"Twenty years ago our lives came together, and the stream of love has broadened and deepened until to me, at least, it is well night immeasurable. She was a school girl and I a young minister weighed down with great burdens. I beheld her face first wreathed in smiles and from that day to this her life has been to me one constant display of sunshine. When she came to me she found me with a little motherless girl, and from the moment she gave me her life she loved us both with all the strength of her great nature.

"Our marriage was sanctified by the birth of a baby boy, and he no sooner drew out the tendrils of our hearts than he went back again to God, taking the best part of our lives with him. One day, after she had evidently thought it out and prayed it through, she said to me: 'It is all right, I will care the more tenderly for Bertha, and her mother in heaven will care for my little Robert.' * * *

"She has been my counselor. Many a friend has given me credit for this or that, the laurels might more fittingly have been placed at her feet. When I was unknown and practically unused in any special way, it was she who told me she thought I might do more for God and men, and then she helped me with all her might. I testify publicly today that I owe more for what I may have been permitted to do to the sweet influence of this angelic soul than to any one else this side of heaven. Her personality pervades many of my sermons, and she has animated the most of my illustrations.

"She early came to Christ. When, she could not tell. They welcomed her into the church when she was a mere child, and she smiled to think she might have come earlier so far as her faith was concerned. She was the most consistent Christian I ever knew. She lived with me nineteen blessed, happy years, and never spoke a word that had the faintest suggestion of impatience about it, or of disloyalty to Christ. I have suffered what seems to me to be an irreparable loss. My counselor, my strong rock; my sympathetic listener, my tireless helper, my true love, the mother of my children, and the wife of nineteen years, is gone. I do sorely need your sympathy. Yet we are not rebellious. So sweet, so good, so true was she that her children rise up to call her blessed; her husband too, for he praiseth her."

At the close of the address the doctor holding himself in control, said: "I ought to add, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' This is the day of a new consecration for myself and my family. Blessed God and Father take out of this sorrow its sting. I put myself and family upon thy help. And in this room where my dear one lies I erect a Holy of Holies and call upon the name of the Lord."

THE WISER WAY.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

If thy friend is sad and weary,
Rest him for a while.
If his way is dark and dreary,
Light it with a smile.
Let some helpful word be spoken,
Give a tender, loving token,
It may cheer a heart that's broken,
And its grief beguile.

Like a medicine that healeth
By its subtle art,
Is the sunny ray that stealeth
From a merry heart.
As the song of some sweet bird
Holy memories oft hath stirred,
So a kind and hopeful word
Will its strength impart.

Thou canst lessen pain and sorrow,
Lessen it by half,
By the magic thou canst borrow
From a happy laugh.
Let thy light shine full and free,
Bid the darksome shadows flee,
Till the sad ones turn to thee,
As their stay and staff.

Carry, then, a face that's smiling,
With thee everywhere.
From its weariness beguiling
Many a life of care.
Soothing oft a heart of sorrow,
Teaching it some hope to borrow,
That will gild the coming morrow
With its rainbow fair.

—Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

BIG MISTAKES.

Preachers who get sour and scold when things do not go to suit them, make a big mistake.

People who leave their politeness at home when they travel on railway trains, make a big mistake.

Young people who put off becoming Christians because they think they have fifty years to do it in, make a big mistake.

Men who are afraid to give their wives a word of praise, for fear it will spoil them, make a big mistake.

Parents who want their children to keep out of the church until they are old enough to understand all the doctrines and decide for themselves, make a big mistake.

Farmers who feed their pigs and cattle good corn, and pay no attention to what kind of books and papers their children are reading, make a big mistake.

Women who are overly anxious about their complexions, and underly anxious about their salvation, make a big mistake.

Young men who think they know it all, and that father and mother don't know anything, make a big mistake.

Fathers who whip their boys for doing on the sly what they themselves are doing openly, make a big mistake.

People who expect to get to heaven, just because they have shaken hands with the preacher and had their names enrolled on the church book, make a very big mistake.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Repentance is the first conscious movement of the soul from sin toward God.

Thank God, this old world has never seen the time when it did not take off its hat and pay homage to a good woman.

Religion is like the measels; if it goes in on you it will kill you. The trouble with a great many Christians is, religion gone in on them. Keep it broken out on hands, feet, and tongue.

Everybody ought to keep good company. There is not an angel in heaven that would not be corrupted by the company that some people keep.

Old sinners are not satisfied with us unless we live better than they do.

You have no more right to flaunt your riches in the face of the poor man than you have to shake bread in the face of a hungry man and not give him any of it.

THE BLESSING OF CHEERFULNESS.

God bless the cheerful people—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their mission, happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them. We love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow, and compressed lip, glide near, laying a confiding hand on their knee, and lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.— *A. A. Willits.*

That we have merely come up from a submersion in water is no proof we have "risen with Christ." That we have buried the old nature together with all its grovelling proclivities and unhallowed idealism, and changed our affections from things on the earth, and are illustrating in our lives the principles of Christ's charity, benevolence, loving kindness, and holiness is far more satisfactory proof of our having risen. The formal doing of things enjoined in the Scriptures is but one wing by which we rise; the other is the inner possession of the spirit of which these formal procedures ought to be the natural expressions.

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HOW THE NEGRO HAS DRIVEN WHISKY OUT OF THE SOUTH.

THE negroes have clung like a leech to the South. They can neither be scared out, coaxed out nor killed out. There are there to stay. The white people of that section have lamented the fact of being surrounded, outnumbered and outvoted by the black man, but it looks as though Providence would yet compel the southern people to drink the bitter ashes of their own golden calf.

For many years the white man made mammon of his dark-skinned brother and now at last, unexpectedly, the servant has become too big to handle easily. But lamentations do not change these conditions and matters get worse from year to year.

The negro population has nearly trebled itself in the past few decades, while in intelligence and citizenship it has not made proportionate advancement. At least, there is more stir about the matter than there used to be, and our leaders wonder what the outcome will be.

While this confusion is in our minds, let us discern one good result from it all. The landlords of the South formerly kept an abundance of whisky on the plantation, so that on Saturday night the negro would spend his week's wages for the landlord's whisky. Thus the masters thought they were receiving two profits,—cheap labor and quadruple profit on their whisky. It looked like this would make wealthy men of the farmers, but somehow unrighteousness always has some unknown leak holes about it, and just so it was in this case. The full time of an honest workman proved to be the only source of wealth, and so, instead of losing half of the time by drunk negroes, the landlords began to see that whisky was causing a dead loss to them.

To compete with conditions of labor elsewhere, and to protect women and children from the terror of drunken negroes, the landlord was forced to keep whisky out of reach of the black man. This was hard to do until it was also out of reach of the white man, and so whisky went, until now the southern States are the strongholds of temperance. About all of the southern States are as dry as enforced prohibition laws can make them.

The northern States are away behind the South in this respect although the temperance sentiment of late years has gained wonderful momentum in the North. If the South can do without whisky why can't the North also? A white man, full of bad whisky, is no better than a drunk black man. In short, a white man is always as good as a darky, if he behaves just as well, but whisky makes men of both colors crazy.

We gladly anticipate the day when we shall be able to speak of a temperate United States, instead of praising only small sections of our great republic, while the Government at large continues to make people crazy with legalized whisky and then hangs them for getting crazy and doing wrong.

RECKLESS AMERICA.

ALONG with our virtues are to be found weaknesses that must be dealt with candidly and rigidly if our national character is ever to achieve the standard which every loyal child of the republic longs for. The following authentic report goes a long way toward establishing the truthfulness of the charge made in the heading to this article. Herr Guillery, a German official of railway administration in Prussia gives the following comparisons of fatalities on railway travel of the various nations:

Out of every thousand railway employés the ratio of the number injured each year is as follows: United States, 43.5; Switzerland, 25.3; England, 11.8; Belgium, 11; Germany, 2.4. Out of every 10,000 employès, the relative figures of killed are: United States, 26.1; England, 12.3; Switzerland, 8.2; British India, 6.7; Belgium, 4.1. In 1902, there was 376,500 persons injured by the railways of the United States, 60,000 of this number were employès. In the same year 9,800 were killed, of whom 3,600 were employès. France holds the lowest record in fatalities. The United States shows proportionately forty times as many injuried as Russia, twenty-two times as many as Italy; twenty times as many as England; eight times as many as Belgium; fourt times as many as Switzerland; twice as many as Germany.

There is no explanation or excuse for such a deadly record. Recklessness is the word that covers more of this criminal characteristic than any other word. It looks as though the public were invited to a wholesale slaughter of human beings.

The above record was even worse until President Harrison urged railroad legislation about fifteen years ago which resulted in automatic couplers for cars. The railway officials knew long before that time that automatic couplers would save human lives by the

thousands every year and so did the public, but everybody went recklessly ahead, mangling the poor brakemen until one man with authority took time to speak a word for the sake of the helpless.

It is now boldly rumored that the only reason why our railroad magnates do not doubletrack their roads and adopt other life-saving appliances is because they have figured up how much cheaper it is to pay for human lives and crippled bodies caused by the collisions and wrecks each year than to add the needed improvements, and, of course, they adopt the cheaper method although it is a blood-shedding method.

It is easily seen how by the above system the railroads are necessarily throwing upon the public charity of the nation, several thousand cripples and dependents.

Some plan of pensioning these unfortunates by the railroads should be adopted by our congress without delay and other measures taken to protect the traveling public as well as the poor railway employe who risks his life daily to serve the public.

But the evidence of recklessness does not stop with the above testimony. Even our homes manifest a recklessness, also, concerning the worth of human blood and child life that is not far removed from the horrid historical account of uncivilized nations in bygone days. We now refer to the table of fatalities generally published on the fifth day of July each year, as a result of our national custom of showing gratitude for constitutional liberty.

From 130 to 175 deaths and several thousand injured is the annual offering. One year of such slaughter ought to be enough but somehow there is a demand next year for the same bloody slaughter of just as many, or more, children as we read of the year before. The present method of celebrating Independence Day is heathenish in its very nature, at least intelligent beings and grateful hearts know of saner methods to keep alive a national spirit than the present method. Enough people have been killed by July Fourth fireworks to equal in number all the dead heroes that fell in all our bloody wars from 1812, to 1860, and it is likely to continue a few decades longer. Even Christian people share in this ignoble custom both in money spent and by giving their presence to the public lust for sensational attractions instead of assembling in solemn praise meetings to the Creator who has multiplied national blessings upon us without a parallel in history.

Yet another phase of national recklessness can be pointed out in the public demand for deadly athletics in the way of certain games. Authentic statistics of deaths and injuries cannot be given but the fatalities are enough, to say the least. Public judgment and taste has become so degenerate that he who needlessly risks and loses his life before a public audience is looked upon as a hero and paves the way for others of a sporty nature also to sacrifice a part or all of life in order to win the applause of a few sensual sports.

The fact that some colleges have begun to regulate the athletics on their grounds shows that some people of ethical natures begin to see the useless sacrifice of young lives in public games.

And, again, the very safeguards needed by ball players in the way of steel masks for the head and other heavy pads for other vital parts of the body, shows what a violent and dangerous game baseball is.

Some one will reply that fatalities occur elsewhere, other than in the places named in this article. That is true, but this paper points out a few of the ways in which fatalities could be lessened.

Accidents in legitimate work and under normal conditions do not show recklessness, but the present public demand for human blood to be spilt in order to satisfy the national appetite of our people, seems very close kin to the old Roman gladitorial feats when slaves were matched against each other or against hungry lions.

Public sports are and always have been an unmistakable criterion to the mental and moral trend of a nation, so that our present status can be correctly estimated from this standpoint.

Other alarming tendencies can also be pointed out in which millions of our people weekly give evidence of a corrupted and vitiated nature.

It is paramount that Christian people should study the question of athletic sport, and it may yet become even a Christian virtue to safeguard the playground of our children by legislation. Play is a part of life, a legitimate part, hence it is a parents' duty to prepare and oversee the environment of playgrounds.

Later articles in this department, or some other department of this paper, will deal exhaustively with this very question. A competent student of child-life will give us something to think about and we ask every reader to be on the lookout for these valuable papers.

In many a home the happiness of all is sacrificed to the wilfulness and selfishness of one member. The girl who makes an ambition in life the main issue of her existence, notwithstanding that in order to accomplish it she must ride rough-shod over all those who are related to her by ties of blood, is laying the foundation of her own personal unhappiness, which will as inevitably follow as day comes after night. It is doubtful if we can perform any truly selfish act in this world without suffering therefrom. There seems to be in nature a law of compensation which exacts payment for everything.

Bravery like the ocean, has several different depths: and that which makes the most show at first, is generally the shallowest.



Echoes from Everywhere

It is believed than in China there are twenty times as much coal as in all Europe.

New York State recently honored the memory of Wm. McKinley by erecting a white marble obelisk 86 feet high in Buffalo, where the president was shot.

Even warts are said to be contagious. If blood and tissue from the wart of one person is placed under the skin of another the warty growth begins at once.

The Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. It bears on its current four-fifths of the commerce of eastern Europe.

A clock has been invented that will run four hundred days with one winding and has no sound of tick about it. What next?

In the new directory for New York City there are thirty-seven columns of Smiths, twenty of Browns and ten and one-half of White. Then follows Greens, Blacks and Grays.

Switzerland's greatest industry, the entertaining of tourists, has been officially computed to bring $23,000,000 a year, $7,000,000 more than the public revenue of the whole confederacy.

The hawk can see a bird twenty times as far away as can a man. All birds of prey have very keen sight and smell as is seen by them darting down into a bunch of grass to seize a mouse, lizard or other small creature.

Cement telegraph poles to take the place of the ordinary poles of cedar are receiving a good deal of attention. It is believed that the extreme climatic conditions of summer and winter will have no effect upon them. A pole of re-enforced concrete is wonderfully elastic, a thirty-foot pole being able to bend thirty-one inches at the top without cracking the concrete. This pole, it is computed, has three times the strength of the ordinary pole, and while the average cedar pole lasts about twelve years, the life of the concrete pole is believed to be practically unlimited.

In Brazil every placard is taxed. Even a "house for rent" must bear a revenue stamp. In a country of much advertisements like the United States this would mean quite a revenue.

The small country of Belgium has a great ambition as is seen in its recent action to spend $28,200,000 in making Antwerp the largest harbor in all Europe and thus increase the trade of the nation. After the harbor is enlarged then other millions are to be spent in fortifying the city against future enemies.

New York City is after the vertical style of writing. Several years of use in the public school has satisfied them and a return to the old free running hand is now recommended. The one great gain in the old system is speed, and where much writing is required time is often the chief item instead of artistic features.

Doctors can tell the age and sex of a person by the pulse beat. Baby girls have a pulse beat of 160 at birth, while the beat of a boy's pulse is only 150. This pulse rate decreases with age until some old people have had only 45 pulse beats per minute. Women's pulse runs from 5 to 10 more beats per minute than does men's

Scientists claim that a man weighing 140 pounds would weight but 53 if transported to Mars. The difference in weight would be caused by the difference in the force of gravity. But if the same man should stop on the sun's surface he would weigh 3,500 pounds and his present muscles and bones would crush under his own weight.

Oiling public highways has got to be almost a fad in some places. Both towns and country thoroughfares are being tested with various degrees of success. In California the oiled roads seem to be a success. The oil allays the dust, and gives a firm, yet, spongy foundation on which to travel. Where the crude oil can be had, and enough is applied after the road has been properly prepared there is no doubt as to the benefits of oiled roads. This is one of the first steps towards a national movement for good roads, for increasing traffic of the country demands better roads.

Scientists well know that sunlight is deadly to most disease germs. Heaven is revealed as a place of intense light and of course health is perfect in such a place. Filth, disease and sin all abide in dark corners. Germs of tuberculosis, diptheria, typhoid and cholera all perish in a few minutes when exposed to the direct rays from the sun.

Across the Yadkin river, near Salisbury, N. C., a dam has been constructed 46 feet high and 917 feet feet long. This is second only to the great natural dam at Niagara Falls, and was built to obtain mechanical energy by which to operate a number of mills which have been built in that vicinity. Man is rapidly learning how to make nature assist him in producing the commodities of life.

It looks as though the white man would eventually adapt himself to the tropical climate of Africa and compete with the native in longevity and endurance. The Nile and southern Africa are already given up to be the white man's country and the Congo district and Sahara are showing signs of his presence in increasing quantities every year. One thing sure, if money can be made in those districts easier than elsewhere the Yankee will soon forget the torrid temperature and become a citizen of Central Africa.

Congress has been investigating the emigration question from the European standpoint and finds that the nations on the continent also dread to have their subjects desert their homeland in such large numbers. It breeds restlessness on the part of those who remain at home besides making labor help very scarce. The chairman of the committee who went abroad says that the generous reward for common laborers in America, together with the presents and sums of money sent to relieve the loved ones at home begets the inspiration to emigrate to this country.

"Typhonoid," a word derived from a Greek term meaning whirlwind, has been applied to a new type of boat invented by a French engineer, who seeks to do away with the present-day screw propeller. The new screw is placed at the bow of the boat instead of at the stern and it is believed that by it the centrifugal displacement of the central void of the present type are converted into benefits and the limit to the advantageous increase in velocity of rotation of the propeller is removed. The apparatus is designed to work by suction in the manner of a waterspout. The inventor figures that his boat, with a 32½-inch screw, will go through the water at a rate of more than sixty-two miles an hour.

A new law has just gone into effect that may work againt certain foreigner who have become naturalized in this country. The law says that when any naturalized citizen who shall have resided in the foreign country from which he came two years, it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be a citizen of the United States and his general abode shall be deemed the place where he has resided these two years. Many foreigners come to this country, are naturalized, and when they have amassed a considerable amount of money, go back to their home country to spend their last days; and as they have severed allegiance to their former country, they will be without citizenship in either country.

Very few people seem to realize the alarming condition of our forests. Wholesale fires for years past in addition to the wholesale consumption of timber has dwindled our lumber regions down to a small amount in proportion to the future demand of building material. To offset this condition the Santa Fe R. R., has begun to grow forests for their own use, or for railroad ties at least. In one grove in Southern California they have 9,000 trees growing and this is only a start in the business. At other points over their system they have similar groves and more are to be planted each year. In the dry west the eucalyptus tree is most desirable because of its very rapid growth and durability when used as a post or tie. Farmers and nurserymen have also planted large orchards of this tree so that the emergency will likely be met without serious trouble. The Santa Fe R. R. uses 2,250,000 ties annually to say nothing of the other systems operating throughout the country. Railroads both east and west are trying hard to grow their own ties, at least, so as to have them ready for use inside of fifteen years.

What is the difference between a pebble and a fly? The flowers know. The sundews are attractive little plants found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs and a fly settling among the tentacles immediately is enclosed by these organs. Meantime, a digestive fluid is exuded from the glands of the leaf. An interesting experiment may be conducted with the sun dew. This experiment consists in placing a tiny pebble against the tentacles. These at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive fluid. How does the sun dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable are the investigations which prove conclusively that the leaves of the American sun dew know the proximity of flies even when there is no direct contact. Fixing a live insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, the experimenter finds that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles.



Home Again

Home again! Mother, your boy will rest,
For a time at least, in the old home nest.
How good to see you in your cornered nook
With knitting or sewing, or paper or book!
The same sweet mother my boyhood knew,
The faithful, the patient, the tender and true.

You have little changed; Ah well! maybe
A few gray hairs in the brown I see;
A mark or two under smiling eyes,
So lovingly bent in your glad surprise.
'Tis I who have changed, Ah, mother mine,
From a teasing lad to manhood's prime.

No longer I climb on your knee at night
For a story told in the soft firelight;
No broken slate or book all torn
Do I bring to you with its edges worn;
But I'll come to you with my graver cares,
You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

I'll come again as of old, and you
Will help the man to be brave and true;
For the man's the boy. only older grown,
And the world has many a stumbling-stone.
Ah, mother mine, there is always rest
When I find you here in the old home nest.

Grouchy Charlie

Ida M. Helm

"Oh dear!" squalled Charlie. "I don't want to have my face washed, nor my hair combed. You nasty old nurse, stop kissing me. I don't like you."

Charlie was five years old and he dearly loved to play in the dust and sand and to slide down the straw-stack, but he hated to wash his face. In fact, he never did really wash his face. When he was told to do it for himself, he would merely place the palms of his hands against the surface of the water. Then he would touch his cheeks with them, after which he would take the towel and put it against his face. Then he would say he had washed. He had long curls and when they were combed, they were very beautiful, but he hated the sight of the comb and he tried to make his mother believe that he was afraid of having them all pulled out through combing and that he had better not comb. So you see either his nurse or his mother had to wash and comb him and he would always kick and cry during the process.

At the table he often wanted to eat as much pie and cake as his little stomach could hold, and if his mother would tell him that it was not good for him and that it might make him sick, and if she would give him bread and butter, he would kick and scream, till she hardly knew what to do with such a naughty boy.

One day his grandmother came and she brought him two pounds of candy. This pleased him so that he did not kick once when she kissed him but he actually smiled. Then he sat down and wanted to eat it all without stopping. His mother told him that he should eat only part of it and put the rest away for some other time, but he kicked and screamed and said that he wanted to eat all of it right away. She gave him as much as she thought he might eat without making himself sick; then she put the rest away and it made him so mad that he started down the road, saying that he was running off.

About a quarter of a mile from home, he stopped and sat down in the middle of the road to play in the dust. Soon a band of gypsies came along and at sight of his curls, they stopped and asked him where his home was, and he told them that his mother was mean and wouldn't let him eat candy when he wanted to and combed his hair when he didn't want it combed, and that he was running away and therefore he had no home. They told him if he would go with them, they would never comb his hair. Charlie thought it would be very nice never to have his hair combed, so he allowed a young girl to lift him into the wagon, but he had not counted on seeing so many strange men and women, and the room in the covered wagon did not look nearly as pleasant and comfortable as the rooms in his home, and immediately he began to feel homesick and he commenced to cry and scream, and a very homely, old woman said if he would scream once more, she would whip him. She looked so determined and ugly that Charlie was frightened and he hated the thought of having her whip him, so he kept

quiet, and he began to wish that he was back at his home.

They rode on and on and finally Charlie went to sleep curled up on a box. When he awoke the gypsies had stopped and were eating their supper. They gave him a bowl of soup. He did not know what kind it was, but he didn't like it and he screamed and said he wanted cake, but the ugly old woman said, "You never will get any cake while you live with me."

He couldn't eat very much of his soup, for it wasn't good, so he handed the bowl back to the old woman. She set the bowl down and picked up a pair of shears, saying, "You don't like to have your curls combed, so I will cut them off. They are beautiful and I can get ten dollars for them." Charlie felt glad and he thought, "Now I will not need to have my hair combed. After they were cut off he went and looked in a glass but he did not look like himself and he turned to the old woman and said, "Mamma won't know me."

"Your mamma won't never see you again," was her reply.

"Mamma never see me again?" he thought. Then he commenced to cry.

It was getting dark and he was hungry and sleepy and he said, "Oh I want my mamma. I don't want to be a gypsy any more. I want to go home."

Then the ugly woman said, "You won't never see your mamma again. This wagon is your home; lie down on that bed and go to sleep. Charlie looked around and saw that what she called a bed was only a pile of old rags in a corner of the wagon. He cried but that did not help matters, so he lay down and sobbed ,and wished he were at home. He thought, "If I ever get back home to my papa and mamma, I will never run away again, I'll wash all over my face, and I won't cry when mamma combs me. Then his tired little eyes closed and he was sound asleep.

The next thing he knew he heard some men talking very loud and soon a big, fat man came into the wagon and carried him out, and gave him into his papa's arms. Charlie was so glad that he couldn't keep from crying.

When Charlie's parents missed him, they began searching every where for him and when they got on the trail of the gypsies they followed them and rescued their little boy, but they hardly knew whether it was their boy or not, for his lovely curls were all gone, and all that they could do was to take the curls along home. They kept them and every time Charlie was naughty and disobedient, they would show him his curls, to remind him of the mistake he made when he got mad and started to run away from home.

Disobedience to the wishes of good parents, to God, or to the laws of the State, always receives punishment in some way, sooner or later. Sin, if indulged in, will always rob us of some dear treasure. It would be well for us, if when we do wrong, we could always have something to keep that would serve to remind us not to repeat the mistake.

R. D. No. 2, Ashland, Ohio.

DO YOU KNOW—

That if you rub grass stains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash?

That spots may be removed from gingham by being wet with milk and covered with common salt? Leave for an hour or so, and rinse out in several waters.

That you can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water?

That salt disolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing?

That mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or if stubborn, with a piece of linen, wet with alcohol?

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A spot on polished wood made by placing a heated dish on it will disappear if a little salt and salad oil are poured on it and allowed to remain for an hour or so, and then rubbed off with a soft cloth.

To Remove Dried Tea-Stains.—Apply equal parts of yolk of egg and glycerine to the stain, and allow to dry. Rinse well in clean, cold water. This will be found excellent for an afternoon teacloth which must not be boiled on account of its delicate coloring.

If your white and enamel pots become discolored from cooking place one tablespoonful of chloride of lime and two tablespoonfuls of washing soda in the pot; then fill with boiling water and place on back of fire for five of ten minutes. This will remove any stain that may be in the pot and saves much labor in the hot summer months.

Curtains and Carpets.—If when drying curtains they are hung double over the line they will not stretch at all, as is often the case when hung up by the edge. To clean painted walls, dip a damp sponge in soda and wipe the wall. Wash off with warm suds and wipe dry. Carpets can be cleaned on the floor so they will look bright as new. First select a firm, heavy broom, then sweep the carpet the way of the nap (to brush it the other way brushes the dust in). Attend to the stains, first mixing four teaspoonfuls of amonia to a bucketful of hot water, and scrub with a medium brush; then wipe with a cloth. Now apply the same treatment to the whole carpet, changing the water frequently. Leave the windows open and the carpet will soon dry.

METHODS IN FRYING.

THERE is nothing harder to teach than new methods in housework. It usually takes a generation to introduce a decided change. Our mothers served their fried food soaked in grease, and it is quite likely that the same fashion in frying will prevail to some extent for some time to come. It is curious to see how our leading cook-books denounce such frying on one page and yet by mere force of habit countenance it on another. Every good housekeeper knows, theoretically that there are only two ways of frying.

One is in some delicate fat like butter, using only enough to prevent the article fried from sticking. The frying-pan is moved rapidly during this process. During the process the butter used is absorbed, but it is used in so small a quantity that it is only enough to dress the fried articles properly, and not enough to make them greasy. Oysters are nice cooked in this way.

The second method of frying is in deep fat, in the way doughnuts are cooked. The greater part of French frying is done by this method. There must be a depth of fat enough to cover the article put in it, and the fat must be hot enough to form a thin crust over the mixture the instant of its immersion. Croquettes, breaded meats, and potatoes are all cooked by the last method. The instant they are removed from the fire they must be laid on brown paper and slipped from that to a hot dish and served. If properly cooked they will be so free from grease that they could be eaten with the fingers without inconvenience.—*The Christian Advocate.*

A PNEUMONIA CURE.

TAKE six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine, put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. Stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lumps and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. Continue always until the prespiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New Elgland has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease, and won his renown by simple remedies.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

No Nostrums Needed—Merely Observe a Few Essential Rules.

IT is amazing that so common a difficulty as dyspepsia should be so little understood by the general public, and that its remedy should be so hard to find, says the *Metropolitan*. But it can be cured, and without any marvelous nostrums, by observing a few important rules of health. The dyspeptic must first fix in his mind the fact that his ailment is the result of bad habits of eating and living and that these must be changed, and that drugs will do him no good. He must begin by avoiding all starchy foods, as potatoes, rice and oatmeal, beans, etc. Meats, soft-boiled eggs, milk toast, zwieback, etc., are the best foods for avoiding fermentation, and the gas that causes dyspepsia pains. In serious cases buttermilk is one of the best dependencies; another is boiled milk with a slight addition of limewater. Either of these will enable the most chronic dyspeptic to procure some sustenance without serious distress. He should drink freely of hot water, at least two quarts a day, always taking a glass half an hour before meal time. He should not crowd his meals close together, as with an impaired digestion it is often best to have the meals six or seven hours or more apart. The rule to be followed is that a new meal should not be eaten until the previous one is digested, or out of the way, and the stomach has had a little rest and there must be further rest after eating.

It is absolutely essential to eat slowly and chew with the greatest thoroughness. Complete chewing in the mouth, permitting no washing down with coffee or tea, salivates the food so that it is ready for digestion when it goes into the stomach and persistence in the practice will put good flesh on any lean dyspeptic. There is a theory that when solid food is chewed in the mouth to an absolute pulp that the organs in the back of the mouth exercise a selective action and send to the stomach only that which is fitted to be converted into blood and tissue, thus relieving the digestive organs of handling the waste. Whether or not this is correct is for the science of the future to determine; certain it is that nature gave us grinding teeth for the purpose of chewing our food and never intended that we should swallow it unchewed, as do those animals having more than one stomach.

COOKING RECIPES.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One heaping cupful of graham flour, one-half cupful of molasses, two-thirds cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of chopped raisins, a little salt. Steam one hour and serve with brandy sauce.

BEEF PATTIES.—Mince cold cooked beef, fat and lean, very fine; season with chopped onions, pepper, salt and gravy; half fill patty pans with this, and then fill them with mashed potatoes. Put a bit of butter on each, and brown in a hot oven.

DUCHESSES.—Take mashed potato, work into it a little butter, a gill of cream, the yolk of an egg, pepper, salt and chopped parsley; make into small cakes,

which should be lightly handled, rolled in flour and fried a delicate brown in hot butter.

SWEET CORN BAKED.—Cut the corn from the cob and with the back of the knife scrape out all the pulp. Put into a baking dish, season with salt, a piece of butter and a little sugar if desired, add enough milk, or part cream, to cover the corn and bake twenty-five minutes.

SMOTHERED TOMATOES.—Cut four small tomatoes in halves, crosswise; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, arrange the tomatoes in the pan, skin side down, sprinkle with a little fine mixed parsley, cover and cook until soft; season with salt, pepper and a little sugar if desired.

BEAN SALAD.—String young beans; break into half-inch pieces or leave whole; wash and cook soft in salt water; drain well; add finely-chopped onions, pepper, salt and vinegar. When cool add olive oil or melted butter. Garnish by slicing hard-boiled eggs and laying around the beans.

For the Children

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS.

When teacher gets cross, and her brown eyes gets black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine!
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.

When teacher gets cross the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks;
The pluses and minuses is just little smears;
When the cry-babies cry all their slates up with tears;
The figgers won't add, and they act up like sin—
When the teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets cross, the readers gets bad:
The lines jiggle round till the chilluns is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lesson were running a race!
Till she hollows out, "Next!" as sharp as a pin—
When the teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets good, her smile is so bright,
The tables get straight, and the readers get right.
The pluses and minuses come trooping along,
And figgers adds up and stops being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good, and the dimples comes out.

—Unidentified.

CHINESE PECULIARITIES.

THE Chinaman shakes his own hand, instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots, instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups, instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits.)

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says west-north, instead of north-west, and sixths-four, instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His morning color is white.

To bore a hole he uses an instrument that works up and down instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.—*Selected.*

HOW RUTH FILLED THE CUP.

"CAN I help, too, grandma?" asked Ruth, as she sat down in the old-fashioned kitchen.

Grandma was making pudding for company, and Hannah was stuffing a big, fat goose. Aunt Katie and mamma were setting the long table, and everbody was busy.

"Yes, my dear, you can pick me a cup of raisins," said grandma.

Ruth went to work with a will and picked the raisins very fast, but somehow the cup didn't seem to get full.

Grandma looked up just as Ruth was putting a great juicy raisin into her mouth, and then she discovered the reason.

"When you pick raisins, Ruth, you must always whistle," said grandma, solemnly.

"Why, grandma!" exclaimed Ruth, "mamma says its not well-bred for girls to whistle."

"If you whistle, you can't eat, my dear, and the cup will get full quicker; but singing is every bit as good, and I would like to hear you sing about little Jack Horner."

And wasn't it queer? When Ruth began to sing that, the cup was full in a jiffy.—*Selected.*

DUG UP A BLIZZARD.

FRED and Frank were visiting grandpa in the country. One day they were interested in a stone wall which grandpa was laying. In moving a stone, a lizard crawled out, and the boys at once ran to their mother.

"Mother," said Fred, "grandpa just dug up a blizzard."

"O, no," said Frank, "that was not a blizzard, but it was a wizard."



THE RURAL LIFE

Some Facts for the Farmer

O. H. Kimmel

THE people connected with the Farmers' Institute and the Agricultural College Extension are doing the greatest work for the farmer, in the land today. In conversation, recently, with one of the state workers in this State, I learned from him that their work is unappreciated by the great mass of farmers, and some actually don't believe in it, but he added: "Many are getting their eyes opened to the advantages that can be gained from scientific farming."

The idea that an understanding of the soil, its needs, and how to supply them, the idea of the relative value of food stuffs, and the idea of the improvement and adaption of various crops, are all new ideas to the farmer and they must endure their due amount of skepticism, inattention and unbelief before they can arouse the general public.

The analysis of different kinds of hay from a scientific viewpoint reveals much. For example, in every 100 pounds of timothy hay there is 2.8 pounds of digestible protein; 43.4 pounds of digestible carbohydrates, and 1.4 pounds of fats. Scientists figure protein at four cents a pound. Thus the protein would cost 11.2 cents in 100 pounds of hay. Carbohydrates are worth four-tenths of a cent per pound, so the carbohydrates in a hundred pounds of hay are worth 17.36 cents.

Fats, figured at the scientists' value of one cent a pound, would make the fat worth 1.4 cents, hence the cost of these three, in 100 pounds of timothy hay, would be 30 cents, and in a ton, twenty times thirty cents, making a value of $6.00, the real relative feed value of a ton of pure timothy hay.

So many agricultural sections still hold timothy hay of higher value than clover, yet, when the relative value of the two is figured out, it is seen conclusively that clover is worth much more, per ton as a food product, than timothy.

To be of value as a food, anything must contain protein (nitrogen) carbohydrates (salts or starches) and fats. Now, when we figure a hundred pounds of Alsike clover in the same way as we figured the one hundred pounds of timothy hay, we find the following: 8.4 pounds of protein, 42.5 pounds carbohydrates and 1.5 pounds fats per 100 pounds. This figures 52 cents per hundred or $10.40 per ton.

Thus we see established the relative food value of these two products and we notice that every ton of clover raised is worth $4.40 more than the same weight of timothy, yet, as I said, it is often sold at a smaller market price than timothy.

It is learned, on investigation, that the reason for this lies in not knowing how to feed clover. One, used to feeding timothy, usually feeds it in large quantities, and in feeding clover, feeds the same amount as timothy, resulting in the horses becoming short-winded or heavy, when, in fact, the evil results are not due to the feed at all, but to the overfeeding of the product to the stock.

Again as an acre will produce two or three or even four times as much clover as it does timothy, the farmer should look more to it and try to get the market into the right knowledge, concerning it, so that he could raise it more and more.

Again it enriches the soil by capturing the much needed ingredient, nitrogen, from the air, giving it to the bacteria in the soil, enabling the soil to carry on its function with such results as to insure better and heavier yields of crops.

HIGH QUALITY BUTTER.

Some Hints For the Buttermaker by an Ohio Dairywoman.

ONE may delay the doing of many things without loss, but to put off churning when the cream is ripe is not in the list, writes an Ohio dairywoman in *American Agriculturist*. The mistake must not be made of thinking that butter is made by churning. It is being made from the time the milk is drawn until it is churned. No amount of doctring will cure a poor quality of butter. It is of the utmost importance that the churn be scrupulously clean and sweet smelling before using. In order to have it so it must be washed immediately after using, scalded and set where it will be thoroughly aired and dried. Rinsing in lime-water occasionally is of benefit and will remove the

musty odors which sometimes linger around churns. The putting of cold water into the churn after cleansing, as practiced by some dairymen, is not to be recommended, as every unpleasant odor will be developed in a day or two, especially if the weather is warm.

After scalding the churn preparatory to using it must be rinsed in cold water or else a woody smell will be imparted to the cream. All wooden utensils used in dairy work should be washed in tepid water first and afterward scalded, rinsed and dried. The dishcloth must never be used in dairy work. If a cloth is ever necessary it must be for that one use. Woodenware can be cleansed more rapidly, neatly and satisfactorily with the aid of a brush. Either rice straw or a bristle brush should be kept for this purpose alone.

We prefer to salt butter after it is removed from the churn rather than brine salt it. We salt at the rate of one and one-half ounces salt per pound and think it adds to the keeping qualities of the butter better than the ounce to the pound method. Patrons find no fault with our butter so prepared. We work lightly, just enough to incorporate the salt evenly without mashing and smearing it. We press and touch it lightly, shape it or cut it into any desired form and pack it ready for market. The sooner it is delivered the better.

The delicate aroma which all well made butter has is very evanescent, and when made in rolls or packages exposed to the air soon dissipates this delicate flavor. Cold storage does not help to retain this flavor. Packing in jars so as to exclude the air is the only way to retain it. The market value of butter depends upon its flavor more than any other quality. Appearance should be given due prominence, but flavor is paramount.

FITTING THE SOIL.

No hard and fast rule can be given for the best depth to plow. The question must be determined for each field from the conditions of season, soil and crop. Plants derive their nourishment mainly from the surface or dark-colored soil, and if the unweathered subsoil is turned up, it more often than otherwise results in a loss of productiveness. Subsoil-plowing may be resorted to when it is desired to loosen the subsoil without turning it to the surface. The surface soil should be kept rich and full of humus, and, if shallow, may be gradually deepened by going into the subsoil little by little.

Professor King, of the Department of Agriculture, says that it is very desirable to develop and maintain a deep soil; but when a soil is thin and the subsoil close and heavy, it is only safe to deepen it gradually by plowing a little farther below the surface each year or two, turning under as far as possible coarse manure, stubble and green crops to make the soil open and to form humus therein.

The soil is in the best condition for plowing when the amount of moisture is such as to leave the best texture after plowing, requiring the least amount of work to put it in fine condition for crops. If the ground it too wet, the crumb structure so essential to a clay soil will be partly destroyed and the soil puddled. If too dry, the furrow-slice will not shear in thin layers, and the soil will not be finely pulverized. Professor King says that the water content of the soil at the time of plowing should be such that the damp earth squeezed in the hand will hold its form, but will easily crumble to pieces and not be at all pasty.

The harrowing of the field is an important part of the preparation, and is receiving much greater attention than formerly. The process of fining the surface and keeping it in condition acts as a blanket to the field and prevents evaporation. Careful harrowing, from the reason that it conserves moisture, is the basic principle of what is termed "dry farming," and in the less humid districts of the West the harrow follows in the track of the plow as soon as possible.

Too much care in preparing the seed-bed is rarely taken by the American farmer. It is however, the essential part of farming to start the crop right, and many a man spends more time explaining his failure to his neighbors than it would have taken to insure success by a proper fitting of the soil.

HAY FOR CALVES.

The time when hay is placed before a young calf is too frequently delayed, with the mistaken idea that he will not touch it, says a dairyman. I believe in allowing them to nibble on it just as soon as they can be induced to do so. But as these little animals are dainty creatures they prefer their hay fresh every day, and it should be renewed whether they have eaten much of it or not. Bright heads and leaves of clover are more tempting than timothy, which is not desirable as food for any young animal.

PIGEONS FOR PROFIT.

Brains will accomplish more than luck.

A little knowledge is just as dangerous in the pigeon business as in any other vocation.

Let your efforts be directed toward the improvement of stock by means of judicious mating.

Tobacco stems, tobacco dust and air slacked lime will not injure anything but lice.

The carneaux pigeon is now being boomed as the bird which will revolutionize the squab business.

Hard luck is generally brought about by some mismanagement.

The Value of Alfalfa

Wm. Mohler

CENTURIES ago the value of alfalfa, as a forage crop, was known in Asia and Europe. It is only a few years since that the American farmer learned of its great value and that it can be profitably grown in almost every State in the Union.

About 1850 Jesuit missionaries brought seed from Chile to California, where its value as a hay crop was soon discovered. Visitors to that State often brought home some of the seed to grow as a fad or curiosity. These small sowings failed to such an extent that it was thought that alfalfa could not be profitably grown east of the Rocky Mountains, except in a few especially favored localities. Here and there a sowing proved successful. A field on the Republican River, near Guide Rock, Nebr., that was sown 1878, is still producing fine crops. It was several years later that it was found out that the sub-irrigated lands of Kansas and Nebraska were the very best of Alfalfa lands. It was still later when it was discovered that it could be grown without either surface or sub-irrigation, and that it would do well anywhere in the above states that corn could be grown, and in many places where corn can not be grown.

The many failures in the introduction of alfalfa in the eastern States were mainly due to the planters not knowing how to rightly prepare the soil, when to sow the seed and in not getting seed adapted to their locality.

Alfalfa is quite slow in adapting itself to changed conditions. Seed grown on irrigated land does not do well on lands not irrigated. Southern grown seed, when taken north, is apt to be winterkilled. The experienced planter tries to get seed grown under similar conditions to his own, that grown near his plantation being preferred. August is generally considered the best time to sow the seed. When sown later the plant often fails to make sufficient growth to withstand the following winter.

Where the soil is free from weed and grass seeds, earlier sowing is advisable. I have succeeded in getting a fine stand by sowing in April, but too often, when sown early, if the weeds do not smotther the young plants, they enfeeble the growth to such an extent that the plants are not as strong the next spring as the plants grown from later sowings.

At all times the soil should be put in the finest condition possible. Any neglect here means loss. The ground should be broken several weeks before time to sow, so that the soil may be well settled before seeding. In spring seeding better success has been secured by disking and harrowing than by plowing and harrowing. Seed sown on freshly plowed lands is almost sure to fail if followed by dry weather. In Nebraska but few fields need inoculation, since the bacteria, so necessary to the growth of alfalfa, are already present in most of the cultivated fields. There is also a sufficient supply of potash and phosphorus, but in parts of the country where these things are deficient, it will be necessary to supply them to get the best results.

The best way to inoculate a field with alfalfa bacteria it to take soil from an old alfalfa field or from where sweet clover (*melilotus alba*) has grown for sometime, and sow it at the rate of a bushel to the acre in the new field. In acid soils lime should be used to neutralize the acid, because the bacteria can not live in acid soils. Alfalfa will not succeed in sour, wet soils, in soils that overflow, or in soils where the water stands near the surface. If a few plants have lived and thrived in fields where alfalfa has failed to live, these few plants indicate that alfalfa can be grown there. Seed from the remaining plants are almost certain to succeed in that locality. Alfalfa will be grown in many places where it is now thought that it cannot be grown at all.

Falls City, Nebr.

GAPES IN CHICKS.

A Disease Which Usually Carries Off Many of the Youngsters.

GAPES is one of the most serious causes of loss among chicks. It is caused by the small worms that accumulate in the windpipe until the chicks suffocate. The affected chicks constantly try to dislodge the worms by gaping and shaking the head. If the chicks are quite large, they can usually manage to throw off the disease. If, however, the disease attacks small chicks, they usually succumb to it or become stunted.

There are several ways of treating gapes, but in all cases the first thing to do is to separate the unaffected ones from the rest and move them to fresh ground, as the disease spreads rapidly if this precaution is not taken. The common earth worm is said to be a means of spreading the disease, as it is very frequently found to be a host for gape worms. If there is danger of the gapes, use solid floors in all the coops and keep the chicks confined when there are many earthworms on the surface.

Several patent devices for the treatment of gapes are on the market. Some of them are very good for the purpose, while others are of doubtful value. If the chicks are considered worth the trouble, the quill and turpentine treatment is probably about the best and is used as follows: Dip a quill in turpentine

and then insert it gently into the windpipe. The quill must of course enter the windpipe in order to effect any cure. The operator will see the opening of the windpipe at the base of the throat. Numerous complaints are made that the treatment does no good because people frequently insert the quill into the gullet instead of the windpipe.

A looped horsehair may also be used for disloging the gape worm. Insert it into the windpipe, give it three or four turns and then remove, after which the chick will cough any worms that have been dislodged.

Gape worms may be killed by placing the chicks in a closed barrel or some other convenient receptacle and forced to inhale strong tobacco fumes or those of a similar nature. This method is not recommended very highly, as it is extremely dangerous. The treatment will of course kill the chicks if continued too long, and thus an inexperienced operator finds it difficult to use.

In combating this disease, as well as all others, healthy, growing chicks are much more likely to overcome the trouble than weak, neglected ones.

THE COLOR OF EGGS.

THE following is from a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington:

There is no constant relation between the color of the shell and the composition of the egg, although there is a popular belief in some localities that the dark-shelled eggs are "richer." That there are no differences in the physical properties and chemical composition between brown-shelled and white-shelled eggs was shown by investigations carried on at the California and Michigan experiment stations, this work having been summarized in earlier publications of the department. The color of the shell has, however, an effect upon market value, the brown-shelled eggs bringing the higher price, for instance, in the Boston market, and the white-shelled eggs in the New York market. In New England the preference is decidedly in favor of the tinted egg. One great advantage which all breeders producing tinted eggs possess is that they are generally better winter layers than the varieties producing white-shelled eggs, this being perhaps due to the fact that they are usually very good sitters and mothers, and so obtain a rest during the spring and summer months.

Horse Talk.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

FUNNYGRAPHS

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

"If I were president, I would never appoint a baldheaded man on a diplomatic mission."

"Why not?"

"Why, not, stupid? How how could a baldheaded man split hairs!"

Tommy—Ma, may I play make-b'lieve I'm entertainin' another little boy?

Mother—Certainly, dear.

Tommy—All right; gimme some cake for him then.

"When I was preaching at Wallawalla, Washington," said a Kansas clerygman, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"'Oh, well,' said I, 'you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.'

"The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes said:

"'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure.'"

A frail-looking little Irishwoman was asked how she had been able for years to follow a very hard and wearing occupation without breaking down, and it was hinted that she must have had a fine constitution, in spite of her delicate appearance, to have enabled her to work so many years in that way. "Sure, darlint, 'tis not the constitution, but the resolution, that kapes me at it so well," was her merry reply. And there's a truth for us all to ponder over.

A visiting bishop in Washington was arguing with a friend of his on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely: "What is your personal reason for not attending?" The gentleman smiled in a non-offense-intending way, as he replied: "The fact is one finds so many hypocrites there." Returning the smile the bishop said: "Don't let that keep you away; there is always room for one more."

"It costs a lot to send an expedition to the north pole," said the scientist.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox, "not so much more than to go to some of the other summer resorts."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceedsix lines altogether.

Wanted.—Chief cook and janitor. Good positions. Apply at once. Address Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wanted—Matron. Man and wife to cook. Fireman. Fine position. Address: McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.

NEFF'S CORNER

The following clipping from a local paper may interest you:

"Eastern New Mexico is now feeling the influence of the homeseeker. The range cattle and the drift fences are disappearing, the flocks of sheep are moving back to the mountains, and where a short time ago the long horn, the jack rabbit and the lean coyote held undisputed possession, the homeseekers shack, his three-wire fences and waving fields of corn, maize, kaffir, etc., cover the plains.

"For years the little cattle men and the Mexicans have raised small crops of feed stuffs for their cattle and sheep. They did not have use for much feed and wanted the impression to go out that nothing could be raised here so that they might have use of unlimited range for the stock. Talk to the old timer and he will now tell you that he always made good crops, but that he did not want the homeseekers here.

"Last year was the first year for the homeseeker here. Only a few small crops were planted, but enough to show the possibilities of the country. This season there are a great many more farmers here and the country has been given a very fair test. Most all the crops are on sod, yet our crops of corn, maize, kaffir, millet, sorghum, garden truck, melons, pumpkins, etc., will compare favorably with crops on the $50 and $100 per acre land back in the states.

Editors can write, printers can print, and real estate men can puff and blow, still the farmer's blunt statement, "I like the country and am satisfied," is what takes with the prospective homeseeker. Talk to farmers or write them, if you number any of them among your friends, and see how they like the country."

Homestead relinquishments can be bought at from $50 to $3,000 per quarter section. Some deeded lands can also be bought cheap. There should be a strong settlement of Brethren here and you are invited to come and investigate.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

WASHINGTON

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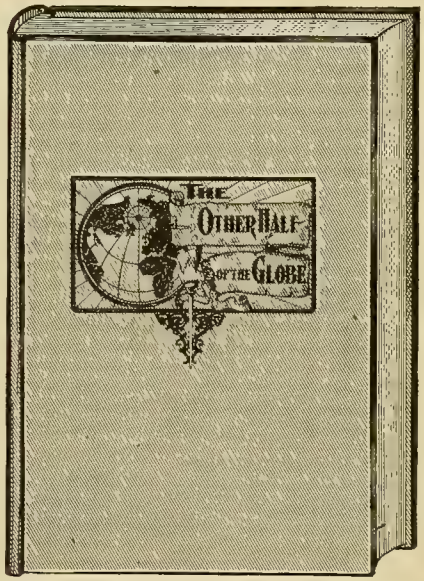
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Note.—All made-to-order bonnets and caps should be ordered early to avoid delay. April and May are very busy months in this department.

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A PRAYER.

Not mine to sing life's greatest songs,
But, Father, may I be
In good attune if thy dear hand
Should wake by minstrelsy
The little songs of common things,
Which wise hearts know are best;
The lullabies of babyhood,
The songs of peace and rest.

Just as a child who knows not how
To form her letters, yet
Looks up from her long striving,
Perchance with eyes tear-wet,
And lets the teacher hold her hand
To write where she could not —
So, I, dear Father, look to thee;
Define and shape my lot.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Never love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—Annie Herbert

THE MORNING GLORY'S MORAL LESSON.

Whenever trouble seems to be
Too plenty in this life o' mine
I mind th' hint that come to me
From one smart mornin' glory vine.
It started growin' in th' yard
Three feet away from an ol' stump;
I sez to it: "Your luck's plumb hard,
'Cause mornin' glory vines can't jump."

Well, sir, it didn't hesitate—
Jest started right away to climb;
It found a weed that bore its weight
An' kept a boostin' all th' time,
Until at last it struck th' top,
It seemed to get some worried there.
I sez: "Old man, you'll have to drop—
You can't climb, nohow, through th' air."

Looked like I's right; it sagged an' dropped
An' twisted half a dozen ways
Till it was knotted, wrapped and looped—
It kep' this up for four-five days,
An' I was tickled; says I:
"I've often felt the same as you—
Found out I couldn't get up high
'Ithout no ropes to grip on to!"

Seem' like that mornin' glory knowed
That I was viewin' it with doubt
It sent out feelers till it showed
It knew jest what it was about.
At last it struck th' stump! An' then
It seemed to laugh at me all day
An' sort o' chuckle now an' then
"You see, I got here, anyway!"

A moral goes with this, I guess;
It is that almost any man
Won't climb so very much, unless
He grabs to somethin' where he can.
Them plucky morning glories, now,
All they ask for is elbow room
An' they'll keep goin' up, somehow,
Until they laugh themselves to bloom.

REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward unswerving—
And this is true rest.

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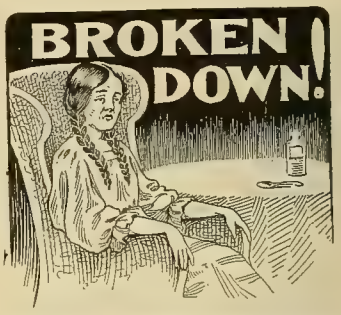
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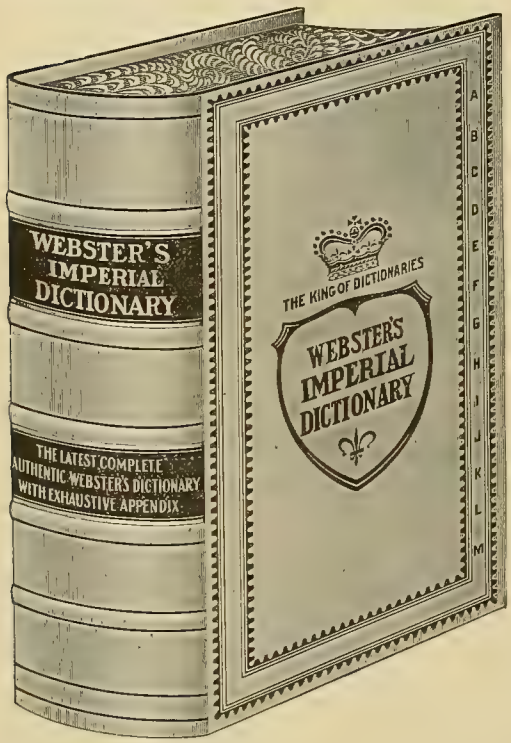
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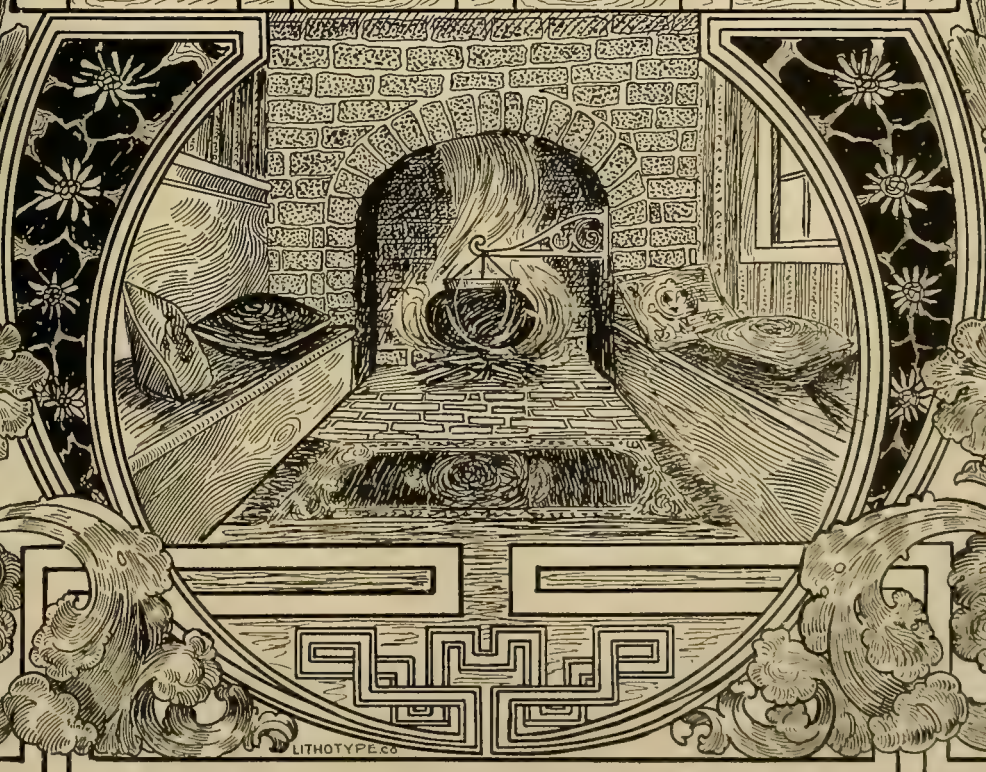
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A Weekly Magazine

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Bro. Saul, of Sunnyside, Wash., was here several weeks ago and looked the Valley over and liked it very much. To my surprise last night he returned, bringing his son-in-law and another gentleman and expects to locate while here this time. He remarked to me this morning that the more he looked the Valley over the better he liked it.

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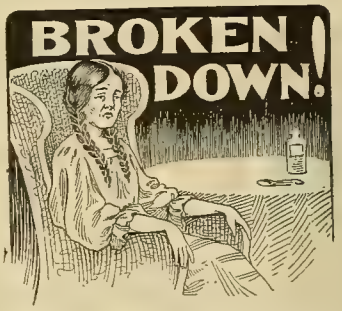
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. OCTOBER 1, 1907. NO. 40.

On the Way to Cuba

Grant Mahan

THE feeling which comes over one as he leaves his native land is peculiar, even when he expects to return within a short time. We Americans may not love our country more than other people do theirs; yet it seems to me that we have many reasons for doing so. We have the best country in the world, and if we do not realize this fact as we should it is because we have not learned to know our advantages. But to many, no matter how dear the homeland is, there comes the necessity of leaving it for a time; and since all things in this life are uncertain he who leaves his home may never have the privilege of returning. One cannot but wonder when and under what circumstances he will be permitted to revisit the scenes of earlier years; and the uncertainty of it all causes one to think seriously as he goes away.

So it was with us as we left our home in Elgin for a sojourn of some months in Cuba. What the future has in store we do not know, but we hope for renewed health and ability to work. After following one line of work for several years it is hard to change, for the work has become the main part of the man.

Our route was by way of New Orleans, and our first visit to the city was full of interest and pleasure, though our time in it was much shorter than could have been used to advantage. But we hope to see it again. We could not tell even a small part of the history of New Orleans and its present position. Yet we can say that our rides and walks about the city gave us much pleasure. On every hand are evidences of the fact that the people of the South—those of means especially—know how to enjoy themselves; for their beautiful homes, containing and surrounded by all that nature and art can do, are a joy to behold. And then there is the majestic Father of Waters sweeping by. River boats and ocean boats come up the river or down to its wharves, and they are laden with articles of commerce that increase the wealth of both buyer and seller. Here is one of the best places in the world to see cotton and sugar. Then there are beautiful parks and cemeteries. What a feeling of awe fills one as he walks beneath the trees or through the paths between the tombs of the departed. And New Orleans has several cemeteries crowded with monuments erected in memory of the loved departed, and they excel those of many other cities. The work of those who sleep beneath the sod is done and their destiny for eternity is fixed. The living have paid the last tributes of respect. And what a waste there is of respect and other things when death comes! How much of it is caused by remorse? Who knows?

And this city has a history. If the result of the battle of New Orleans had been known before the treaty of peace was signed by England and the United States in 1814, we may be sure America would have profited more from that conflict. Also during the Civil War this city was an important point, eagerly contended for by both Federal and Confederate. But now peace and prosperity rule, and there is no limit to the possibilities for growth in wealth. May there be also a growth in the character of its citizens.

But we leave on the *Excelsior,* and in about two days reach Havana. Going into port in a new country causes peculiar sensations, for one cannot even guess what may be in store for him there. When he passes into the harbor and see Morro Castle standing sentinel at the entrance, and farther on the wreck of the ill-fated *Maine,* he thinks of the terrible oppression to which the people were long subjected, their desperate efforts to gain freedom, and the short war entered into by America in order that peace might rule. And when he sees and hears so many Americans on the streets of Havana he cannot but realize that our influence will be very great, the destiny of the island depending very largely on what the American government does. It is a serious responsibility, and one which we hope may be discharged in a way to bring the highest good to the greatest possible number of Cubans. But that is for the future, the very near future, to decide.

There are many things on the island which are of interest to the average American, and of a few of

these we shall likely have something to say to the readers of the INGLENOOK as the months pass; and we trust that what is written may serve a good purpose, leading us to take a greater interest in the welfare of the nations who look to the people of the United States as their guide in learning to govern themselves.

Omaja, Cuba.

A TALE OF A BOOTJACK.

MARY I. SENSEMAN.

In Two Parts.—Part One.

"MA! Ma! Hannah!" Calvin Weaver's voice sounded so insistent and appealing as it reached his wife's ears that that little housewife hurried in some alarm in the direction from which the call seemed to come.

She entered the "old house," which was still in the rear of the one the family now occupied and which was used as a general catch-all and storage building. She could hear Mr. Weaver shuffling about a little in the attic that constituted the upper story.

"What do you want, Calvin?" Mrs. Weaver inquired, leaning against the stairway and peering up through the evening darkness into the loft.

"Do you know where that bootjack is? I surely saw it up here not long ago."

Well, I don't think you could find it in the dark if it was up there. And it ain't there," replied Mrs. Weaver. "I took it over to Jane Gilbert the other day to have her gild it. It's a regular keepsake. Why, I read," she said backing away as Mr. Weaver descended the stairway, "I read that a man tried to get hold of a bootjack, that he hadn't seen one for years, and he couldn't find one aynwhere."

"It didn't mention that it was Cal Weaver, did it?" queried that worthy gentleman, as he followed his wife back to the lighted kitchen.

"It's laid around for years, and you've never wanted it." retorted Mrs. Weaver. "I'll telephone to Jane right now and tell her not to do anything to it."

"Hello! How are you?" she called, when her friend's familiar voice greeted her.

"Oh! tired," answered Jane. "Steve's were up,—Steve Jackson's. They have their farm paid for and they said they felt like celebratin' some way."

"How are they?"

"Just the same Steve and Anna. Just as much hustle about them as ever. I guess they pressed all the enjoyment possible into this day of visiting.

"Have you seen the new kind of gypsies, Hannah?"

"'The new kind of gypsies,'" repeated Mrs. Weaver.

"Yes. They're camped in a corner of our new-ground. They're two young preachers travelin' 'round in what they call a 'mission wagon.' They've been down where Steve's live. Anna says they're nice fellows. Everybody down there went to hear 'em preach."

"Do you know when they'll preach here?" asked Hannah.

"No, not yet. They just got here about noon. Anna says they go 'round to the houses and give pamphlets and invite people to their meetin's. She says the women fix up baskets of stuff for 'em to eat, too. When they preach you and Cal must go."

"I expect we will. But I'm 'most forgettin' to say what I called you up to speak about. Pa was huntin' that bootjack this evening and I told him I'd tell you not to fix it up. It'll be all right, won't it?"

"Yes, that's all right," said Jane.

"Good-bye."

Not more than ten minutes after the two receivers had clicked into place the Weaver telephone bell jingled urgently.

When Hannah had delivered the perfunctory dissyllable, Jane's words came to her, sounding a little tense and nonplussed: "I can't find your bootjack! I was so busy today that I never thought of it. Steve's had little Paul along and mebbe he found it and was playin' with it. If we can't find it in the morning I'll write to Anna and have her ask Paul about it. I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"Oh, I don't blame you." said Hannah. "I guess the bootjack will be found. Paul wasn't off the place, was he?"

"No. He's only five."

The next morning the two young men of the mission wagon called, one at the Weaver home and the other at Gilberts'. Their calls were generally brief, for they understood that at that season farmers would dislike encroachments on their time; and, consequently, the "mission" would thwart itself.

The various families of the neighborhood were most cordially invited to attend the outdoor services that would be held that evening on the edge of Horace Gilbert's clearing.

The greater part of them took advantage of the invitation. They returned to their homes refreshed by the wholesome young lives with which they had come in touch.

After the meeting closed Jane drew Hannah aside.

"I didn't find it, and I sent a letter to Anna," said Jane.

"Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Weaver, don't you think we ought to fill our baskets for these young men?" said a woman, joining them.

"Yes, I wanted to speak about that," answered Jane. "Brother Steve's was up yesterday, and these preachers had been through their neighborhood, and Anna, Steve's wife, said that the women down there fixed up lunches. Just a little from each family wouldn't be any trouble."

Thus, during the week while the mission wagon remained, housewives, by twos or threes, carried baskets of substantials and delicacies from their own tables to the busy young men.

The last day of the week, when Calvin Weaver and Horace Gilbert had each sent his eldest son with a horse to draw the mission wagon to its next halting place, the Gilbert mailbox yielded up to Jane a letter from her sister-in-law.

"I have questioned Paul close," wrote Anna, "and all I can find out about the bootjack is that he tied it on a goat's horns."

"Well, that's a good deal," said Jane, evidently much enlightened. "That old goat of Burns's was here and Paul was a-playin' with him. It's not hard to see now where that bootjack is."

She decided to go to Burns' at once, and telephone to her friend when she would have returned with the bootjack.

She slipped on a fresh calico dress,—"though my old one wouldn't matter, considerin',"—and departed on her errand.

The Burns' were shiftless,—"do-less enough to keep a goat,"—was the voiced sentiment of their neighbors. Mrs. Gilbert, on entering the house, found the head of that establishment lounging on a hillocky, three-legged sofa. His clothes were ragged, and his big, dirty hands and wrists, sticking out from his sleeves, were employed in protecting himself against the too enthusiastic onslaughts of a fat, gurgling infant.

Mrs. Burns was in the act of spreading some bread with molasses for a chubby boy and a rosy-cheeked girl.

"Come right in, Mis' Gilbert," said Mrs. Burns. "Ben's been havin' rheumatiz' ag'in."

"Ben" sat up on the sofa and Jane seated herself gingerly on a grimy chair. The baby crawled across the littered floor to its mother and mounted upon her ample lap.

"Don't you think them fellows had good meetin's?" went on Mrs. Burns, brushing her straggling locks back from her face. "I so wanted Ben to go more, but he just got there last night."

The two older children were sidling toward the sofa, molasses dripping here and there as they progressed. When Mrs. Gilbert looked at them they would flush and shyly nibble their bread.

"I had a job o' ditchin' over at North's. But these spells come an laid me up fur weeks. Seems's if I can't hold down a job 't all any more," drawled Ben.

Mrs. Gilbert was wondering how she would introduce that matter that occasioned her presence there. It seemed that her courage was sapped by the sight of the baby nestled in Mrs. Burn's arms and of the other children sitting on either side of their father.

Jane stayed in the house fully a half hour and afterwards she could not remember that she had uttered a word during that time.

The baby went to sleep, the boy and girl nibbled up all their bread, Mrs. Burns lasped into silence, and only Ben's tongue wagged stolidy on.

When Jane arose to leave, he concluded, "But I tell 'em as long as we have plenty o' potatoes we won't starve."

A goat was in the doorway, whither the whole family had accompanied their parting guest.

Mrs. Gilbert in desperation, spoke abruptly, "*Did* your goat carry a bootjack home?"

Mrs. Burns turned inquiringly toward her husband. "I never seen one," she said.

"We used to have one at home," Ben said, "They look like a swing board with only one crotch. Did you chil'ren see the goat have a funny lookin' board?"

The children shook their heads.

"One got lost from our house," explained Jane. "My little nephew said he tied it on a goat's horns, and I thought I'd come here and see about it."

"It ain't showed up here; but if we see it we'll let you know."

"Thank you," murmured Jane. "Come down to see us some time. Good-bye."

She reported the story of her quest to Hannah, But the summer passed and no trace of the bootjack was obtained.

The summer passed, and with it the mission wagon ceased its journeyings.

The two theological students, Luther Mitchell and his cousin, Harvey Linden, were going to return to school.

The wagon had been drawn into a shed. Mr. Mitchell, stooping to mend a broken board inside the shed, saw, beneath the wagon-bed, what he at first thought to be some awkward repair work.

A few minutes later he was standing in the house speaking jocularly to his son and nephew:

"Is this what you do as you ride over the country,—collect bric-a-brac?"

The young men looked with amazement at the object Mr. Mitchell held up before them.

It was a bootjack!

(To be Continued.)

COMMUNION with God has the effect of making us joyous. The Lord does not like to see any of his disciples looking sad. When men seek to entice you to forego communion with God and to follow the world with them, let your face shine with the brightness that comes from your communion with the Master, and they will cease to trouble you. Christians can sometimes do more by shining for God than by speaking for him.

A VICTORY FOR THE WORKING GIRL.

The New York legislative session lately come to a close, was one of unusual interest in the matter of labor legislation. On one of the first days the Page eight-hour bill was introduced, prohibiting all children under sixteen years of age working more than eight hours in factories of the State of New York. This soon became one of the most popular measures of the session. The especially valuable feature of the law which distinguishes it from any other child labor statute in this country is the requirement that these eight hours must fall between 8 A. M. and 5 P. M.

Lively opposition against this particular feature of the bill developed in the lower house. Opponents denounced the inelasticity of this argument as unreasonable and several attempts were made to amend it; but in the end the particular merit of this bill was recognized, inasmuch as it makes for real enforcement. In future, factory inspectors will not have to discover how many hours a child has been at work in any factory, but its mere presence there before eight in the morning or after five in the afternoon will in itself be a violation.

A wave of public sentiment carried this humane measure triumphantly through the legislature. It was a foregone conclusion that Governor Hughes would sign the bill, as he had recommended this very step in his inauguration message.

The law marks a real gain for the working child. In New York City, especially, where the distance between factory and home is often very great and the transportation facilities poor, a working child often rose at 5:30 A. M. in order to reach work at seven o'clock; and even if he left work at six o'clock, he was forced to travel home in the great crush hour, when facilities are at their worst, and travel is most exhausting even for adult men and women.

This beneficient legislation will, therefore, give the working child an additional hour for sleep in the morning, and an hour for recreation at night.

A HELPING HAND.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

There is a question that I have often asked myself and the question is this: "Why don't we lend a helping hand oftener than we do? Every day there is a chance for us to lend a helping hand to some one if we would only take notice of it. I know that I have carelessly passed by a many a one, to whom I might have given a helping hand, by a little work, if I had only known how sadly they stood in need of just such assistance.

By lending a helping hand I don't mean that we should always give money, for not every one is blessed with cash enough to give in every case, but we can often lend a helping hand in other ways that will do as much good as money can do.

Let us see how many different ways we can lend a helping hand, when our purse is limited.

We can often help some one else out of a difficulty, by telling him a little of our own trials under similar circumstances, and how we overcame them, or got worsted in the effort to overcome them. Often through our failures, others may find a way out of their trouble.

And then we are lending a helping hand when we speak words of encouragement to some one of our toiling brothers or sisters, who is feeling discouraged and almost ready to give up trying to better his condition. Perhaps we may lend a hand when we amuse some sick, fretful child until the tired mother gets a rest.

Then we are lending a helping hand when we aid some overworked housekeeper to get through with her work, so that she can enjoy an evening outside of her kitchen.

I have often overheard one woman say to another, "I have just been in to see poor Mrs.—— and I tell you I pity that woman, for one of the children is sick, and she has no one to help her and everything is upside down."

Now, did that woman pity poor Mrs. —— with a helping hand, and help her to turn things rightside up again, or did she just pity her with her tongue? If our pity don't extend to our fingers, or down into our pockets, it don't do the needy one any good, and we might as well keep our pity to ourselves.

Pity may be all right, but if we don't pity the object of our pity enough to lend them a helping hand, our pity is only on our tongue, and don't have even a tiny corner in our hearts.

A gentleman of my acquaintence, whom I have often heard expressing pity for others, extended the helping hand to those of his own church, who needed help. I also heard him say once, that he had never in his life given a penny to a beggar, because it might encourage idleness.

Sometimes a helping hand with a nickel in it may mean a loaf of bread to some starving beggar, and keep him or her from seeking the waters of the river for relief from hunger.

A helping hand at the right time, may prevent some young life from being stained by the crime of stealing, for there are many who would not steal under ordinary circumstances, yet will steal before they will starve or see some one they love starve. But in that case I have no doubts as to where the sin belongs,—to the one that steals or the ones who refused to give the helping hand, which, if given, might have prevented the theft. An empty stomach don't make Christian children.

Right here, in my own native town, there are wealthy people who will extend the helping hand to

the churches, and the sufferers from floods or fire, but they give not a nickel's worth of help to the ragged newsboy or to the old, blind beggar.

There are some people in this world too selfish to lend a helping hand to anyone,—not even to their own brothers or sisters. It is help yourself with them. Some only lend a helping hand, that they may brag about it afterward.

The true helping hand, is the one that helps with a heartfelt desire to make some one's way brighter, whether it be with money from their purses, or a few hours' work with their hands, or brains, or just a pleasant smile and a kind word.

If we are poor in purse, I am sure that kind words and cheery smiles won't bankrupt any one, neither will an hour's work, for a friend in need of it, hurt our hands, or bodies. It will do others more good than pity will, without the helping hand.

ROAD CUSTOMS.

THE rule of the road is curiously different in different parts of the Anglo-Saxton world. When, for instance, an American who is riding or driving meets another rider or conveyance in the road, he turns to the right. The Briton, on the contrary, turns to the left. But if a walking Briton meets another pedestrain in the road or on the sidewalk, he turns to the right.

The requirement to turn to the left is a matter of statute law in Great Britain, having been a part of the highway act of 1835. In the United States the exactly opposite rule has been enacted into law in several States and in the other States is so much a matter of common usage that a driver who violates it is responsible for the damage caused by a collision. In the continent of Europe it is the general rule to turn to the right. Turning to the left seems to be an insular peculiarity to the United Kingdom.

Why opposite rules should prevail in England and in a part of the United States which, like New England, derived all its ordinary customs from old England, is not clear; but the reason for turning to the left is perfectly plain. It is the custom not only in England but in America, for the driver to sit on the right side of the vehicle; and the driver who sits thus can keep his wheel in view, and also that of the passing conveyance, much better if he passes to the left, and keeps his right shoulder to the other man's right shoulder.

It may be, therefore, that the practice of turning to the left with vehicles has grown up since the times of peace and security on the road have made weapons unnecessary. In America we may have preserved the earlier usage of England itself, as has been the case with other customs that have been dropped there but carefully preserved here.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

AROUND each person is a subtle atmosphere in which he lives and moves. It is a part of himself—it is his personality, and whether it be weak or strong, it leaves an impression on his associates.

This power, when exerted to sway the feelings or conduct of another, is called influence. An influence for good, like the sunshine, is cheering, life-giving, invigorating, while its opposite could better be compared to a poisonous vapor, blasting, deadening to soul life and growth.

Influence is very subtle in its action, working gradually to its culmination. We can hardly estimate what our influence means to another. It is not only felt today, tomorrow, or next week, but it reaches forward even to eternity. On every page of history we see the effect of conditions and events of the past. We read of what powerful minds have done in bringing order from chaos at the time when we were without a settled government. We see the degrading effect of slavery upon the people and the country, and later we see the influence of the Civil War. All this is felt by us today, though we may not be aware of the fact.

Paul said, "None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." He also admonishes us to put no stumbling block in another's way, but rather to "bear the infirmities of the weak," and set a noble example to our brethren who are weak in the faith. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Doubtless these words have influenced thousands of earnest souls, and will many more. Evidently it becomes the duty of all Christians to resolve,—If an unpleasant and wrong act, look, word or manner, will cause my friends to fall, I will deny myself of them "while the world standeth."

Not only great apostles, like Paul; great preachers, like Beecher; great generals, like Grant; or great men and women in other vocations wield a powerful influence, but every one, has a mighty power for good or evil in the circle in which they associate. There is nothing of so much value as the human soul, and it is a very solemn matter that we are accountable for the influence of our example in the sight of all men.

"If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter;
God help me speak that little word
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in lonely vale,
And set the echoes ringing.

A NEW YORK editor chaffs a brother of the quill for writing an essay on "Bustles." Well, some bustles project sufficiently to write an essay upon them.—*Boston Sunday Budget.*

Baily's Falls and Deer Park

O. H. Kimmel

The average person, I am told, considers any allusion to Illinois natural scenery as a jest too ludicrous to command a moment's serious consideration.



Deer Park Canyon, LaSalle County, Ill.

Yet for all this, the great old state of the prairies surprises those who acquaint themselves with its length and breadth of continuous territory. To be sure, the level plains of the north, the middle, and well down into the south, give little toward breaking the monotony of like things. But yet interspersed between the plains and prairies and woodlands, here and there, are some places of considerable natural beauty.

Two of these places are Bailey's falls, and Deer Park. One may approach near the Falls which are located in an arm of the Vermilion River in LaSalle county, only a few miles from Starved Rock—by taking the Illinois Central Railroad out from LaSalle. On leaving the train in the vicinity, the sound of the falls some one fourth of a mile away gives us the secret of direction, and soon we may wander right up to the phenomenon.

There, sure enough, before our eyes is quite a large stream of water rolling over a bed of Trenton Limestone into a sandy gorge below. As the stream approaches the falls the water spreads out in a shallow rock bedded channel, which is usually not too deep to wade. Persons enjoy wading into the stream up to the shoe tops and stand by the edge of the falls and watch the clear water roll downward into the stream below. By climbing down on the rocks one may walk in under the falls behind the rolling water and imagine, for a time, that he is in the cave of the winds at Niagara.

The scenery in the vicinity of the falls is quite picturesque, and quite different from the great stretch of country all around. From this region, across the country to Starved Rock, a few miles distant, almost all of the way is a continuous stretch of broken and picturesque country, which, in its geological formation, stands, in Illinois, almost in a class to itself. The falls, gorges, potholes and canyons with their peculiar vegetation are quite foreign to the greater stretch of the remainder of the state.

Deer Park, a few miles away from the falls, is a strip of rugged and beautiful country on the banks of the Vermilion river, which has been purchased by a philanthropic gentleman and set aside as a nat-



Baileys Falls, LaSalle County, Ill. Notice the Persons Standing in the Water Watching the Falls.

ural park. In approaching the park one has the thrilling experience of walking over a swinging footbridge in crossing the Vermilion river. Within the park are wonderfully beautiful canyons, springs and sparkling streams. The walls of the canyons are of St. Peter's sandstone, which is a beautiful color. They extend upwards probably seventy-five or eighty feet, giving, for Illinois, that strange, wild experience which is not looked for beyond the Alleghanies until the Rockies are reached.

As we look upward from the bottom of these canyons, and then across their width we could not help meditating on their age and the wonders that have been achieved here by "little drops of water." At one place a very small stream was rolling from its upper bed into the canyon, breaking into mere spray as it reached the rocks below. At another place the stream,



Swinging Bridge Leading Into Deer Park, LaSalle County, Ill.

at times when the flood was high, had penetrated the softer strata of sand rock and cut a tunnel across a bend in the canyon. The streams at the tops of these canyons are very small, and when one takes into consideration that they have cut great gorges into solid rock so deep that a man can scarcely throw a stone out at the top, and the width of the chasm as wide as a broadway in a large city, there can be no doubt that a person will wonder at what he sees.

Many beautiful, and some strange plants grew along the sides of the canyons. The rock, in many places, had been colored by the action of atmospheric agents, and in other places it was as white as snow. In some places little springs gushed forth and sent their yellowish streams splashing down the rocky side. Here and there are boulders strewn across the bottom of the canyons, and often small cavities in the canyon's rocky bed are filled with sparkling clear water. True, this scenery is small and insignificent by the side of Niagara, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but occurring, as it does, in a state famed for its level prairies and its monotonous stretch of cornfields it is very interesting and it invariably surprises the sight seeing parties as to its size and grandeur.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

"My name, my country,—what are they to thee?
Or whether high or low my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
It sufficeth, stranger ,that thou seest a tomb:
Thou knowest its use,—it hides—no matter whom."
—From a South Carolina cemetery.

(The following is a copy of the epitaph of a watchmaker, written by himself, in which he is compared to a watch that has run down.)

"Here lies, in horizontal position, the outside case of George Ritter, whose abiding place in that line was an honor to his profession. Integrity was his mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. He never went wrong, except when set a-going by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of dispensing his time so well that his hours glided by in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put an end to his existence. His case rests and molders and decays beneath the turf, but his good works will never die."

A Requiem.

(While this is not wholly an epitaph, yet the last three lines have been graven on the tomb of their gifted author, Robert Louis Stevenson, who lies buried in far-away Samoa.)

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

PETITION.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Search Thou and try me Lord, and see
If all my powers are turned to Thee;
If all my motives, aims and strife,
Tend only to a nobler life.

Search Thou and try me, Lord and find
If in all cases, I'm resigned
To be, to do, to act or share
The burdens which are mine to bear.

Search deeper still my heart, I pray,
Until the record of each day
Meets Thy acceptance fully, Lord,
In thought and purpose, deed and word.

OUT OF WORK.

One of the senators from Georgia tells of a darky in that state who sought work at the hands of a white man. The latter inquired whether the negro had a boat. Upon being answered in the affimative, he said: "You see that driftwood down the stream?" "Yassah." "Then," continued the other, "row out into the river and catch it. I'll give you half of what you bring in." The darky immediately proceeded to do as instructed and for a while worked hard. Then of a sudden, he ceased to labor and pulled for the shore. "What's the trouble?" asked the employer. "Look hyar, boss," said the darky indignantly, "dat wood is jest as much mine as yours. I ain't gwine to give yo' any. So I'se outer work again!"

"WHO ARE YOUSE, ANYHOW?"

Toward the northern end of the long, narrow island over which New York's piles of brick and stone are spread, stands a fine, old colonial mansion. Before it one day last summer stood a number of children from the East Side, listening eagerly to a sweet-faced woman.

Two rough-looking boys, not of the party, presently appeared at the edge of the group. They were dirty, ragged, and by no means prepossessing of contenance.

"Who are youse, anyhow?"

The harsh demand, proceeding from one of the new arrivals, interjected itself with startling effect into a pause of the talk. The children turned hastily, and the speaker's cheeks reddened, but she checked herself. Then, leaving her talk momentarily, she replied with the utmost courtesy to the rude challenge, quite as if some one had asked her to have another cup of tea.

"I'm a nature-teacher from one of the vacation schools down-town," she said, pleasantly, "and these are my pulpils. We've just been visiting Fort Washington Park, to study these trees, and now we're looking at this delightful old Morris House, where General Washington once stopped—"

Here Miss R. returned to her theme, paying no further heed to the boys, although leaving them to listen with the others, if they liked.

"My work accustoms me to rough manners," said Miss R., relating the incident, "but there's something peculiarly irritating in that slangy challenge to one's identity. I very nearly rebuked the boys, for an example, as we try to teach politeness as well as nature and history.

"But *I'm* learning some things myself—in particular, that if one refuses to take offense, the offense, even when purposely offered, seems to get lost. And I'm finding this discovery of mine—that it takes two to make an offense—of the greatest use in dealing with children whose ways are anything but gentle at first."

Ten days later Miss R. looked up from her desk to find the two boys before her, their heavy faces lighting up marvelously at sight of her. For they had tramped for days, from one East Side vacation school to another, to find the sweet-faced woman who had so courteously answered their question, and at her feet they sat until the summer session closed, learning whatever she wished to teach them.

"You see," concluded Miss R., "that question was really put in good faith, to ascertain who we were and what we were doing. This was a case where no offense was offered, though you wouldn't have guessed it. And seeing the change in these boys, I'm truly thankful that I stopped to explain who 'youse' might be, 'anyhow'!"

GOOD COUNSEL.

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

Let no bad word be spoken
Let every heart be true
Be no fair promise broken
Both wisely think and do.
Let not the soul grow weary
Nor faint the wounded heart
The world, though cold and dreary
Will yet some bliss impart!

Mankind are near related
In all their loves and hates
And well, or sadly fated
Each shares in life's estates!
Kind mother nature ever
Will pass each saddened soul
Beyond grief's realm forever
To heaven's blissful goal!

Then kindly aid each other
With charity all bless
Regard each man a brother
And heal all sore distress
Then all will be the better
And peace and joy control
Thus breaks the last sad fetter
From off the human soul.

CONSIDERING THE PROBABLE.

So long as marriages are made and the homes must be kept, just so long will women be expected to shoulder the responsibility for the happiness of either. As about every girl expects to marry and have a home to keep, it is just as well to give each of them at least a preparatory course in the education demanded by either. Not all girls take kindly to housekeeping, any more than every boy looks to mechanical labor as his life work; but both boys and girls should be taught that there are certain inevitables in life—especially in married life—from which there is no getting away, no matter how much love and unselfishness there may be on either or both sides. It is admitted that the husband should be the bread winner, and that the wife will do her part if she "stays by the stuff" while her

warrior goes down to do battle with the world's work. When this is done, it is but just to the wife that the two should "part alike" in the spoils—that the wife be considered an equal partner with the husband, if she cares for and looks after the spoils of the industrial fight the husband wages. No woman can do this, however, if she is ignorant of the simple elements of good management, and the bitter lesson learned through the wasteful school of experience does not always make for the highest happiness of either party to the marriage contract. The fact that the home-making is given over to the woman does not mean that she can or should do nothing else; but that she can do this better than any other person, and because the home-making instinct is born in every woman in some degree. If she marries, she must accept this fact, and should be prepared for its responsibilities, though it does not necessarily follow that all labor must be performed by her hands, or that the means and methods admit of no variation from prescribed rules. But it does mean that marriage is not to be entered into without seriously considering its demands and responsibilities, and if these are understood and accepted, a consecration of our best powers and abilities to the work of making the home life a permanent one. And for this, much preparation is demanded.—*The Commoner.*

THE GRANDEUR OF WOMEN.

When you want to get the grandest ideas of a gueen, you do not think of the great queens of the great countries of the world, but when you want to get the grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last, on the day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel yourself as much of a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen!

CANAL BOAT ROOF GARDENS.

Family Parties from Up State in Comfort at New York.

This is the season when the Erie canal navigator, sometimes irreverently referred to as a canaler, takes along his family, generally numerous and nearly always a bit brighter than the average up-state residents, to keep him company, says the *New York Sun.*

The canal boat owner, as a rule, the skipper also, is the properest man between Buffalo and New York city in the period when his children are on vacation. He believes in education and he sees to it that the little folks get as much of it as may be had by attendance at the public schools of the various towns along the line of the Erie.

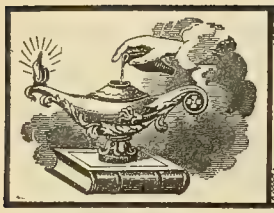
The youngesters look forward to July and August, because they know that they will get a fleeting glimpse of many cities of their state and maybe a week or more of pleasure in the biggest show town of the continent. It is not far from Erie Basin or Coenties slip, where the boats tie up while waiting for cargoes, to Coney island. Life aboard the boats, the cabins of most of which are nearly then the dining rooms of the average country home, is not half so bad as life in the usual run of flats hereabout.

The skipper is not the man depicted by the old-time generation of humorist. He does not swear at his mules, many of which nowadays are horses, and he even frowns upon the driver who indulges in cuss words.

Between this port and Troy, where the horse or mule power is turned off or on, depending on the direction the boat is going, the skipper's boat forms part of a big tow and he has to do practically nothing except to see that his animals are looked after properly. He keeps them in good shape, because if he does not they may fail him in emergency. It is pleasant sailing from Troy, and after the cargo, usually grain at this season, is discharged, the boat ties up with a lot of other mastless craft and the family particularly the little ones, go in for a good time.

They put on their store clothes, take rides and strolls through the city and trips to Coney. They do not come back to stuffy rooms. On the after deck, completely covering the top of the cabins, on all boats owned by their skippers are spread awnings sometimes of the regulation striped stuff and sometimes of canvas.

Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one, or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance and comfort to another, does something worth while. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—God's Presence.

"I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Josh. 1: 5.

WHILE God does not promise the *same* amount of help to each worker he does promise a *sufficient* amount. Difference in kind of work requires difference in amount of skill, so that our needs vary with our callings in life. The work of Moses was that of a moral and civil law-giver, while the work of Joshua was largely that of an army general, but the same God supplied strength for these two men by the same spirit.

The same promise of God's companionship is made real and actual in the life of every worker in God's kingdom today, although some believe or experience this until after the task is done or the trial is past. Then after the self weakness and failures become bare they can discern the unseen hand that filled up, culled out and guarded against, and perfected the work. Leadings, overrulings, strengthenings from God follow us all our lives. Perhaps the reason why some do not experience these things is because they have never undertaken great things for God, but have lived with self as their sole object. We prefer to give the Lord the truth of his promise to helf us and whenever you strike that plane of life his promise will face you every day as plainly as does the golden rainbow in the clouds.

How much better it would be for his children and for God could everybody incorporate this promise into his daily work. It would save nervous energy and complete more of the plans of life. To be conscious of infinite help in case of need is inspiring and strengthening. God's assurance of victory is life giving. When an official of the U. S. goes forth to his work he knows that the government is behind him. Eighty million people are his servants. Just so when God says "go," his universe of infinite power upholds our efforts. Thanks for this cheering promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Nothing better could be given.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives—my ever-living Head.

He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare—
He lives, to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Samuel Medley.

IT PAYS TO BE CHEERFUL.

FROM a purely selfish point of view it pays to be kind and pleasant. Nobody can succeed who is churlish and unkind. If one is obliged to say no he can say it in a pleasant way and not leave a sting behind. It is to the pleasant clerk, the cheerful agent, the kind doctor, the optimistic business man, one invariably goes. Good nature is capital, to say nothing of being an aid to digestion. Trouble, annoyance, disappointment come to all. This world has enough of sorrow without hearing your plaint. Be self-centered and hide your trouble under a calm exterior. It will not aid you to be cross and grumpy and spiteful. Be above such petty meanness. Learn to be strong, to be courteous, to be kind. Be wholehearted and generous as befits your station. "Neither a spend-thrift nor a miser be." Do these things and you will make the right kind of friends ,and what is of still greater importance—hold them to the end of life.—*Selected.*

"As a man thinketh, so he is." The condition of the mind has a wonderful influence upon the state of the physical health. To be bouyant, elastic, and cheerful, is to give corresponding activity and elasticity to the varied vital functions, while to be gloomy, and depressed in mind, is to depress the functions of liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys, skin, and so torpify the general powers of life. Cheer up, reader, throw away gloomy thoughts, and enjoy the sunshine.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it.
But whether good or whether bad
Depends on how you take it."

Cultivate a faith in nature's God; let that sour discontent disappear, and the sweet, loving ministries of nature shall cheer thy heart, and cause gratitude as well as charity to overflow. Cheer up, chase away the frowns and cultivate the smiles; banish the tears and learn to enjoy life, as only those can who love its Author.—*Health Journal.*

WHAT A KIND FRIEND DID.

NORA KINGERY.

SITUATED near the bank of a small creek in Carroll Country, is a house of worship. In this sunshiny place, one beautiful morning in September, everything seemed to be in the spring-time of life. You could see flowers in the fullest of bloom. You could hear birds singing their choicest songs, and children join in the chorus, to drown the silence of nature.

But was everything in the spring-time of life? No, not everything. One heart, of which I was the owner, seemed to be in the depth of winter. But why? Just as I was about to enter the temple of the Lord, my heart grew heavy. For just outside the door, two friends were conversing together and something seemed to tell me that they were speaking of me. Those two friends were soul-winners for the Lord, and they were planning some way by which they might win my soul for Christ.

After entering the church and seating myself by the side of a friend, I witnessed those two missionaries coming up the aisle. They seemed to be searching their minds for an expression that would turn the hard heart of a sinner. It may be they were asking the Lord to help them, for they knew without him they could do nothing.

Presently I heard a kind voice say to me in a soft tone, "Are you going to let Satan control you?" No one except those, who have had experience along this line, can know what an impression it had upon my mind. It sent a chill of fear through my veins. Why? Because I had not until that moment fully realized that I was under the control of Satan.

Those words haunted me day and night for some time. I could think of nothing to do or say but what they would first present themselves into my mind. That kind friend had pasted them so firmly on the walls of my mind, that I could not forget them.

Finally, one beautiful afternoon I was left alone to do as I liked. Being glad for the chance. I sat down and began to wonder what to do to rid my mind of the terrible burden, that was resting upon it. I asked myself this question, "If other people are so anxious about my soul, why am I not anxious about my own soul?" I could find no answer that satisfied my mind. All that I could think of did not relieve me of my burden, but caused it to grow larger and larger. I could not rest. My heart was longing for something that would give me peace. Being satisfied that Satan would never give me peace, I set to work to find the treasure. Did I find it?

That night as I was seated among a large crowd, that had gathered together to hear the Word of God, a Friend came to the door of my heart and softly knocked. I opened the door wide and bade him in, and to my surprise he brought me a precious gift. That gift was peace, the peace I had been seeking. It soothed my longing heart and brought the blessed Spring-time to my soul. The heavy burden that was reting upon my mind disappeared. Why? Because, I was no longer under the control of Satan, but accepted Christ as my guide.

Those words, "Are you going to let Satan control you?" spoken by that kind friend and by the aid of our heavenly Father, caused me to turn from the sin of this world and put on the armor of God. May the Lord bless and strengthen that dear friend, that he may be the means of leading many souls to Christ. May he never pause a moment in asking a sinner, "Are you going to let Satan control you?"

Bringhurst, Ind.

CONVERSATION.

THE tone of good conversation is flowing and natural; it is neither heavy nor frivolous; it is learned without pedantary, lively without noise, polished without equivocation. It is neither made up of lectures, nor epigrams. Those who really converse, reason without arguing, joke without punning, skillfully unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious raillery and severe morality. They speak of everything in order that everyone may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely, for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-by, and are treated with rapidity; precision leads to elegance, each one giving his opinion, and supporting it with few words. No one attacks wantonly another's opinion, no one supports his own obstinately. They discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off discussing where dispute would begin: everyone gains information, everyone recreates himself, and all go away contented, nay, the sage himself may carry away from what he has heard matter worthy of silent meditation. —*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

BY an exchange six reasons are given for lean Christians:

(1) They own Bibles, but feast on newspapers.

(2) They sing about peace, but do not surrender to it.

(3) They pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

(4) They listen to sermons on unselfishness, but hamper themselves on food and dress.

(5) They wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

(6) They declare Christ with their lips, but declare the things he did wholly impracticable.—*Exchange.*

IF we have but the faith and wisdom to perceive it, we shall see that all things and everybody are contributing to the purposes of Christ.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

ONE OF CANADA'S GOOD LAWS.

CANADA has recently added new laurels to her name by placing all differences of agreement between employer and employee under government authority and supervision. If a labor organization becomes dissatisfied with labor conditions, it must first appeal to the federal court for investigation and adjustment before declaring a strike. Severe penalty is inflicted if the leaders fail to do so. On the other hand, before a corporation can cause a lockout or make changes that may precipitate a strike, it, too, must submit to the same federal tribunal, or else become criminal in the eyes of the law. There is such a fairness about such sound sense legislation that evidently labor and capital will agree to such arbitration without a murmur. We may expect this law to minimize the number of strikes and materially reduce the unfriendly feeling that exists between the two classes.

That the government should have the right to oversee and look into all labor disturbances goes without question. At least it is time to give the government authority to protect the innocent public from the rash acts that invariably accompany strikes. An army of men have been murdered in the United States during strikes. Guns, dynamite, bombs, knives, etc., have been the weapons so far to enforce justice. But injustice on one side never begets justice on the other. Billions of dollars worth of property has been destroyed and a demoralized condition of society exists today because of the frequent labor wars in the United States. National Commissions have been appointed for questions of far less magnitude in times past and it seems like an opportune time to attempt to settle labor wars by arbitration, since all the world is in session, trying to abolish the horrors of other wars.

Why it has taken our representatives so long to see the virtue of such legislation, is hard to tell, but let every lover of peace and justice urge his local representative to bring about a court of appeal, where labor and capital can plead their cause in fairness, and receive justice at the hand of intelligence rather than by trickery.

The past methods of adjusting these differences have bred a spirit of anarchy that threatens to deluge the nation with human blood at no far distant day, unless present tendencies are shut off. Simple justice and plain common sense demands our attention to these social and economic questions.

A WORD TO INGLENOOK AGENTS.

WE wish to announce that a great deal of new matter and somewhat of a new policy has been provided for the NOOK. New life, new interest and subscribers in large numbers are expected as we go along.

If you are wanting a good watch, fully guaranteed for either men or ladies, just look in the NOOK in a few weeks and see the offer we make. We refuse to give any shoddy premiums of any kind for if we can not secure you the best paper, with the best reading, and best premiums we will quit short off. An accurate timepiece in best case for only a few subscribers is our offer.

Then there will be a bicycle for the boys and girls. Also a set of dishes for the women. And all of the above for a few hours work.

We repeat that it will be to your interest to wait a few weeks and see our offer.

Those who want something more valuable, we promise to assist in securing a college education. We have arrangements completed with one first class college by which we can grant you a year's tuition for a few day's work.

Then we expect to offer a high grade piano, worth not less than three hundred and fifty dollars, for those who want something in that line. Sets of books,—a child hand organ perfect in tone and accurate in delivery—and smaller articles are also being provided for those who want them.

It is our intention to begin an enthusiastic campaign for INGLENOOK subscribers within a month and double our present list. You may put it down, that such offers as we make are very rare. Nothing but the best articles, and all of them on very easy terms. Tell your friends that the INGLENOOK has something in store for them in the way of fresh, racy, original and helpful matter. The NOOK is not ashamed of its past clean record at all but it does promise the greatest amount of clean reading matter for the price that can be found anywhere, when the entire makeup of the paper is considered.

Get in touch with the NOOK MAN and he will help you get ready for the work.

A THING is never worth while doing if it does not do us some distinct good, if it does not make us better, whether spiritually, mentally, or physically.

POSITION AND ABILITY.

He who would have position should first seek ability for it. Many persons forget this, and hence we see incompetent men depending upon their subordinates for skill and wisdom to exercise their proper functions. Such men are necessarily despised by those beneath them. He who would control and direct matters needs to have, not perhaps all the special knowledge which the whole of his subordinates combined possess, but a general understanding of the management of affairs, more extensive than that of any of those beneath him. In that case, instead of looking upon him with disguised contempt, as an intruder and interloper, they turn to him with confidence for direction and for aid in time of emergency. He who fills any place of responsibility should have such acquaintance with its affairs as to be able to respond to any call which shall be made upon him by adverse or dangerous circumstances. He should be a man to whom men cling, and in whom they can trust in time of trial and calamity; unshaken in his integrity, unblemished in his life; with a mind quick and ready for any special need. Such a man will command the respect and win the love of his associates, for they will see that he has ability as well as position, that he occupies a place of honor because he is fit to bear its responsibilities.—*The Amory.*

A PAIR OF ELEPHANT TUSKS.

An extraordinary pair of elephant tusks lately shown in London measure in length eleven feet five inches and eleven feet respectively, but each has a girth at the base of only eighteen and a half inches, and together they weigh but 293 pounds. The great length and slenderness of these tusks as contrasted to the usual comparatively short and stout ones have suggested to Professor Rowland Ward that there may be two races of elephants in east Africa, the supposed source of the tusks. Absence of wear at the end of the tusks indicates that the elephant differed from the common ones in not digging for roots.

Religion is something which a man can not invent for himself, nor keep to himself. If it does not show in his conduct it does not exist in his heart. If he has just barely enough of it to save himself alone, it is doubtful whether he has even enough for that. Religion ought to bring out and intensify the flavor of all that is best in manhood, and make it fit, to use Wordsworth's noble phrase,

"For human nature's daily food"

Good citizens, honest workmen, cheerful comrades, true friends, gentle men—that is what the product of religion should be. And the power that produces such men is the great antiseptic of society to preserve it from decay.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE LARGEST RIVER.

A sea rather than a river is the Amazon with 160 miles of width at its mouth. The Amazon drains a territory of 2,500,000 square miles, ten times the area of France, and in connection with itself and its tributaries there are said to be 50,000 miles of navigable water, one-half of which is suitable for steam navigation by large vessels. The number, length, and volume of the Amazon's tributaries are in proportion to its magnitude. More than twenty superb rivers, 1,000 miles and upwards in length, pour their waters into it, and streams of less importance are numberless. At the junction of the Ucayali with the Amazon, a line of fifty fathoms does not reach the bottom, and in breadth it is more like a sea than a river. The longest tributary, the Madeira, has a length of 2,000 miles. The distance from the source of the Amazon in the Andes to the Atlantic ocean is 2,000 miles in a direct line, but by the course of the river it is nearly 4,000 miles.

We can serve God acceptably in any sphere; every calling may be made a divine vocation. The great mistake of many is that they feel they must leave the carpenter's plane, give up the trowel, and enter some learned profession. God says, "What is that in your hand?" In Moses' hand was the shepherd's crook, in Solomon's the scepter, in David's the sling or the harp, and in Dorcas's the needle. The Bible is God's tool-chest. The Word of God is adapted to every purpose.

A clergyman relates that early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H— said to brother W—, "Go and stop that old man's noise." The shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H. asked brother W. what he said to stop him so quickly. Brother W. replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Last week the inking rollers pulled out the first two letters in W. A. Dickey's advertisement of an "Indestructible Fence Post," which made it read "Destructible Fence Post."

Accuracy and justice in all matters is our aim and those who receive a Nook with that mistake in it will please bear our correction in mind. How many copies went out before the mistake was corrected we do not know, but we give this free notice of his fence post which will fully offset the error of last week.



Echoes from Everywhere

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that it will take 253,000 tons of coal to transport the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific coast.

THE apple crop this year promises to be one of the shortest for many years. The frosty month of May over a large area of the United States made the entire fruit season unfavorable.

THE Japanese government has awarded W. D. Stevens and H. W. Dennison, two American lawyers, $10,000 each for legal services rendered during the late Russo-Japanese war.

NINE torpedo boats were recently contracted for at $3,000,000. Should war cease the government would be puzzled to know how to spend all her money for useful articles.

ONE of the newspapers of Peking, China, lately celebrated its five-hundredth anniversary. Many of the former editors were beheaded for objectional news and comments, but the paper lives on.

IN Mississippi they believe in bringing railroads up to the letter of the law. Every railroad in that State was recently indicted for failure to report some phases of their business which the law said should be made public.

THE Civil War was ended forty-two years ago, yet there are nearly 1,000,000 people drawing pensions for some disaster of that bloody strife. The number is now gradually decreasing, having reached the maximum in 1905.

The next new fad about to be sprung is the growing of weeds for medicinal use. At present medical herbs are nearly all imported, although the last few years the Yankee has begun to see big profit in the business and now burdock, golden seal, pokeweed, boneset, lobelia, etc., are being planted in many sections.

8,000,000 acres of land in the Everglades of Florida are being drained and fitted for farming. Uncle Sam has enough spots like this scattered over his domain to home the entire present population. Arid lands, mountain valleys, swamp lands, etc., are yet to be made habitable by man's skill.

ONE of the novel features at the National Corn Exposition at Chicago, October 5 to 19, is a model farm in miniature. Everything on the farm is supposed to be arranged perfectly so as to give an object lesson to those who come there to learn.

THE telegraphone is coming into use. This machine records the human voice on thin sheets of steel which can be mailed in an ordinary envelope, and the receiver can place these sheets on his machine and reproduce the voice of the original speaker. Private matters can thus be transmitted more safely than over the telephone.

AMERICAN civil engineers are in great demand abroad. Many of them are building gigantic structures in South America, tunneling mountains and directing industrial undertakings by the score in that country. Just recently Mr. Jacobs, of New York, secured the contract from the French government to tunnel under the Seine River for one mile for $10,000,000.

WE complain much about the heavy immigration to this country, and yet in proportion to area England annually receives more emigrants than the United States. If misery likes company this ought to give some relief. The facts are these: 38,527 Russians, Poles and Hungarians settled in England last year,—that is one emigrant to each one and one-third square miles, while the million and over who came to the United States only rated one to each three square miles of territory.

A SPECIAL commission headed by James B. Reynolds, assistant secretary of the treasury, is investigating export prices and foreign market values in Europe. It is only a question of time until the markets of the world will be fixed on a reciprocal basis. Indeed, the many modern treaties all partake more and more of a commercial nature. Would any one ever dream of some future magnate getting a corner on the world's commodities? Great, world-wide events are becoming easier than ever before.

INCREASED growth and traffic keeps New York in a congested state all the time. Underground railways have become common and more are to be built. Just now a tunnel under the neck of Long Island Sound into New Jersey is being pushed. It is claimed that this tunnel would shorten the time to Chicago fully one hour, since it would give trains a free course to go right ahead instead of being bothered with so many street crossings, as it now is. From Broadway to Jersey City in three minutes instead of an hour is what this engineering feat would accomplish.

THE annual soil production of the United States is estimated at $4,000,000,000. The farmers receive this much, but the consumers pay $12,000,000,000 for these same products, leaving a gain of $8,000,000,000 to the middlemen. It does look as though some system ought to be devised soon that would equalize this unreasonable, large profit to the nonproducer. In short, it costs two dollars to sell one dollar's worth of produce in our present system. Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, has given out the above figures and calls attention to the matter.

A SHARP feeling is growing rapidly in the grain regions of this country between the grain raiser and the grain buyer. All over the West the farmers are building coöperative elevators in which the profits revert to the farmer. Very severe claims are brought against the grain buyers in which the farmer claims to be robbed of his hard-earned share of profits. One organization of late years has gained a membership of several hundred thousand among the farmers, who aim to hold their produce and thus force higher prices. but to suit some the price must always be a little higher than before.

IT is not generally known how dogs are used as reinforcements to man in some very important work. In Paris dogs are used on wharfs to save people from drowning who for one reason or another are unfortunate enough to fall into the water. Some city policemen have large dogs as assistants. Thus as life savers and detectives they prove their value. Some of them even develop the judgment to discern the character of a man, and if a suspicious looking fellow picks up a bundle in some railway waiting room the watch dog takes hold of him at once and makes him prove his identity and rightful ownership.

IN the attempt to abate the nuisance of big and unsightly bill-boards, the Municipal Art Society of New York has urged the plan of taxation. It is recognized that within limits the owner of land has the right to do what he pleases with it; but it is believed that a law taxing revenue-producing bill-boards would be declared constitutional by the courts. The society submitted a bill to the state legislature providing that all surfaces above eight feet square used for outdoor advertising purposes shall be taxed twelve cents a square foot unless permanently painted in oil, in which case the tax shall be eight cents. Rocks, trees and other natural objects, when devoted to advertising, are scheduled at a higher rate, in addition to a special tax of five dollars a year. The society has also prepared, and will urge, an amendment to the city ordinances, limiting the height of roof signs to five feet above the cornice, and imposing a tax of twenty-five cents a square foot. For city fences and bill-boards, the tax asked for is two cents a square foot. The society does not aim, or hope, to eliminate outdoor advertising, but merely to restrict it to displays of reasonable size and attractive character.—*Pathfinder.*

SOME BEST SPEED RECORDS OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

QUEENSTOWN to Sandy Hook, 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes. By Lucania.

Southampton to New York, 5 days and 20 hours. By Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

Sandy Hook to Pylmouth, 5 days, 11 hours and 58 minutes, a distance of 3,112 miles, or an average of 23.58 miles per hour.

Best day's run by the Deutchland was 676.61 miles, over 28 miles an hour.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. on one trip developed 42,400 horsepower, burning as high as 693 tons of coal per day.

Lusitania made her record recently of 5 days, 1 hour and 25 minutes.

INDUSTRIAL MURDER.

THE report of the coroner of Allegheney County, Pennsylvania, for the month of August shows that there were killed in that county—Pittsburg being the metropolis—fifty-nine men, thirty in railroad accidents and twenty-nine in the manufacturing plants. During the same month more than 300 industrial workers were more or less injured. This is a record equal to some battles which have been recorded in history. During that same month there were killed and wounded in industrial circles in the United States more workmen than there were American soldiers killed or wounded during our war with Spain. In one year American railroads kill and wound more than were killed and wounded on either side in any one battle of the Civil War. Yet this annual slaughter—which is industrial murder—calls forth only casual protest.—*Commoner.*



MORNING IN SEPTEMBER.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Out through the sweet fresh country side,
Gayly the echoes ring clear and strong,
Up in the branches of bush and tree
The birds are trilling their morning song;

Hidden away 'mong the leaves secure,
The insect host is loud in praise.
In gowns of gold, blue, white, maroon,
Fall flowers salute September's days.

Down in the hollow and up on the hill
Droop the damp masses of golden rod,
Cooled by the breezes that idly blow
Over the stretches of stubble and sod.

Over the land swings a purple mist
Burned by the sun to a silvery hue
Which, ere the noontide's mellowed hour,
Slowly floats through a sky so blue.

All through the glinting dew-gemmed glade,
Hung to the stems of frailest reeds,
Glisten the filmy gossamer threads—
Silken webs among the weeds.

Mildly the light of broad day breaks
On ripening corn, on fruits and flowers;
The outdoor world rejoices now
In bright September's morning hours.

Tipton, Iowa.

A HELPFUL LITTLE GUEST.

IDA M. HELM.

"COME, Betty, it's time to get up," called mamma from the foot of the stair steps. Betty yawned and stretched and turned over in bed.

"Oh dear I wish I was a fine lady and could do as I please. I wish I could lay in bed till I feel like getting up," thought she. Then she turned over again and began dozing. Soon her mamma called again,

"Come, Betty; breakfast is almost ready, it's six o'clock."

Betty slowly arose and sat on the bed rubbing her eyes. "My I wish my folks wouldn't get up so early," she soliloquized, "I'm not more than half done sleeping. I wish I lived in town like Jeanette Bebee does, I wish my folks kept servants like her folks do. When I visited Jeanette we got up when we pleased and if breakfast was over Chloe prepared breakfast for us and washed the dishes. We didn't have to work but we went riding and calling and picnicking and we played games and sang and enjoyed ourselves as we pleased all day. Oh my! There I hear them sitting down to the table, I don't care much I don't like to get up so early," she said in a very ill humor.

Betty came into the dining room soon after the men had left it and when she sat down to the table she complained because her breakfast was not kept warm. Her mamma reminded her that this was the day that Jeanette was coming to repay her visit of the preceding summer and she said they would have to hurry and start for the station as soon as possible or Jeanette would arrive and find herself in a strange place and there would be no one there to meet her.

"Now if we had a hired girl we could get ready and go right away and leave her to do the work," said Betty.

"As long as we are well and strong and able to do our own work we don't need a hired girl," replied her mamma. "If we had nothing to do but play, life would lose half of its charms for me. Try to be contented and do all the good you can where God placed you, for you know the Bible says that godliness with contentment is great gain. And, Betty, don't forget the proverb, 'Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do.' When we are busy we don't have time to get into mischief; it is when we have nothing to do that we are apt to get out of the right way and onto the road that is beset with so many snares."

As they rode along toward the station Betty kept wondering what Jeanette would think of her home and she almost wished that her mamma had not insisted on inviting her to come. So busy was she with her dread forebodings that she did not notice the beautiful scenes that were spread out with loveliness all about her.

They had only a few minutes to wait till the great engine came puffing and snorting up to the station. Betty cast quick glances from one to another of the car windows and she waved her handkerchief in welcome when Jeanette's bright eyes met hers. Jeanette was so full of life and eager anticipation of having a very enjoyable time with Betty in the country that some of her gladness was transmitted to Betty and half of her foolish fears took flight.

It was an ideal day, the birds sang sweetly, the flowers refreshed by the morning dew were looking their prettiest, and the stately corn stalks waved their long leaves as if they were saluting an old friend and the round-faced sun had on his very brightest smile. Jeanette's visits to the country were few, she could remember of only three times that she had been in the country before and then it was only for a day. And her face dimpled with smiles as she mentally took note

of birds and landscape and wide spreading shade trees.

When they came to the foot of the hill over which their home lay Betty closed her eyes and kept them shut to avoid seeing the expression of pity that she felt sure would come over Jeanette's face at sight of their house, but when they reached the top of the hill she opened them in surprise for she heard Jeanette say "Is that lovely place your home Betty?" Lovely place? Betty could hardly believe that her ears were not deceiving her. Ever since her visit to the city she had thought her home was very lowly and homely, but she only answered "Yes that is our home." As they walked along under the grape arbor, up the shaded path of the well-kept lawn, past the flower garden with its wealth of beauty and perfume, and onto the broad porch shaded with glossy green vines, Jeanette could not conceal her admiration. And when they entered the large airy living room she turned to Betty and said "You have a beautiful, ideal home Betty, are you not glad you do not have to live in the city in the summer time?" Ever since her visit to the city Betty had despised her home and she hardly knew how to answer. And she said "Thank you, but I liked your home equally as well.

When it was time to begin dinner Betty was surprised to see Jeanette come into the kitchen with a large apron on and offer to help with the work. Betty protested but Jeanette said, "I don't have a chance to learn to cook at home and I have been planning to learn while I am here and you shall be my teacher." Betty agreed to instruct her as best she could, but she said, "I will tell you at the beginning that experience is the best teacher in learning to cook."

During the day Jeanette found many things that were new and interesting to her and with such a keen observer as Jeanette for leader Betty began to see beauties in the things that she had formerly passed and scarcely noticed. Very early the next morning Betty was awakened from a sound sleep by a quick jerk at the elbow and Jeanette's voice saying, "Come, Betty I want to go to the woods after the cows while the sun is rising and the dew is on the grass and I want you to go with me."

Betty sat up and said half dreamingly, "I thought you stayed in bed till seven or eight o'clock?"

"I often do at home, but I have no woods to go to, no flowers to look at, no chickens to feed, no work at all to do so I stay in bed till late in the morning. But I have been longing to live in the country and get up early and go after the cows and feed the chickens like mamma says she did when she was a little girl and lived in the country. I have been planning for it."

"Betty found getting up at half past four a very disagreeable task and she protested against it but Jeanette was anxious to go to the woods while the sun was rising, so Betty to accommodate her friend arose and Jeanette promised that hereafter she would not get up till five o'clock.

They had a lovely time going down the long lane that was shaded by locust trees. The baby birds were just getting awake and their mammas were bringing them their breakfast, and beautiful strains of music rippled forth from their little throats as they made their journey in quest of food, the fresh, cool air was invigorating, and the drops of dew on the bright petals of the flowers looked like small crystals of ice.

When they reached the meadow they walked over the soft grass to the edge of the woods, then they stopped to consider which way to look for the cows and while they were debating the question they saw daddy-long-legs and they caught him and inquired of him where the cows might be found and after observing in which direction his long, slender limbs seemed to point they let him go on his way and followed his advice, how they both laughed when they found the cows in the direction he had pointed out to them.

"I am going to learn to milk and make butter while I am here," announced Jeanette. Mamma said I might. We miss the nicest part of the day when we stay in bed till so late in the morning," said Betty. And both girls agreed that the pleasantest time in the day is when everything is awakening from the night slumber and all nature seems glad and refreshed.

They reached home just as Betty's mamma was putting the breakfast on the table.

Day after day the girls worked together and helped each other. Betty learned to rightly appreciate her home and her friends and to fill her small niche in life as best she could. And Jeanette while she was enjoying herself learned many things that will be useful to her in after life and she returned to her city home with a determination to live nearer to the One who made this beautiful world and nourishes all that it contains.

God placed us in this world to be useful and helpful to each other and to fill the world with his praise. And he wants us to work and care for the things he gives us for our pleasure and comfort. Our brief day of life is given to us in which to work and prepare to live in a brighter world. If we are idle and slothful and spiritually asleep our opportunities for laying up treasures in heaven will slip away with all the value and beauties they contain and we will never find them again. The command is "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." If we begin in the morning of life to train our hearts and lives for love and service to God and to our fellow-beings, we will have all our lives to grow more and more like the perfect One.

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

HINTS FOR NOOKERS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

To keep flies off the screen doors in rainy weather, brush the screens with a cloth saturated with coal oil.

To keep milk from scorching when placed on the stove for custard, or pudding, add a little sugar.

Ripe peaches will not hurt the teething babe; give him all he wants, without pealing.

If baby's digestion is not good, try feeding fresh milk warm from the cow. Let the child drink as much as it will, morning and evening. If the cow is a jersey, the milk may need diluting with a little warm water.

An Indian guest says, "I know a cure for rattlesnake bites. Mash red ants, and apply to the wound."

Collbran, Colo.

STIFFENING CANE SEATS.

How many housekeepers know that if the seats of cane-seated chairs have become sagging and limp, they can be tightened by giving them a thorough washing with hot water, in which a little soda has been dissolved, and then putting them in a current of air to dry?

THE HOME DOCTOR.

To Prevent Flesh Forming.—A simple and effective way to prevent flesh from increasing is to avoid drinking at meals, and to take a cup of hot water an hour before each meal, exercising as much as possible during the day.

An Inflamed Toe-Joint.—A boracic poultice is excellent for this. Steep a piece of lint in boracic acid solution, lay this on the joint with a piece of oiled silk over, keeping it in place with a narrow bandage. Do not wear shoes that press the feet in any way.

A hot salt bath, prepared by adding a teacupful of sea salt, purchased from your druggist, to the water, which must be warm as possible to stand, then rinsing off in clear water, followed by a good rubbing will be found to be real strengthening for a child just recovering from the numerous diseases of children.

In the treatment of bruises where there is extensive discoloration of the skin, if olive oil be freely applied without rubbing, the discoloration will quickly disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken, a little boric acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be rendered normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

DROPSY.

Dropsy is not a disease in itself, but it is a symptom associated with a number of different diseases, chiefly of the heart and kidneys. It consists in the effusion of a watery fluid either into the loose tissues lying beneath the skin, into the cavities of the body, or into the deeper parts and tissues of the organs.

The term edema is applied to a dropsy of the deeper parts of the body as well as to that of the tissues just under the skin. The effusion of fluid into the abdominal cavity is called ascites.

The fluid of dropsy is usually clear and of a pale amber color, although it may be cloudy or even milky, or it may have a reddish tint. The swelling of edema can be distinguished from swelling due to other causes by the fact that if the finger is pressed firmly on the skin for a moment a depression, or pit, will be caused, which will remain for a time after the finger is taken away.

Dropsy usually begins in the dependent parts of the body, the feet and ankles if the person is out of bed, either sitting in a chair or walking about. This swelling at first disappears during the night, while the patient is in bed, but returns again toward evening of the following day. Finally it increases so in amount that it persists through the night unaffected by the removal of the pull of gravity.

Dropsy may be due to a number of causes; it usually is associated with advanced disease of the heart or kidneys, but it may also occur when the blood is watery or when it contains some poisonous material which affects the lining of the minute arteries, and permits a leakage of fluid.

There are various local forms of edema which may be very serious, such as edema of the larynx or of the lungs or of the brain, but in general the condition is one which does not in itself add materially to the danger of the disease in which it occurs as a symptom.

When the amount of fluid is very great an effort may be made to reduce it by increasing the excretion of fluid by the skin, kidneys, or bowels; or in cases of extreme accumulation in the abdominal cavity a fine tube is sometimes passed through the wall of the cavity and the fluid allowed to drain away.

TO INSURE BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

No woman can be pretty, no matter how perfect her features may be, if her teeth are yellow and neglected looking. A really beautiful woman loses all her loveliness the moment she speaks if her teeth are bad, while a plain woman often appears fascinating

when she laughs or shows her teeth. The chief causes of decay in teeth are an accumulation of tartar upon them and the retention of small portions of food between the teeth, which, by fermentation that reacts on the enamel, disintegrating it, causes decay.

To preserve the teeth and save dentists bills, one should remove by perfect cleanliness these deposits before they have time to work mischief. Brushing the teeth is not merely rubbing a brush across them. Instead, it is more important to rub the brush up and down between the cracks. After each meal dental floss should be drawn between, taking out the particles that a brush cannot remove. Under no circumstances should a toothpick or hard point be used, for it will loosen a filling or scratch the enamel. Though brushing should be done vigorously care must be taken not to injure or weaken the gums. That will cause them to draw away from the tooth, exposing the root. This is more apt to happen to eye teeth, which are on the turn of the mouth. Little can be done to a tooth thus exposed, or to receding gums.

Nothing is better for cleaning once in a while than finely-powdered, pumice stone. With an orange wood stick, wet and dipped lightly in the powdered pumice, one should scour the teeth thoroughly, neglecting not even the least little crevice.

When the tartar is obstinate wet the stick in lemon juice, dip in the pumic stone, and scour the teeth. Following this by rinsing the mouth with lime water to neutralize the acid of the lemon juice, so it cannot harm the enamel of the teeth.

Teeth naturally strong and white require only simply cleaning powders, and an excellent one to make at home is composed of two ounces of gum camphor, two ounces of precipitated chalk, and three ounces of orris root. Mix the camphor in a mortar with a few drops of alcohol, add the powdered orris root; mix, and strain several times through the finest sieve to be had. The quantity of ingredients, of course, can be reduced. Camphor is excellent for the teeth and gums. It is not a bad plan to wash out the mouth each time after taking food with a little alkaline wash, as, for instance, a few grains of bicarbonate of soda in a wineglass of water.

At least twice a year everybody should go to the dentist, have his or her teeth thoroughly looked over, and if anything is required have it done. By this general oversight, and things that one can do oneself, every woman can prevent her teeth not only from decaying but frequently can improve them.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

WERE you ever a prisoner for any length of time by reason of illness or accident in a season of severe weather when your friends found it task enough to get about to attend to necessary matters, to say nothing of making calls on the invalid or the lonely shut-in?

If so your mind was made up on one point and that was, that thenceforward from the time of your recovery one of your first duties would always be to remember the sick and afflicted.

There are various ways of making yourself useful to these unfortunates. If there is a trained nurse in the house you are not needed to help with the nursing of the patient. But that nurse is made of flesh and blood and nerves just the same as you are. Her duty to her patient requires her to take care of her own health. And if she is able to do her best for her patient she must have regular intervals of relief and rest.

Now, naturally, you do not come in here, unless you happen to be a nurse and familiar with the case and we are not supposing that you are either. Some member of the family is the proper one to take the nurse's place while she goes out for a little fresh air or puts herself properly to bed for some uninterrupted sleep.

Where there is sickness in the family there is extra work, added to the care and anxiety that in a measure unfits the well members of the family to do it. Here is your chance. Go into the kitchen and wash the dishes and sweep the floor if that is all you can do. Borrow the baby for an hour or two, take the little children out for a walk or a ride if the home chances to be blessed with the presence of a baby or little children. Bake a dish of beans or marcaroni or even a pudding or a cake—anything that saves them cooking and take it to the people. Perhaps the patient is restricted to liquid diet. At any rate the Doctor is particular about the patient's diet and what you might take to the patient would very likely be the wrong thing but you can't miss it by taking something ready cooked for the remainder of the family.

Never let yourself be converted to the idea that if the patient has a trained nurse there is nothing left for you to do, for the fact is you may be of more real assistance than if there were no trained nurse in the question.

The writer once knew a case where two farmers' wives left their own families for a day and went to see a friend who was very ill. They were not even allowed to see their friend for a minute, but what did they do? They did what their hands found to do and that was the family washing and ironing.

You are a woman with a woman's quick sympathy, and a woman's ingenuity and faculty for finding a way where there's a will, and "a hint to the wise is sufficient."

Elgin, Ill.



THE RURAL LIFE

THE DAY THAT SUMMER DIED.

The day that summer died we saw a change
Creep slowly o'er the sunshine of her face—
A fleeting beauty, dim and wholly strange,
Unlike the brightness of her earlier grace.
We felt a chill in every breeze that blew,
And saw across the meadows green and wide
A veil of frost that silvered all the dew—
The day that summer died.

The day that summer died a red leaf fell
From out the maple's green and stately crest,
And all the slender fern leaves in the dell
In robes of white and palest gold were dressed.
A late rose shed its petals one by one,
The poplar stirred its trembling leaves and sighed;
A glowing dahlia blossomed in the sun—
The day that summer died.

The day that summer died the forest stream
Crept forth to catch the blueness of the skies;
The hills grew dim and hazy as a dream,
Or like a vision viewed by tearful eyes.
A glowing shadow, chill and vaguely drear,
Swept o'er the landscape like a rising tide;
And Winter's footsteps sounded all too near—
The day that summer died.

—Emma G. Watson, in Youth's Companion.

HOW TO MAKE A SMALL FLOCK PAY.

We are practical; all round farmers, not poultry fanciers; but in the past ten years have kept a flock of hens numbering from fifteen to twenty and this number has usually brought us a net income of one dollar each. We have tried many of the leading breeds and while some are better than others in producing eggs we have found a few general rules imperative in the care of our flock to make it one of the paying factors of the farm.

We have a moderately warm hen house, but it is not fitted up with the modern poultry arrangements. It has, however, good roosts, convenient nest boxes in which clean straw is placed. A good sized dust box filled with fine road dust; which is one of the best insecticides I know of; and the hens will use it freely if given opportunity, we have never been troubled with lice in all these years. Fresh water is given every day. In summer they have free range with a feed of whole grain in the morning, and in winter, in the morning a feed of whole grain,—as buckwheat or corn scattered in the clean litter which is kept on the house floor. At noon a warm mash of small, boiled potatoes, made palatable by a liberal sprinkling of corn meal. At night whole grain is fed again, as much as they will eat up in a short time, the same as in the morning.

For green food we keep a cabbage suspended just high enough so they will have to jump to get a taste of it. Crushed oyster shells are always before them, and they are almost inordinately fond of bits of crockery pounded fine, if one has time to occasionally give them the treat. We aim to have the hens April or May pullets which usually commence laying in November or December, and the flock is always young as we keep few to the age of two years. We have no incubator but raise the chickens in the natural way. It is needless to say that the poultry house is kept clean, as no one can expect to be even moderately successful without cleanliness in this, as in other farm industries.—*Ella F. Flanders.*

THE GREATEST LEAK.

Watch for the leaks on the farm. The greatest leak is the cow that cannot make a profit. Let her go to the butcher, as she may make profitable bologna. Injudicious feeding is another big leak. Allowing the liquid manure to leach and wash away is another and there are a few others. Stop the leaks that waste dollars while you earn pennies.

THE SHORTHORNS.

Perhaps the best claim to the qualifications of the two purpose greed is possessed by the Shorthorn. As is well known, there are two distinct types, one which is fair in milk production, but excellent in beef, and another tolerably good in beef, but valued most for heavy milking qualities. In this country the beef type is more common, while in English dairy sections the Shorthorn dairy strains are very prominent.—*American Cultivator.*

BRUSHING THE DAIRY COW.

The brushing of cows is a great benefit to them. However, it is a piece of work that should be done with a slow motion, whatever else is hurried. The cow is a moderate mover in every way. She has always refused to join in the hustle and haste of modern life, and if jostled and hurried it has a bad effect on her milk.

The Home of the Honey Bee

J. D. Blocher

Transportation of Honey.

In the accompanying cut we give the packages used for shipping honey—except the barrels and large crates for comb which hold from two to four hundred pounds.

The mode of production of comb honey is seen to the right of the picture on a shipping case. A super is seen and one row of sections on top completed, and on top of the completed honey is seen a row of sections ready for the bees. In these sections is seen thin sheets of pressed bees-wax on which the bees build. The shipping cases for comb honey are so arranged that no comb has to carry the weight of any other comb. The crates are also arranged so that tearing up the cases does not put any case in danger of over weight. And in case a comb should spring a leak in transit no honey will run out of the cases as a good paper tray is in the bottom. To the left and at the bottom are seen two sizes of tin cans. On top is a round can. Many car loads of honey are shipped in these cans, cases and barrels.



No one has any idea of the amount of honey used. Many car loads of honey are used annually for baking, candy making, and for medical purposes alone. The bulk however is used on the table as a spread for bread. Beekeeping is yet in its infancy as is seen from the fact that only about three pounds of honey per capita is used annually in the United States. This is too high it seems to me, as it would require 240,000,000 pounds for the United States. I do not believe that we produce that much, or, produce and import that amount. I think it is estimated that we consume 75 pounds yearly per capita of sugar. This shows that honey is not much consumed or known.

Some people may conclude that beekeepers do nothing in the world. But it must be remembered that the world must be educated to the importance of honey. When once the public understands the value of honey in the daily diet, then it is that the consumption of honey will wonderfully increase. Already there are those among us who produce fifty tons annually and sell it on short order. "Honey lies" have done much to retard the use of honey.

Back of the shipping packages is seen the machine that extracts the honey from the comb. We do not mean the machine against the house. There is a special frame or rack in the hive from which honey is extracted. Honey in sections is rarely ever extracted. Under other articles we will discuss honey and its features.

* * *

COW STALLS.

It should be made a point with every dairyman to do everything in his power for the physical comfort and well being of his cows. One thing we are sure most of the keepers of cows could make an improvement in, and this is in the arrangement of their stalls. Give the cows more room, and at the same time shut each cow off from her neighbor, so that there shall be no trampling on udders and teats. The usefulness of a great many cows is put to an end through this sort of carelessness, and the worst of it is that it is generally ascribed to some other cause. Make your cows safe and comfortable, says *American Cultivator,* and it will be discovered that they will do you better service every day you have them and that their term of service will be very much lengthened on the average.

* * *

"Inwardly digest these Chinese proverbs: "Learning cannot be gulped down;" "Every subject must be chewed to get out its juice;" "Good students are like workers in hard wood;" "Most things are easy to learn, but hard to master."

TREE PLANTING ABOUT THE HOME.

A MISTAKE which many make when planting trees to beautify the home is to forget the effect which time and growth have upon the specimens set out around the dwelling. This condition is often seen and is a cause for regret when it is not easy to repair the blunder.

The innocent-looking evergreen shrubs which are set out to adorn the dooryard between the dwelling and public highway, are not suspected of having the inherent quality of developing into trees that in time will loom up and hide or overshadow the house, but in riding about the country these effects are frequently seen.

At the same time one may observe the result of not extending the system of adornment beyond the houseyard limit; for while in some cases scarcely more than the house roof is visible to the passerby, the existence of stables, hog pens and outhouses are painfully and disagreeably apparent.

Had the idea of adornment which prompted the filling up of the dooryard been liberal, or even elastic, what is now a dangerous and unwieldy surplus would have extended to the present bare and unsightly portions and there would be a more satisfactory outlook.

Few persons have the nerve to make a clearing among trees whose development has been watched with solicitude and gratification these many years; while to remove them is an undertaking which is too doubtful of success to be recommended except in special cases. But it were better to get one's courage up to the point of removal than to trim up solitary trees and expose their bare trunks in order to look out from the windows or permit the house to be seen.

Next to over-planting,, the mistake most frequently made in ornamental planting is to set out trees in stiff, rigid rows, usually at right angles with the house and highway. In the smallest dooryard as well as public park, natural groves and methods may be imitated.

In planting trees or thinning surplus growth the effect from a distance should be studied. First impressions are lasting. Work of this kind should be conducted so that the first view of the house which a stranger on nearing the place receives, should be agreeable to the senses and if the situation is such that different views are presented as the approach is made, then a series of impressions are left which will remain as a pleasant memory.

Then again, in planting or clearing, the pleasure of the home's inmates must be consulted; pleasant views must not be obstructed by that which would hinder a free and uninterrupted outlook, while a disagreeable scene should be shut out. This can be accomplished by planting trees as individuals or in groups so that necessary unattractive buildings or objects be placed in the background as much as possible. So with barns and hog lots whose unpleasant features may be hidden by a hedge.

It should always be remembered that while it is proper to regard the appearance in homestead and house adornment, the family's pleasure and comfort must not be sacrificed in order to make a brave showing. To this end the traditional "backyard" should, so far as possible, be as tidy and well kept as the lawn. The territory occupied by the housewife's clothesline should be a grass plat, mowed as often as any part of the grounds.

Speaking of lawns, in my opinion it is a mistake to have trees and shrub and flower beds upon the space allotted to grass unless the grounds are large and park-like. Let there be a clear expanse of grass which may be easily and frequently mowed, with shrubs and flowers round about the house and trees and large shrubs in groups on the borders.—*W. Stenson.*

COVERED MILK PAILS.

THE advantages of using covered pails with small openings are apparent from the fact that we have shown that one of the most prolific causes of contamination is from the cow and stable at the time of milking, says F. E. Dawley, superintendent of New York farm institutes. When these small topped pails were first introduced into my own stables the men claimed that they could not milk into them, but when one of them was reminded that one of his diversions was milking into the mouth of a cat sitting up on her hind legs his objection was readily overcome. All utensils used in milking or in handling the milk should be thoroughly sterilized. It is not enough that the pails and cans be washed; they should be thoroughly scalded with steam or boiling water. In all dairy operations sal soda should be used instead of soaps.

DAIRY DOTS.

To help keep the churn sweet give it an occasional rinsing out with limewater.

Penny wise and pound foolish is the woman who still uses old fashioned, out of date dairy utensils.

The washing of the cream separator once a day doesn't make any less work than washing it twice a day. When it stands over night and the sediment hardens in the bowl it then takes twice as long to clean it.

The dairy woman or man who depends upon the strainer to clean the milk rather than upon cleanly methods of milking is the one who makes poor butter.

Go at things that must be done with the feeling of an athlete, delighted at the chance of being able to try your strength.—*March Ladies' Home Journal.*

Best Cows are Cheapest.

THE high priced cow is not so expensive as she seems in view of what she produces. The average cow produces milk or butter to the value of $52.50, and she costs $51 a year, reckoning that the manure she produces offsets the care given her. This shows that the cow does not a great deal toward raising the mortgage on the farm. Assuming that it cost no more to keep a good cow than a poor one, the figures will show that the good cow is relatively cheaper. The average cow will produce 5,000 pounds of milk a year, while a choice cow will produce as high as 10,000, meaning a profit of $225 against the almost even balance sheet of the average cow, while Pieterje II., a Holstein, has a record of 30,000 pounds of milk a year, which would make a profit of $1,050.—*Professor Cooley in American Cultivator.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

"Here!" shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The porter gasped in astonishment, and several passengers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again to the porter:

"Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

Two Northerners, traveling in the mountains of Kentucky, had gone for hours and hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing. The hogs lay in their dirt holes, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lank man, whose clothes were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy?"

"Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?"

The native spat pensively in the dust. "Not yit," he said languidly.

He—Dearest! Will you be mine?

She—Oh, how sudden! Do give me a little time to think.

He—I cannot wait another minute. I have a taximeter cab at the door.

Aunty—Willie, an angel brought your mamma such a nice little new brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?

Willie—No; but I'd like to see the angel.

"I did intend to go downtown to look at some stockings today," remarked Mrs. Schoppen, "but it was raining, so I just stayed at home."

"Why," remarked her husband absentmindly, "that's the best time to see them."

Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."

"My son wants to marry your daughter. Does she know how to cook a good dinner?"

"Yes, if she gets the materials for one. Does your son know how to supply them?"

Sorry He Spoke.

The conductor was inclined to seek for sympathy. "Do you see that woman on the left hand side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the thin man on the back platform.

"Yes, I see her."

"The one with the dizzy hat?"

"Yes."

'Well, I think she's tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around, an' I ain't quite sure that she didn't pay me before, although I'm almost positive about it. She looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as far as I can see 'em. You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to thunder I knew whether she had paid her fare or not."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago. She's my wife."—Argonaut.

DISORDERED.

Representative Lorimer, of Chicago, who is a great walker, was recently out for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer, driving that way. "Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer, "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the house.

After another long pause, the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder."—Success.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—Janitor. Good position. Apply at once. Address Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wanted.—Three girls and two boys to do work for part expenses while attending college.

McPherson College, Kans.

NEFF'S CORNER

You've heard of such a thing as a town on paper, I suppose, a town much talked about, but when you went to see the real thing it wasn't there. Now some of you have money to invest and you have been considering Clovis perhaps as a place for investment; but about the time you had made up your mind, you were frightened with the thought that perhaps Bro. Neff is over-enthusiastic and that if you were there to see for yourself you would find it quite different from what you expect, and then you reconsidered and decided you wouldn't invest. Now let me tell you something. To be sure, I have been saying a good deal of what I thought, but now you have a chance to hear what others think about it. A brother came from Virginia a few days ago and looked the situation over for himself and bought two lots. A few days later a brother came from Illinois. He is a successful farmer (or has been), a man of means and has done enough traveling in the West and handled enough property to make intelligent comparisons and act wisely. He bought three lots. A good deacon brother and a business man of experience and means, came the next day from Kansas, looked our proposition over through his own eyes and bought three lots. The brother from Virginia is here to stay, the others think of locating soon, several purchases have been made by mail, and already we have the fine beginning of a settlement of Brethren in Clovis. Those brethren we look for this week and next from Colorado, Idaho, Missouri and Illinois, will find that others were here ahead of them. One of our editors says when the homeseekers from the east and north come this fall and see our fine crops, they will make their eyes stick out like door knobs.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mex.

Post Cards

A Choice Variety of Designs.

Post cards have come to stay. They are more popular to-day than ever. They can be used in so many ways, as a remembrance. Since one-half of address side can be used for writing they are all the more useful. Buy from the following numbers and you will order again.

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Price, per pack of four, ...**10 cents**
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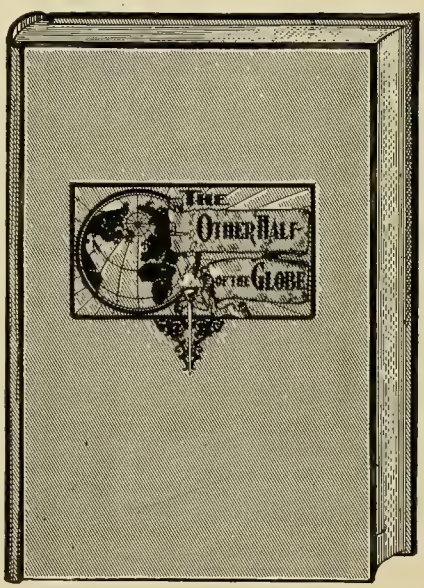
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THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

—Eugene F. Ware.

THE AFTERWHILES.

Where are they—the afterwhiles—
Luring us the lengthening miles
Of our lives? Where is the dawn
With the dew across the lawn
Stroked with eager feet the far
Way the hills and valleys are?
Where the sun that smites the frown
Of the eastward-gazer down?
Where the rifted wreathes of mist
O'er us, tinged with amethyst,
Round the mountain's steep defiles?
Where are all the afterwhiles?

Afterwhile—and we will go
Thither, yon, and to and fro—
From the stifling city streets
To the country's cool retreats—
From the riot to the rest
Where hearts beat the placidest;
Afterwhile, and we will fall
Under breezy trees, and loll
In the shade, with thirsty sight
Drinking deep the blue delight
Of the skies that will beguile
Us as children—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand:
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake,
And wear them in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view
A far scene to journey to,—
Where the old home is, and where
The old mother waits us there,
Peering, as the time grows late,
Down the old path to the gate.—
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door!—
How we'll greet the dear old smile,
And the warm tears afterwhile!

Ah, the endless afterwhiles!—
Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,
In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on, and on, and on,
Till the fancy is footsore
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face,
Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
O far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us through, the shadowy aisles
Out into the afterwhiles.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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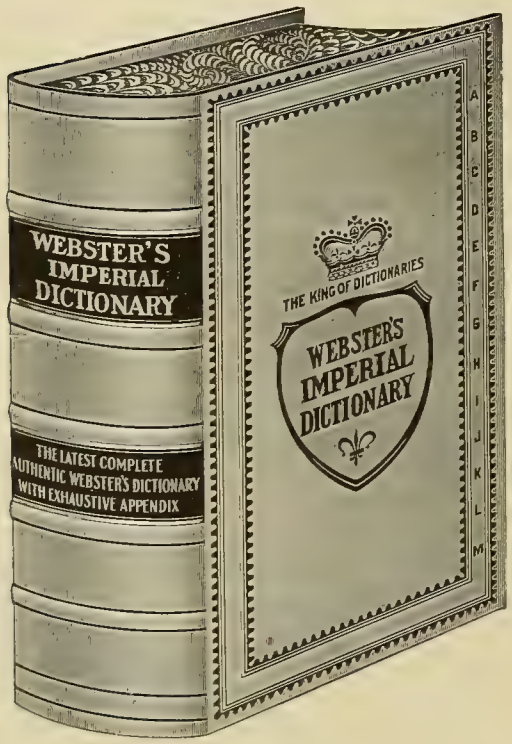
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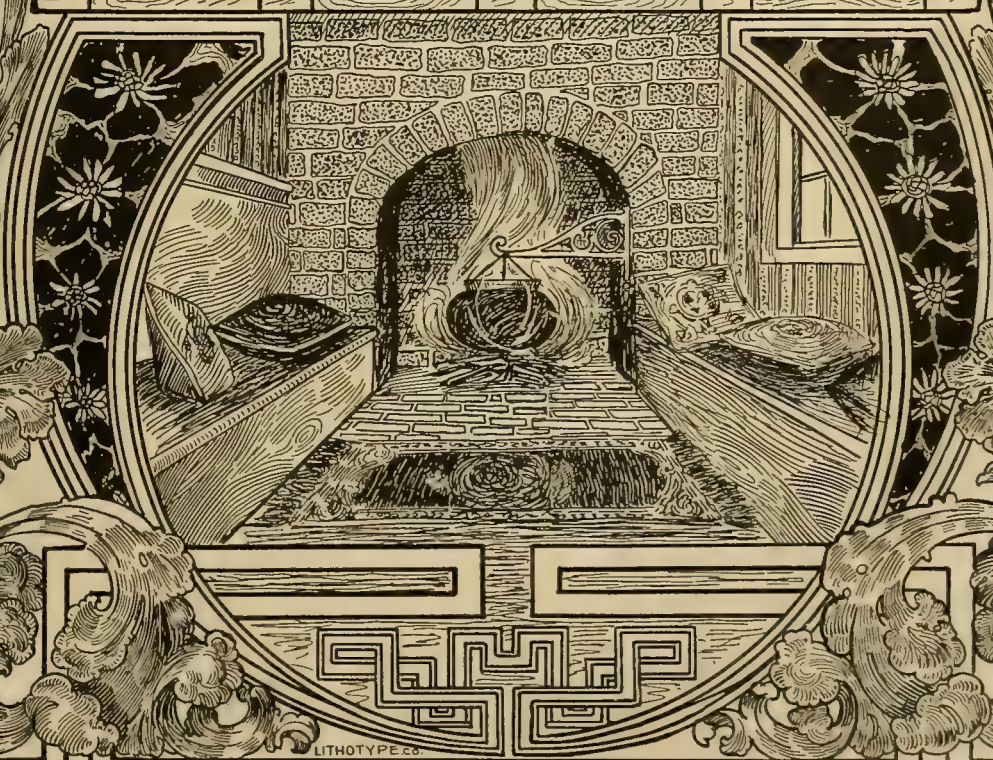
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A Weekly Magazine

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Let the Other People Talk

HERE is a letter from Mrs. A. B. Campbell to the *"Headlight"* of Crawford county Kans., a paper from the vicinity where she used to reside. We reprint it word for word that our readers may know what the people think of Butte Valley who live there:

Macdoel, California, Butte Valley, August 15,—Dear Editor of the Headlight. As I was one of your correspondents for over one year I thought I would write from Butte Valley, California, and tell you and my many friends of Crawford county about our new western home. We have many friends no doubt that will be glad to read from the columns of the Headlight of the far west and how we like our new home. We have been very busy since we arrived in our western home, have had many disadvantages to contend with but have had the best of health which is one of God's greatest blessings.

We moved in a small shack and began our frontier life. First came the sage brush to be cleared off. All of the western people are acquainted with this, but not so with the eastern. They first run a large drag drawn by eight head of horses over the brush which drags it down and breaks it. They then take large wooden rakes and rake it in winrows and burn it. When this process has been done thoroughly there is but very little grubbing to do. The sage brush burns very easily. It is then ready for the plow. It is not much harder to break than eastern land. They prepare the ground in the same way they do in the east. Mr. Campbell sowed a patch of spring wheat oats and alfalfa. They have all done fine without irrigation. The wheat, all old settlers said, will make thirty-five bushels per acre. The oats forty per acre. The alfalfa has been topped once and will make a fair yield in September. Vegetables of all kinds are doing fine. Sweet corn is one of the slowest growing crops on account of the cool nights. This is one of the pleasures of this place for sleep is sweet here in the mountains. Fishing and hunting is sublime here for the pleasure seeker.

We have had the pleasure to eat of two deer this summer. Ducks and wild geese are more plentiful here than rabbits are in Kansas. We have two wild geese now that we raised that are beauties and are as tame as a pet cat. When we want ice cream we go about six miles to an ice cave which is quite a freak. There is an opening just large enough to enter and on the inside are large rooms filled with solid ice. The large icicles like a man's body hang from the side of the caves which are very pretty when the temperature outside will reach 90 degrees. There are many pleasures here for us were it not for the absence of the one that was very near and dear to us. Our readers will all know of the sadness that darkened one of the happiest homes. The death of our dear brother, E. M. Wolfe. If he could be with his wife and son, we might enjoy his associations our pleasures would be perfect. The Valley is improving very fast. The sound of the hammer is heard from morning until night. We are delighted with our new home and will send samples of our grain to the Headlight office. If any of our friends should like to see it they may call and see the grain that grew on A. B. Campbell's farm in California.

MRS. A. B. CAMPBELL.

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Yours very truly,
S. Wagner.

SUFFERED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Ashland, Wis., July 30, 1907.

Dr. P. Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Permit me to express to you my thanks for your grand medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer.** For over twenty years, I suffered with rheumatism. I tried many remedies during that time but nothing helped me like the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum.** I also feel better in my stomach. I was troubled with dyspepsia for a long time. The **Blood Vitalizer** shall be our family medicine as long as we live. I hope you will let me be the agent for the medicine here.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. John Carlson.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.

Saxonburg, Pa., July 29, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The demand for the **Blood Vitalizer** continues. It neither increases nor diminishes as it is now used as a regular family medicine by many.

Some people, however, who are blind to their own interests send for the doctor in every case and then pay in addition sixty or eighty cents for a four ounce bottle of some poisonous stuff, when they could get a mild and pure medicine, like **Blood Vitalizer.**

We have not had a doctor in the house since we commenced to keep it on hand, three years ago. My mother, now seventy-one years old, is enjoying the best of health in spite of the fact that she had been weakened by three attacks of pneumonia years ago. With best wishes.

Yours truly,
H. C. Adler.

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Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

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Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

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Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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THE INGLENOOK

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A Tale of a Bootjack

Mary I. Senseman

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

LUTHER MITCHELL and Harvey Linden were back at school. The former was examining a bootjack which he had just taken from a trunk.

"I thought I left this at home," he said. "But here's a paper tacked fast. It says, 'We don't want your collection left on our hands. Your sister, Viola.' That little trickster!"

"Well, the bootjack is on our hands now. You can't scold Viola when she's a hundred miles away," remarked Harvey. "Put that implement back of the radiator. It may be remarkably useful some time." For weeks the bootjack reposed undisturbed in its nook. Under the pressure of work, both theoretical and practical, the cousins had little room for thought of their mysteriously acquired property. They were talking one day of a certain man whose indifference baffled all their efforts to check his downward career.

"To use slang to describe him," said Luther, "I should say he's 'a tough customer.' He is a skilled workman, too. I understand it was Will Morgan who grouted the sewer of these grounds."

The last statement was probably suggested by the near presence of a workman engaged in digging a hole for a new end post of a fence back of the school building.

It was already mid-afternoon and the workman had little more than begun his task. He was making a rectangular cavity, to contain a large cement post and brace. A few inches below the depth to which the post was to be sunk the rock jutted up irregularly from below. On account of that condition it was necessary to clear the soil away from the rock and fill in the unevenness with concrete.

At sunset some fresh concrete had been deposited over the irregular stones at one end of the cavity floor, being left to harden somewhat during the night. The workman's intention was to complete his task the next morning by covering this level surface with a second thinner layer of cement into which he would insert the post. He went home, having laid an empty barrel diagonally across part of the opening.

There was no moon in the early hours of the night. Luther Mitchell, coming alone across the front campus in the dark, descried a man ahead of him. Luther's footsteps resounded on the brick walk, and the man, hearing them, looked back, and then began to run. Roused to suspicion of mischief by the stranger's actions, Luther hastened his own pace in pursuit. The young man was conducted back of the school buildings and was there required to dodge about among the black shadows of maple trees. Suddenly the dimly discerned figure disappeared entirely from his follower's view. Luther spent several minutes searching around the tree trunks and down the street, but he could find no trace of the man.

Luther said nothing to Harvey of his chase. At two o'clock the next morning he was awake, studying about the stranger's disappearance, and an explanation presented itself to his mind. At four Luther made his way across the rear premises to the hole that was to contain the fence post. He pushed away the barrel and the faint dawning light disclosed a peculiar sight. A small man sat there, his head drooped on his chest, his knees drawn up, and his feet, encased in heavy shoes, sunk to the ankles in the concrete. Luther shook him smartly by the shoulder. The man awoke with a start, looked up, mouth agape, fumes of whisky streaming from it to the young man's nostrils.

"Will Morgan, was that you I was chasing last night? inquired Luther. And you have slept here all night?"

The man jerked his knees backward, but his feet remained stationary. He rose to a standing posture; pulled upward with one leg, then the other, with all the strength of those members; then he grasped each knee, in turn, with his hands, and tugged and wrenched.

"Unlace you shoes," suggested Luther.

"I'll get put in the lock-up, I reckon," vouch-safed Will Morgan, as he drew out the shoestrings.

Again his muscles stretched and corded, but to no purpose.

"This cement ain't solid. I bet," he said slowly, "that my shoes are fast between the stones beneath it."

"If that is so, maybe I can help you," said Luther. "There is a bootjack in our room. By using it you may be able to pull your feet out of the shoes.

He fetched it immediately, and fitted the crotched end as low as possible against the back of the prisoner's ankle.

The young man then stood on the bootjack, and, stooping as well as he could, gripped Will Morgan's leg for the extreme effort. Slowly, laboriously, painfully, each foot was dragged out. The two men climbed up on the sod and looked at each other in silence a few minutes.

"Be about it now or else keep your mouth shut," commanded Will.

"Be about what?" queried Luther.

"Arrestin' me."

"I have no intention of arresting you," said Luther.

"Huh!" growled the other.

"So far as I shall concern myself, you are free."

"Huh!" When Luther had had his breakfast somebody called out that he was wanted by two men. The two proved to be the man who had dug the post hole, and Will Morgan.

"This old drunk says you'll tell me how these shoes come to be sticken' in that cement," said the former.

"Will Morgan fell in there last night and went to sleep before he made an attempt to get out," explained Luther. I found him sitting here asleep this morning."

"Too drunk to pull his feet out of soft cement," muttered the workman. "I'll do it over, and let you watch me do it, Mr. Timms," said Will.

"Do it, then," agreed the other.

"Well, I thought we seemed to be making some impression on that man, Will Morgan," Luther said to his cousin about four months later. "But I've just been to the house he lived in, and there's another family there. All I can learn is that the Morgans' have flitted. Where, nobody seems to know. For all I can find out, they have flown, even to the moon."

The young man's diligent seeking thenceforth was as fruitless as the first had been. No inquirings served to reveal the Morgan family's new nesting place.

The school year came to an end. The students once more turned their faces homeward. At Saxton the cousins left their train, to board another by which to reach their home. Trunks fell bumping out of the baggage car. A small one of Luther's tumbled out disastrously, and, as its contents were scattered on the platform, a small boy cried out, "Oh mamma! There's that bootjack!" At the same time he ran forward to it. His mother followed, and Luther, who had also come, to save his property, found himself looking into the surprised face of Anna Jackson. Luther extended his hand in recoginition.

"Is this your trunk that's got bursted?" asked Anna.

"Yes, it is, Mrs. Jackson," answered Luther. "And if you can tell me whose bootjack that is you will solve a mystery. When we went home last fall father found it held fast beneath the body of our mission wagon."

"Well, I never saw it before," said Anna, taking the bootjack from the hands of Paul, who stood by. "We were at my sister-in-law's, Jane Gilbert's, the day you and your cousin came into that neighborhood. Jane had a bootjack of Weaver's there, and my boy, Paul, got it and tied it on a goat's horns, he said."

"That's the bootjack," declared the boy.

"It certainly is," agreed Luther. "I'll go to Mr. Weaver's and see about it, anyway. Can I reach the place handily?"

"Yes," replied Anna. "Just take a B. and R. trolley car. The waiting room's only a square up the street from here."

Luther thanked her, hastily gathered up the disarranged articles, requesting Harvey Linden to secure the trunk with cords, and was soon on his way to board a B. and R. electric car. Arrived at his destination, Hannah Weaver welcomed him heartily, but with unconcealed surprise.

"If you can spare me a few minutes of your time now I can go back to Saxton then at once," said Luther.

"Oh, you shall stay till after supper, at least," protested Hannah. "If you don't mind, you can come into the kitchen and talk while I work, and I'll get supper ready right off."

"Thank you," said Luther, following the bustling little housewife into her kitchen. "I can talk out here all right and I shall enjoy the meal, I am sure."

"Brother Will's cementin' our cellar. So I've had him to cook for twice a day for awhile. He just moved his family here in February. They live in Cal's tent house at the end of the place.

"I have something here that probably belongs to you, said Luther, unwrapping the bootjack as it lay across his knees.

"That bootjack!" ejaculated Hannah, picking it up. "Where—?"

The young man recounted the episode of the trunk and then told of the first finding of the bootjack.

"Well, Jane said little Paul had put it on a goat's horns, and it must have been that that goat of Burns's nosed 'round your wagon and got the bootjack caught so that it held there." A small man appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, Will. I want you to meet this young man."

But Luther had turned, and had risen from his chair, and in a moment more was clasping the man's hand, saying, "I am glad to see you, Will Morgan. How do you do?"

"Well, thank yo'. Heard you talkin'. Thought I'd like to see that bootjack."

"Didn't you ever see one, Will?" asked Mrs. Weaver.

"Sure, I have, Hannah."

He picked up the bootjack, and, while Mrs. Weaver went into the pantry, Will pointed to the bootjack and then to himself, shaking his head and putting his fingers on his lips. Luther touched his own closed lips, and nodded. So Will Morgan knew the story of the man in the post hole would not be told.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"And when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee"—Prov. 6:.22.

THERE are two kinds of books: the book that instructs, that widens the scope of our knowledge, that makes our horizon larger—brings more facts within it. A very important book, it fills our world with material for use. Then there is another book—one that talks with us, speaks to us, hunts us out. It is not so anxious to increase our knolwedge as to increase *us,* draw us out, wake us up, inspire us, move us. The two kinds of books have been called "books of knowledge" and "books of power."

The first book is full of facts, only facts. The personal element is avoided that we may get the facts, untouched, untinged, clean-cut, cold, dry.

The second book has facts, but also something more. The facts are magnetized by the writer. Every word is red-hot with his personality. Every thought is tinged with his soul. There is someone in the book, therefore it speaks, holds converse with us, is one of the immortal companions of life. The fact books die; in the progress of knowledge new facts supercede the old ones. But the personality book lives forever.

The Bible is such a book—the greatest of all talking books, the holiest and most helpful of all companions.

The characters of the book speak to us through the facts—Abraham through his oak, Jacob through his well, and David through his city. Oak, well and city are all touched into eloquence by the men who touched them. And the writers speak to us through its characters—through Saul and Samuel and David. Through them they speak a larger, diviner, more varied language. Through a thousand fragments of men they tell the great story of universal man. Then God speaks to us through the writers. They are moved by God and swing out in song and story and prophecy far beyond all boundaries until the story of man becomes the larger story of God and man—yes, of the God-man. For when he came he said, "These are they that testify of me." At the heart of the book, then, is this divine-human personality who speaks to us in the language of literature. For literature is the language of personality. It is the unfolding, the overflow, the outburst of the personal yearning toward the personal.

The Bible comes to us in this personal language. It has the lyrical speech.

Sometimes a young man will come to us in trouble. He opens his heart. We listen, we anaylyze. We can make but little out of the medley, only this: down in his life there is a longing—perhaps not a very strong one, only smoking flax. But it is there hampered, hedged in, and smothered by conditions and circumstances.

We might enter into plans, ways and means with him. But we feel he needs something more, something words alone cannot accomplish, something to strengthen his heart, something to fan the fire. His future is not in new plans, but in that smoldering fire. He needs inspiration—something that can reach and help the longing buried in there among the impossibilities.

We have had such experiences ourselves. *We have felt weak, helpless, baffled.* We did not want any new philosophy of the way, but just a voice, a friendly voice, a sympathetic voice—something to start the echo in us, to start the song. We could sing if some one would raise the tune for us.

Do you see? The ministry of song. It is one of the first ministries of life. There is the cradle song. Do you think its only ministry is to sing the child to sleep? Indeed, its great ministry is to sing the soul awake.

"Still linger in our noon of time,
And on our Saxon tongue,
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme."

And there are the songs of manhood, carrying life out and up with a larger, stronger sweep;

"O, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
O, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock."

Then, too, old age has its songs bearing even across the flood:

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:

For though from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The Bible speaks to us in the language of song. It speaks to the great longing of the soul. It broods over our immortality to start the echo, to raise the tune in us, to give us heart, to lift us above and carry us beyond, to make us conscious of our immortality, to give us strength, to give us life, whereby we cry. *"I can do all things."*

The power of these old Bible songs is not their angelic, but their divine-human, ring. They reach us at all depths of our humanity and sing us into great heights of our divinity. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? I shall yet praise thee for the help of thy countenance." The very power of this old psalm is the strange meeting of its heights and depths. It is the divine harmony sweeping down upon us through life's discords, lifting the soul from despair to praise.

And these old Bible songs undertake to sing the multitudinous song of life, its sword songs, well songs, shepherd songs, battle ongs, and all its great life songs.

The ministry of song is one of the great ministries. When Isaiah saw the redeemed returning with joy upon their heads they were singing—singing their way to Zion. Kink Arthur's city, they said, was reared to the music of harps. But the great city that has a foundation is being built to the lyrics of God.

"Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can man sigh right for a wrong?
God himself is the best Poet,
And the real is his song."

If now we return again to our own life, we find the old longing carried a step further. We are not just now thinking of how to surmount this difficulty, but how to reach that goal. It is not wings of the hour for which we are asking, but wings for the whole flight through. Feeling has passed on into thought, unto, "long, long thoughts." We are trying to live out something.

Why do you and I like to read a story? Is it not because we are trying to live a story and make it come out right? We need something more than a song. *We need a story.* And the Bible speaks to us in stories; in the language of the epic—real stories; stories that take hold of us; that suggest; that lead, and always in the right direction. They never lead backward into the vile swamp of the senses. They never take fanciful flights into impossibilities. Realistic they are, plain and simple of speech; with many a romantic touch but always leading clearly, strongly, swiftly toward the heights of manhood and womanhood. Call to mind Joseph, Ruth, David, Samuel or the great tragedies that by contrast lead in the same direction.

Then all these fragment stories are woven into one whole story. It is more than the story of men, it is the story of man, of the soul. It does not simply appeal to the smaller ambitions of life, it appeals to the supreme ambition.

From the very first the book suggests that we are God's children; that there is something in us that is like God. But it is only a suggestion from God, an ambition in man. The thing itself is not apparent at the start. It is only the fire mists of the soul's great story waiting to be developed through the converse of God and man.

And the converse is shaped to the speech of man; for God always talks *with us* not *to us*. This is an offense to some people to think God should have spoken, in the world's childhood, in the language of the full-orbed present-day service.

God talks with man. He gives and takes. He takes the crudities of one generation, breathes into them the larger, rounder, completer life, and hands them back to the next.

So God tells the story of the soul. Rather he makes us tell our own story, working out that divine ambition within us, that vague likeness of God. At length we find ourselves reading life in the light of God's own "Son." Then the full meaning of life sweeps over us; the supreme ambition takes form, while life's unreached possibilities flash upon us in the "Son."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Returning once more to our own life, we are led to ask "Is this story of the soul possible?" We wonder whether this great story of the ages can become an experience in each individual.

If the Bible were to follow the ordinary language of literature we should expect it to speak now in the language of the drama. But at this point the ways part. And verp deep and significant is the parting of the ways.

While we are crying out for strength to live out the great life of the soul, no mere dramatic scene passes before us. The Bible is decidedly dramatic, but the critics say it has no pure drama. In place of it there is the literature of prophecy—the literature of a presence. Was it the real, dead-in-earnest prophetic institutions of Mrs. Browning that made her say, "I will write no plays?" In prophecy God speaks face to face. Its language is more than language, *it is life.*

In Browning's "Saul" we have the story of Saul's insanity; and David comes to redeem him from it. First he sings and plays, and Saul wakens slowly, then falls back again. Then he takes up the king's life and stirs his ambition. Slowly the great man rises again, only to fall back. Then the young shepherd

abandons song and story and offers himself. He'll lay down his *own* life for the king. But even this is powerless to redeem him. Finally in a frenzy of divine despair, he obliterates himself, leaving the Christ standing in his place. "See the Christ stand."

How like the Bible!—God in his songs; God in the great story of life; then God face to face, his life poured out.

It begins in the garden. The essence of prophecy is not a prediction but a presence. But where there is the presence language will project itself beyond the boundaries. Language will grasp the future because the future itself is present.

There is the first sin, and God hunting the sinner down, as he has hunted us down many and many a time in our own experience. He hunts us down; faces us with plain speech.

These face to face talks of God are plain of speech because God is talking to his own. As a boy once said, overhearing a conversation in which great plainness of speech was used, "Why, they talk as though they were related." God speaks plainly because *we are related* to him. He cuts deep because he is ready to pour out his life for us. He is the most ruthless critic of life, and the most appreciative, the most sympathetic. He analyzes us, takes us apart, till every part lies naked in his hand condemned or approved in the white light of his judgment. Then in upon the dead, dying, quivering parts he pours his life till they live again, stand erect, radiant with a new life. "The angel of his presence hath redeemed them." We know the power of a presence in our own life. A skeptic once said, "I can sweep away the arguments of the philosophers, but not the presence of my mother.

And the Bible is always growing into a presence, a life, a reality, through the prophets.

The book is forever growing into a presence; dissolving at times into the great world history, but resolving again into the divine Presence. It is the same face with its assuring light, the same heart with its redeeming blood. In historic form once he came In spiritual redeeming presence, he forever and forever comes.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

"O Lord and Master of us all
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call
We test our lives by thine!"

* * *

THIS we do know; this we must remember—that every one of us, however lowly, that hears so much as one clear word of truth and sends it on without a lisp is of the world's best aristocracy.

BUILDING RAILROADS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH to the North American exponents of that project there has seemed a discouraging lack of interest in the Pan-American Railway scheme on the part of South-American railroad men, there has really been no cessation of the activity of the latter in pushing development in their more immediate spheres.

"Let us build the lines the country needs," they say; "and don't ask us to go out of our way to further a scheme which, however practicable from an engineering point of view, would not pay us dividends in this century, and, possibly, not in the next. We concede that we might benefit indirectly through the increased stability of government that would follow the building of an inter-continental line, but that benefit is too remote to interest us at a time when we have ample opportunity for expending all our available funds in the construction of lines that will yield returns from the day they are opened."

So it happens that, while there has never been so much activity in railway construction in South America as at the present moment, almost without exception the new lines are following the parallels rather than the meridians, running east and west rather than north and south. Thus, in central and southern Chile three lines are already being built, and another is projected, to cut the Cordillera of the Andes,—as yet uncrossed by rails,—and connect with an equal number of lines from Buenos Ayres and Bahia Blanca that are being rapidly extended westward across the great Argentine Pampa.—*From "Railroads and Railroad Building in South America," by Lewis R. Freeman, in the American Review of Reviews for August.*

* * *

ARGENTINA'S UP-TO-DATE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.

THE total capitalization of the railroads of Argentina foots up to nearly $750,000,000. There are something like 15,000 miles of line in operation, over which were carried, in the year 1906, 30,000,000 tons of freight, and about the same number of passengers, the gross receipts amounting to almost $75,000,000. There are about twenty-five separate companies, mostly English, and no one of them but is extending its lines as fast as its capital will permit. The whole of the great pampa,—the Mississippi Valley of South America,—is fairly gridironed with the rails that have been laid across it in an effort to make the transportation facilities keep pace with increasing production, while the beginning of new extensions, toward the northern and western frontiers, as well as the lenghtening of old ones, goes on steadily year by year. —*From "Railroads and Railroad Building in South America," by Lewis R. Freeman, in the American Review of Reviews for August.*

SUNDAY.

IRA P. DEAN.

A HUSBAND had just informed his wife that a keg of beer would soon arrive and that the boys, as he called the members of Fire Company No. 10, would be here tomorrow for a "set out."

Saturday was a gloomy day for that mother and the evening wore away leaving her in horrible expectation of tomorrow's revelry.

Sunday morning came. The church bells were ringing out their notes of invitation to those whose hearts crave the sanctuary of the Lord. The birds were lifting their voices in praise to their Creator. But a mother, with her two young children, awaited in sorrow the arrival of "the boys." No singing, no reading of the Bible, no prayer was heard in that home on that morning. (It was very seldom heard at any time). There was no going to Sunday school, nothing but the thoughts of a miserable day.

At one o'clock the firemen arrived. The mother and children resorted to the kitchen. Parlor and dining room belonged to the firemen.

"You bring in the beer when we're ready, old woman." said the husband to his wife. No reply. She did not dare refuse.

Smoking commenced the indulgences, playing cards came next. "Beer! Beer! Old woman bring in that beer and don't go to sleep over it either." The wife reluctantly obeyed, shyly presenting herself before the rowdyish looking group now sitting around the table.

This performance was repeated three of four times, until most of the men were drunk. Cursing, swearing, vulgar conversation, jangling, fighting, beer spilled on the floor, cigar ashes spread over the carpet, and, to cap it all, the father's five-year-old son was made drunk at his father's command while the mother remained in the kitchen, weeping. This event wound up with nearly everything in the room ruined and looking as if swine had been there. It was a common sight for two young boys, three and five years old.

Sunday was always the day for this carousal, about Sunday-school time, in a so-called up-to-date, well refined, honest citizen's home. Fix this picture in your mind and thank God that you do not have to witness it and try to keep others from ever sharing in such sports.

CONSTITUTED as we are, it is infinitely preferable to live in proverty and obscurity with a friend who loves us and can and will have fellowship with us in our anxieties and sorrows than to reign as absolute monarch over earth's greatest fortune or empire, but isolated from human sympathy and love and fellowship. Cultivate those qualities that will secure you at least one friend who will live or die for you, and you have a new possession next in value to God.

HOW SOON WILL OUR COAL BEDS GIVE OUT?

ACCORDING to the estimate made, the total tonnage of coal in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is approximately 2,200,000,000,000 short tons (a short ton of coal is 2,000 pounds). If this amount of coal were molded into a single block, it would form a cube seven and one-half miles high, seven and one-half miles long, and seven and one-half miles broad; expressed in another way, it would form a layer of coal six and one-half feet thick over the entire area of the coal-fields of the United States, 400,000 square miles in extent.

Surely such an amount of coal seems inexhaustible. A block seven and one-half miles high would tower above the highest mountains on the earth. This is an enormous amount of coal. It represents the nation's reserve of power. It would be majestic to look upon; but at the rate at which the consumption of coal is increasing in the United States, it does not appear that it will last for many centuries. The rate of increase is enormous. When the Geological Survey experts concluded their calculations, and realized the extent of the present supply, they were appalled at the problem that confronts the United States.

The consumption of coal by decades is as follows:

	Short tons.
1816 to 1825	331,356
1826 to 1835	4,168,149
1836 to 1845	23,177,637
1846 to 1855	83,417,825
1856 to 1865	173,795,014
1866 to 1875	419,425,104
1876 to 1885	847,760,319
1886 to 1895	1,586,098,641
1896 to 1905	2,832,599,452

As shown by the figures, the amount produced in any one decade is equal to the entire previous production. The rate if continued means an increased production that no supply, however great, can withstand for many years.

If the rate of consumption of 1905 were maintained indefinitely, without change, our coal would last approximately 4,000 years, but if the constantly increasing rate which has marked the consumption during the past ninety years be maintained, our coal will practically be exhausted within 100 years.

Mr. Campbell, the expert who gives these figures, sums up the situation by declaring that the real life of our coal-fields probably will be somewhere between these extremes, and it seems probable that it may be about 200 years.—*From "How Long Will Our Coal Supply Last?" by John Llewellyn Cochrane, in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

OUR days are comparatively few, and we live through each day only once. Therefore, it behooves us to make each day worth while.—*March Ladies' Home Journal.*

ONLY SMILE.

MIKE BONEWITZ.

THOUGH we value a smile so little when not accompanied with any words, yet it may do some poor soul a great amount of good in the way of encouragement, though you little expected such. As a smile costs us so little effort to give, its value may be much to some poor soul who is starving for such a token of respect. Look at the institutions over this land established to help mankind: were there more sociability shown in them it would surely result in untold good. Speaking from experience, having spent over one year in such an institution, we saw much distress from the patients who were afflicted and with the exception of our nurse, occasionally, we seldom saw a smile or heard a word of encouragement. So as easy as a smile is given, God helping us may we improve every such opportunity while permitted to live in this earthly habitation that we may be better prepared to meet our Savior and enjoy the blessings he has prepared for us.

A CONSECRATED BODY.

IN the matter of the right and religious care of the body, heathenism broke down then and has always broken down. It may provide for ceremonial cleanliness, but it has never taught men the consecration of their bodies to God.

And yet, if the body is not consecrated, what is? It is idle to talk of a consecrated mind or heart in an unconsecrated body. There can be no reality of devotion in spirit that does not find utterance in the outer life. If the inside is clean, the outside must be clean also. If it is not, there must be something lacking in the inward cleanness. The gospel always demanded fruits, that the profession of the lips should offer proof in the manner of the life. It has taught men the inner ideal of purity.

By his own example and teaching, and by his constant exaltation of the child spirit as the necessary spirit of the true life, Jesus taught men entirely new conceptions of self-control, of subjugation of all animal appetites, of holiness and simplicity of heart, of the duty and possibility of innocence, and of the ignorance of evil. Wherever men are, there will be temptation to evil and evil acts, but where Christ's influence extends, the evil will be recognized as evil and fought against, and, in God's strength, overcome.

There is no more practical and helpful way to remind ourselves constantly of Christ's ideals than to regard our bodies as temples of God's Spirit, the only places on earth where he can dwell, and to treat them as we would feel it to be right to treat a holy place. We would not desecrate or defile a holy place. We would keep it neat and clean, and would banish from it all unworthy and degrading practices. Over our bodies we ought to inscribe the words sometimes written on the walls of churches: "Holiness becometh thy house, O Jehovah, forevermore."

The medieval Christians who whipped their bodies with scourges and broke them down by fastings and austerities were sinning against their bodies as really, though in a far nobler interest, as people today who weaken their bodies by social excesses and by indulgence and sloth. The simple, open life, rejoicing in woods and fields, and all clean games and sports, busy in homely toils and unafraid of work with the hands, is a more Christian life than either the ascetic's or the epicurean's.

The human body must ever be a holy thing to us, since the Son of God became incarnate in it. We bear the image of that which he stooped to wear and which by his indwelling has been dignified and exalted forever. Whenever the temptation comes to us to abuse or neglect our bodies, or when any question as to their right treatment arises before us, we need only remember Christ, and the fact that our bodies are in a double sense his, and to be used as not our own, but his, who wore our flesh and made it his own.—*By R. E. Speer in S. S. Times.*

A FEW years ago the cactus plant was a nuisance to large portions of the West, but this prickly plant promises to redeem its bad reputation by supplying some very useful material for daily life. First, it has a very long fiber, sometimes many feet in length and as fine and strong as ordinary sewing thread. Both paper and twine need such a fiber and western people have begun to experiment with the cactus in order to learn of its greater utility. At ElPaso, Texas, a company has been organized to cultivate the plant, mature it, refine and enlarge its size and manufacture twine from its fiber. The time may soon be here when the arid districts of the West will produce surprising quantities of useful material for this cactus flourishes only on desert land.

GIRLS in Denmark never experience the pleasure of receiving a diamond engagement ring. They are presented with a plain gold band which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country.

THAT the farmers constitute the backbone of this nation, is a time-honored theory, everywhere acknowledged. The recent flurries on "Wall Street," bring to mind the fact that the real prosperity of the country depends not on the operations of the Board of Trade speculator, but on the horny-handed farmer who tills the soil and gives the country its means of subsistence.

City or Farm

M. M. Winesburg

WHILE there are but few people who are really qualified to advise others what is the best for them to do; yet often one can drop a few remarks that some one may find helpful. Such is the object of this article, and that for the benefit of the boys and girls who are tired of the good old farm, and think that the city is the only place.

As I have just stated there are not many people qualified to advise others, simply because we do not know just the hopes and aims in life that the others have, but to the country boy or girl, who has a good home in the country, I would say, stay and work at home. For unless the boy or girl has an ambition to learn some trade or profession, that they can not learn without going to the city—why they can do just as well by working on the farm, as they can by working in the factories of the cities.

I have often heard both boys and girls say that the farm work was too hard, and the city work was easier; and then they had more advantages in the city, than they had in the country.

Now let us take a common sense view of the matter, and see just where the ease comes in, and the advantages there are in the city work over those of the country. Now while the hours which the city toiler has to work may not in some works, be as long as the working hours of the country, in the summer season, yet it is a steady work from the time one goes to work until quitting time; one can not sit down and rest in the fence corner when he gets tired, as the boys on the farm generally do when they hoe out their row. The men that work before the hot furnaces in the mills have to take breathing spells or they would give out, but it's get your breath and go back to the furnace again. While it may be hot, and the hours are from sunup until sundown in the country, during the planting and harvesting seasons; yet that doesn't last year in and year out. There are many days in which there is plenty of time for other purposes, whether study or amusements. While if the city worker wants to hold his or her job, he has a very few days off until the shutting downs.

Now to the advantages. How much do they overtop in the way of improvements? First there is nothing free in the city, unless it's the public library. One has to pay for everything he learns after he leaves the public schools, and if one has to learn without a teacher, he can learn as well on the farm, as he can in the city and sometimes better. In the city if one wants to take music or drawing lessons in the evenings, after the days' work is done, he can get them if he has the money to pay for them, and if you have the money it's no trouble to get the lessons anywhere. Those boys and girls whose parents own their own farms, are a hundred per cent better off than the daily toilers of the cities are, and there are many ways on the farm, that a bright boy or girl can make money on their own hook, by picking up new ideas and making use of them, and if one is not bright or plucky he will not make a success in either the city or country, for in the city there are so many others, who are all aiming for the same heights that unless one is bright, and plucky too, he will have no show at all, for often money helps where the brightness is lacking, and while you push others will have a pull and get there before you do, try hard as you will.

But I am afraid in most of the cases, that it is not because they think that they will have more chances to improve their minds, that so many of the country boys and girls lean toward the city, but because they think that there are more amusements in the city: They only see the bright side of city life from their peaceful homes on the farm, and have no idea of the trials that attend life in the city, as well as in the country. I know that many a time the boys and girls in the country have watched from the porches and gates of their homes the crowds of gaily dressed picnickers from the city—and rebelliously wished that they could dress up and go out like the city people did, while in that same crowd of picnickers was many a tired, hard-working man or woman who is vainly wishing for just such a farm on which to raise their children, and probably many who are thinking of the happy days when they, too, stood at the gate of the old farmhouse and watched the city picnickers go by.

Now, of course, one can not see as much in the country as in the city, but there is much to be seen in the cities that one is better off without seeing. Because one lives in the country there is no need of being out of touch with the world, for one can read and study in the evenings on the farm as well as he can in the city.

It may be all right for the boy or girl who intends to learn some trade or profession to leave the farm and try their luck in town, but if they only leave farm work to work in the factories and mills of the towns, why, I think they had much better stay and work on the farm, where they will not be subjected to the ill-treatment and insults that they will be likely to encounter in public works.

Now I think that I know something about what I am writing of, for I have worked both on the farm and in the city, but in my case the city work was a "have-

to" case. There may be others in the same boat, and to them I want to say just this:

When you leave the farm for city work, my dear boys and girls, you must have pluck as well as brightnes;—pluck to put up with many inconveniences that you did not have when you were at home on the farm; pluck to hold fast to your principles in the rush and scramble for the first place. For if you, like myself, have grown up with the idea that all human bipeds were ladies and gentlemen, and honorable in all of their actions, you will get a rude awakening when you join the ranks of the city toilers, for it's everyone for himself, and sometimes others may think that you are having an easy time of it and try to get you into trouble. In that case there will be times when your cheeks will burn and your blood get hot over the insinuation that you are "A Sucker." Now that's straight goods and no hear-say about it either.

So now my dear young friends if your circumstances are such that you will have to work in the factories and mills for your living, and depend on your own labor for the means to secure the instructions you wish, let me write out a few hints that you might find useful sometimes.

First, map out the road you intend to follow and then follow it with all the skill and vigor that you possess. You will also have to have a brave heart a strong principle to help you through, and then toe the straight path, for you cannot pay for your instructions and amusements of the city at the same time; so you will have to leave one or the other alone. If you are after instructions leave the amusements alone, for if you follow the rounds of pleasure that many of the factory boys and girls do, you will not have much left to pay for your instructions, so don't begin them. Don't, for your own sake, pick up all the flip ways of your associates; for that will kill your standing quicker than anything else. Know with whom you are associating before you are seen on the streets with them. If you don't you may get the "face burns," that is, if you believe in quiet behavior on the streets and any other than quiet behavior stamps the actors as persons of ill breeding.

If you have the love of our Master in your heart, hold fast to it; for that love will be your stay in time of trials, and deport yourself as a God-fearing person should.

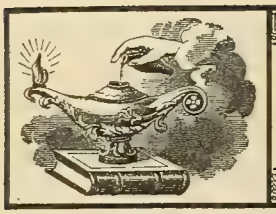
And now, last but not least: do not get discouraged when you have failures. Remember that while one person may find an easy path and climb right up to the top without any failures whatever, ten others may find the road so hard to travel that they get discourged before they reach the heights they wished to gain.

With all of your faith and pluck, there will be times when you visit the old scenes in the country and worn out and weary, lie on your bed and look out of the window at the branches of the old walnut tree waving in the pure, sweet air, that you will ask yourself if the "game has been worth the candle." But after such a visit you will feel strengthened to take up the battle again, and may you reach your goal and make a success of your trade or profession.

The Los Angeles example is worthy of imitation, especially in connection with the crusade that is so badly needed in every community for the elimination of the objectionable billboard. If the citizens and officials of a community could be shown by means of photographs how intolerable the poster nuisance is, it is difficult to believe tthat they would long remain inert. There is now no question in the minds of thoughtful observers that the presence of unsightly billboards is incompatible with the presentation of an attractive aspect in a city. It is like the placing of a garish patch on a dress suit. Moreover, public authorities are beginning to appreciate that not only are billboards detrimental to the physical beauty of a community, but likewise to health and property. So daring and impudent has the billposter grown that he does not hesitate to place his boards where and when he pleases, shutting out light, air, and sunshine.

Fortunately, however, the volume of protest against the evil is growing. Not only are the women, through their various organizations, taking up arms, but officials and business men are enlisting for the war. In fact, the outcry against the billboard is an encouraging sign of the advance of culture in America.—*From "The Crusade Against Billboards," by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

Mexico is getting ready to celebrate the centennial of its independence in 1910. While most nations would celebrate such an event with a great exposition of perhaps doubtful value and much expense, the practical government of Mexico has decided upon a commemoration at once practical and permanent. Public improvements, national in extent and far reaching in value are to be inaugurated. Some 900 cities and towns are to start simultaneously public works of the kind most needed in each particular locality, and costing on an average $100,000 each. The period between the present time and Sept. 16, 1910, will be used in collecting the funds and making all other necessary arrangements so that when the word is given, on the day of the nation's independence, all over the nation public works will be started whose benefits will last another hundred years. One cannot help but admire the wisdom of a plan of commemoration, as outlined above. World's fairs, as usually conducted on centennial occasions, cost big sums and leave nothing of permanent value. The plan of President Diaz will continue to do good long after he has passed away.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

God's Leadings.

"And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." Psa. 107: 7.

We need the right way in everything. The wrong idea gives no strength, wrong information brings no success, and wrong motives produce no comfort of heart. The right way is the only way there is in anything. Error is false, hence naught, a delusion.

Some people think that the right way is hard, dreary, etc. Well what of that if it is the only road that leads to where you want to go? What gain is there in an easy road and jolly crowd if at the end of the journey you find that the road led you to where you did not want to go? That would be a hard journey, because useless, fruitless and disappointing, while the narrow way, or God's way, is the joyful way, the desirable way because each step and each battle brings the desired end nearer and when the race is done there is no disappointment and remorse.

Yes, God always leads by the right way, and even this talk about all the hardships being along his way is of the devil's make-up. There are a thousand-fold more thorns and stings on the wrong way, the easy way whatever way you may call it, than there are along God's way.

Stop your grumbling and go to praising God, believing God and working with him and then the sour nature will leave you and flowers of joy and raptures of songs will possess your life and efforts until you too shall enter the City of Eternal Habitation.

BLESSINGS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Count the blessings that surround us,
And the mercies that we share,
Are they few, and numbered to us?
Or as boundless as the air?
As the dews are scattered to us,
And the sunbeams 'round us play,
Bounties are unmeasured to us,
By our Father day by day.

And the stars that stud the heavens,
Are they numbered every one?
Pearly drops from crystal fountains,
Can we count them as they run?
So are blessings showered on us
By our Father's loving hand,
Dropt along life's highway to us
Blessings free thro'out the land.

Could we always see our blessings
And the least one learn to praise
Consecrate them in our feelings,
Tho' they're often in disguise,
Pleasures that are sweet and savory,
Would along our path be strewn,
Brightly, beautifully, lovely,
Worth and beauty would attune.

What are all our life's endeavors,
If we know not wisdom's ways?
Utilize God's gifts and favors;
Dreaming must not fill our days.
Greet the morning and it's burdens
With a thankful, cheerful heart,
Tho' the cloud is dark that saddens
'Twill divide and from us part.

Smile or frown, is at our option,
Gloom or sunshine to impart,
We can have a sweet affection
Or a cold forbidding heart,
Which, the cup of life be filling?
Which, be anchored in the soul?
Let us choose the greater blessing.
Let true wisdom have control.

For the blessings thus provided,
Earthly, moral, spiritual,
Gratitude to God be rendered;
For he doeth all things well.
Wise and merciful His nature,
With a weight and balance true;
He will give to every creature,
All that justice claims as due.

CALL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the twentieth century, he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, and his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about him? Will you, boy of the twentieth century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?—*David Starr Jordan.*

A SHINING LIGHT.

ORPHA WORKMAN.

."Ye are the light of the world. Matt." 5: 14. The light house Pharos one of the seven wonders of the world, stood at the harbor of Alexandria in Egypt. It was four hundred feet high and the fire constantly kept lighted at its summit was visible for forty miles. As this beacon light streaming far out over the midnight sea was the means of saving many precious souls, so in the moral world Christian manhood should stand high and sublime as a lighthouse on the shores of time with the blessed rays of gospel light shining far out on life's sea over the dark waves of sin and crime to guide tempest tossed souls to that haven of rest,—a celestial home in the Paradise of God ere it is too late. Be not like the treacherous signal boats sometimes stationed off an iron-bound coast, constantly changing places and are approached with trembling uncertainty for they attract only to bewilder and allure only to destroy. Stand forth as the towering lighthouse of Eddistone whose beams are welcomed by many an anxious mariner as he sweeps in the British Channel and on whose sides this motto is cut, "To give light and save life." O, if this were every Christian's motto! Is this our mission, or is our's a false and flashing light easily extinguished?

We need not leave our light shine only in our circle of acquaintances but—everywhere. Like some friendly beacon at the mouth of some harbor or off a rocky coast it is our duty to warn men from evil and direct them toward the good. Many a voyager on life's sea has found guidance from some kindly ray reflected from some consecrated Christian when the waves of sin were beating high or the winds of temptation were swiftly driving their vessel toward the rocks of an unbelief and they were about to sink into deepest despair. Let your light ever shine to guide these poor souls by sin's tempest tossed 'ere their ill-fated vessel crashes into the rocks of unbelief and sin—a wreck.

R. F. D. Londonville, Ohio.

TRUE MANHOOD.

Man is the Creator's masterpiece. He is endowed with dominion over all the earth and all its creatures. This we see in the relation of things, if we fail to learn it from the Bible. What a weight of responsibility, then, must rest upon every human being! How shall men meet their account in the day of judgment, for their treatment of the dependent, trustful animals?

Man is entrusted with wonderful possibilities. He ought to achieve a great and noble destiny. How strange then, that so many make a wreck of their manhood! See that man who brings upon himself voluntary insanity by drunkenness. He denies being insane. But is he in his right mind when he is acting worse than a fool; And if he is not all the time in some degree insane, why does he ever return to the saloon or to his glass? Here is a case of degraded manhood—a perverted mind and body. Can he still think a little? If so, how would he like to see his wife or his sister stagger and leer and talk profane and filthy language? If he has any sense left that would shock him. But why should he do so more than they?

Here is another who is sacrificing his manhood to the infatuation of his cigaret or some other deadly drug. Perhaps he is only a boy, imbibing the fool notion that such a practice would make him appear manly. Cannot he be aroused to his rational manhood? Cannot he see that he is throwing himself away, that he is unfitting himself for ever standing among men as a man? So I might go on and designate the evils of many vices that people indulge, and even the habit of overeating which is ruining the health and the manhood of so many—women as well as men. What a perversion of our noble manhood!

But what is true manhood? What is man? Made a little lower than God! Endowed with reason, conscience, the capacity of learning truths and rejecting errors—developing his mind and soul, and the body too, for a noble, progressive manhood for eighty years. Yes, not only that, but to have this noble manhood to continue and develop in the glorified sainthood of all eternity.

Then, if all this is true, how can any human being dare to trifle with manhood and soul-destiny? How dare we to live another day in disobedience to our God, and denying our Jesus? And rejecting him is the worst kind of disobedience—disobeying even our own judgment.

Every soul is working out the destiny of his manhood—either the loss of the eternal life for which he was designed or else, by confessing his Redeemer, securing the true, great end of his manhood—the life eternal. That is peace with God, and soul-rest, to be begun and enjoyed here and during this life, and mature into the eternal redemption and preservation of spirit, soul, and body. Oh, the possibilities of our manhood! Shall we fool it away or shall we ask the Lord to help us make of it just what he designed it should be?—*Rev. M. Fulcomer.*

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1. How unfortunate people such as widows, invalids, etc., have supported their families.

2. How you earned your education.

3. What luxuries in diet, dress, entertainment, etc., you have learned to do without with profit.

4. How young girls have earned their living and forged their way through life single handed.

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First, Good sentiment. That is wholesome, clean, moral thought and aspiration. Scandal, tragedy and sporty stuff are not to blot its clean record of the past.

Second, *Convictions.* The INGLENOOK expects to echo the fundamental principles of life with a ring that leaves no uncertainties.

Third. *Inspiration* to achieve character. Most people are struggling, actually gasping for life in the mad rush for a place in life. Air castles, free advice, visionary schemes, etc., give but momentary relief. What people want is an inspiration to *believe and go ahead.* If we drop every other aim of the NOOK we shall not cease our endeavor to inspire people to look upon the bright side of life. A great deal of stupidity and failure comes from taking a gloomy view of life.

Cheer up, God rules this universe and all is well now and evermore.

HELP WANTED.

ONE person on the Pacific Coast.

One (two if possible) in the Middle West.

One in Southeastern States.

One in Eastern States.

One in New England.

One in Western Canada.

One in Eastern Canada.

One in Mexico.

There are movements and events each week in these various sections that every NOOKER ought to know but they are reported only in the papers of one state where the event occurred.

The Editor cannot read all the papers published in the different states and form judgments upon the events and reduce them to writing, so he calls for the readers of the NOOK to help him serve his busy readers more fully.

Two things can be done. One is for you to clip the article from whatever paper you see something of national interest and send it to the editor. The other is for you to write out each week the doings of your own section along with newspaper clippings so that the NOOKMAN can enlarge or boil down according to the space in the NOOK. But we want the news fresh and full. No sport nor slander need be sent.

Recently St. Louis and Kansas City authorities combined to show President Roosevelt in person the need of appropriations for making the Missouri River more navigable. Large and great industrial improvements in that section of the United States is imminent but Chicago, New York, and New Orleans papers said nothing about the project, therefore readers in those sections learned nothing from those papers about the movement.

Also one million dollars came to Kansas recently to move the wheat crop, but Philadelphia papers took no note of that. Now what we want is some able person in each of these districts to furnish our readers with the general news of that district. New York papers are read only by eastern people, San Francisco papers only by western people but not so with the NOOK. The NOOK goes all over the United States and we want it to report full and accurate news that everybody should know. Minor and local or personal news will not be noticed.

Now write to the Editor what you can do to help in this matter.

You will want a few of the best newspapers that your territory produces. That is all.

Another feature worthy our attention is this. We want each correspondent to *forecast* news from his district. Conventions, fixed functions, previous arrangements, etc., can all be published ahead of time. In this way the NOOK readers without daily papers in Pennsylvania or Nebraska will know each day of each week what is happening in Texas, North Dakota, etc., without waiting until it is a month old.

I am very sure that all the readers will appreciate the news in advance, when once we get our plans to working. Do not think for one moment that news gathering is to become the most prominent feature of the NOOK to the exclusion of other departments. We just want our news up to date or a week ahead from every section of the United States.

Tell me what you can do and then the NOOK MAN will *help make it possible* for you to attain your desires. Remember now, the Editor says he will *help* you.

FOUND OR EARNED—WHICH?

MOST people have a fondness for *finding* things rather than earning them. How excited and delighted they become when anything of value is found, showing the inner desire to get life's treasures by chance if possible. Let your delight be in legitimately earning your standing and worth in life rather than securing it through strategy, accident or fraud. There is just praise due him whose success has been earned.

AUTUMN HARVESTS.

THE natural elements of the earth have again combined and matured into substances which make up the life forces for man. Light, heat, moisture and cultivation have crowned the summer's work with fruits, vegetables and cereals and picking time is now here in earnest ere the frost comes that kills.

All this is but a forecast of each individual life. Just as the oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, etc., in the soil cannot sustain life alone, but when worked up into food by the mystic laws of nature then they become palatable and sustain a higher life than they have within themselves. So we as fleshly mortals are only temporary actors but when our experiences have matured us in the autumn of life we shall also be garnered for a celestial service.

POPULAR BECAUSE OF MERIT.

THE INGLENOOK avoids any tendency to become *sensational* or *spooky*. These traits soon breed the *false* while the NOOK is printed in the interest of *Truth*. Clean, wholesome and reliable, these are our watchwords, and it is because of its useful nature that we hope to see the NOOK become popular. Send in one subscription this week and help the paper along.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

EXPECT a good, long, useful life.

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Nature is the greatest juvenator; her spirit is ever young. Live with her; study her; love her.

Keep mental cobwebs, dust, and brain ashes brushed off by frequent trips to the country or by travel.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday, that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Keep your mind young and fresh by vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful optimistic disposition.

Throw aside your dignity and romp and play with children; make them love you by loving them, and you will add years to your life.—*Glenwood Boy.*

A GOOD OFFER.

FROM now until the close of nineteen hundred and eight you can have the INGLENOOK for one dollar if you subscribe at once. That would make you a book of about three thousand pages of ordinary size. You need not worry about trashy reading in the INGLENOOK either. We have a drawer full of rejected articles, poems, etc., in which scandal and tragedy have been written up and offered free of cost to the NOOK. Better cut all such poison out of your homes at once, it breeds death, physically, mentally and morally. Just as we were penning these lines the first installment of articles from a highly successful M. D. were handed us. We have him engaged for the next six months to give the NOOK family weekly suggestions on all the questions of health in the home, and it will all be free to you. This is to take the place of the old recipes that have been copied and recopied from one paper to the other thousands of times.

And then you get advice from this Doctor free. If you have some disability of general interest send in your query and he will answer through these columns.

Also instead of the cooking recipes we shall have weekly articles on Scientific Cooking; how to combine foods that do not neutralize each other and produce poisonous gas in the stomach. Few cooks know what elements and what foods really go together. You can ask questions in this department and receive answers also.

But now let us have a few thousand new subscribers at once among your friends. Begin today. A commission given for every subscription.

The above ought to be enough, but, listen! Besides the two new departments just mentioned think of these additional ones. Child Training, by a mother who has devoted a life to the study of developing children from birth to maturity. How the mind unfolds and when and how new experiences ought to be introduced to the child, how to treat backward children. Do you know that babies born idotic have been developed into ordinary people by proper child training? This is a wonderful subject, just now coming into full use. Then another mature thinker and writer will discuss Young People's Problems, keeping company, proper deportment, dress, aspirations, etc., etc.

The NOOK stands for an ideal home, hence these departments will be added in the near future. Essays, editorials, poems, news, critiques, living issues, etc., will continue as heretofore, only a little more scope will be added in the way of sentiment being molded by the NOOK. The paper stands for definite attainments and the world shall be made stronger and better because of the INGLENOOK. Do not forget the offer of fifteen months for one dollar.

SOME PATENTS OF THE WEEK.

EVERY vocation in life seems to receive its weekly benefits from the inventor's genius.

We select a few of the hundreds of new devices patented last week: "Egg Case," "Fruit Picker," "Hair Comb," "Faucet," "Tobacco Pipe," "Water Heater," "Lamp Burner," "Clothes-line Support," "Folding Screen Door," "Extension Table," "Washing Machine," "Railway Switch," "Polycycle," "End Gate."



Echoes from Everywhere

LUTHER BURBANK recently exhibited seventy-three different species of apples, all grown on one tree.

PATENTS, trade marks, designs, etc., aggregate about fifteen hundred each week in the United States.

THE Moody Bible Institute of Chicago has more students this year than ever before in its twenty-one years of history. This school never takes vacation.

IRRIGATION in Hawaii is being arranged for also. A canal carrying 45,000,000 gallons of water daily is about completed.

SEVERAL years ago it was announced that a young Swede had at last been able to weld copper on to other metals but up to date no such combination has been seen on the market.

THE toad is looked upon as being a harmless creature, yet from the glands in his back a venomous substance has been extracted that produces death when injected into certain animals.

RECENT investigations around Niagara Falls confirm the opinion that the Falls are only a few thousand years old. Scientists guess their age all the way from twelve to forty thousand years.

IN 1906 there were over two hundred thousand dollars worth of precious stones found in the United States, consisting mainly of torumaline, sapphire, beryl, chrysoprase, turquoise and spodumene.

A TEST in flying-machines will be held at St. Louis, Missouri, on October 21. England, France, Germany and the United States are the contestants. About one dozen machines will be tried. $5,000 award will be given to the most successful airship.

ENGINEERING enterprises to the amount of $600,000,000 are under headway in New York City. The improvements consist of railroad tunnels, bridges, water supplies, etc. The tunnel from Manhattan Island to Jersey City, alone, costs $50,000,000.

A FISH has been imported from Australia which feeds upon mosquito larvae. Italy has already taken the matter in hand and is distributing fish of this kind throughout the swampy regions of that country.

NOT only wireless telegraphy, but wireless telephony as well, is being used by the United States Navy. This new advance is yet in its experimental stage but promises to become of practical value also.

FLOWER bulbs treated with ether before transplanting have been found to make a growth in a week, that formerly required a month's time. Theories and explanations are being offered but no one just fully understands this law of nature yet.

IT has been learned that coal submerged under water does not deteriorate so rapidly as when exposed to the air. Some large consumers of coal are preparing to take advantage of this by digging large coal pits which can be filled with water.

A NEW method of cutting steel has been patented by a Belgian engineer. By first heating the metal with an oxy-hydrogen flame and then using oxygen gas a smooth cut one-hundredth of an inch fine can be made through steel bars, rails, or, even the best improved bank vaults.

THE latest new hotel of large size to be built in New York city costs $12,500,000. It is to be built on the site of the old Plaza Hotel, which was torn down after only a few years of use, and a more modern structure built in its place. It is said that with the continuous building of large hotels in that city, the hotels yet do a thriving business. It hustles the city to accommodate her newcomers.

RECENT navy reports grade the large navies of the world as follows: England, 29 points; United States, 15 points; France, 11 points; Germany, 10 points; Japan, 5 points. By this report our navy has grown from almost nothing, a generation ago, to second place in the world, and if the President's wish is carried out we can expect a much larger navy by 1911 than the present one.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has appointed a board of experts to test various safety devices being used on different railroads, with a view of lessening the fatalities of railroad life. A wise step indeed, none too soon either, and one which everybody will endorse.

MR. WELLMAN who recently gave up his balloon trip to the North Pole because of encountering an unexpected strong gale says: "After this successful attempt, (for the balloon to be handled in such a gale) we were all convinced that the "America," in normal summer weather can make her way to the pole."

MR. SIMONIS, of London, England, has perfected a liquid air appliance whereby a man can breathe pure air from the compressed liquid air and thus keep alive for weeks. This will save many a life, which by accident is smothered by poisonous gases in coal mines, tunnels, city sewers and other places where workmen hazard their lives to foul air.

ENGRAVERS have their art reduced to a very fine point. A few years ago a man engraved the Lord's Prayer on one face of a gold dollar and the world marveled, but recently a man engraved two sets of the alphabet and his own name on the head of an ordinary pin, It takes a strong microscope to reveal the fine work but it is said to be done perfectly.

MASSACHUSETTS is beginning to protect herself in a sensible way against the recklessness of some railroads. A new law has been enacted by which railway thoroughfares must be kept clean from weeds and rubbish. Spark arresters for the locomotives to prevent forest fires and other losses, are also under consideration. Forest fires caused by railways have robbed the United States of more than what the Civil War cost.

CHARLES SCHNEIDER, of Austria, has invented a smoke and cinder consumer for railway engines. On a recent test run from New Haven, Conn., to Springfield, Mass., not a sign of smoke was seen and not a cinder fell. The passengers were delighted with the freedom from smoke and soot. The device turns both smoke and cinders into fuel thus proving to be an economy rather than an expense. The smoke nuisance in city railway stations has been a grievous one ever since steam engines came into use, and this new invention promises to be great relief to station employés.

SOME very interesting experiments are being made with the X-Rays. Animals and insects are subjected to the rays at various stages of their development in order to learn more about the right and wrong use of this valuable invention in treating man. X-Rays are used by many doctors of medicine with very good results in a variety of ailments, both internal and external.

THE government is using wireless telegraphy more and more along the coast, so as to communicate with the vessels at sea and fortresses on land. Seattle and San Francisco are to be joined soon. There are several wireless stations in Alaska already. Steel towers one hundred and seventy feet high are used, being built about one hundred and forty miles apart. Of course communication can be carried on at a much greater distance when necessary.

CALIFORNIA is planting five hundred acres to the black-eye beau, which takes on both the color and and flavor of genuine coffee, and can be placed on the market at five cents per pound. The beau is said to leave no bad effects upon the user and also satisfies the desire for coffee aroma. The experiment is being watched with a widespread interest, for Americans like coffee, and heretofore, some very cheap and hurtful adulterations, and substitutes, have been used for imported coffee.

LABOR statistics show that places for 250,000 men, women and children can be secured at wages ranging from $3 a week to $3.50 per day. Information from various state commissions reveal the fact that the congestion of our cities would be relieved if some general bureau of information were created that could distribute the surplus population of our cities. Three states are calling for 1,000,000 immigrants to settle their lands. Instead of herding the foreigners we need to settle them more away from the large centers of population.

THE great bugaboo to fruit shippers heretofore, has been the decay, incident to long hauls. This is said to have been entirely overcome, so that fruit packed in cars for five months has came out crisp and fresh, and even decayed specks are arrested from further growth. All of this is done by the use of nitrogen. A paper box, treated with bitumen, is filled with fruit in the usual way. These boxes are placed within a steel cylinder, from which the air is taken. Nitrogen is then introduced and the cylinder sealed. Fruit is said to have been kept perfectly good for seven years by this method.



LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

We may love our enemies—
May really do them good;
Pray for them continually,
Thus treat them as we should.

Tis not so much a duty
As privilege, to bless—
With grace of rarest beauty,
One's own faults to confess

How weak are we; unworthy
Our Lord's forgiving grace.
How oft we're found in error;
Yet we may seek His face.

We're always sure of kindness
From our most faithful Friend.
Love covers fault with blindness,
While prayer and pity blend.

O, why not love each other;
Cast unkind thoughts away:
As prayed our Elder Brother,
"Forgive our foes" we pray.

Collbran, Colo.

REFLECTIONS.

D. MAXEY QUELLHORST.

How kindly our dear heavenly Father has veiled the future from mortal vision. How tenderly he leads us on, from happy childhood, up to old age. When we take a retrospective view of life, we wonder how many of us would have "stood the storm" had our future trials and hardships been open to view. Many no doubt would have given up in despair, ere we reached manhood and womanhood. But God in his wisdom and great love for humanity gently leads us on, one step at a time, till, before we are aware, we have crossed mountains of difficulties. How far above man's ways, are God's! I remember many times when a very little girl, wondering what my future destiny would be, for I was rather of an imaginative turn of mind. I think Maud Muller could not have been more so, when her "narrow kitchen walls, stretched away into stately halls." But alas! for human imaginations. They count but little, when we come against the stern realities of life, and as I sit now and look back through years of toil, hardships and heartaches, I see the hand of the Almighty displayed in every act, in the wonderful drama of my life. I see myself, a little girl again, enjoying the pleasures of an humble though happy home. led and guided by Christian parents who, praise the Lord were never too busy to stop, and set the erring child aright when it chanced to go astray. I see around the family altar, father, mother, brothers and sisters, on bended knees, imploring heavenly guidance, and I also see little altars built by childish hands, out by some fallen tree, and little heads bowed with hearts full of sadness, begging our dear Father in heaven to "make our papa well." For since I can remember, our now sainted father was a great sufferer. Many the time he bade us good-bye thinking for the last time. But he bore his affliction with much Christian patience. I love, though it makes me sad, to think of it now. Yes I love to think of those dear old days, when we children as the evening shadows gathered round our door, would go to our altar, and there pour out our souls to God in prayer, and we have no reason to doubt that those earnest though childish petitions were wafted to the very courts of Heaven and how I pray, that as the shadows of life's evening close around us, we may go to our heavenly Father with that simple faith, and trust in him that prompted us to, in those days of innocent childhood ere our feet had learned to tread the crooked paths of sin, and before the disappointments and sorrows of life had ever cast their shadows across our pathway. And as we look through the vista of time from happy care-free childhood up to the present, we see more than ever, the wisdom of the divine Father. One moment, yea, but one breath at a time, he leads us on through wind and storm, for which we praise and bless his holy name.

Alvo, Nebr.

PRESERVING THE HEALTH OF YOUNG GIRLS.

Two well-known singing teachers have recently testified that their girl pupils are ailing most of the time. Lessons are skipped, progress is impeded, voices are injured by such indisposition, life is demoralized generally. One of these teachers said that at least half of his pupils were under the doctor's care all of the time.

"And then I am blamed for not developing their voices properly," he complained. "Sick girls cannot learn to sing, even if they could keep up their lessons regularly."

A young college girl brought to New York last Easter season, the news that a large proportion of her classmates were either in the hospital or their

own rooms under the care of physicians. There was no epidemic in the institution. The girls were "just laid up" with the ordinary ailment generally called the grip.

"Of course they are sick," commented the girl, nonchalantly, "Girls are always sick. They can't stand the strain of college life like boys. It isn't to be expected."

Remarks of that sort are too common. It seems as though a large class of people take it for granted that women are naturally invalids, which sounds almost as if they accused their Master of having done his work badly.

But we are persuaded better things of humanity. Reverently, we believe that the Creator meant girls and women to be strong, bright, merry, and useful, to possess health and all the glories and blessings which go with it.

In the first place, the singing teachers and the college girl probably took no account of the fact that most of the ailing maidens were wearing lingerie waists, coming down to breakfast in them on cold mornings; sitting in them through draughty lectures, concerts, plays; their bare necks and shoulders showing through the dainty embroideries, and their sleeves short. If our boys had been arrayed so foolishly, they, too, would have had "all kinds of grip."

Perhaps boys and girls are equally subjected to the strain of late hours, indigestible food, wet feet, and constant excitement. Quiet evenings at home are rare for either girls or boys over seventeen. Even in our colleges for girls there is a continual succession of class and society and general entertainments, which, coupled with their study, keep the nerves of the student in a steady quiver (a paradox, but true) from one week's end to another.

The girls, too, have almost or quite as much outdoor exercise as boys do in these days. In fact, the only sanitary condition in which boys have the advantage would seem to be in this matter of clothing. The costume of men is not entirely hygienic; but it is far and away more comfortable and more conducive to health than that of girls and women.

Thin shoes are responsible for many ailments of girlhood. Tight shoes, for many more. A long-continued course of tight shoes is enough to give even a strong person nervous prostration. The heavy hat is another source of ill-health among girls. The craze for becoming "picture hats," some of them ridiculously large and cruelly heavy, must be modified if our girls are to keep well.

Given a generous and healthful diet, plenty of outdoor exercise, nine hours of quiet sleep in each twenty-four, pleasant occupation, and, perhaps most important of all, loose and comfortable clothing, and our girls would be able to bear, without illness, all of the noble and pressing duties which a wise Providence has appointed for the modern maiden, in her preparation for the important responsibilities of free and happy American womanhood.—*Kate Upson Clark.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHING the hands in strong cold coffee will remove the odor of onions.

To loosen a glass fruit jar top there need be no trouble if the can is quickly inverted and the head plunged into a kettle of very hot water.

WHITE paint may be cleaned by rubbing it gently with a soft flannel dipped in a paste of whiting and water, and adding a little soap powder.

HARD water can be easily softened for toilet purposes if a muslin bag containing fine oatmeal be squeezed out in the water before using. Fresh oatmeal should be used every day.

Cheese Making.

Two sisters spending the summer on their father's farm in New Hampshire became interested in making cottage cheeses for their own table and finally for the summer trade. Cottage cheeses, as every housewife knows, are very easily made, but they are considered a great delicacy by many city people. A small cheese, daintly wrapped in buttered paper, sold for ten cents. They sold twenty cheeses a week all through the summer season, and two pounds of butter a week for which they received twenty-five cents a pound. They had paid five dollars a month for the hire of their cow, so at the end of four months they had a credit of about forty dollars.

SEVEN MINDS.

1 MIND your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words.

2. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked pictures or objects.

3. Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

4. Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them.

5. Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.

6. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

7. Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.—*Exchange.*

BABY.

2:00 P. M.

A tangled mass of sunny curls,
A rosy mouth with glistening pearls,
Sweet wondering eyes of heavens' own hue,
Like violets wet with morning dew—
That's baby!

A rounded little velvet cheek,
With dimples playing hide and seek;
Two arms that 'round my neck are laid
To measure love were surely made—
That's baby!

A tired head that droops full soon,
A drowsy nod, a sleepy croon;
The deep-fringed eyelids downward creep,
And some one's in the land of sleep—
That's baby!

2:00 A. M.

What sound is this that shatters night,
And puts sweet sleep to headlong flight?
A screaming mouth fills most the space
Allotted to the human face—
That's baby!

The neighbors' windows downward dash,
Profanity in every crash;
While infant fingers tear my hair
Until in spots my scalp is bare—
That's baby!

With visage puffed and sorely clawed,
With eyes that smart from being "pawed,"
How can I see the "boys" today
And hear the grinning idiots say,
"How's baby?"

—Lippincott's.

THE SCHOOLS.

It is not enough that our children are clothed and sent regularly to the schoolhouse, or that we try to give them time for study at home, yet many parents—especially fathers—regard this as the extent of their duty to their children. There are many things about the house and the grounds demanding—though seldom receiving—the attention of the parent, and without which attention, the children suffer more or less in many ways. Few men would entrust a valuable animal—a horse, or dog—to strange hands without looking after the conditions to which it would be consigned. There would always be solicitude for its welfare, and very often personal supervision, no matter how busy the men were. But the children! The little, dependent, human animals—that is another story.

In large cities, great attention is being bestowed upon the condition of the buildings and grounds with regard to sanitation and the welfare and comfort of the young people. Ventilation, the proper size of the desks, the arrangement of the light, the position of the child when at study, the hours of recreation, the temperature of the room, cleanliness and freedom from smells or foulness of the grounds, purity of the water, and many other matters are subject to the gravest consideration. But the country schools are not so well cared for. Too often members of the school board, though fathers themselves, are indifferent, or thoughtless, and, so there is no flagrant complaint, things are allowed to jog along unhindered. The mothers seem to have little time to look after such things, and if they did, they do not seem to have the power to right the wrongs.

Do you know the conditions to which you consign the boys and girls? If not, don't you think it your duty to find them out by a personal inspection? Do you know anything about the teacher you hire, except what the certificate showed you? More than book learning should be required of a teacher, but in many cases, not even this is strictly insisted upon. Do look into the matter, dear fathers and mothers. Visit the schools, and realize your responsibility.

A few drops of cider vinegar rubbed into the hands after washing clothes will keep them smooth and take away the spongy feeling they always have after being in water for a good while.

Eggs that are kept should be stood on the small end of the egg, and not the broad end.

Have the inside of the oven kept scrupulously clean. Wash the entire inside of the oven (not forgetting the roof) at least once a week. Remove the shelves and door before commencing operations, and scrape off any burned substance with an old knife. Let the oven be kept open till quite dry and all smell of soap has passed off. A brush kept for this purpose is very useful.

Airing Clothes. It is not enough to hang the ironed linen on a clothes-horse before the fire for so many hours. They must be turned and re-turned, and thick things such as sheets, require turning inside out; pillow-slips, too, should be opened out; a pillow-cover, ever so slightly damp, is apt to cause earache and toothache, and a damp sheet has been again and again the beginning of lifelong agonies of rheumatism. It is the truest economy of time to thoroughly complete the airing process before putting away; the drawers and press should always be placed in a dry position, of course, and it is expedient to remove everything from the drawers and air them about once a month.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake, and dry in the sun or by the fire.

CONGRESS ON SCHOOL HYGIENE.

WITH delegates present from more than twenty countries, among them the United States, the second International Congress on School Hygiene met in London recently for a five days' session. The subjects which were discussed at the congress were divided into four groups. The first group dealt with the best methods of training for the minds and for the bodies of healthy scholars in and out of school. The second group dealt with children who are defective in body and mind, or who are subject to disease or illness. The third dealt with the important subject of medical inspection, of the instruction both of teachers and children in the laws of health, and with the health of the teaching profession. The fourth dealt with residental schools and with school buildings and equipment.

WHAT SOME GIRLS COST.

THE discussion of the cost of rearing children, says an exchange, continues in a lively manner. The most conspicuous contribution to date is the experience of a woman whose eldest daughter was presented at English court this year. Her statement represents that the daughter cost her parents in twenty years a grand total of $37,000, an average of $1,850 yearly.

The totals show she cost $1,100 yearly for the first eigth years, $1,400 for the next six years, while in her 16th, 17th, and 18th years her annual cost was $2,350. The mother adds that her 19th and part of her 20th year were spent in Paris and Dresden at a cost of about $3,750.

The statement continues: "I then took a house in London for the season in order that she might be brought out and presented at court, an essential part of her education. I paid a dressmaker and milliner on her 'season' account $2,800; a jeweler $1,700; a little shoemaker $375; a coiffeur $230, and in entertaining on her account probably $2,500."

BITS of soap from toilet, tables and from sinks should go into a soap-jar kept for them. In a few weeks the bits of dry, hard soap will have collected into perhaps a pound weight in a house with several inhabitants. The bits should then be covered with water and stewed into soap-jelly which is excellent for clothes washing and for sink use.

THE records of great men's lives that have come down to us all bear testimony to the tremendous uplifting force of womanly influence in the background.. A still, small woman, of whom the world never hears, is sometimes the lever grinding and making possible the effort of those whom the world delights to hear.—*London Free Churchman.*

ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

A BOY needs to be iron-clad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
His ears—against impure words.
His hands—against wrongdoing.
His feet—against going with bad company.
His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.
His pocket—against dishonest money.
His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armor on her citizen gives more security to the nation than all the armor plates that are on her ships.—*Exchange.*

WHAT ONE HONEST ACT DID.

A FEW years ago a gentleman was riding down town one morning in Philadelphia. Wishing to buy a paper, he called a newsboy. The car was standing still at the time, and as the paper boys were not allowed on the cars of that line, the boy stood on the pavement while making change for the quarter the gentleman had given him. Suddenly the car started, and was off before the lad could return the change or gain a footing on the running board.

For an instant there was a race between the car and the boy but the boy was left behind. The gentleman was ruefully considering the fact that his paper had been a dear one, when what was his surprise, a minute later, to see the newsboy board the car and hand him the change. In another second he was off again, but not before the gentleman had caught sight of his number, and remembered it.

Now it happened that this gentleman was at the head of one of the large department stores of Philadelphia. Some weeks later after the incident related, he had occasion to discharge a boy in his employ, and instantly the boy who had taken such pains to be honest, came into his mind.

He still remembered his number, and immediately set out in search of him. After some difficulty, the boy was found, and at once engaged.

Today he occupies one of the most responsible positions in his employer's establishment.—*Boys' World.*

A MILKMAID'S PROFITS.

IN Lawrence, Kansas, Miss Kate Leis has gone into the dairy business. She started with one cow, a pet Jersey that her mother gave her, and sold the surplus milk to her neighbors. The first year she laid by enough to buy a second cow and by the end of the fifth year she had half a dozen cows. She attends to the business entirely herself, doing all the milking, for Jerseys are gentle creatures, and paying great attention to the rations. As Lawrence is the seat of the Kansas State University, she has the students' clubs to cater to, which takes almost all of her milk.



THE RURAL LIFE

THE NOISY HEN.

Listen to the noisy hen,
She is at her work again,—
  Lifting the mortgage from the farm;
Cackle, cackle all the day,
Naught her happy voice can stay,
  Music with wondrous power to charm.

Soon the nests will overflow,
With her eggs as white as snow;
  Now she's busy scratching on the ground,
For a worm that's fit to eat,
For a bud that's soft and sweet,
  Or the yellow corn we've scattered round.

We will gaily join her song,
Helping still the work along,
  Lifting that big mortgage with a will.
While we sow and plant and reap
She will pile the white eggs deep,
  Every basket on the place to fill.

Do you hear the noisy hen?
She is at her work again,
  Busy as the bees among the flowers.
With her help we need not fear
For the homestead ever dear,—
  Free from debt the place will soon be ours.

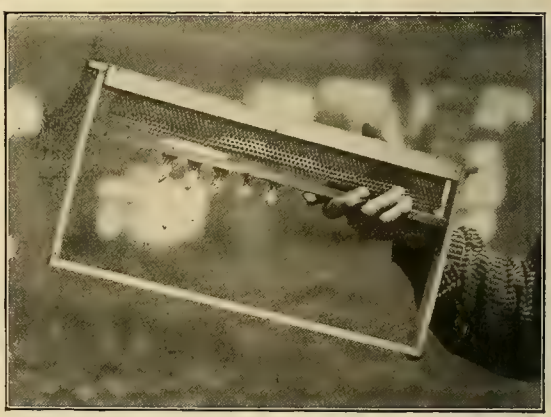
—Ruth Raymond.

HOME OF THE HONEY BEE.

J. D. BLOCHER.

Done up in a Nut Shell.

THE above cut shows the most important advance in Bee-dom today. Ordinarily each swarm of bees produces only a few queen cells in a season, and this only in fair to good seasons. The advances in bee-keeping and commercial necessities have called for something unknown to bee men of a few decades ago. Feeling the need of a rapid method of multiplying the queen bee the present method—with slight variations—was brought out by G. M. Doolittle of New York State. By the present method the output of the queen bee can be multiplied by thousands. Bees if let alone will rear queens as the individual colony needs them. This does not go far in restocking and improving the bees in general. A good many bee men are today requeening all their bees yearly and want new blood introduced each time and at the same time avoid the time and expense of rearing their own queens. It will be remembered that though we now have a chance to produce thousands of queens from one queen alone yet there are many obstacles in the way and not one-half the queens are saved out of them all. Only a love for the business will keep any one in the queen rearing business, as only a few queen-breeders financially make a success. Anyone entering this business must count on having his own honey crop cut short. This is one very important factor to consider in rearing your own queens. And no one knows so well as those who have been in the business for years.



Now to the creature in the cell. In order to produce the queens we must take nature by the forelock and make it work at all times during the working season. Nature ordinarily produces queens in quantity only at swarming times and then in limited numbers. We therefore can not depend on the ordinary way. It is a well-known fact and easily proven that the queen bee is brought to perfection by feeding in the larval state. All worker bees are imperfect females and will hatch in sixteen days if properly fed. while it takes the worker twenty-one days to hatch. I might here state too, that all bee eggs intended for workers or queens must be fertile while eggs for drones need not be and perhaps never are. And my reason for so thinking is that all eggs laid by a virgin queen or a worker bee never produce anything else than drones.

Now as a queen is developed from a bee or imperfect female by feeding we must go about the work in some way to start the feed and get the bees to feeding the number of larvae intended for queens. We arrange bars of wood as seen in the cut. On these are placed wax cell cups which we make for this special

purpose. Prior to this last step we make a colony queenless long enought for them to realize their condition and get them to building queen cells on the combs. After they have them under way for three days or more we are able to get the proper feed for our cell cups. The cells the bees are building will be half full of feed known in beedom as "royal jelly." The larvae that are feeding on this are thrown out and the jelly removed from the cells into our cups on the bars, being parceled out in very small lots so as to start a good many cells from a little food. Now the next step is to go to our breeding queen and take from her hive a larva just hatched from the egg and place one in each cup in the jelly we just previously placed there. This all done, the frame with cell cups, royal jelly, and a larva in each cup is placed in a queenless colony with all brood sealed over and lots of young bees hatching—these young bees become great feeders—now the feeding of the larvae in the cell cups begins and at the end of three days the cups will be built out one inch long and half full of a white fluid in which the young larva is literally swimming. It is this feeding that develops the queen. When once we have the first batch started we can then manage to keep all the work going. At the end of six or seven days this larva has grown so as to fill the cell and has consumed nearly all the food and the cup was half full. It then spins a cocoon around itself inside the cell and the bees cap the cell. Development is going on very rapidly inside this cell and in sixteen days from the time the egg was laid a queen will emerge from this cell. That such an important creature should develop in sixteen days is wonderful. However development continues for perhaps five days after she is out and going about the hive. As the time approaches for her to come out of the cell the bees peal the end of the cell very thin so she has only to eat her way through the cocoon and come out.

Transferring the larva must be done in a room with the temperature at eighty-three degrees or more. When the cells are completed and old enough, they are cut off the bars and put into nurseries or distributed to nucleus hives for hatching. The same operation is begun again and is repeated again and again, only we manage to save the royal jelly from a few of our artificial cells instead of going to the trouble and expense of making a colony queenless again.

The foregoing is known as artificial queen rearing and has many points in its favor over the old way of taking just any queen the bees may rear. However, a few men still condemn it. But the condemnations are dying off every year and soon nothing but the new way will do. The above method has its variations but the principle is the same in practice.

GENTLENESS is charming, eloquent, beautiful, a divine force needed both in childhood and parental life.

HOW TO MAKE AN ICE HOUSE.

THE standard size of an ice cake is twenty-two by twenty-two inches. Lay out your ice-house on this scale, allowing one inch between the sides of ice-cakes and a foot all around between the ice and walls, to be packed with sawdust, chaff, or other nonconducting filling. Fifty cubic feet of house room will represent a ton of ice. Have the floor level or sloping one inch in six feet toward the center. A trench four by four inches, filled with coarse gravel, through the center of the floor, will answer for a drain. See that surface water is thoroughly conducted away from around the house, and arrange a trap at the outlet of the drain to prevent entrance of any air. Keep the ice as dry as possible. Air-currents through the ice waste it.

Double walls, lined with paper on both sides of the studs, and packed with nonconducting material are desirable, with twelve inches packing, the studs may be four by four inch pine, sixteen in centers, for a room to hold fifty tons, say, built of fourteen-foot lumber. Build on solid ground; the drain is essential on clay, but on gravel may be omitted, if a deep trench is dug all around the house and provided with a good outlet. When the house is full, cover the top of the ice with marsh hay or rye straw at least eighteen inches deep. Have a gabled roof with wide eaves and a small, slatted ventilator at each end. Place a vestibule over the entrance on north end, to prevent entrance of warm air when taking out ice in warm weather. Give the house a thorough coat of whitewash; it helps to preserve the ice.

A contributor to the Plowman gives the following:

"Our ice-house is situated on a northern slope, shaded by a growth of pines. The first consideration for building is to locate for convenience and good drainage. If this can be obtained, I would dig a cellar, not more than three of four feet deep, and stone it up. If good drainage cannot be obtained, build on the surface.

"The bottom should be graded just enough to carry water to the drainage-pipe, which should enter at the center, and be supplied with a trap filled with water near the entrance. This will prevent air from coming in from below, which would be fatal to keeping ice. The bottom is best made of cement, but a clay soil will do.

"The dimensions of a house for best keeping qualities depend on having nearly a cube of ice when the house is full. Our house is nine by nine by fourteen feet inside measure. In packing I leave about six inches all around for sawdust. I suggest eleven by eleven by fourteen feet as a better dimension, as this will take ice in cakes seventeen by twenty-four inches and break joints nicely in packing. Each course will contain five by seven cakes, the second course to be

packed so that the side which has seven cakes shall be placed over the side in first course that has five cakes. and thus alternate with each course. When full we will have a block of ice ten by ten by twelve feet, or about forty tons.

"The building is constructed with double walls nearly twelve inches apart, filled with dry sawdust. The sills for the outside walls rest on the stone wall, for inside walls on the bottom of the cellar. The four sides of the roof come together with a cupola and ventilator at the apex. This ventilator should be large enough to give it perfect ventilation. I have a double door in one side and a single door in the roof." —*Dick's Magazine.*

A GRAND HOLSTEIN.

THE Holstein-Friesian cow, Pontiac Rag Apple, recently sold for the sum of $8,000. With the bluest of the bovine blood in her veins and with a record or production that has jumped in three years from 190 to 279 to 309 quarts of milk per week, it is believed that this cow will soon easily carry away the world's honors.

One of Rag Apple's records is forty-four quarts of milk a day for 100 days at a stretch. Another is the production of 31.62 pounds of butter per week, less than three pounds below the championship mark of 34.31 pounds.

As to her pedigree, Rag Apple stands high in the stock breeding world, her sire being Pontias Klondyke, the son of Belle Klondyke, one of the most noted Holsteins in the country, and her dam being P. Clotilde de Kohl, the daughter of Hengerwold de Kohl, who was the brother of the greatest sire of the Holstein-Freisian breed that ever lived.

THE FARMER BOY'S SONG.

(Tune, "Down in a Coal Mine.")

I am a busy farmer boy,
My bread I try to earn,
Although my task may not be joy
I will not from it turn
Till autumn's wealth of golden grain
Is stripped of frosted blade,
And to the garner by the lane
Has safely been conveyed.

Chorus.

Down in the cornfield
See the farmer lad,
Where a game of baseball
Never can be had,
Husking golden treasures
To make the farmer glad;
Down in the cornfield
See the farmer lad.

My curtness need not give you pain,
For let me tell to you
That though my speech is rough and plain
My heart is warm and true.
You should not judge by outward form,
For you will often find
In homespun clothes a heart that's true,
A noble, upright mind.

The farm has furnished gifted men
To stand in halls of state,
To heal the sick, to guide the pen
Or at the altar wait.
Whate'er the need or duty be,
Whate'er the place to fill,
From rustic homesteads you must see
Go forth the heroes still.

Cheer up, my lads, and make the most
Of ev'ry passing day,
The farmer is the nation's boast,—
He is its prop and stay.
So mind, my boys, what you're about
And do not look forlorn,
What would our country do without
The boys who husk the corn?

Illinois. —Robert E. Ericsen.

MAKING BETTER FARMERS IN IOWA.

To farm with the head; to realize that no farmer can succeed by mere brute strength, and that drudgery is labor without thought,—these are the ideas that have become firmly lodged in the heads of the farmers of Iowa. Many thousands of them gratefully acknowledge their debt to Professors Curtiss, Holden, Craig, and Kennedy and their associates, for helping them to a better understanding of the difference between success and failure in the farm business.

Iowa, with half of her population of 2,250,000 directly engaged in agriculture, and the rest mostly dependent upon it, has led the world in originating effective methods for carrying the message of the new agriculture directly to the farms and for making good the prediction of the Secretary of Agriculture, himself an Iowan, that there will be no more serious crop failures. In four notable ways, started in this State, have the most advanced and practical scientific methods of farming and stock-raising secured immediate and general adoption by practical farmers of long and varied experience. These four great movements came in this order:

(1) The "short course" in stock-judging, started at the State Agricultural College at Ames in 1899, and now developed into other lines and adopted by other States. (2) The local agricultural experiment stations on the country poor-farms, begun in 1903 and "destined to go around the world." (3) The seed-corn special trains, started in 1904, which in three seasons covered 11,000 miles of railway and brought audiences of farmers aggregating 150,000 to learn the importance of a better selection of seed-corn, care in testing before planting, and other facts that have increased the average yield of the State by one-third in three years. (4) The Department of Agricultural Extension in the State Agricultural College, started in 1906, liberally supported by the State, giving prac-

tical aid to every seeker for information concerning animal husbandry, farm crops, soils, dairying, horticulture, and domestic science.—*American Reviews of Reviews.*

A FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

At a farmers' institute which I attended some one asked, "Which is the better way to get good cows, buy them or raise them?" says a writer in National Stockman and Farmer. The answer was: "Raise them. Buying cows is a lottery. No one wants to sell his best cows except at a fancy price, and paying fancy prices for common cows is not in the line of business dairying."

A farmer asked the dairy expert how he kept his herd of grade Holsteins up so that the milk would test as high as required by law. He answered by testing and culling out the poor ones, adding that the butcher was a great help in profitable dairying.

Some one asked if a milking machine is practicable for a dairy of fifteen to twenty cows. The expert said he could not recommend them, and the cost was too great for a small dairy.

Another farmer asked about the cheapest form of protein on the market. The answer was that if a man has the other elements needed for a complete ration and lacks protein only the cheapest way to get it is to buy cottonseed. It has four times as much protein as cornmeal.

One farmer had been growing alfalfa and soy beans. He told of his methods and the results, saying in substance that the soil for alfalfa must be well drained and care should be taken to procure pure seed. He had made three cuttings in a season, this within ten miles of the St. Lawrence river. He said that where a farmer's land was not adapted to alfalfa he could plant soy beans with his corn and put them both into the silo.

By raising either alfalfa or soy beans the farmer would secure a supply of protein at less cost and more of it from the same land than by growing any other crop. Cows give more milk when fed alfalfa than when fed red clover hay.

The expert added that a farmer would get more fats or carbohydrates from the same land with alfalfa than other hay.

INCREASED DEMAND FOR CAPITAL.

The fall in prices is due, primarily, to the absorption of capital the world over. If it were local to the United States, as some of the critics of the Administration would have us believe, it might be attributed to local causes. In fact, however, it affects Great Britain, where the price of consols has fallen as low as 80¼, or lower than at any time since 1848; it affects Berlin, where serious banking troubles have been feared; and even affects Paris, where the Bank of France carries a stock of gold which makes the Paris market almost impregnable.

There is a simple philosophy to the monetary situation in these great markets. It is a philosophy which is simple, at least to the student of political economy, but unfortunately not all our statesmen nor even all our financial writers are trained economists. The explanation of high rates for money all over the world is that the capital sought for the creation of new enterprises, like railway extensions, new rolling mills, new buildings, and the opening up of new countries, does not equal the demand for it. Every civilized community today produces annually not only all that is needed for its immediate consumptive wants, but a surplus over for making additions to the existing equipment of production. It is not money which is lacking, in the sense of gold coin and notes. It is a sufficient supply of raw material, labor, and machinery to create all these new works. Men who wish to enter upon such creations seek to borrow the capital of others through the form of banking credits. They find that those credits are exhausted or reduced. They then offer a higher bid for surplus capital by offering new securities cheap. In order to buy these new securities, holders of old securities are willing to sacrifice them in some cases at reduced prices in order to take the new. In other words, the mass of securities, both old and new, competing for a market, is in excess of the combined demand for securities at former prices. Hence the fall in their current quotations.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

The advantage in grinding the corn and cob together for feeding the dairy cow, says the Farmers Advocate, is that the cob, besides containing some nutriment, renders the grain more digestible and more easily assimilated.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—Three girls and two boys to do work for part expenses while attending college.
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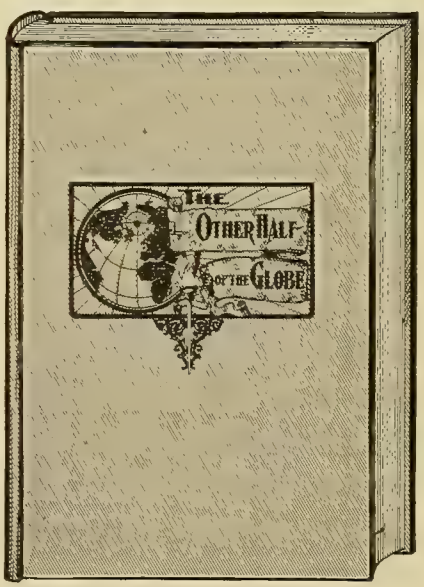
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THINGS THAT MONEY CANNOT BUY.

We have often been told of what wealth would bring,
Or the loss of it take away;
And we know that its value is great indeed,
In our struggle with life each day.
But happy and blest is the man I ween,
Who can say without sorrow or sigh,
That he holds the key to the treasures rare,
Things that money cannot buy.

What depth of purse can procure the love
That we crave in this land of strife?
Or bring us the calm, contented mind
As we journey the path of life,.
Or the buoyant health which gives a zest
To the pleasures our hearts desire;
The crown of happiness, friendship true,
Or the love which will never tire.

If I sought to exchange with one who lacked
Of these gems of worth, the key,
Though he thrived in the midst of wealth, how much
Would their market value be?
That money has power we say with truth,
To be generous each should try,
But the choicest blessings from heaven, are
Things that money cannot buy.

—Mary Ella Lawrence.

HER SONG.

She maketh care to lighten,
She maketh hope to brighten,
She maketh faith to deepen,
She maketh life to sweeten,
With the magic, with the music of her song;
By the melody and beauty of her song.

She maketh old ties dearer,
She maketh new friends nearer,
She maketh gray skies bluer,
She maketh lovers truer,
Through the tenderness and sweetness of her song,
By the power and the dower of her song.

—Marie S. Burnham.

LOVE'S BLOSSOMS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

I looked above, beyond, around
To find love's blossoms sweet,
I looked again, when lo, I found
Them lying at my feet.

I stopped to gather when I thought
How of't we look afar
For blessings that are nearest home,
For joys that dearest are.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer;
For my limbs are growing cold—
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth;
For my frame will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother hearken,
I have something I could say
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him—
Prayed that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother—(God assist her
Now that she is growing old)
Say her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen brother, catch each whisper—
'Tis my wife I speak of now;
Tell, oh! tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow—
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word—
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in his Word.

O my children! heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me:
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean
What my hopes were I'll not tell—
But I've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been left tender
By the thoughts thy memory stirred;
Tell them I n'eer reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I shall gain a port called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there—
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
Yes, I know His voice so well;
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping!
Brother, here's my last farewell.

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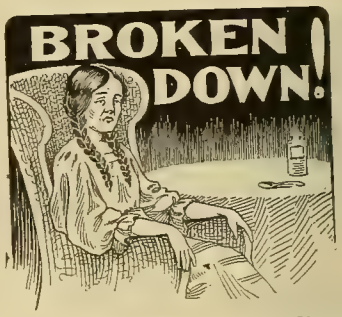
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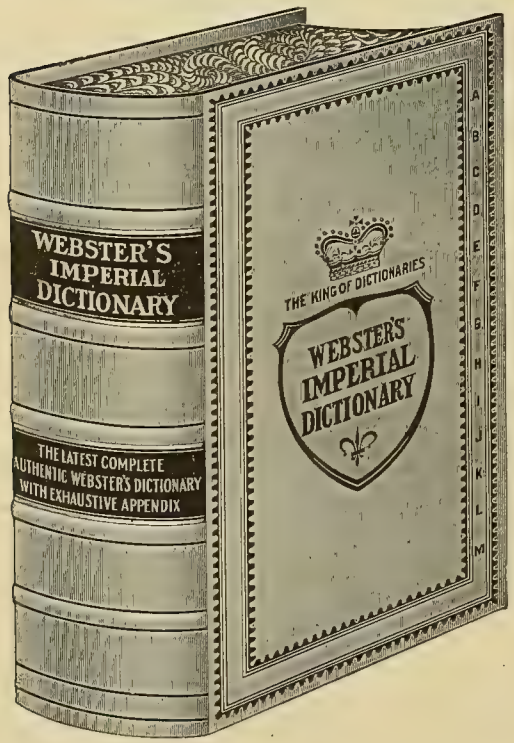
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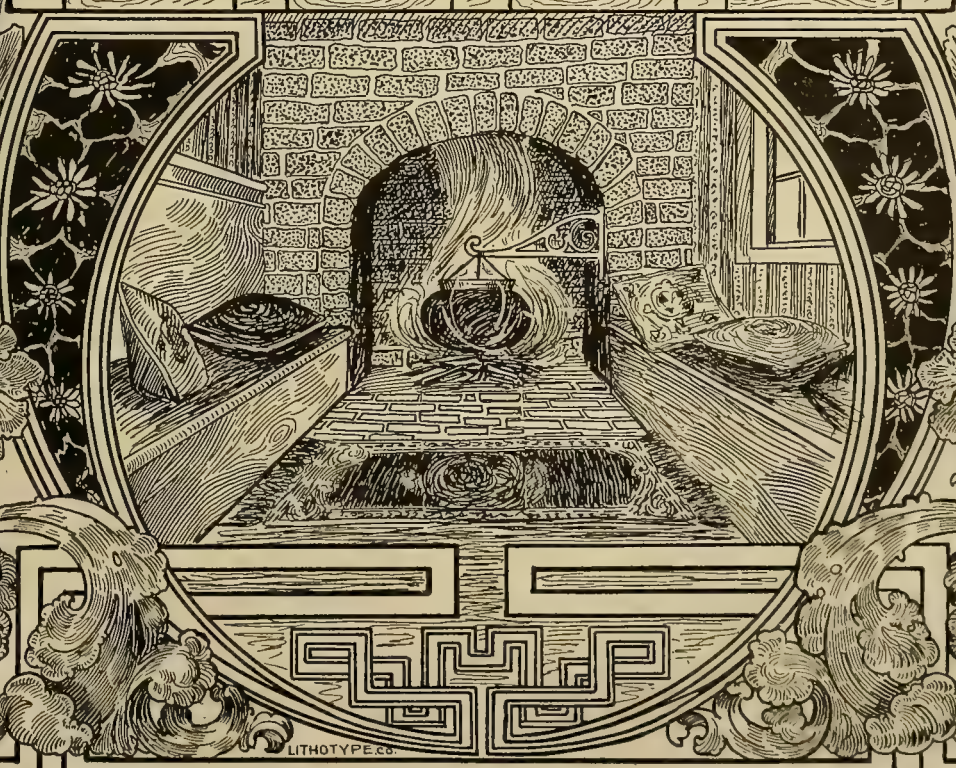
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

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From Preface of Book.

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Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

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This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

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John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

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	From Chicago.
Pocatello, Idaho,	$30 00
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. OCTOBER 15, 1907. NO. 42.

The Dawn of Peace

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind.
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursling from the nest.

—John Ruskin.

How White Lead is Made

O. H. Kimmel

MANY people do not believe that the commonest paint in the world, white lead, is lead at all, but some chemical compound named lead because of its weight. However this may be, it is nevertheless true that the white lead of commerce is made of lead,—nothing but lead.

It goes without asserting that not one person in ten thousand appreciates the complexity of the process of manufacture, and the time necessary for the converting of a pig of lead into a keg of pure white lead.

In order that we may know a little at least about this necessary article, we shall briefly describe what is known as the old German process of making white lead. The German process is only one method of manufacture, but it is said that white lead made by this process is the purest and best that is found in the commercial world today.

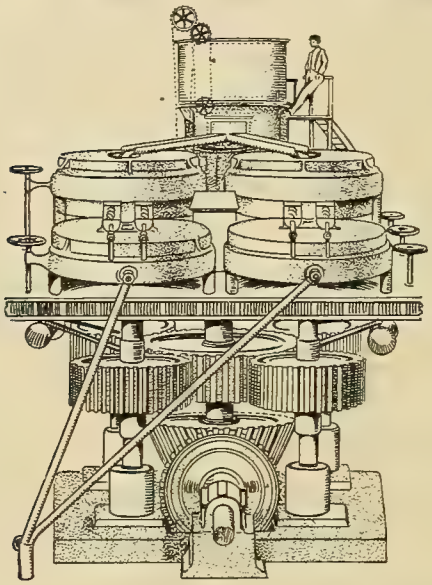
First, the metal usually is shipped to the factory in the form of "pigs" which weigh about one hundred pounds each. These pigs are tossed into a large covered kettle where they are melted and drawn off onto what is called a buckle machine which consists of a series of steel molds arranged on a moving endless chain. The molten lead drops into these molds where as it cools it takes the shape of the mold and at the same time is being carried away from the kettle to a "lary," much in the same way that the old-fashioned straw carrier carried the straw from the rear end of a threshing machine

By the time the lead reaches the end of the chain carrier it is sufficiently cooled to hold its shape, and as the chain molds revolve over the pulley, automatic hammers knock the "buckles" from the mold and they fall into a receptacle prepared for them on a lary. These buckles are really circular discs about six inches in diameter by one-fourth inch in thickness but containing several holes each. The lead is molded into buckles as described above, in order that it may be reduced to the best shape possible for the process of corrosion which must now follow.

The corrosion of metal lead is accomplished by the simultaneous action of moisture, heat, oxygen, carbonic acid gas and fumes of acetic acid, on the metal. To apply successfully, all of these various conditions at once, the buckles are placed in pots something like common flower pots, excepting some details of construction. They are so constructed that the buckle can go but half way to the bottom of the pot, but in the bottom is placed about a pint of weakened cider vinegar. The vinegar is the same as you use upon your table—if you live in the country and have your own cider-mill, except that it is only one-half as

strong. Above this, the discs are laid flatwise until the pot is level full, when it is ready for the corroding shed.

The corroding shed is a large inclosure divided into many apartments called houses. These



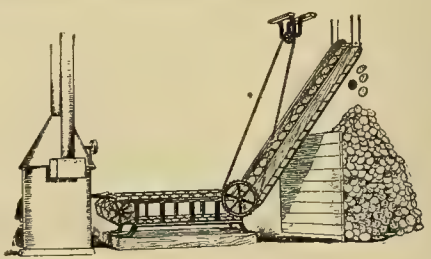
"houses" are inclosures perhaps twenty-four to thirty feet in diameter and about sixteen or eighteen feet deep. Upon the bottom of the house a fourteen inch layer of fine tan bark is strewn. Upon this layer is set a layer of pots containing the buckles and vinegar. These are covered with heavy plank, then another layer of tan bark. This is repeated until the house is filled with pots and tanbark. From each tier of the entire mass rises a ventilating shaft which gives the manufacturers control, to a very large extent, of the heat which must develop in each tier. Before corrosion can begin 160 degrees to 175 degrees Fahrenheit must be reached, and this heat is obtained solely by the generation of heat through the fermentation of spent tanbark. If it becomes too hot the tops of the ventilating pipes are left wide open until cooled to the desired degree of temperature. This process of corrosion requires a period of three months, hence not much over three settings can be obtained from a house in a year; but in this time the lead has been changed, each time, from metal into white "cracker." This white cracker retains the shape of the original buckles, but the process has increased its weight twenty-five per cent.

After the long process of corrosion the cracker is then submitted to many processes of manufacture befoe it is ready for the keg. The corroded lead is taken out in large carriages and dumped into the factory building. Here it is screened and passed through rollers which run at a terrific speed and is crushed into powder. This powder is then elevated to a second screen which takes out flattened particles of partly uncorroded lead, then passes into another hopper and again reaches steel rollers, after which it is elevated into another part of the factory where it passes through a third set of screens of very fine mesh, where the last possible particle of impurity may be taken out.

The powder is now mixed with pure filtered water which washes out the remaining vinegar and acts as an agent to carry the lead about through the factory in the further processes of manufacture until it reaches the drying pans. It now passes through a series of grinding stones which resemble the millstones we used to see down by the crossroads. While passing through these stones it is kept mixed with an abundance of pure, clear water in order that it may dry into a pure clear tone of white.

After passing through this series of Buhr stones the mixture is pumped into a drag box where only the lead which is fine enough to float on the surface for twenty-five feet of water is advanced in the stage of manufacture. The other settling to the bottom is taken out by using a drag and is again passed through the Buhrstones and so continued until it will float the twenty-five feet and over the end of the box. It is now fine enough to proceed and we are quite sure that lead thus floating on water, that distance, must be separated into particles impalpably fine.

The mixture of lead and water passes from this box into a revolving screen covered with silk bolting cloth so fine that it requires 125 threads to make an inch. After being bolted it is dropped into great tanks where the mixture becomes quiet and after many hours the lead gradually settles to the bottom after which the clear water is drawn off, and the lead is pumped into the drying room.



The drying room contains large copper pans set in series of three each and they are fifteen feet wide by forty feet long by about one foot deep. Here the lead remains from eight to twelve days. After it has dried completely it is taken to a mixer where pure linseed oil is mixed with it, after which it is again ground twice, after which the finished lead is pumped into kegs, which, after being stopped and labeled hold white lead which perhaps four months before was common lead pigs from the lead regions.

GOD'S HANDIWORK.

ELIZABETH HOWE.

It is estimated that the transient population of New York City numbers 200,000, who come from all parts of the world. A large number of these visitors wish to see the peerless Hudson, but cannot spare more than one day for it, therefore the Day Line Steamers, "Hendrick Hudson," "New York" and "Albany" take pleasure in serving the tourists by daily excursions.

It is said that the Hudson River Day Line carries more purely pleasure travel than any other river navigation company in the world. The sail up the Hudson is considered the most beautiful inland water trip on the American continent, and taken in connection with the return trip from Albany by moonlight, makes the ideal water trip of the country.

Albany is one hundred and fifty miles up the river. A shorter sail, however, suited our convenience better at this time and we chose to stop at Newburg, only sixty miles distant from New York City.

At 8 A. M. we left on a Brooklyn ferry boat to meet the steamer Albany at Desbrosses Street, New York City. Near this spot from which the steamers of the Day Line begin their trip a Revolutionary line of breastworks extended. As the steamer leaves her pier to the west the rocky prominence at Wehawken marks the spot where Hamilton fell, mortally wounded in a duel with Burr, and stretching away to the north twenty-three miles the picturesque Palisades form a perpendicular wall of rock, varying in height from fifty to six hundred feet. This great wall of volcanic rock, pushed up through the earth's crust by some convulsion of nature, exposes a serrated edge of fantastic forms, crowned with verdure.

On the eastern shore, where once the modest homes of the settlers lay hidden in the foliage of the primitive forest, are now the modern palaces and castles of men richer than ever Croesus was fabled to be, strongly contrasting with the crumbling ruins that lie half buried beside the rivers over the sea.

The genius of Irving has done much to endear to us the valley of the Hudson. "I thank God I was born on its banks," he wrote, "and I fancy I can trace much that is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble simplicity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar and perfidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves."

Tarrytown on the Hudson is built upon the site of a former Indian village called, Alipconck. The present name seems to come from the Dutch and means, "wheat-town" as "tarive" is Dutch for wheat. Here is a spot of which Irving wrote, "If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream away the remnant of a troubled life,I know of none more promising than this little valley. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a wood-pecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility. A drowsy dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere." In this very spot lies all that is mortal of him who penned the above. His resting place is in the old burying-ground he made famous by his legend of Sleepy Hollow.

As the shores of Newburg Bay begin to spread on either hand and we look back over the steamer's wake at the rocky piles we are leaving, we perceive that, like the gateway at the south, the Hihglands also have a gateway at the north, whose posts are Breakneck on the east, and Storm King on the west; each in altitude more than 1,500 feet. Here at Newburg was Washington's headquarters while the continental army was quartered in the valley, and it is now maintained by the State as museum of Revolutionary Relics, and as nearly as possible as it appeared in the era of the Revolution.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW ANIMALS HELP EACH OTHER.

There are quite a number of wild animals which hunt and attack in packs; but very few that dare to put up a defense in company, especially against man. Of the former the most conspicuous species are the gray wolf, or timber wolf, of North America, the European gray wolf, the hyena dog of Africa, and the wild dog of India. All these hunt in packs, and there is credible evidence that some if not all of those species hunt swift footed antelopes and deer in relays, in order to exhaust an animal that no wolf or wild dog could overtake in a fair chase. Ernest T. Seton is authority for the statement that in deer driving our gray wolves not only hunt in relays, but also that a part of the pack will deliberately drive a deer toward a point where another part of it lies in ambush; and the pursuers always give a well known hunting cry to announce the approach of the quarry.

But, however brave may be the wild members of the dog family when in pursuit of defenseless deer and antelope, when the pack itself it attacked all cohesion vanishes, and the law is, "Every wolf for himself." Like hostile Indians who feel themselves overmatched, they scatter.

A Remarkable Wolf Incident.

The mention of the gray wolf reminds me of a remarkable incident on the buffalo plains, in which a wolf pack played an important part. In the days of

the buffalo millions, wolves also were very numerous. The packs hung upon the flanks of the herds and the rear, ever ready to pull down a straying calf and any sick or lame adult animal that might be caught beyond the protection of the herd. But into a herd the wolves dared not venture. It was part of the regular work of adult bulls to put their heads together literally and repel the attacks of all wolves which sought to attack members of the main body. Colonel R. I. Dodge has stated that the "duty of protecting the calves devolved almost entirely upon the bulls. I have seen evidences of this many times; but the most remarkable instance I ever heard of was related to me by an army surgeon, who was an eye witness," and whose testimony is entirely worthy of belief.

"He was one evening returning to camp after a day's hunt," says Colonel Dodge, "when his attention was attracted by the curious actions of a little knot of six or eight buffalo. Approaching sufficiently near to see closely, he discovered that this little knot were all bulls, standing in a close circle with their heads outward, while in a concentric circle at some twelve or fifteen paces distant sat, licking their chops in impatient expectancy, at least a dozen large gray wolves (excepting man, the most dangerous enemy of the buffalo).

"The doctor determined to watch the performance. After a few moments the knot broke up, and, still keeping in a compact mass, started on a trot for the main herd, some half a mile off. To his great astonishment, the doctor now saw that the central and controlling figure of this mass was a poor little calf so newly born as scarcely to be able to walk. After going fifty or a hundred paces the calf laid down, the bulls disposed themselves in a circle as before, and the wolves, which had trotted along on each side of their retreating supper, sat down and licked their chops again. The doctor did not see the final, he had no doubt that the noble fathers did their whole duty by their offspring and carried it safely to the herd."

From this incident three distinct conclusions are to be drawn. The buffaloes recognized the wolves as animals dangerous to small buffaloes; they recognized the dependence of the newly born calf; and they acknowledged an obligation due from them.

It is very unusual for the mammalian father to stay with his mate and her offspring while the young are being reared. Too often the father would abuse, or even kill, his own children; and the mother is wise enough to distrust him and keep him at a safe distance. The gray wolf is an exception (and there are others); for he remains with the family and helps to kill food for the pups. But I know of no male feline which does anything like this.

So far as I have observed and heard, none of the great manlike apes—gorilla, orang, or chimpanzee—when in a wild state ever manifest in the presence of man a disposition to help each other; but by all the laws of evolution they should go farther than other animals in that direction.

It seems fairly certain that birds are much more given to working together and helping each other than mammals are. It must be because the necessity is greater and the danger of bad behavior is less. The male Canada goose mates for the season, and takes great pleasure and pride in doing his share of the housework. He helps build the nest, and while the female sits upon it he guards her against all comers, with a degree of faithfulness and courage in the face of danger that would do credit to the best policeman on earth. The male sandhill crane does precisely the same, and so did a male herring gull which I once knew personally. In an aviary containing twenty other gulls and twelve Canada geese, the gulls nested on a tiny peninsula, and on the isthmus leading to it the male stood guard day and night during the whole six weeks' period of incubation. He either bluffed or fought to a standstill everything that came within ten feet of that nest. Before his defiant and terrifying screams and his threatening beak and wings no other gull could stand for a moment. When a Canada goose crossed his dead line, the gull would rush at him, seize him by the nearest wing, wingbeat him, and hang on like a bulldog, regardless of being dragged about by the stronger bird, until the goose was glad to purchase peace by retreating. During all these battles the female gull sat firmly on her three eggs, pointed her beak at the sky, and screamed encouragement with all the power of her vocal machinery.

The beaver is different. The whole colony joins in the arduous labors of dam building, house building, canal digging, tree cutting, and the storing of food wood in the bottom of the pond for use in winter. He who takes the trouble to watch a colony in the quiet hours preceding and following sunset will often see several beavers at work on the same task, each one animated by the same well defined purpose, and toiling with the kind of diligence that has immortalized the species in the enviable comparison, "Working like a beaver."

The work of a single beaver in a wilderness would be so inconsiderable that it would make little impression and might not long endure; but on the strength-in-union basis many dams of great size have been erected, some of them a hundred feet long and seven to eight feet high, which have for many years withstood the ravaging hand of time. In building of stick and mud dams which will not leak, the beaver builds as well as could the best human mechanic with similar materials and tools.

It is probable that wild animals help each other in hundreds of ways of which we know nothing, and perhaps never can learn. On this subject, I feel that

today we possess only an outline of knowledge. The great majority of men who go into the haunts of wild beasts go to maim and kill, not to study. From animals in captivity there is little to be learned on this special subject, because they are not free to act out their natural impulse.—*Vicks' Magazine.*

NOTES ON ORATORY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

ORATORY like everything else has its price, and the question is whether the aspirant has made up his mind to pay that price, which is discipline, study, concentration and ceasless practice.

How untiring was the culture and stlye of Demosthenes! How laborious the education of Cicero! How incessant the toil and practice of Chrysostom! And so down the line of history. "What a man soweth that shall he also reap," is as true of oratory as of morals or religion. And the forum, the bar and the pulpit attest the same truth today. The orator is made, whatever we may say of the poet being born. No commanding, long-reigning, and wide-influencing speaker can be named who has not been the child of discipline. The kingdom of oratory, like many other kingdoms, must be taken by storm.

A noble cause of country or mankind, of mortal peril or immortal hope, has had a magic power to loose the tongue of the orator, and set his logic on fire. Allying himself to some great principle, the strength of that truth seems to pass into him, and make him its living incarnation. So it was that Lincoln, in the supreme moment of his life, became the genius of his country and uttered in a few simple but sublime words the appropriate eulogy over the dead heroes of Gettysburg. But the pulpit orator has a subject every Sunday, fitted to arouse the whole enthusiasm of his nature and to call forth all his latent powers of mind and heart, of body and soul. His weapon is truth, his audience immortal souls, his aim their salvation, his motive the love of souls, his witnesses God and Christ and the angelic host.

"But the orator," says Cicero, "must be a good man." Never were truer words uttered. As the true poet must be his own poem, so the true orator must be his own oration. His character must be greater than his speech, if he would win the highest of honors. A bad man's words undo themselves as fast as he utters them. He weaves no web that does not unravel as fast as it is woven. Sincerity makes every word weigh a pound and every paragraph a ton. "Moveth one, moveth all." It is only when the whole man is devoted to the work in hand, and part of the price is held back, that great usefulness can be achieved.

All the faculties of man act one upon another. Holiness is but another name for the wholeness of human nature, mental, moral and physical, in its operation, and the perfect harmony and due subordination of every part, each one in its place and all together, devoted to some worthy end. So the orator reaches his ultimate perfection and power when he is holy, whole man, no faculty holding back, none warring with the others, no screw loose or ajar in all the spiritual machinery.

A remarkable feature of the great orator's experience is the enjoyment he takes in the exercise of his noble vocation as George Herbert says of the country parson, that "the pulpit is his joy and throne," so was the forum to the mighty men of antiquity. There were giants in those days, and they exulted in their strength. The "action" of which Demosthenes thrice spoke as the highest attribute of the orator, was the salient and rejoicing energy to the whole man, brought it into the highest state of efficiency, and developed to so great end.

We do well what we like to do, and we like to do what we do well. There is a lyrical and exultant joy in all right harmonious use of well trained powers. If our faculties have to be whipped up to their exercise, we may be certain that we have not yet got the clue to intellectual and moral pursuits. Our education has in some way been unfortunate. So too the joy of the hearer. We hear with pleasure the orator who rises on his "winged words" with ease and grace, and glows with the enthusiasm of his theme, as he accomplishes some great purpose of heroism, patriotism or religion.

And, finally, we are taught by this brief and rapid survey that every age and every country may have its orators. The rare gift of eloquence of speech has had its representatives in all languages and tribes. The rude Indian has displayed it in the councils of his sages and chiefs. The most refined nations have not outgrown the charm of oratory. The rudest dialects have been melted down and made to flow in channels of harmonious and inspiring eloquence. And Greece was not too polished, nor Rome too warlike, nor England too commercial, nor France too light-hearted, nor America too rude to appreciate the exquisite delight of the golden tongued orator.

What has been will be. History repeats itself. New interests will hold men's attention, new causes will convulse the passions of the nations, the great games of ambition and glory will be played on the stage of action, but Websters and Ciceroes will still rise to fire the heart of great peoples with the zeal and enthusiasm of liberty and patriotism. There will be the solemn calls of religious duty and destiny to summon new Chrysostoms and Whitefields into the service of the church, new Luthers and Bourdaloues to sound in the ears of an apostate generation the solemn commandments of Almighty God. It will be a glorious sphere for the youths of the church, the bar and

the legislature to emulate the great leaders of the race in this important department of thought and action. But orations for the Crown can only be achieved by those who, like Demosthenes of old, pay the costly price for the brilliant meed of honor by discipline, self-control, and a boundless enthusiasm for their art.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

CLEVELAND HOLLAR.

THE great political issues of our day, and almost all great enterprises depend for their existence, to a greater or less extent, upon the will of their constituency, or upon the sentiment of the public from which they draw their support. This conceded, let us look at public sentiment from other angles and determine whether it always bears the same relation to human institutions and welfare.

The reason that public sentiment plays so prominent a part in our affairs, is found in the underlying principles upon which our government is established. The wishes of the majority rule. And well it is that this principle is carried beyond the field of governmental affairs into the everyday usages of our citizens in business. But there are limitations upon this God-given heritage. There are bounds beyond which it cannot intrude without infringing upon some other right equally to be respected with public sentiment.

Many things that would work great good have been kept in the background because the public, ignorant of their virtues, has used its influence against them. Such are the problems that many of the new business enterprises are compelled to solve.

IN political circles, public sentiment nearly always elects our officers, but not always the right one. Very often have we seen party principles thrown aside, and all but forgotten, in the mad rush to usher into office some man who, regardless of his other personal attributes, has been able to catch the public ear and stand in the public lime-light, through his ability to speak at length with such eloquence upon current topics, whether he believes what he says or not. These things ought not to be so, and therein is public sentiment at fault.

Furthermore, public good does not always come from public sentiment, even though it be along the line. Here is an instance of that sort; It is evident that the best interests and sentiments of our country are against the liquor traffic, and neither is this feeling confined to the few, known by the many appellations given to fanatics. I dare say that this feeling, this sentiment against this mighty curse and blight is all but universal. Yet we are unable to get the much desired legislation upon the subject. And why? Is it because our legislators have not done their duty? If so, turn them down and vote for those who will.

IT seems to me that the trouble lies at the other man's door. Our voters alone are responsible for this state of affairs. They, prohibitionists at heart, have not courage to stand by their convictions, nor the judgement and foresight to foresee the result of their irresolution and inaction. Public sentiment choked by individual moral cowardice and inactive common sence

Therefore, we see that public sentiment is a good thing; it is an indispensible element in a harmonious national unity; yet, however worthy may be the cause it espouses, or however sure of success, the living, burning zeal which it arouses in the hearts and minds of men, should at all times be governed by individual judgment and moral courage.

Hardin, Mo.

THREE MEASURES.

Of all things far, I love the best
The distance from the east to west;
For by that space, and all within,
God's mercy parts me from my sin.

And best I love, of all things high,
The space between the earth and sky;
For by that height beyond all ken
God's love exceeds the love of men.

I love, of deep things undefiled,
A father's pity for his child;
For by that depth so far, so clear,
God pities all that faint and fear.

O Father, Father, endless kind,
I thank thee for my human mind,
But chief of all my praise shall be
That mind cannot encompass thee!

—Amos R. Wells.

THE BIGGEST LAMP IN THE WORLD.

WHAT will be the world's most powerful light is in the process of construction in a tower of the new Lackawanna station at Hoboken, N. J. This light, when completed, will be a cluster of 49 flaming arc lamps arranged in a series within a single globe six feet in diameter, each arc consuming 16 amperes at 2,300 volts. The estimated candle-power will be 1,500,000, which will make the most powerful light ever produced from a single fixture. The globe will be suspended from the upper part of the tower. Besides being the most impressive spectacle, this experiment will prove of no little commercial value in demonstrating the possibility of lighting large, open spaces with exceedingly high candle-power units placed at proportionately great distance above the illumined surface.

Ah, look up and be glad, dear,
Let not thy heart be sad, dear;
Within my arms I'll shield and hold thee,
From Care's destroying touch enfold thee;
Let me bear thy pain; look up and smile again;
Only smile and be glad, dear.

THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

I hear a wail from the woodland,
A cry from the forests dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass
I hear the fitful cry, alas!

It drowns the throb of music,
The laughter of childhood sweet,
It seems to rise to the very skies,
As I walk the crowded street;
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings
His song of grace in the archer's face,
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O! lovely, unthinking maiden,
The wing that adorns your hat
Has the radiance rare that God placed there,
But I see in place of that
A mockery pitiful, deep and sad,
Of all things happy, and gay and glad.

O! mother, you clasp your darling
Close to your lovnig breast;
Think of that other, that tender mother,
Brooding upon her nest!
In the little chirp from the field and wood,
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,
Is it worth the cruel wrong?
That beauty you wear so proudly there
Is the price of a silenced song;
The humming-bird on your velvet dress
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland;
A voice from the forest dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, sister,
Above the heartless behest
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,
Despoiling the songful nest?
Above that voice have you never heard
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

I REGARD marriage as a partnership in which each partner is in honor bound to think of the rights of the other as well as his or her own. But I think that the duties are even more important than the rights, and in the long run the reward is ampler and greater for duty well done than for insistence upon individual rights, necessary though this, too, must often be.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE Railroad Commission of Indiana has issued the following circular to railroads: "The general assembly provided (chapter 205, Acts 1907, page 353) that your railroad, where its gross annual income from operation is $7,500 or more per mile, shall be equipped with an approved block system by the 1st day of July, 1909. This act resulted from an investigation made by the railroad commission, by direction of the assembly, of railroad accidents which had taken place, and of present conditions of railway service and operation in the State. Its purpose was to remedy existing conditions and dangers, and not to postpone the institution of the block system to the time limit made in the statute. You are advised and directed to commence as early as possible to comply with this act of the assembly in its spirit and purpose. Our chief inspector will confer with you at any time at your request as to the kind of system best adapted to your line, having regard first to safety and then to the amount of business and your ability to put in this system. Your attention to this circular will be evidenced by prompt response from your general officers to the commission showing what you have done, and intend to do, to carry out the will of the general assembly, so expressed in this act."

BLIND MEN MAY TELL TIME.

A RECENT invention by a Frenchman is a watch for a blind man. Many timepieces have been invented for the blind, but heretofore they have been too expensive for general use. This one, however, is sold at a reasonable price. Movable buttons stand out in relief on the dial and the blind person in passing his fingers over them finds the one that indicates the present hour depressed. A pointer strong enough not to bend with handling tells the minutes. The operation of the buttons is simple, as they are held in position by a circular plate beneath the dial, the plate having at one point on its circumference a notch into which the buttons drop as it passes under them.

THE final test of all good teaching is the growth of the pupil's character. Let us, then, connect the externals of literature with the internals. Let the large and ultimate ends of literature, the human aims, to refine, comfort, elevate, or ennoble the life of the people, shine through and transfigure the minutest elements. With the teacher of literature, more than with any other teacher, lies the power of ethical training, and much of that power rests in the ability to render vocal interpretation of the noblest thoughts of the noblest minds—the very essence of the intellectual and the spiritual life of our race.—*Anna Allison Price in the Ohio Teacher.*

THE TENANT.

This body is my house—it is not I;
Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past.
When from my high place viewing this lone star,
What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
What though the crumbling walls turn to dust and loam—
I shall have left them for a larger home.
What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!
When thou, clay cottage, fallest I'll immerse
My long-cramped spirit in the universe,
Through uncomputed silences of space
I shall yearn upward to the learning face.
The ancient heavens will roll aside for me
As Moses monarched the dividing sea
This body is my house—it is not I.
Triumphant in this faith I live and die

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

DOWN WITH THE BILLBOARDS!

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the Municipal League of Los Angeles has been offering prizes for ugly spots in that city. Most cities and most representative organizations like to put their "best foot foremost." Here, however, is a deliberate effort to find out wherein this generally beautiful city is lacking, so that is may become a wholly beautiful city. Rubbish, weeds, and billboards have afforded the camera abundant material, and the showing of delinquencies is likely to be followed by some much-needed cleaning up.

Seattle had a similar campaign not long since, under the leadership of the *Post Intelligencer,* and the results were for the time being excellent. But such work to be permanently effective must be followed up persistently.

LOWER FARES IN TWENTY-ONE STATES.

An analysis of the general results shows that passenger fares were either actually reduced or affected in twenty-one States: Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Two-cent rates now prevail in Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin; and in Ohio, since 1906; two-and-one-half-cent rates in Alabama and North Dakota. North Carolina has established a two-and-one-quarter-cent rate; West Virginia, a two-cent rate for railroads over fifty miles in length; Iowa, a sliding scale of from two to three cents per mile; Michigan, a two, three, and four-cent rate; Kansas, Maryland, and Mississippi, two-cent rates for mileage books; the railroad commissions of Georgia and South Dakota have been authorized to establish a two-cent and a two-and-one-half-cent rate, respectively; and Oklahoma specifies in its new constitution a maximum charge of two cents for passenger fare. Virginia's Corporation Commission has adopted a two-cent rate for trunk lines, a three-cent rate for minor roads, and a three-and-one-half-cent rate on one or two lines. Kansas may adopt a flat two-cent rate on the supposition that what is remunerative in Nebraska should prove equally remunerative in Kansas! Georgia's Legislature is in session as we go to press.—*From "The Legislature and the Railroads," by Robert Emmert Ireton, in the American Review of Reviews for August.*

America was built to meet the daily need. Our settlements sprang up to give shelter and protection; they became towns for small trades; they were made cities to meet the demands of great industries. But now the merely utilitarian motive no longer presses; the broad sociological and æsthetic impulses are at work; to better the condition of the less fortunate citizens and to beautify the whole—that is the spirit which is working tremendous changes in our big centres of population, the spirit which is to spend in Chicago alone enough money to finance a European kingdom.—*Collier's Weekly.*

OUT IN THE OPEN.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Bliss Carman has well portrayed for us in his poem, "The joys of the Road," the peculiar pleasure in reach of him who is born with or has acquired a roving disposition. When I say "roving" I am not speaking of that very reprehensible habit of constantly growing dissatisfied with one's home and surroundings. I am thinking rather, of the very pleasant custom of varying one's everyday life by short rambles in the open country.

If the routine of one's life confines one within the limits of a city or a town, there is all the more foundation upon which to build the joy which comes from an outing, an idle day stolen "from a busy and more practical life." This does not mean an excursion upon a crowded steamboat, or a long journey upon a hot car. A real outing must be a successful attempt to avoid the busy throng, to leave one's cares behind, and let nature work upon one her own sweet will.

He who has chosen an early morning start and has followed the "shadowy highway, cool and brown, alluring up, and enticing down," not caring whither he went, but following his fancy and enjoying the surprises as they open up before him, has truly known the joy of living. And then, tired and dusty, he throws himself down upon the fresh grass by the roadside. Lying with eyes half closed, he drinks in the rainbow tints of the blossoms that deck the land-

scape in lavish abundance, as if for his special delectation.

What rare enjoyment comes with those thoughts that drift through his mind. What fancies are so fantastic, yet so full of charm, as those that come to him when he is in that mysterious realm half-way between two worlds, neither in the land of fact, nor in the land of dreams.

Now and again the breezes waft to him the heavy fragrance of the sweet clover from distant meadow. With half closed eyes and dreamy thoughts, he listens to the orchestra of birds as they carol their gladness in the canopy of foliage above his head.

If he is still, he may be fortunate enough to hear the low murmur and hum of the insect life that is going on in the grass about him. Each creature, no matter how tiny, seems to have its own special duty in the round of life. The ant collecting her stores, the bee buzzing from flower to flower, the birds flying through the trees, each pursues his own work. Each hurries about as though fearful lest a setting sun find him still with something of his day's task unaccomplished. Perhaps our idler wanders on, filling his lungs with deep breaths of pure air, revelling in the sweet forest odors,

"that have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth,"

treading

"Where pine cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn
A thick, elastic carpet spread."

On through shady lanes, across a tiny stream, out upon sunlit stretches, past fields of waving corn and wheat, until all the invisible ties of home begin to call him thither, warning him that the afternoon begins to wane. Reluctantly he retraces his path "in the broad gold wake of the afternoon." The low-lying sun softens its rays to a mellow light, glancing through the trees and touching everything with a golden glow, —a last caress ere it leaves the world again to rest in darkness for a little time.

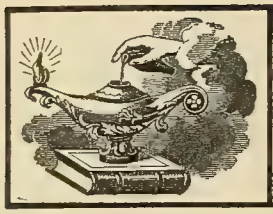
AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Though the American flag is floating over but a single one of the nearly two score islands that make up the West Indies, the fact that the economic welfare of almost every one of them is in direct proportion to its intercourse with the United States is strong indication that the destiny of the group as a whole is most intimately linked with our own. Porto Rico, our only territory, is head and shoulders above all the other islands in the matter of prosperity, while Cuba, where American influence is a paramount, stands an easy second. Jamaica, which up to the time of the earthquake stood well to the front among the English islands, owed its position almost entirely to the money poured in there by American tourists, to the millions paid by American consumers for Jamaican bananas, and to the relief given the Jamaican labor market by the employment of many thousands of the island's surplus workers on an American canal. Likewise, in the Lesser Antilles, Barbados and Trinidad, whose trade with the United States is about equal to that which they carry on with England, and both of which have considerable investments of American capital, easily lead their sister islands in wealth and prosperity. On the other hand, the French islands of Gaudelupe and Martinique, which have scant intercourse with America, are in about the same condition as the colonies of that power in the remoter corners of the world,—absolute stagnation. One may be justified, therefore, in assuming that the influence of the United States in the West Indies will never be less than it is at present, and reasonably safe in believing that it will increase even more rapidly in the future than it has in the past.—*From "The West Indies in Commerce," by Lewis R. Freeman, in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

IRELAND'S FAIR.

In Herbert Park, not far from the heart of Dublin City and partly on the site of Donnybrook Fair of unsavory memory, stand the white buildings of the Irish International Exhibition. The difference between these noble palaces and the rickety booths of Donnybrook is symbolic of the difference between the old Ireland and the new; of the deeply significant renascence and awakening of a nation. Ireland's fair might well be called her birthday celebration. Donnybrook Fair used to be the trading-place for all the peasants and small farmers and petty shopkeepers of the country who could ride or walk to the spot, for this was their great social center. In the retrospect, Donnybrook may seem picturesque, as showing the Irish joy in living, the bravery and song. But actually in its wasting and cheating, its frothy political talk and purposeless fighting, Donnybrook showed the bitter effect of a cruel land system forced on Ireland by a people who could never understand her.

But the old Ireland is dead, and there is a new Ireland becoming more and more unified and coherent through a variety of causes, chief of which are the new land system and the recent industrial development. Now the peasant may himself be a small landholder. He lives, or may live, in a decent house. His younger sons, through the new technical education offered by the government, may be fitted for skilled labor. His wife and daughters may supplement his earnings by their work in home industries. And all that Ireland is and all that she will become are vividly suggested by the exhibition.—*"Celebrating a 'New Ireland" in the October Everybody's.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

Faith Plus God's Power.—Heb. 11: 30.

MAN has more faith in everything else than he has in God. He has faith in his own judgment, ability, etc. He has faith in his fellow man, in the forces of nature and in the unseen future of his earthly life. The soul of man lives on faith. Just as smell or taste is a sense of the flesh and is developed by use so faith is one of the senses of the soul; and, just as smell and taste can be impaired by disease and abuse until their keenness is gone, so the sense of faith can be paralyzed by unbelief until man is in darkness; his faith uncertain, doubtful, etc.

Could God's people only believe in his willingness to share his infinite power with them, mightier things than the fall of Jericho would happen. But even many who do believe God only seek personal tests of God's power, something for themselves to enjoy, such as health, a prosperous family and the like, while the Lord's work is not a matter of faith with them.

Try this; pray for God's work; that's all we need, anyhow, for his work is yours if you are true to your covenant; let your own personal matters drop out of your prayers and thoughts and see how the blessings you need will come without your struggling for them. Of course they will, for if God has a work for you to do he will evidently supply your temporary needs. But some people's work may be for temporal things, even. The Lord wants farming and business carried on as an accessory to furthering truth and righteousness on earth. But be sure you have faith in your work that it is being done for the Lord and that he gets his rightful share.

Jericho today is not a city, but a depraved nature, which, by faith in God's sovereignty and salvation in Christ, can be demolished as was Jericho of old. Yes believe in God and great things in *your life* will come.

IF WE KNEW.

(SELECTED BY J. B. C.)

If we knew the cares and crosses
  Crowded 'round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
  Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
  For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
  Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us
  Held our gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
  In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
  Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
  Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
  Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
  Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
  Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
  This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
  For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
  Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
  Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "dear Father, judge us
  As we judge our fellowmen."

A GOOD CREED.

THE creed of Editor Boyce, of Chicago, could do a world of good if it were widely adopted. Here it is:

"Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happy by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for on their coffins, send to brighten their homes before they leave them.

"If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

"Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their funeral. Postmortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way."—*Sel.*

RELIGION to keep sweet must be used every day, What better can we do than to save the homeless?

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU BELIEVE.

WHAT you believe gives color to your life, yes more than color; belief is the very fiber of life. Then be careful what you believe, for your deportment will be the fruit thereof and deportment here is God's register on earth of our destiny in Heaven.

TEN THINGS FOR WHICH NO ONE HAS EVER YET BEEN SORRY. THESE ARE:

1. For doing good to all.
2. For being patient toward everybody.
3. For hearing before judging.
4. For thinking before speaking.
5. For holding an angry tongue.
6. For being kind to the distressed.
7. For asking pardon for all wrongs.
8. For speaking evil of none.
9. For stopping the ears to a talebearer.
10. For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

AUTUMNAL TINTS.

Now there is something more in all this autumnal art exhibition of the Great Master than the marvelous creation in color. A great picture is not simply paint. It is thought. The sodid man sees only the paint. He says it is fine because the colors are bright and the objects in the painting look like the things they represent. Such a man does not truly see the painting at all. To see that, he must apprehend its spiritual meaning; he must catch the thought of the painter. So it is with the masterpieces which Nature's Artist has painted for us this delicious season. It is not enough for us to say the display is beautiful. If we can say no more than that, we apprehend but little of its real value and splendor. Why, every tree is a sermon and every leaf is a parable and every color is a metaphor. To him whose eyes and heart are open to this teaching office of this beauteous autumn scene God is saying: "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."—*The Baltimore Methodist.*

BRYANT'S RELIGIOUS FAITH.

"IN my views," says Mr. Bryant, "of the life, the teachings, the labors, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which he is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate." Mr. Bryant adds that if he thought the religion of scepticism were to gather strength, and become the dominant view of mankind, he should "despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are to come." He trembles "to think what the world would be without him (Christ)," and continues: "Take away the blessing of the advent of his life and the blessings purchased by his death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens —to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost and darkness."

AN ANTHEM.

BY MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

There is an anthem, grand and glorious,
Thundering down the isle of time,
Pealing forth in thrilling music
The story of a life sublime.

Hear that music throb and quiver,
That rolled from Judea's shore,
Growing grander, sweeter, stronger,
Till our Savior comes once more.

He that's passed his Gethsemane,
They who've felt the wanderer's ease;
They can hear these strains of music
Sweeping from the gates above.

THE QUESTION.

"WHAT happiness will life give to me?" many a girl in her teens is wondering today. But all her wondering does not help to answer the question, because it is the wrong kind of question to consider. The girl who once says to herself, instead, "What happiness am I going to give in life?" has chosen the right sort of question, and she can answer it exactly to suit herself. It is on this road that happiness lies, not on the road of empty wishing and wondering and waiting.—*Selected.*

"YOU choose your own destiny. What you think about most will soon become a part of your own character. What you look at most you will soon come to look like. Look at the good things rather than at the base. Satire dies with its object, but praise lives forever. No one was ever saved by ethics or theology. These are excellent and interesting, but not all-sufficient. We must learn to follow in reality as well as in theory the religion of Christ.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

A BRAVE, resolute Christian life is not always smooth sailing; but the inward power becomes an overmatch for headwinds. Sometimes the gales of adversity sweep away a Christian's possessions, but there is an undisturbed treasure down in the hold,—a glorious consciousness that One is with him that the world can neither give nor take away.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

THE man who does the most fighting around his own home does not always make the bravest soldier.



Echoes from Everywhere

Canada received 91,000 immigrants last year, the most ever received in any one year.

In London a telephone cable is used in which there are 700 insulated wires. They are encased in a lead tube.

The next big ship to be launched will eclipse even the new Lusitania in size. It will weigh 50,000 tons and be 870 feet long.

Washington has set a good pace on the cigarette business. $300 fine or 180 days in jail, or both, for selling cigarettes is the law.

The Chicago foot-ball players are to become vegetarians in order to test their strength in competition with other teams.

The Pennsylvania railway will distribute $5,000 in cash prizes this year to those section men who keep the track in the best condition.

The Jewish emigrant bureau shows that over 500,000 Jews have emigrated from Russia since 1899. 200,000 left last year and the outflow continues the same this year.

Following the example of Germany and France, Great Britain has added a military airship to her army. It has been tested and promises to fulfill all requirements.

It is said that the natives around Manilla are crazy for education. They have caught our fever at last and it will revolutionize the people just as it has the Japanese in recent years.

The street accidents of New York city average over 200 per day, of which two are fatal. Of the 5,500 reported from August 5 to August 31, 1904 were caused by boarding or alighting from cars.

Philadelphia has 2,000 school children who cannot go to school regularly, because of lack of room. It is said that 10,000 children will be taught on half time until more buildings can be erected.

New York courts have decided that where life insurance companies have misrepresented their financial conditions, policy holders can withdraw all premiums together with interest for full time of payment.

In Europe there are more holidays than there are in the United States. For this reason many foreigners are undesirable laborers, because they want to keep too many holidays to suit their new employers in this country.

Mr. Ingalls, of Cincinnati, declares that the present rate of prosperity cannot go on for five years more, nor would it be good for the country at large. Railroad managers are already complaining of too much business and factories are behind in filling their orders.

The socialists of Germany have lately come to the rescue of temperance, by condemning the use of alcohol during working hours. The German factories allow and encourage beer drinking at certain intervals each day. This action of the Socialist party is a blow at that practice.

A steel trust in China already! Some far-sighted Yankee has built a huge factory in inland China, where cheap labor can be had, and is now furnishing steel products for less than the American Steel Company can afford to sell it. If that man knows his business he will not sell out very soon.

John Wanamaker has opened up a large retail store in New York city. 5,000 persons are employed the year round. He furnishes a free concert in the auditorium daily, to 1,500 people, besides the many other helpful things that are done for his employees.

In one city it is claimed that half of the owners of automobiles have mortgaged their homes to buy their machines. Yes and more than half of these persons ought to be fined for running at a dangerous speed, thus violating city ordinances and endangering life.

Trades schools are a reality in New York city. Dressmaking, millinery, novelty work, etc., have been taught on a limited scale for several years past. As the years come and go more of these common everyday duties will be taught and no beauty will be lost by it either.

Bessemer steel, at one time, was thought to be the acme of perfection but that process, while a cheap one, proves inadequate for the present demands, and so the steel factories are going back to the open hearth way of making heavy steel pieces.

London is astir over the introduction of the Japanese jinrikishas as regular public conveyances. This mode of travel is mere child's play, one person in the shafts, as horse, pulling another in the little light carriage. Those who fear horses might welcome the innovation but it will prove a fad of short duration unless heathen blood has come to stay.

Because of the heavy engines that are being used on the railroads, the steel rails are being subjected to a change in the making. This, in turn, calls for a change in the factories, so that $60,000.000 in improvements must be made by the big steel trust. Of course this means an advance in the price of steel rails and possibly in steel tools of all kinds.

A special committee of sociologists have visited the jails in various states and studied the situation thoroughly, together with the influence of jail life on the convicts. The committee condemns our present system. They say, "force a man into idleness, and give him thieves and degenerates for companions and you have a satanic recipe for manufacturing crime."

The Union Pacific railway has begun to give free information on mechanics to its employees. A special car fitted up with charts and railway devices stops at certain points and free lectures are given to the railroad men. Tests in hearing and seeing are given. Questions on air-brakes, block signals, etc., are also given. More efficiency on the part of the track men is the aim.

Carrie Nation, the joint smasher, of Wichita, Kansas, is said to be serving a 75 day workhouse sentence in Washington, D. C. Her offense was that of delivering a talk against cigarettes, from the postoffice steps. Although an old woman, she does not weaken under this treatment. The judge who gave such a sentence for the cause named, deserves a little of his own medicine. The Salvation Army people once suffered just such indecencies in their early history, but now church and state praise their heroic service. John Brown and Carrie Nation may be canonized later on.

A diamond nearly five inches long and weighing nearly two pounds is to adorn King Edward's crown. Its estimated value has been as high as $5,000.000. And this precious gift comes from the conquered Boers, of South Africa. A few years has surely brought about a great change of feeling in that country. Ten years ago they fought for Kruger and wished King Edward's throne all kinds of bad luck, but now Kruger is dead and the people would fight for England's monarch. However, the king of England is to be praised for giving the Boers such laws as elicit their good will.

The peanut crop in the United States amounts to 40,000,000 pounds this year and is valued at $15,000,000. It is said that the peanut will grow on land unsuitable for many other crops and produce $100 to the acre. Those who are watching the increased use of peanuts predict a great future for this toothsome little nut. They are nutritious, and also convenient to use.

General Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, conducted three meetings in one day recently in Chicago, great throngs listening to the thrilling appeals of the fiery veteran. His age is unfitting him for service, so that he has a successor appointed and the work will continue to encircle the downcast slums of life with a message of help and hope after he is gone.

Ten years to make a yard stick? Yes, and then ten more years to examine it to see if it varies any under heat or cold. If it does not, then it shall be the standard for about 100,000,000 people; but if it does vary the one millionth of an inch, then it will go to the rubbish pile and another yard measure will be made. The composition of the measure is 90 parts platinum, and 10 parts iridum.

United States Consuls are to be given thirty days training in court etiquette and technicalities, hereafter, before they are sent to foreign courts. This is a good move, because a man might be abundantly able to conduct some political campaign in his state who knows nothing of foreign affairs, and the government (that is the people) become responsible for all this foreign work.

Thirty-seven out of two hundred and seventeen people in Iowa have been deserted by Methodist preachers because of small salaries. Living expenses have doubled of late years while the salaries remained the same. Steps are being taken to remedy this inequality by advancing the wages.

In 1500 the annual production of gold was $4,000,000; in 1600, $6,000,000; in 1700, $7,000,000; in 1800, $12,000,000; from about $12,000,000 in 1849 to $400,000,000 in 1906 tells of the flood of gold in recent years. Even since 1896, each year has marked an enormous increase so that now the United States is producing more gold each year than there was produced of gold and silver together ten years ago. Economists are puzzled to know what the outcome will be.

Another U. S. Senator is in the meshes of reform investigations. Mr. Borah, of Idaho, will have to run the gauntlet all alone now. It was Bailey, of Texas, last summer, and Burton, of Kansas, two years ago. Who next? Depew and Platt, of New York, have gone to sleep so far as the public is concerned since their character was read a few years ago. Let the standard of uprightness for public officials be raised one hundred per cent and even then it will not be too high.

Better times are coming for the immigrant. Instead of being huddled together in New York city they are being unloaded at various ports in the South. Recently a load of Jews were landed at Galveston, Texas. This was very unusual since the Ghetto of New York city has always been the unloading place for Jews, but immigration agents see the need of scattering the newcomers rather than collecting them. When crowded together they perpetuate the old world customs while, if scattered, they become Americanized much sooner.

Contrary to both precedents and all expectations, the Panama Canal is making progress more rapidly than was estimated. The American steam shovel gets a large share of this praise it is said. Granite quarries and cement material have both been located within convenient distance so that material for the huge dams and other forms of masonry seems to be solved very favorably. If the United States build this canal within the time and means specified and without any swindle, it will be about the first undertaking of this size in modern times, that has not had associated with it a great deal of graft and meanness.

Third-class passage on ocean vessels has been very undesirable heretofore on account of poor accommodations in the way of eatables, beds, ventilation, etc., but this seems to be undergoing a change for the better. Poor people have likes and dislikes also, and to be more humane with this class of people the new ship, Lusitania, has broken all records. Steerage pasengers in this vessel have good berths in rooms; there is also a table waited upon by competent stewards in a large dining-room; plenty of light, and fresh air are furnished; there is also a piano for entertainment, and a large promenade deck with smoking rooms for men, and parlors for ladies.

New York has set September 18 to 25, 1909 as the date of celebrating the memory of Henry Hudson, who was the first man to sail up the river bearing his name. This was 300 years ago. In connection with this discovery the state associates the name of Robert Fulton who inaugurated steamboat services to the world on the Hudson river 100 years ago. Religious services, receptions, river parade, illuminations and addresses will dedicate the occasion to the grateful memory of these two men.

Prof. De Lage of Paris is said to have developed a sea urchin and and a starfish from unfertilized eggs, by using a solution of sugar with a few drops of ammonia and tannin. Spontaneous life is the cry again. News of this sort generally has a perennial source in the carnal vacuum of some science dupe who never stopped to think that he cannot produce himself. Until this is done, it is folly to talk about producing life, and mentality, and an organism out of the ammonia bottle.

Rev. H. M. Tyndal and his congregation of New York city, saw the need of a home for women and girls who are working in the city at starvation wages, so they began, last Easter, to collect funds for a hotel that would accommodate 100 women. The pastor carried brick, mixed mortar, collected funds, designed the building, preached and made himself useful in every place where help was needed. The building is now completed and the little congregation has won more friends by this move than by anything they have ever done. The building is of concrete and six stories high, and costs $50,000. Girls out of a job can find a home here without money, until work is obtained.

England and Russia recently completed a treaty concerning each other's right in various parts of Asia. Each nation wants the biggest slice of territory, but they do not want the other one to say that they stole it, so they made a treaty first. Thibet, Afghanistan and Persia seem to be the main bone of contention, although for a generation, Russia has been accused of trying to sow seeds of insurrection in India, so as to wrench that country from English rule. Russia is to reign supreme in the north of Persia and England in the south. France and Germany are interested in the Bagdad railroad, and they are wondering how to gain more influence in their territory, so that it seems as though Persia was destined to be parceled out to foreign nations. Russia has already announced her intention to overrun northern Persia, if the state troops cannot suppress the anarchy adjoining Russian territory. Sitting in a peace conference at home and directing plundering expeditions in foreign lands, is the mock attitude of some European nations today.

One hundred and sixty-two United States senators and representatives answered the New York Herald's question, "Why not sell the Philippines?" The Herald makes this abstract of the returns: "Of these approximately four-fifths are unequivocally in favor of disposing of the islands in some manner just as soon as such action can be taken with honor to the United States and with justice to the Filipinos. Forty are for the outright sale of the Philippines now, and have no hesitation in saying so. Ten more would deliver at once into the hands of the islanders their government and their national destiny. Those for immediate sale, added to those for the immediate surrender of government jurisdiction over these insular possessions, constitute more than forty per cent of the members who have been willing to enlist themselves squarely one one side or the other of the proposition. Thirty-six of the members approached by correspondents of the Herald declined to go on record, excusing themselves on the plea that the question was fraught with too great considerations to be readily answered.

The American Federation of Labor and the National Association of Manufacturers accuse each other of some bad things. For some unknown or unnamed purpose, the Manufacturers' Association is raising $500,000 annually. The Labor Association read in this act an organized "effort to crush the unions," and have so declared their charge against the manufacturers, who replied in part as follows: "We are not opposed to organizations of labor, but we are opposed to boycotts, blacklists and illegal acts of interference with the personal liberties of employer and employee. No person should be refused employment on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization. Here are two national organizations fighting for what they claim to be their rights, and the end of this war is not in sight until labor and capital are both regenerated. Arrogance on the part of wealth, and envy on the part of poverty is to blame for much of this conflict. The rich man feels above the poor man socially, and demands more than is fair, while the poor man feels his unfortunate condition in life and thinks he is always mistreated purposely. When manhood becomes the basis of worth in this world all will go well.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

HISTORY WANTED.

CALLS have come to the Editor for a write-up of Coxie's Army, also of Quantrell's Raid.

We want to commend this desire to preserve and give to each generation the history of our country. Americans are not historical, literary, poetic, nor artistic enough. Glittering gold is in the public eye so big we fail to realize that life is more sentiment than anything else.

The Western states have enough unwritten, or at least unavailable history, to fill several volumes. Posterity will fail to appreciate their ancestors if we fail to leave a record of our times.

Any turning point in the history of your neighborhood or state, is eligible to the pages of the INGLENOOK. There are five hundred and fifty bloody miles in the Santa Fe Trail that would be interesting reading. Then, treaties with indians, frontier settlements, discoveries of mountain passes, calamities, successes, Government undertakings and a hundred more that we all ought to read. Who will furnish some material along these lines?

THE PRICE PAID FOR PROGRESS.

WHILE enjoying the luxuries of modern life very few people stop to consider the price paid for our ease; not that we paid too much money, but think of the effort and energy required to produce our commodities.

We say that Suez Canal cost $80,000,000. It cost that much money to complete the project, but there were sixty years of planning, engineering, and teaching done by people who never lived to see the fruits of their labors.

Then again we say that it took 30,000 men to do the work. True again, and 4,000 dead men beside. Disease, accident, overexertion, etc., killed as many workmen as were killed in some noted battles.

And this same condition holds true in all the lanes and byways of industrial progress. Life rather than money is the price, for unless some brave son hazards his life the work is not done.

Just watch the laborer on the skyscrapers being built in our large cities. Up there, two hundred and fifty feet, standing on a twelve-inch plank, hammering a heavy beam into place with a heavy sledge which he swings with all his might over his head. The least bit of the unexpected would send him into a mushy lump on the street below, and another man would be told to try his hand at the same game.

The Quebec Bridge was to have cost twelve million dollars, but it has already cost nearly one hundred lives besides. The manufacturing plants of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, destroy as high as seventy-five men in a single month. Ah! much of our ease at home and abroad is wrought in human blood.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

"THE INGLENOOK is fit for my wife and children to read."

"I am raising a family of children and cannot afford to be without the INGLENOOK."

A scholar and writer says, "I consider the INGLENOOK one of the best publications in America. It fills a place that no other magazine seems to touch. Its circulation should increase a hundredfold."

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO READ?

IT is a constant puzzle for the Editor to determine what to give to his readers each week. Reading, like eating, is a first-class thing to do every day, and just the same as in eating, many people ruin themselves by reading the wrong thing. They read it, not because there is nothing better to be had, but because they like it, or it is more convenient to get than something else which they know would be good for them.

Now shall the Editor poison his readers with pernicious reading matter or shall he offer the pure wholesome sort? Shall popularity be the aim of a journal, or shall straightforward manhood and service be our purpose? You know how the INGLENOOK stands on this, and it is the Editor's belief that there is not a more serious, thoughtful, earnest, reading constituency to any paper in America than the INGLENOOK has.

A Chicago firm which advertises all over the United States, says; "We consider the class of people answering our ad in the INGLENOOK above the average."

We want every reader of our paper to feel the worth of such commendation.

And, if the INGLENOOK family is of this quality, let us not be ashamed to speak a good word in favor of the paper, for, like the general, unless the entire army of individuals takes enough pride in their work to make it win the whole thing fails.

THE CRIME OF NEGLECT.

Up in Canada a few weeks ago there was a railroad wreck in which several people were killed. The Government officers began to look into the matter, not accepting the verdict of the railroad examining committee and the great trans-continental Canadian Pacific Railway was condemned, given a public censure, and a heavy fine was placed upon the proper officials, because they were found to be guilty of neglecting their duty.

Who will say that the course pursued by the Government is wrong? We need just such a turn of affairs here in our own country at once, both in our railway service and in our factories, where employees are subjected to imminent danger that could be avoided by using proper mechanical appliances.

It seems as if hard-heartedness and indifference has taken possession of good meaning people, or else we would be moved to save some of the tens of thousands of poor workmen who annually are becoming martyrs to the public. Some one is *neglecting* his full duty in this matter. Is it you?

WHEN HAVE I DONE MY DUTY?

SHIRKING, and smearing over ones work is detestable, not so much because the work is poorly done, but because of the bad influence which such conduct has on the character of the one who works thus, and its contagious influence on others.

Only when your utmost skill and supremest willingness have been factors in your task, have you done your duty to yourself or your employer. Even if the remuneration is too small, yet to give your fullest life to your work brings a reward to you each time in the way of preparing you for higher work each succeeding day.

EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.

IN discussing the problem of the education of the negro, LeRoy Percy of the Mississippi bar recently said: "It is idle to talk about stopping the education of the negro; it is 'kicking against the pricks.' There is no voluntary retrogression in civilization. You might as well try to stop the rising tide of the ocean, or to turn back the hands of time. If we should cease to furnish the means for his education, on the theory that it is better to keep him in ignorance, a theme would be furnished by which millions would be obtained from other sections of the country for his education. The money would come from remote sections of the country, and the instruction would be given by those hostile and alien to our wants, our needs, and our problems, and a part of that education would be hostility to and hatred of us. No; this education must be given by the Southern people, and through the instrumentalities which they provide. We taught him what he knew in slavery, we must teach him what he should know in freedom. If we could stop his education we should not do so. I deny as an academic question that the negro's usefulness is impaired by education. I deny that any man is rendered worse by having his intelligence quickened, his mental horizon widened."

BONAPARTE AT JAFFA.

PROF. FORGUE, of Montpelier, in a recent lecture on the respect that the practitoners should have for human life, told the story of Desgenettes, which, though well known, is worth telling again as it is told by Desgenettes himself, says the *British Medical Journal.*

When the French were about to evacuate Jaffa the question arose what was to be done with the plague-stricken soldiers in the hospital. Desgenettes says: "Shortly before the raising of the siege—that is to says, on the 27th—Gen Bonaparte sent for me very early in the morning to his tent, where he was alone with his chief of the staff. After a short preamble as to our sanitary condition, he said to me, 'If I were you I should end at once the suffering of those stricken with plague and should end the dangers which they threaten us by giving them opium.'

"I answered simply, 'My duty is to preserve life.' Then the general developed the idea with the greatest coolness, saying that he was advising for others what in like circumstances he would ask for himself.

"He pointed out to me that he was, before any one else, charged with the conservation of the army, and consequently it was his duty to prevent our abandoned sick from falling alive under the scimiters of the Turks. 'I do not seek,' he went on, 'to overcome your repugnance, but I believe I shall find some who will better appreciate my intentions." Desgenettes goes on to say that opium was, as a matter of fact, given to some thirty patients.

It happened, however, that a certain number rejected it by vomiting, were relieved, got well and told what had happened. The story has been told in various ways, and the fact of the poisoning of the sick soldiers has been accepted by the enemies of Napoleon and denied by the defenders of his memory. Desgenettes narrative bears the stamp of truth.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—Whittier.



LIVE!

Be brave, my soul, for cowardice is weakness;
Be strong, for weakness is disgrace;
Care not for clouds, for sunlight is eternal;
Remember, to the brave belongs the race.

If there are sorrows, live not in their shadows
But seek the sunshine of new joys;
Grieve not o'er wrongs, for grieving cannot right them
And mourning only cheerfulness alloys.

Oft many tons of rock pass through the crusher
Ere they produce a single ounce of gold;
A thousand shells are broken to discover
One hidden pearl of perfect mould.

Faint not nor fall aweary by the wayside;
Press on until you reach the goal;
For Life's rewards, however you may doubt them,
Are rarest gems and purest gold.

Talk not of death—there is no death but failure;
(Who dares to fail deserves to die;)
But live your life up to the fullest measure;
Stay not a song to breath a sigh.

—Frank Stamats.

A COUCH IN THE SITTING-ROOM.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"It is the prettiest flat, and the most tastily furnished, that I've seen for many a day," said Marian Herrick, pausing between the portieres of her sister's living room. "But, Dora, where in the world do you take your 'little rests,?"

Dora Burnham shifted the plump baby to her other arm. A faint flush sprang into her thin cheek. "It musses the bed-covers to lie there with baby in the daytime," she said, apologetically; "And when he sleeps by himself, there are always so many little things to catch up."

Marian's eyes opened wide with incredulous horror. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't take time for a nap every day of your life, with that child, and all your other work?" she cried, aghast.

"But Marian,"—the little woman glanced resentfully over her elder sister's graceful figure, neither squeezed out of proportion by tight corsets, nor unduly expanded,—"It's all very well for you to talk about rest-cures and self-culture and all that; but one just can't do such things, with a baby and everything else! I'd love to be fresh and healthy as well as the next one; and when Ernest is older, perhaps I can get time. But I never shall neglect my work. You know Will hates an untidy house just as heartily as I do!"

Marian looked at the slim figure stooping wearily when it should be at its trim best. There were circles under the lusterless eyes; the cheeks were sallow and liver-spotted. Some pointed words rose to her lips; but she left them unsaid.

"How often do you sweep and dust, Dora?"

"Every day, of course, and go over the whole house thoroughly from top to bottom once a week."

"And how often do you scrub that kitchen floor?"

"Every day; maple shows the spots so. Only, once in a while I don't get to it," answered Dora, with a regretful sigh. She had dropped into the big mission chair, and was cuddling the baby, a healthy youngster all wriggly arms and legs, close to her. Marian's eyes softened as she surveyed the two. Her own babies had grown out of arms.

"You nurse him, of course?" Dora's hand went to her side, for an instant. "Does that old stitch still trouble you?" Marian asked, suspiciously.

"A little." Dora hesitated. "When I'm tired."

Marian sat in silence, watching what should have been so pretty a picture. Dora had been frail as a girl, but even then of that same consuming energy of of neatness. She could never be beguiled from her fancywork to any of the outdoor sports that had laid the foundation of Marian's own healthy womanhood. Yet the elder sister knew that, conserving strength, delicate persons are proverbially long-lived. Her brown study lasted for several moments; but she came out of it, at last, with mischievous, shining eyes. "How much time were you intending to devote to my entertainment, during this visit, Dora?" she asked, drolly.

The nursing-mother stared; then laughed.

"You dear old tease!—Why, all the time I have, certainly."

"Would I be sure of half an hour every day, do you think?" Marian insisted.

"How absurd!" Dora answered, still laughing. "Yes, I can promise that, at least."

Next morning Marian went out on the professed errand of a letter to mail. She was away unreasonably long, and when she returned she was followed shortly by an expressman who deposited at the door a plain, folding, steel couch, with a thick, bright-covered puff, tied at the corners with gay ribbons.

"I was intending to bring you a present," Marian explained to the wondering, deprecatory mistress of

the flat; "But, not having the remotest idea what you would like. I decided to wait, and select it here."

"Why, Marian" her sister faltered. "You shouldn't have—"

"Yes, I should! This couch is going into the cosiest corner of the sitting room, and I'm to have my half-hour entertainment over it, every day!"

Dora looked puzzled. But she went back without further questioning to finish preparing lunch. When the meal was over, and Ernest put to sleep in his cot. Marian brough a soft cushion.

"Now, Dora," she commanded as she drew the window shades. "I'm ready to give you the first lesson in real resting."

"But there's the salad dressing!" Dora protested, half laughing; the mentor cut her short.

"All the materials are cooling themselves on the ice, hard as ever they can," she said, cheerfully. "There's plenty of time." So, though inwardly rebelling, the young woman was made to lie down at full length on the new couch, her limbs comfortably extended, ever muscle relaxed. This last occupied fully ten minutes, the pupil rising up nervously half a dozen times as she recalled some unfinished task, But Marian met every objection craftily; and at last sat down in the noiseless little rocker, partially satisfied.

"Now, your mind is the next thing," she said, "First of all, you're to leave the baby, and Will, and every responsibility in the hands of the Lord; he will take care of them anyway, whether you think of them or not. Get hold of the right kind of thoughts,Dora. Realize that you are God's dear little girl, made in his image and likeness, so you've all of his strength and peace to draw on, to the very limit of your needs. Say this over and over to yourself: "I am God's dear child; good is with me, good is coming to me."

Dora's eyes opened, as her fingers twitched convulsively. "Oh!" she moaned. "I never dreamed that planning about work could fill me with such dreadful hard kinks!"

"My body is the temple of God my Father;—of God—my—Father," went on the teacher, slowly, reverently, and ignoring the plaintive cry. Dora's eyes closed once more, obediently. Say it over and over to yourself, dear: 'God's peace, that passeth understanding, is mine,' You are only claiming his own free gift to you. 'God's peace is mine; God's peace is mine.'" Dora lay very still, breathing evenly and softly. The rocker swayed gradually to quiet. Minute after minute flitted past. The teacher leaned back. Out over the broad world, over the universe of all created things, her soul seemed to float from understanding to understanding: *Love;* that was all. Love of God, for everything created by his hand. Love, the supreme law that binds everything to God and God to everything. Fear and worry and wrong thinking seemed to drop of their own weight out of sight; God only remained,—God, and the children of his love and creating.

A sleepy cry came from the cot in the next room, Dora sat up instantly, as if she were the other pole of the electric battery, "There's baby," she said.

"I'll bring him," Marian answered.

She returned in a moment with the sturdy mite, bright and rosy from his nap, to find the little mother sitting on the side of the couch, her lips apart and her eyes shining.

"Marian Herrick!" she cried, in astonishment; "Do you mean to tell me I've only slept half an hour? I feel as if I'd been all made over!"

"It would have been half an hour, if you hadn't wasted almost fifteen minutes of it getting ready." Marian answered pretendedly aggrieved, as she cuddled the baby, "Still, in justice, I must say you did very well, for a beginner."

"I'm astounded!" Dora declared. "Why, there's worlds of time yet for all I have to do!"

Marian smiled meaningly.

"Indeed there is, and there's going to be plenty of time every day, for resting as well as working. My dear, 'He giveth his beloved sleep' means far more than the last rendering back to nature of what she has loaned us. But there can be no real repose and refreshing of the body without soul-rest. When we lay aside the burden of worries that most of us so foolishly persist in carrying, then the body is free for God's wonderful processes of growth and rebuilding to go on uninterruptedly. But I remember you never liked metaphysics, Dora-girlie."

Dora shook her head.

"I like anything, long name and all, that helps me feel so new," she laughed, reaching over to pat the baby.

So the couch in the sitting room became a fixture. Dora took her daily "lesson" there during all her sister's visit, still keeping up the habit when that happy time was ended. Her husband declares they cannot afford to do without it, for she is growing younger every day.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IDA M. HELM.

While deep, dark shadows filled the room,
As on my bed I lay,
I heard a well-known, soft, sweet voice
With loving accents say;

"Lord I have one dear little girl,
An only daughter Faye;
My heart o'er flows with love for her,
In sin she's strayed away."

Then quietly off the bed I slipped,
And knelt beside a chair,
And there while on my knees I stayed,
I listened to her prayer.

These words came floating to my ears
In tenderness and love;
"Oh help my child to turn to thee,
Lend guidance from above."

And when she said, "May we both live
So we can meet up there,"
Repentant, kneeling by that chair,
I echoed mother's prayer.

Years have passed, and alas, tonight
While I knelt beside a chair,
No loving voice went up for me
From Mother's room in prayer.

But her sweet words stole back to me
"May we both meet up there,"
And with hopeful heart I knelt again
And echoed Mother's prayer.

And when the summons comes to me,
Oh, may I go up there
And find my Savior waiting
To answer Mother's prayer.

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

WORKING WITHOUT WORRYING.

THE man who can do hard and effective brain work during the day and then go home, banish his cares, and take his ease, is a man to be envied. He is all too scarce, says *Lippincott's Magazine*. Witness the increase in the men one meets who are prematurely gray or bald or wrinkled. The man without a wrinkle is either a man without a care or a man who has mastered the secret of working without worrying.

The late Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, one of the hardest worked men that ever sat on the bench of that state, was noted for the number of important cases he tried and the strong and permanent character of the decisions he rendered. Late every afternoon he went home and at once exchanged his shoes for a pair of comfortable old slippers. In referring to his habits the chancellor was accustomed to remark:

"When I come home and take off my shoes, I at the same time take off all my cares and worries. When I put on my slippers, I slip on also a feeling of ease and comfort. I banish from my mind the cases that absorb me all day at the office or in the court room. I am ready to enjoy my library, to play a game of whist, or to entertain company, as the case may be."

There is where all the work-burdened men would like to get. It is purely a personal matter. The will must come in to assist the brain. Unless a man has abused his digestive functions and upset his nervous system, he can, in most instances, acquire what has been called the will habit. When he has learned to go to sleep and wants to go to sleep, to get the rest a sound sleep affords, he has won half the battle. With a reasonable amount of exercise to add to the sleep, the problem of working the brain and banishing the worry has been very largely solved. Not many visits from physicians, nor much medicine, will be required. The man will have become his own specialist.

CHILDREN.

I saw a little child upon the shore,
Watched by his mother, running to and fro;
With wonder-eyes he saw the ebb and flow
Of the green waves, and heard the breakers' roar.
There, at his feet, joyous, he found a store
Of pretty shells, nor farther cared to go,
Straining to hear their little trumpets blow,
Content to count his treasure o'er and o'er.

Beside his merchandise and golden gain,
Broken in years and overwrought by toil,
I saw an aged man with eager face;
Tireless, he scann'd the earth and distant main,
Nor dream'd he was, despite his shining spoil,
An infant playing on the shores of space.

—Catholic World.

ELEPHANTS LIKE TO PLAY.

VISITORS to the French exposition which is being held in the park of Vincennes, in Paris, have had a rare opportunity to witness what elephants are capable of both at work and at play. A large troop of these animals—not from any circus but brought direct from the French possessions in Tonkin-China—are on daily exhibition, and the patient willingness with which they do the huge tasks required of them and the whole-hearted avidity with which they enter into their sports afterward makes them a powerful exemplification of President Roosevelt's famous watchword about "working hard and playing hard."

It is well known that in the countries where the elephant is indigenous, notably in India and Indo-China, he is used on a large scale as a porter and beast of burden. It is truly wonderful how intelligent, docile and careful these huge brutes are about their work. Their trunk of course is their main "arm," which serves for a multitude of purposes, and this member, while having the power of a steam engine, can at the same time be manipulated with the delicacy of milady's hand. Elephants have been found specially useful for handling heavy timbers, in lumber-yards and in unloading boats, etc. One will pick up a great log or timber in his trunk and carry it any distance, and it is mostly this sort of work which they are exhibited in at the Colonial exposition.

When their "stint" is accomplished and they find that their playspell has come, they vie with one another in "setting patterns" in elephant sports. A sort of toboggan-slide built of strong timbers has been arranged on the edge of a small lake, and it is one of the most comical of sights to see them "shooting the chute" one after another. After plunging into the water and making a great splash they often fill their trunk with water and blow it over themselves in a kind of shower-bath—all of which they seem to consider great fun. It is conceivable that on warm days the thousands of spectators which this singular performance calls to the spot might some

of them like to change places with the elephants and take a dip themselves.

In a few cases attempts have been made in this country to employ the elephant for heavy work, but without much success. When P. T. Barnum was alive and in the show business he used to keep a man plowing with an elephant on his winter-quarter farm in Connecticut, where everyone traveling by on the railroad would be astonished and impressed at the strange spectacle. One old farmer asked Barnum if it paid to use elephants for plowing, and Barnum replied with one of his sly winks: "Yes, if you have a circus to advertise."

Those thinking of investing in elephant better reflect on this.—*Pathfinder.*

ROGER'S REWARD.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Roger was a little boy who did not like to work. Whenever he did work he wanted at least a bright, new penny in payment.

One evening Roger, wishing to prove the merits of a new tablet and lead-pencil, asked his father to give him a copy. Pleased to find that his son was taking an interest in the new writing material, Roger's father took the paper and pencil and wrote these words—"Work well done brings a rich reward."

Roger worked steadily until one page was filled when he stopped writing and seemed intent on studying the words of the copy.

"Papa, what's a reward?"

"A reward, my son, well, let me see. A reward is something given for services rendered.

"Is it money, papa?"

"Rewards are often given in the form of money, Roger, but not always."

"Are rewards worth trying for, always?" asked Roger with a wondering look in his large, brown eyes.

"A reward for work well done is always worth trying for," replied the boy's father. "But mind you, Roger, it must be well done."

"Papa, I wish I could get a reward."

Just then Roger's mother came over to the table where he was sitting. "Here, my son, try these," said she, handing him five brown flat seeds. "Perhaps they will bring you a reward some day if you take proper care of them."

"How can I ever get a reward from these, mamma? They are just seeds. What kind of seeds are they?"

"Plant them in the sandy loam in a corner of the garden and see what they are when they grow," said mamma.

The next morning Roger and his father went out to the garden to plant the queer brown seeds. They found a nice sandy place in a corner and Roger put the five seeds in the ground. It was fine spring weather. In a few days a little green plant pushed its way up through the soil, and in a few weeks it was creeping across the garden.

"I think it is some kind of vine," thought Roger.

And so it was. It crept along holding aloft its pretty leaves to catch the sunshine and showers.

"What is it?" wondered Roger.

"Just keep on cultivating it and you shall see." said mamma smiling.

Every day Roger worked in the garden and kept the weeds from the thrifty vine. Every day the vine was more splendid. One day a blossom appeared among the green leaves.

"What can it be, mamma?

"Just wait a little longer, Roger."

Another blossom appeared which was followed by another and still another. After several days the first blossom withered away and a tiny green sphere developed in its place. The green sphere grew until its coat began to show the familiar mottled streaks in different shades of green.

"Oh, mamma, now I know what it is! It's a watermelon. And Oh! wont it be good? I never could get enough watermelon. It will be my reward, wont it mamma?"

"I expect it will, Roger."

"You must not disturb the melon. Just let it grow now to suit itself," papa called from the garden gate as Roger lifted the melon from its resting place. Roger laid the cherished fruit down carefully and it grew until it was a full-sized melon.

Very quietly it lay in its sunny home until the stem which held it began to die and it could grow no more.

One scorching afternoon late in the long hot summer a big ripe watermelon lay cooling in a tub of ice water. When the luscious fruit was carved into tempting slices, Roger had a feast indeed. There in the crisp scarlet slices were rows of brown flat seeds which Roger saved for another planting time. He had done his work well and had won his reward—a fine crop of melons besides some knowledge of gardening.

Roger is a big boy now, but not an idle one. It is needless to say that he takes much pride in doing everything well. He says that it always *pays.*

Tipton, Iowa.

The supply of Nooker's Favorites is about exhausted and unless a fresh supply comes in at once this department shall be closed.

Some very helpful poems appeared in that department so that the space was not lost nor disinteresting while it lasted. A good poem when read, like a good song or good idea becomes a part of our life. The Book of Books owes much of its strength to its poems and songs.



THE RURAL LIFE

USING UP OUR FUEL RESERVES.

When President Roosevelt issued his order withdrawing temporarily from sale 64,000,000 acres of Government coal-land in the West, the commercial world paused for a moment in its mad money-making race and asked, "Why?"

Up to that time we had been using the fuel resources of this vast country with the same reckless prodigality as the spendthrift son of a millionaire hurls his inherited dollars at the phantom he calls pleasure,—with no thought of the morrow, no thought of those who are to come after us.

The possibility of exhaustion of the fuel supply perhaps never entered our minds, and if it did we dismissed it with the optimistic remark that the American people are ingenious and inventive, and when the coal is exhausted we will draw heat from the sun or some other source.

With the most phenomenal growth and prosperity ever witnessed in any country; with the mills and factories running night and day, their products going to the uttermost parts of the earth, our thoughts were far from the serious problem of fuel supply as it relates to the future. The manufacturer saw his bin bursting with coal, his high smokestacks belching forth volumes of black smoke, and he was happy in the thought that more smoke meant more business and more money. He lost sight of the fact that this smoke was an evidence of waste, as well as an expensive nuisance in our larger cities. His imagination perhaps pictured only the mighty army of sturdy toilers delving ruthlessly into the earth and bringing forth an endless stream of black diamonds, but it rarely or never occurred to him that there was a limit to the supply. Nor did he stop to think that from 20 to sometimes more than 50 per cent of this coal is being left underground as a permanent loss.—*American Review of Reviews.*

SUNFLOWERS.

They blossom brightly, straight and tall,
Against the mossy garden wall,
  Beneath the poplar-trees;
The sunbeams kiss each golden face,
Their green leaves wave with airy grace
  In summer's cooling breeze.

On one fair disk of gold and brown;
A purple butterfly lights down;
  A sister blossom yields
Her honey store, content to be
A late provider for the bee,
  Flown here from clover fields.

Each dawning day when climbs the sun,
And steadfast till his course is run,
  These royal blossoms raise
  Their grand, wide-open, golden eyes
To watch his journey through the skies,
  Undaunted by his blaze.

Fair maid beside the garden wall,
Thy lithe form copies, straight and tall,
  The sunflower's stately grace;
The golden tresses of thine hair,
Like sunflower rays, do weave a fair,
  Bright halo round thy face.

And through their shadows looking down,
We find thine eyes of softest brown,
  Like sunflower centers are;
We watch thee standing in the bloom,
The God-given sunflower of our home,
  Yet meek as evening's star!

Ah, watching thus, high thoughts arise,
Deep thoughts, that fill our time-worn eyes
  With fearful, hopeful tears.
God give thee sunshine on thy way!
God crown thy happy summer day
  With peaceful autumn years!

In due time coming, on thy breast
Love's purple butterfly may rest,
  And nestle close to thee;
And ere thy summer-time is o'er,
Thy sweetness may yield honey store
  For life's brown working bee.

But evermore, though love should come
And fold his pinions in thine home,
  Lift thy calm gaze above;
Mark thou the sunflower's constant eye,
And follow through life's changing sky
  The sun of faith and love.

HOW SOME FARMERS PLOW OUT WEST.

Suppose we take Barton County, Kansas for an illustration. Everything is wheat there, although corn is coming in more every year, and how to break from two hundred to eight hundred acres and seed it to wheat between the twentieth of July and the twentieth of September is a problem that eastern farmers never met. Yet this is done year after year in the county

named above and in fact all through the fall wheat section of the West.

Within the past few years steam engines are being used to draw the gang plows. Many of these engines are forty horse power and pull from twelve to sixteen gang, running as long as eighteen hours per day when there is moonlight. Such a force as this usually breaks anywhere from forty to sixty acres each day. Of course this solves the problem of how eight hundred acres can be plowed within sixty days; but follow those furrows once and see how the soil is rooted about and butchered up until it is a wonder that high heaven does not call a halt to such hoggishness.

They always round the corners of a square field, because an engine cannot make square turns as the team can, and by having round corners there is no stopping point; the work is all in a circle. But, at these corners is where the poorest work is done. The plows do not, cannot, do good work on a curve, so they push, slide, scoot on top of the ground, any way and every way.

We have seen where inexperienced men on the engine would fail by six feet at every corner to get the furrows of each round connected. These round corners are made very long so that there are acres upon acres in all the fields where the old stubble is never turned under; also when going through uneven places in the fields some of the gang slide right over without doing any breaking at all.

An eastern man stands dumfounded at such a sight, wondering how wheat can grow at all on soil that is not broken, or else only poorly broken. But it grows. Barton County is the banner wheat county of Kansas, and Kansas the banner wheat state of our nation.

Of course where horses are used the breaking is much better, but even then there is such a rush, and the breaking so shallow that at best the breaking in general is very poor, and it is only a question of time until the farmers of that section will see that eight hunderd acres of wheat producing only eleven bushels per acre is not as good as three hundred acres producing twenty five bushels per acre, when expense, taxes, labor, etc are all counted in.

The soil of western Kansas will produce wheat. The world knows that, but the soil has been farmed to wheat in some places for thirty consecutive years, with just such breaking as is described above. Now with rotation and proper soil preparation what is the limit? Not twenty-five bushels, but even double that amount is possible, for in an early day the virgin soil of Kansas did often reach fifty bushels of wheat per acre, but is now down around twelve, fifteen and twenty.

The reason for this large acreage is because the farmer is always expecting what is known as a "bumper crop," that is a twofold or threefold yield. This happens now and then, and, of course, a thousand acres of wheat yielding thirty bushels per acre would make a man independently rich in one year, and what farmer would object to that? Not you. And so the rush goes on year after year with only a "bumper crop" a few times in a generation.

When the Kansas prairies become as thickly settled as Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, or Hamilton County, Ohio, it will be hard then for the people to imagine the wholesale manner of farming in western Kansas now. Instead of two men farming eight hundred acres they will farm eighty, and each square foot of soil will produce eight times as many dollars as it does now.

THE NEW PUBLIC-UTILITIES LAW IN WISCONSIN.

In the regulation of rates, fares, and charges the Wisconsin legislation marks an important advance on that of New York and other States in the fact that the commission fixes the rates absolutely and not merely the maximum rates. It is as much an offense for a corporation to charge less as it is to charge more than the rate set by the commission. This is designed to prevent discrimination, but the commission is required to make a comprehensive classification of services for each utility, in which it may take account of the quantity purchased, the time when used, and when any other condition that reasonably justifies a difference in the rate per unit of service. Thus discriminations are authorized, but they must be open and reasonable and must be established only after public investigation.

By the enactment of this law the railroad commission becomes to the fullest extent a public-service commission. Every public utility in the State, except streets, highways, and bridges, is brought within its jurisdiction. It becomes also a local government board for it regulates towns, villages, and cities in their management of these undertakings. Its authority is great and far-reaching. It employs experts and agents and fixes their compensation, and can draw on all of the unappropriated money in the State treasury. It enters into the daily life of the people more than all other agencies of government combined. This will become more evident as time goes on, for under its control is placed the development of the enormous water power of Wisconsin, which eventually, through electricity, will light the streets and houses and furnish motive power to operate railways, factories, and possibly even farms—*Review of Reviews.*

FARMER VINCENT'S WISE SAYINGS.

Dandelion leaves are one of the best things to feed to hens that you can get.

Some breeds of hens need altogether different feed from other. You didn't know that? What will make

one hen lay the most eggs may not be the thing for another. The hen business is a study.

Cut some of the second crop clover to feed to the hens next winter.

Drop mashes for a while, and try feeding whole or cracked grain. There is a reason and a good one. Change of diet is good, even for hens.

Fix up a box of sand in the corner of the hen house for the biddies to rustle in. They will say, "Thank you," in their way.

Pick up some of the windfalls and feed them to the hens. The sweet ones are especially good for them.

Eggs are largely albumen; so is sour milk. Put the two things together, or rather let the hen do it for you; she can make is very profitable.

Eggs have charcoal in them. Feed the hens some, finely powdered, and it will help them and you, too.

Be friendly with your hens. They have sense, and you ought to have a little, too.

A WORD ABOUT CANCER.

Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, of New York City is quoted in *The Farm Journal* as saying:

1. That the hereditary and congenital acquirement of cancer are subjects which require much more study before any definite conclusions can be formulated concerning them.

2. That in the light of our present knowledge they hold no special element of alarm.

3. That the contagiousness or infectiousness of cancer is far from proved.

4. That evidence to support the theory of contagion or infection is so incomplete and inconclusive that the public need not concern itself with it.

5. That the public need merely to be instructed to apply the same precautionary measures as should be brought to bear in the care of any ulcer or open wound.

6. That the danger of the accidental acquirement of cancer is far less than from typhoid fever or tuberculosis.

7. That in the care of cancer cases there is much more danger to the attendant of septic infection, of blood poisoning from pus organisms, than from any possible acquirement of cancer.

8. That the communication of cancer from man to man is so rare, if it really occurs at all, that it can practically be disregarded.

9. That in cancer, as in all other diseases, attention to diet, exercise and proper hygienic surroundings are of the utmost importance.

10. That cancer is local in its beginning.

11. That when accessible, it may in its incipiency be removed by a radical operation so perfectly that the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of its non-recurrence.

12. That once it has advanced beyond the stage of cure, in many cases suffering may be palliated and life prolonged by surgical means.

13. That while other methods of treatment may, in some cases, offer hope for the cancer victim, the evidence is conclusive that surgery for operable cases affords the surest means of cure.

INSECTS THAT DESTROY METAL.

The astonishing fact that in the Veinna mint the leaden walls of a reservoir cotaining sulphuric acid, although 43 millimeters, or about 1.7 inches thick, were eaten through by an insect; that the leaden gas pipe in a café was also damaged in like manner, and that also in the sulphuric acid factory in Nussdorf the wall of the lead chamber was found to contain defects from the same cause, has recently attracted attention to the damages done by insects both to wood and to metal. The *Scientific American* says that such damages are due to a sort of wood wasp, of which there are many sorts in central Europe. The largest of these, the black and yellow giant wood wasp, resembles the true wasp, which is so feared by reason of its sting; but close observation shows it to be very different. Its breast and belly are joined by a wide connecting piece, whereas in the case of the real wasp the "waist" is proverbially small. On the under side of the elongated belly, the female has a very hard boring device, about 19 millimeters (¾ inch) long, black and fluted, and which lies in its sheath. Ordinarily this borer is directed backward; but when in use it is turned about its base, so as to make a considerable angle with the axis of the body, and is used like a rat-tail file until it makes a hole about 18 millimeters (0.7 inch) deep in the wood which it usually chooses to perforate. The egg which the female lays in the wood develops into a caterpillar-like creature with six short legs, and without eyes. (What would it do with eyes? About two years—during almost its entire life—it lives in the wood, in perfect darkness!) With its sharp, hard jaws it bites in the trunk of the tree tubular channels, which increase in diameter as it grows larger. It swallows the wood which it gnaws off, digesting the nutritious portions and discharging the rest in a meal-like form. For two years it eats its way forward in this manner. In the third year the insect creeps out, biting with its jaws through the thin wall which separates it from the outer world, leaving the home of its childhood to enter upon a short life in freedom.

CUBA'S NEW CAREER OF PROSPERITY.

Cuba, not excepting Java with its 30,000,000 people, is the most productive island in the world, says Lewis R. Freeman in the *American Review of Re-*

views, and the disturbances of last fall necessitated intervention found it beginning easily to outdo the best years it had known before the war that resulted in its independence. Sugar, which last year just touched the old high-water mark of 1,100,000 tons, made in 1894, would have this year gone near to 1,500,000 tons but for the misfortune of the drought of which I will speak in a moment. The tobacco crop reached the record-breaking total of $51,000,000, that to the value of $36,000,000 having been exported. This, with sugar and other products, footed up a remarkable total of nearly $100,250,000 to the credit of exports. Railroad mileage has nearly doubled since the war, there being now in the vicinity of 1,500 miles of broad-guage line on the island, in addition to many hundred miles of private lines serving various of the sugar plantations.

There is no reason to believe that this encouraging development will be in any degree checked by intervention,—probably quite the contrary will result,—but there is no chance of the island making anything like the showing it is capable of in the unsettled conditions that have prevailed during even the quietest years of its attempted self-government. That American and foreign capitalists in Cuba should be unreservedly in favor of annexation, or at least a permanent protection, for the island is generally understood in this country; that nearly all of the foreign officials in the West Indies believe one or the other to be inevitable may be news to many Americans. The British are particularly emphatic in expressing their belief that annexation must come sooner or later, a consummation with which they declare themselves fully in sympathy.

CONCERNING CERTAIN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Give a roof that is mine own,
A plot of ground, a clean hearth-stone;
Some one to love me, day by day;
A little child to watch at play.
A friend's strong hand to grasp betimes;
Old trees where ring the wild bird's chimes.
Some books which hold truths brave and strong,
To help me as I trudge along.
Health, and of toil my rightful share:—
Each night I'll say a grateful prayer!

—Edwin Carlile Litsey.

It is sometimes a good plan to rake up the debris in the garden into two or three piles in the fall and not burn these piles but leave them until early spring. Bugs that winter over will take refuge in these piles, then when spring comes the piles can be burnt and the bugs thus destroyed; whereas, if the garden was raked over and the debris burnt in the fall, the bugs would winter over in scattered places and so more of them would survive.

THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

An Allegory.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

It was a spot originally covered with a dense growth of nature's forming, but after the clearing up process had been accomplished it had been sadly neglected. Weeds (bad habits) had grown up where the owner had planted good seed, but had failed to keep the garden clean of the weeds that were crowding out the good and useful plants.

One day as the gardener was reposing, overshadowed by the plant of indolence, he fell asleep, and in his sleep an angel came to him and said, "What hast thou done to inherit eternal life?" The gardener replied, "The garden that was given me was a wilderness, and I have removed the dense growth with which nature enshrouded it, and have let in the sunshine of truth."

But," the angel replied, "what mean all these rank poisonous weeds here in the garden that was given thee to till and make clean for the Holy Spirit, so that it could come and repose with thee? Sluggard, if thou wouldst inherit eternal life shew works meet for repentance.

The angel then disappeared and the gardener awoke. "Is it so?" he said to himself, "that I am not yet accepted of the Father?" and looking up, the dark leaves of indolence seemed to lull him to more ease, but he aroused and proceeded to destroy the noxious plants that had prevented him from having a garden fit for the angels to dwell in. But the task was a hard one and many times he almost gave up in despair; but though unseen, the voice of the angel spake to him encouragingly, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Encouraged, he toiled through the heat of the day, at morn and at eve until he had eradicated indolence from his garden. Then the angel appeared to him and said, "Son, thou art now ready to begin thy life work; make clean thy garden and the Father will give thee thy reward. Adieu."

The angel again disappeared. The gardener, looking around saw what was to be done. There was envy smothering the beautiful plant of brotherly love. Revenge must be destroyed before forgiveness can shed its fragrant odor throughout the garden. Avarice, and love of power and earthly gain must make room for humility. The gardener saw that it would not be an easy task, but when about to grow weary, and faint, the words of the angel would encourage him to toil on. Day by Day the gardener worked with energy of purpose, and the garden began to grow more beautiful. The task became less burdensome, for he took intense delight in the labor necessary for its improvement.

But the gardener was growing old. Time had repeatedly warned him by his tottering footsteps that he must be diligent ere the return of the angel, bearing

the reward from the Father. Thus it became a labor of love. Weary, he again fell asleep, and the angel came to him and viewing the garden, said, "Son, thou hast well done, thy garden is clean; arise and receive thy reward." The angel placed upon his head a crown of victory, and he heard the voices of the redeemed singing this beautiful refrain:

My weary heart hath found a resting place,
My feet no longer need to roam,
For in the blessedness of perfect love,
I've a home, sweet home.

KINDNESS TO THE COW.

KINDNESS is an efficient aid in increasing the milk yield and costs nothing. The more the milker can make his cows admire him and feel comfortable around him the more milk they will yield to him. Investigations show that a large proportion of the milk is secreted in the cow during the operation of milking, especially the rich milk, which comes last. Any abuse or excitement reduces the secretion and not only lowers the quantity of milk given, but often lowers the percentage of butter fat. Kindness and petting make the cow contented and put her nervous system in such condition that the fullest yield of milk will be given. This is not the only cause, but probably the chief cause, of the wide variation of butter fat, which is shown by tests to be due to the hurrying of cows, allowing the dogs to bite them and speaking to them roughly, all of which will reduce the milk yield and the percentage of butter fat. A change of milkers will often lower the amount of butter fat until the cow becomes fond of the new milker.—*Professor Oscar Erf.*

Jack Frost came this way last night,
Turned the meadows hoary;
Ruddy oaks and maples bright
Now are in their glory.
Summer birds are on the wing,
Autumn breezes loudly sing;
Nutting days have now begun,
Oh, what fun!

PORTO RICO'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

IF an agricultural country is striving to produce for export, the course of the rise and fall of its trade is as true an indicator of its prosperity as the hand on a steam-gauge is of pressure. Lewis R. Freeman in the *American Review of Reviews* says: During the fifty years prior to American civil administration of Porto Rico there were but four years in which the balance of trade was in its favor, and this balance aggregated but a little over $2,000,000, while the balance against the island was over $75,000,000. The first two years of civil administration showed a trade balance of $750,000 each against the island, while the last five years show a balance of $7,250,000 in its favor. In 1901 Porto Rico exported her products to the United States to the value of $5,500,000, and to foreign countries just in excess of $3,000,000. In 1906 she shipped us over $19,000,000 worth of her products, and to foreign countries just $4,000,000. Imports show figures almost as favorable. This is establishing relations with the home country in the most approved manner.

Not the least remarkable feature of the increase of Porto Rico's trade has been the shifting about of her products in the scale of importance. She came into the United States with coffee her principal, almost her only crop, so completely did it overshadow everything else in importance. Eight years later, in 1906, coffee made up but 15 per cent of the exports, amounting to something less than tobacco and to only a fraction of sugar,—that is to say, $14,000,000 worth of sugar was exported, and about $3,500,000 each of tobacco and coffee. All efforts to introduce the island's coffee into the United States have met with failure, principally because the cheaper and stronger Brazilian coffee better suits the American taste.

GUINEA FOWLS.

M. LEWIS HARDING writes as follows in the *Farm Journal* of Philadelphia:

The Guinea fowls originally came from the coast of Guinea.

They are naturally wild and will hide their nests, so it is often difficult to find them.

The eggs are speckled and not quite so large as a hen's egg and are more pointed at the little end.

The Guinea will lay about 150 eggs in a year, and after getting a start in growth the young are very hardy.

They are of a nervous disposition and will send an outcry upon the appearance of a strange cat, dog, or man.

They are equally watchful for hawks and have been known to fight deadly battles with these birds.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—Three girls and two boys to do work for part expenses while attending college.
McPherson College, Kans.

Wanted.—At once one brother in every town and city to represent us in our business. 100 per cent profit. Address with 4 cents for particulars, J. K. Mohler Co., Ephrata, Pa. Box 88.

WANTED.—25 Brethren, or Friends to LOCATE near Cabool, Texas county, Mo. References: Elders, F. W. Dove and J. J. Wassam.—J. K. HILBERT & CO. Real Estate. Cabool, Missouri.

NEFF'S CORNER

Clovis Forging to the Front.

Clovis has made some rapid strides since its location was marked on the map, by the Santa Fe Company, a little less than four months ago.

To say that it is only three and one-half months old and now claims 1000 inhabitants, seems difficult for the average New Mexican to believe. Such, however, is the case.

Clovis now has almost all lines of business represented, including two National banks with deposits reaching close to the $100,000 mark, and two newspapers.

It has the brightest prospects for making a city of any town in eastern New Mexico, and to substantiate this statement we will say that Clovis is the big division point on the Santa Fe Pacific coast line, located midway between Amarillo and Roswell, in the geographical center of the best agricultural section of New Mexico where the average rainfall this year will exceed 28 inches.

An eighteen double stall concrete round house has recently been completed here.

The Cameo cut-off, which will make Clovis the junction point and division of the Pecos Valley road has been practically all graded, and the material for its construction is now enroute here.

Work is now progressing rapidly on the largest yards west of Wichita, on the coal chutes which is a $40,000 contract, on the car repair and general shops, and the contract has been let for a $60,000 concrete Harvey eating house and a concrete depot, costing a similar amount.

Clovis has been christened the "magic city" and the name is indeed appropriate. It will be the division headquarters on the Belen cut-off, Pecos Valley, and Brownwood cut-off, will have the shops, and will therefore be the home of at least five hundred trainmen.

It has a modern water works system, costing $20,000 an up-to-date telephone system, six brick buildings in the course of construction, five blocks of cement and pressed brick side walk and many other modern improvements, of which new western towns cannot boast.

By reason of these advantages and its splendid location, its permanency and future is assured.

The above is clipped from the Clovis News of Sept. 27. For information about investments address,

James M. Neff, Clovis, N. M.

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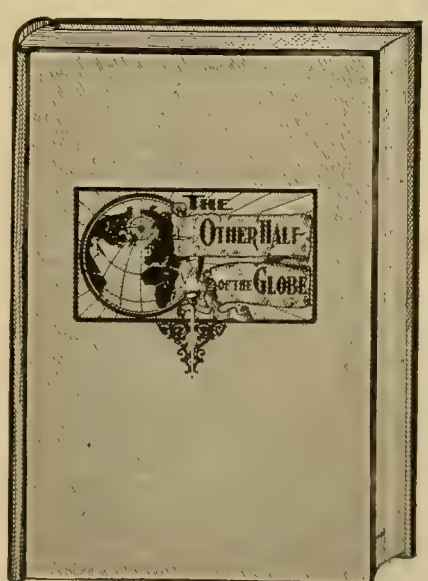
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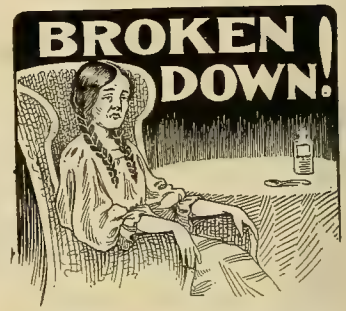
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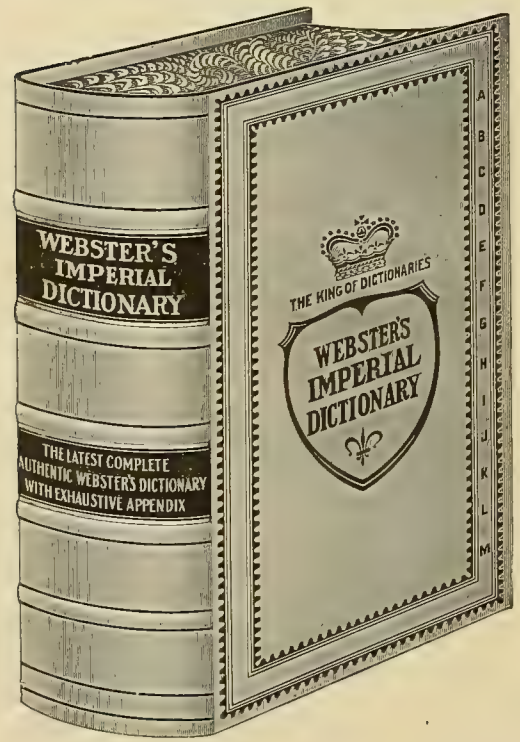
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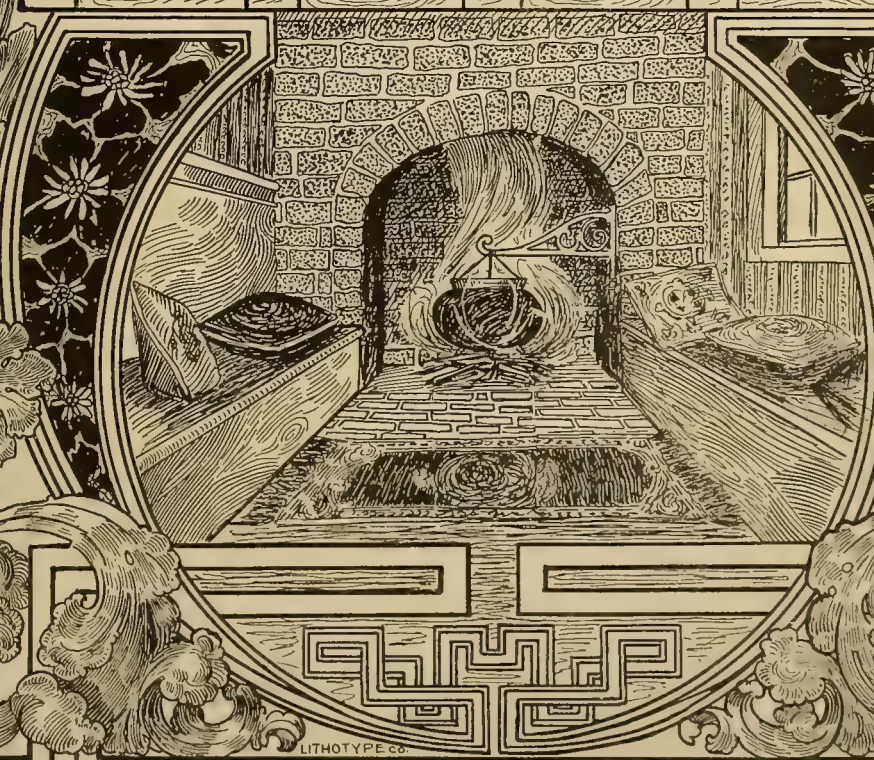
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Geo. L. McDonaugh.

8:20 A.M

Mr. W. H. McDoel, the president of the California Butte Valley Land Company, who is at this time in the Valley, is reported to have said that he is of the opinion that "the half has never been told."

Mr. E. H. Harriman recently drove through Butte Valley and is said to have been so well pleased with the valley that he said that it was one of the very best places for colonization with which he was acquainted.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, the colonization agent who has had years and years of experience in all parts of the country in that line, says of the valley, "I have never seen a better opportunity for a man of small means to obtain a good home in a short time in one of the best places in the world."

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J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed before Oct. 15, 1907. Pierce Lumber Co. of Fresno have established a lumber yard at Raisin City.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

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From Preface of Book.

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Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

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This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

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are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

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Twin Falls, Idaho.

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Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

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Come and see and believe.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. OCTOBER 29, 1907. No. 44.

A Leaf From a Doctor's Diary

John R. Culp

I WAS sitting in my office, thinking over the experiences and difficulties of the day, and more particularly making a mental census of the different peculiarities of the patients I had visited. It always was a fascinating study to me. It also behooves the practitioneer to understand the mental condition of his patients, as well as the physical ailments to which they are disposed. Traits of character will crop out, and peculiarities of disposition will manifest themselves under the stress of disease, that are entirely unknown in normal health, or at least held under such abeyance as not to be known or suspected by the most familiar friends.

When the body is racked by pain or being wasted by slow consuming disease, the will power becomes less assertive. The unrestrained thoughts, the dominant, natural, true inwardness of man is most likely to come to the surface, sometimes hardly to be reconcilable to the same person in normal health.

It was growing late and I was leaning back in the comfortable arm chair, my head resting against the cushioned top, my feet on the table. I had reached that degree approaching sleep that I could see ghosts, and spooks, and wild wood nymphs floating around me.

I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a quick step on the walk outside. I had scarcely sat up straight to listen, when the door was pushed open and in stepped a half-breed Indian, showing as much anxiety in his face as his immobile features would permit.

He peered cautiously about for a second, taking a couple of steps toward me.

"Are you Doctor?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"My friend he very sick, you come quick."

"Yes. All right. What did you say your friend's name is? And where does he live?"

Knowing the adroitness of the race, I surmised at once that there was something he did not want to tell. He replied quickly: "O, he live not far, I go along, show you."

I was sure then by his answer that my surmise was right, and I determined to learn the truth as nearly as I could before starting.

"I am very glad," I replied, "to have you show me the way, and have your company, but a Doctor must know whom he is going to see."

"He very good feller—very bad sick—you come quick."

I began to busy myself getting ready. His hopes began to revive, and he became more communicative. I gathered from his talk that a man and his wife had got hurt by some falling timber. It was some twenty miles up over the mountain, and most of the way only a mountain trail, and I knew why he was a little apprehensive of my going.

Any one who has traversed the northern part of the Columbian range, or western Rockies, will have some idea of the task before me.

I fully admit it was not a very alluring prospect. To the true physician the first impulse is to allay the suffering of the afflicted, alleviate the pain of a fellow being.

There are also other considerations that creep silently in,—fee, and fame—which go almost hand in hand. While these are not the principal causes that make men like the profession they are most powerful auxiliaries.

The country Doctor is supposed to attend every call without a moment's hesitation and not to give the other considerations attending it a moment's thought. Nevertheless a Doctor is also human, and suffers from fatigue and pain of mind and body just like people who do not write M. D. at the end of their names.

There is one other thing. Should a physician refuse to go, the everlasting stigma that would be placed upon him is a trial that few care to incur.

I am sure I thought of all these, and much more in that all night ride. I called myself every kind of a fool that my vocabulary would admit, or that I had

ever heard of or could conjure up. I applied epithets to myself that would not look well set up in type, all to myself, as we rode in silence except for an occasional call from the half-breed, to know that I was following, like the honk of the wild goose leading the way to the feeding grounds of the north. For it was intensely dark most of the time, and the way very precipitous and narrow. To turn in the saddle might cause the horse to make a false step that would land both horse and rider a thousand feet in the valley below, for vultures to feed upon.

It was a long, long to be remembered night. Just as dawn began to appear and trees and things began to take form and shape and individuality, we emerged from the heavy timber upon a small mountain mesa. Turning to the left along the bank of a small stream, we presently heard the welcome sound of a cock crowing in the awakening morn, and we knew we were near a habitation. Reaching the crest of a small swell in the mesa we came in sight of a little cabin, the end of our journey. As we approached a shepherd dog came bounding out, barking us a welcome. He came quite close to us, then turned to lead the way on to the house, ever keeping a watchful eye on us that we did not go astray.

Dismounting, I took off the saddlebags and going to the house, unceremoniously pushed open the door.

The half-breed Indian had not lied to me. His friends were in a very precarious condition. They were indeed hurt. I felt ashamed of the names I had called myself for attempting the trip. They were in need of assistance.

The man and wife were in one and the same bed, each with an arm and a leg broken.

Mr. LeMon was building a log stable to better winter his stock. It was a long way to a neighbor's to get help, and the dear, brave, courageous wife volunteered her assistance. A log slipped, falling on both, and pinioned them both to the ground.

How they ever got from under the log and to the house is still a mystery to me, though they explained it to me a number of times. Does not he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb lend us strength sufficient in time of need?

I applied bandages to reduce the swelling, and made them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

I was pretty hungry by this time and asked for something to eat. They told me there was nothing ready cooked as they had managed to get and eat all that was prepared, since being hurt. I went out to the barnyard and killed the biggest chicken I could find. I was hungry enough to eat any thing that I could lay my hands on.

We ate all that chicken and something must be prepared for another meal. Under the directions of the good wife I set yeast, and got ready to bake some bread, though I was very skeptical of the outcome. I could not think of leaving them with nothing to eat. It was also necessary to wait some time for the swelling to go down before the bones could be gotten to their proper place.

Being pretty sleepy and tired by this time, I lay down on some rugs of deer skin. After a refreshing sleep I awoke in time to get some supper, and finish my baking. In self praise I will tell the ladies we had splendid success with our bread.

In the course of conversation about their lives, their hopes and fears, encouragements and discouragements, they said a black bear had been robbing their bees of the honey and, now that they were both helpless, that miserable bear would get all the honey. If there is anything that a bear likes better than honey it is just more honey. As old bruin had had a taste he was sure to come back.

As they were talking it over it flashed across my mind: "Here is a chance to be a bravo!"

I had never killed a bear. This was my opportunity to do so with no risk to myself. I might be able to take a hide home to show my friends and give them a pretty story of marksmanship. And the beauty of it all, there would be no witness to dispute my story.

It was too good an opportunity to miss, so I went out ot reconnoiter: Everything looked favorable. The only doubt was would Mr. Bear put in his appearance at the proper time?

The hives were all close together on a small knoll of ground, just behind and close to a log smoke-house that stood between the apairy and the dwelling. In the side of the smoke-house next to the hives there was a small opening, about eighteen inches square, that gave a good view of all the hives.

I went to the house and told them that if they would loan me their gun I would try to surprise Mr. Bear. This they were very glad to do. The gun was one of those old-fashioned, long, heavy, single barrel, muzzle-loading, backwoods guns, made to shoot, and was kept in shooting trim as upon it, to a great extent, depended their winter meat.

It was getting dusk now, and about time for my quarry to be hunting his night's feast of honey. I took the precaution to shut the dog in the house for fear he might raise a disturbance at the wrong time.

I fixed me a comfortable seat in front of the window to await the on-coming of the enemy.

The moon came out, big and round and bright, almost as light as day. I had waited but a short time till I heard a faint rustle in the leaves, and the snapping of some twigs in the underbrush.

My hair began to stand on end. Every nerve was strained to catch the lightest sound. My eyes almost bulged from their sockets, my whole body quivered, my heart beat so loud and hard I was afraid the bear

would hear it. I cautiously peered around to see if the door was securely fastened. Then, only, I realized how excited I had become. I knew that would not do. I must calm myself. Taking a firm grip on my nerves, I soon succeeded in being more calm and was ready for action.

The sounds became louder and louder, it was but a few minutes till Mr. Bear appeared. In the moonlight, and my imagination, he looked as big as an elephant, sniffing and smelling among the hives till he came squarely in front of my look-out. This hive seemed to suit his fancy. Sitting on his hind legs he began to lick his paws in anticipation of the feast before him. Standing facing me, a better shot could not be had if it were made to order.

I pulled the trigger. He tumbled over almost without a struggle. I waited some minutes to be sure that he was dead before venturing out to see my bear. He was really dead. I could not get to the house quick enough to tell my friends of our good luck. They were as happy over it as I was. Ignoble as it all seemed, I was proud and happy almost beyond bound to think I had killed a bear. I went back and forth a number of times from my prize to my patients, to gloat over my prowess and tell the invalids all the details of the mighty deed. I finally succeeded in coming back to my real self, and set to work to skin the bear.

He proved to be a nice fat young fellow. I took of the hind quarters and the best part of the loin and carried them up to the house to be sure that my unwilling, afflicted prisioners would have something to eat in my absence. They would at least have bread and meat to eat for some days to come. That evening I put a great piece of the meat on the fire to simmer over night. In the morning their friend the half-bred came over to care for the stock as usual. I called him in and gave him minute directions how to care for the broken limbs, and bade him be sure to come again for me if all did not go well. Then, making the brave young settler and his brave wife as comfortable as possible, I began preparations for returning home, as it would now be two nights and days away from my office before I would reach it again.

The man gave my hand a hearty shake and expressed great gratitude for my coming.

When I reached over to bid the loving wife goodbye she drew my head down and gave me a kiss on the cheek. That was the richest fee I ever received.

Going homeward over that dangerous, precipitous mountain trail, many places where I had ridden securely in the darkness I now, in broad daylight, would dismount and crawl along upon my hands and knees. It was then only, that I fully realized the gratitude expressed in the fee I had received.

Eureka, Ill.

HIGH WATER IN INDIA.

ALL known records of high water in India have been broken this present season. In a country where drought so frequently plays havoc with produce, it seems odd to chronicle such a waterfall as ninety-four inches up until the middle of August and the bulk of the rainy season yet to come.

The illustration gives some idea of the condition over there, by noting that only the tops of some large buildings can be seen above water. What the final stage was is hard to tell, but surely a great harvest will follow this abundance of water.

W. B. Stover, of Anklesvar, India, was kind enough to furnish us with the photograph and information concerning the flood. We hope to see some more views of some of their good things sometimes.



THE question of the efficacy of lightning rods, like that of vaccination, has been so thoroughly thrashed out that nothing remains to be said on the subject. It was long since proved that lightning-rods do protect buildings from electrical discharges, and yet, in spite of this, the placing of rods upon barns and houses has almost ceased. Inquiry discloses the fact that few of the barns which are destroyed by lightning are protected by rods, or by rods in good condition, and this lack of protection suggests the advisability of some action on the part of fire insurance companies which will make it to the interest of property owners not only to have their buildings suitably provided with rods scientifically erected, but to see to it that these protectors are maintained in a state of efficiency, as may be determined by inspectors provided by the insurance companies.

IF we strive to help others bear their troubles and afflictions, we are sure to find that in soothing their cares we are ameliorating our own.

A true faith can no more be separated from good works than the light of the candle from its heat.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

We Build the Ladder By Which We Rise

Anna Miller

As we look over the history of mankind from the earliest period of civilization to the present, we find characters that have risen from a position of obscurity to that in which we have exerted a marked influence upon their associates, and upon the age in which they lived.

There were no carefully constructed steps to assist them in climbing to these positions, but upon some sure foundation they began the construction of a ladder, adding to it round after round by patient toil, and rising step by step, until they reached a place where no others were able to stand. There are few people in the world who have not engaged in the branch of architecture called castle-building. These airy palaces contain the most pleasant abodes for the builder. We may have planned our way through life, but as time passes, with its inevitable ups and downs, what a different picture is presented to our view. We learn that we must build upon a sure foundation, for life with its duties and difficulties, is a reality. We are sometimes inclined to think that the little incidents of common, everyday life, are of little consequence, and if we could only do something great we would be happy. Great things are not done in a day. Twenty-four hours are far too short to do anything that will make one famous, but they are not too short to do something, and the many little things added together make the great ones. The earth is composed of atoms, the century of moments, and our lives of little acts; if we expect to reach a higher position such common tasks must be performed, and the proper performance of these tasks will be stepping stones to our greater life-work.

Life would hardly be worth living if our thoughts were for ourselves only. All the beauty in nature was made for our enjoyment, so our actions should be for the good of those around us. The present alone is ours, and wasted opportunities are never presented to us again. Perseverance is that which builds, constructs, accomplishes whatever is great, good and valuable.

It is through the perseverance of Fulton that he designed a successful steamboat, although the people of that time agreed in pronouncing Fulton's scheme impracticable; but he went on with his work, his boat attracting no less attention and exciting no less ridicule than the ark had received from the scoffers in the days of Noah. So it has been with all men and women who have succeeded in rising in any profession or calling in life. Think of the many days of toil, nights of weariness; even months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, spent by men such as Franklin, Howe and others. Such men as these would not have achieved success, if they had not done the little things that came first.

It is a great point to begin well; for it is in the beginning of life that a system of conduct is adopted. "Well begun is half ended," says the proverb. Too many are, however, impatient of results. They are not satisfied to begin where their fathers did, but want to begin where they left off. They cannot wait for the results of labor and application, but forestall them by too early indulgence. Start well and aim high, the higher your aim the higher will be your attainment.

There is no royal road to success. The temple of Fortune is accessible only by a steep, rugged and difficult path. The ascent must be foot by foot, nay inch by inch; and will test your powers of patience and endurance to the uttermost.

Every one should have some work to do, and after selecting some object worthy of attainment, work for that alone. We may start at the lowest step, but if our chosen occupation will bring us at last to a higher one, we need not be discouraged. Many of those who have gained the object of their labors worked years for it; as many years may have been spent by another of equal ability, who sought for a number of prizes and gained none.

A good education is almost absolutely necessary as an aid to one who is struggling to gain a place in the front rank of the world's workers. We used to think that when the common branches were learned, the most difficult step toward an education was taken, but these are only the implements with which to work to acquire other facts and learn new truths. Those who have reached the higher rounds are never satisfied with what they have done, and are unwilling to lay aside their work, but still push on, hoping to attain higher eminence. Only to careful study can we ascribe the progress made in the different branches of science and art in the past. The earth has been called the geologist's puzzle-box, and in the starry heaven above us the astronomer has found problems too complex to be solved by ordinary processes.

We may not be building a structure by means of which we expect to make our names famous, but we are all building the invisible frame-work of character. May it be composed of the best material, and may it be held together by the ties of pure motive and noble purpose. Life is made up of success and failure, but those who are the most successful are the truest and best workers. Often, however, instead of our efforts being crowned with success, we meet with failure, but our failures, as well as our success, should be steps by which we rise to greater usefulness.

We rise only as we place our difficulties under our feet. There is an old and oft quoted proverb, that says, "Where there's a will there's a way." Though the way may be beset with difficulties and progress seems almost impossible, yet by overcoming those that are nearest, a way through the others may be opened. It has been said of a distinguished artist, that he painted the chips scattered about his father's farm, and then struggled on through poverty and oppression before the great men of the nation came to his studio for their portraits. Only by perseverance are we able to overcome the difficulties which we meet in life. The sweetest flowers are guarded by the sharpest thorns, so our greatest achievements may be surrounded by the most trying difficulties.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And mount to its summit round by round.

Mount Morris, Ill.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

II. W. C. Bryant.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. His father was Dr. Peter Bryant. Through his mother, Sarah Snell Bryant, "he had a triple claim to Mayflower origin." He began writing verses at eight, at thirteen published a political poem, "The Embargo," and at eighteen wrote "Thanatopsis" (View of death), a beautiful poem that will live after his others will have been forgotten. In 1815 he was admitted to practice law, which he followed very successfully for ten years, when he moved from Great Barrington to New York City, where he edited the *New York Review,* and the next year became the editor of the *New York Evening Post,* which office he filled till his death. He was married in 1821 at Great Barrington, to Miss Frances Fairchild.

He visited Europe in 1834, 1845, 1849 and 1857-8. On his third trip he also visited Syria and Egypt. These travels were written up in the *Evening Post* and afterward published in "Letters of a Traveler," the last trip in "Letters From Spain." The first collected edition of his poems was published in 1832, and was soon reprinted in Great Britain. An illustrated edition was printed in 1858. In 1869 he printed a metrical translation of Homer's "Iliad," and in 1871 one of the "Odyssey." His "Orations and Addresses" were published in 1873, and "The Flood of Years," in 1878.

He was a democrat up to 1856, and after that a Republican. He was able to carry on both his journalistic and poetical works without clash or conflict with each other. He was clear and able in his political writings, with a manliness and purity of tone that other journalists might well emulate. In poetry, Nature appealed to him in all her broad and massive aspects, as may be found in his "Song of the Stars," "Forest Hymn," or "The Prairies." But he never excelled the work of his youth.

He was a representative American, born in Washington's administration, wrote satires on Jefferson, and discussed political questions from John Quincy Adams to Hayes. He was noted as a public speaker, his last effort being the address at the unveiling of the Mazzini statue in Central Park. He was weary at the close, and well-nigh overcome with the heat of the day, fell backward in entering a door, striking his head violently on a stone step. He did not rally, and died June 12, 1878.

Worthy of mention: G. H. Baker, dramatic; George Bancroft, history; Hosea Ballou, theology; H. W. Beecher, theology and novels; Park Benjamin, poetry; T. H. Benton, political; J. G. C. Brainard, poetry; C. Barnard, science; Horace Bushnell, theology; John Burroughs, nature; J. P. Benjamin, anti-slavery; H. H. Brackenridge, stories; Henry Barnard, education.

Bryan, Ohio.

WHY MAIL ORDER BUSINESS PROSPERS.

J. E. MILLER.

The old country store at the crossroads is a thing of the past. There was a time when it did a flourishing business. But times have changed. However, it still has a place in a new country where you are far from the railroad. But today the rails run wherever crops grow, for there is money in it. We live in a day of R. F. D and telephones. When mail used to come once a week or once a month as some of our fathers had it, when phones were unknown, when men lived slower, they had more time for everything and perhaps enjoyed themselves not less that they now do. All these changes have had something to do with the mail order business.

Some say as the country store went, so the country town store must also go. Perhaps it will. That remains to be seen. At any rate it is still a vital factor in the business of very many communities and from present appearances will continue to hold its place for a long time to come. And in the settling of this question the country store merchant will have fully as important a part to play as the mail order house.

Where do men trade? As a rule where they think they can do the best. By nature they are neither prejudiced for nor against the home man, or the one who carries on his business through the mails. But they are ever asking—where can I do the best? And when they have answered that question they have settled with whom they will trade. When they have a number of articles to buy, they go to the home merchant who serves them best. If, however, they find

that he cannot serve them as well as their catalogue at home promises them then they are not slow to send through the mails for what they want. They may be mistaken when they think the home merchant charges too much in comparison with the mail order man, but so long as they have this feeling the home man cannot satisfy them.

Then, too, the catalogue numbering more than a thousand pages offers cuch a variety from which to select. The prospective purchaser feels that he has the world before him. He runs down the page until he finds just what he wants. And the feeling that he is dealing with a man who can furnish anything and everything makes one feel that he himself is something also. In fact he begins to feel that he is somewhat of a business man himself.

In fact you have often gone to the store, and, not finding what you wanted on the counter, the clerk has turned to the large catalogue of his wholesale house and from it ordered the goods for you. And not only that, but you have known the home grocer to order his dry goods from Chicago, the home dry goods man to send off for his furniture, the home furniture man get his clothes through the mails, and so on until you found every home merchant forgetting the other dealer when he needed goods not in his own line. What did this suggest to you? If they treat each other thus because they can save money shall I not do the same? And as a result you sent off for your goods. In fact I am told that in some towns where the home merchants have organized to fight systematically the mail order business, and to try and have their people buy at home the very first thing they had to do was to call the attention of their own membership to the fact that they were doing the very same thing towards each other that they were opposing when done by the people. And they were obliged to work a reformation at home.

The mail order house is very accommodating. It says if you do not find in our catalogue what you want write us and we will get it for you.

The home dealer cannot always do this because the call for that particular article may not be sufficient to warrant his carrying it in stock, or even to order it as the transportation might cost too much. But when the article is ordered through the mail order house the transportation is paid by the buyer and must be added to the original purchase price. But, since it is not paid to the dealer at the time the order is sent in but to the railroad or express company when the goods come the purchaser does not think of that part of the cost at the time he is making out his order. But he feels it later, and it was this no doubt that has led certain houses to issue premiums on orders, or, to refund, as it were, the freight and express payments through future purchases.

The mail order man is also anxious to please with his goods. He says if his goods are not satisfactory they may be returned. And the simple fact that they may be returned goes a long way towards insuring their not being returned. Somehow men are slow to lose that feeling born in them, namely that they want to have their own way. And often, as soon as they are offered their own way they choose the way mapped out for them by another.

Then, too, not everyone wishes to return an article when he knows it means the additional trouble of boxing, freighting and waiting a few weeks for final adjustment. If the shoe bought by the home merchant does not fit it can be exchanged tomorrow. To send it back to the mail order house will require too much time. Consequently it is not exchanged.

The personal equation that causes you to pass by one clerk and buy of another does not figure in the same way with the man who sells through tthe mails. You do not see him. You only read his carefully prepared catalogue. In correspondence you do not meet him face to face as you do the man behind the counter. The right clerk draws; the other one repels. The personality of the home dealer has much to do in determining whether you will buy of him or not. If he is an expert in his business, knows how and what to buy, understands the art of displaying his goods, and can read his customers like a book he is bound to sell goods and plenty of them.

The mail order man advertises. His catalogue is free. His small catalogues and grocery lists come often. He seems anxious to be in your company. He is always telling you about his increase of business.

You never hear him complain about bad bargains and men who buy without paying, for he always demands his money first. He has learned that the man who buys without paying is an undersirable customer and he has cut him out. In general, the home merchant could sell cheaper if he received pay for everything he sells. The man who has the money to pay feels that he should not be expected to make up for the shortcomings of those who fail to pay. Therefore he does not object to paying cash even before he has the goods.

Every community has a certain number of cheap men. That is, they simply ask what is the cheapest thing on the market and that they buy. Now many retailers in the contry towns do not care to carry such a cheap grade of goods for they know that the goods are not first class. The mail order man finds that if he sells a cheap article to a cheap man he is well pleased. Of course if he sells it to a man who is not a cheap sort of fellow he will be dissatisfied. but that sort of man learns very soon that he must not order the cheap grade of goods. Now the merchant who will carry the cheap goods for the cheap man will gain his trade and at the same time satisfy him too.

These seem to me to be some of the reasons why the mail order house prospers. There are others to be sure. But in general it will hold good that we deal where we think we can do best and where we are assured from experience of a square deal at all times. I do not believe that the small merchant need be discouraged. What he needs is vim in his business. He must adapt himself to present day demands. Every week brings to my desk advertisements of merchants who are wide-awake. They have made use of the mails and many of them are carrying on a small mail order business because they find that people want to buy in that way. There is nothing to be gained by deriding the mail order business or by poking fun at the people who patronize them. Most men will buy at home if they think they can do almost as well there as by going elswhere. And that merchant who will make it a point to meet catalogue houses in quality and prices, and very commonly he can do it, will find that neither mail order nor any other business interferes with his own.

Mount Morris, Ill.

PRESS ONWARD AND UPWARD FOREVER.

J. D. REISH.

Press onward and upward forever!
Let this be your motto, my friend,
And blessings on you shall descend
If your courage and faith falter never.

Press onward and upward forever!
Is the motto of all who succeed.
As they've toiled along they've seen its need,
And now they will part with it never.

Press onward and upward forever!
Whate'er your associates say.
Do not let them your motives sway.
Work on with eternal endeavor.

Press onward and upward forever!
Is a motto you need to obey,
If you wish what you do to stay,
When you from your earthly work sever.

THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL DEDICATED.

BY T. S. MOHERMAN

It has been an anxious thought of mine to be present at the dedication of the McKinley memorial, to note, if possible, the dimensions of that great man's influence, as evidenced in the hearts of our American people, so beautifully brought to a focus Sept. 30. Surely men are not born to die, but to live.

The story of the tragedy, and events leading up to the dedication are simply the following. Sept. 5, about two hours after the much-loved President's last public address, the anarchist's bullet, discharged by a demon-possessed mind inflicted its fatal wound. During the quiet of Sept. 14 these words vibrated from chords yet unstilled by death, "'Tis God's way; his will be done." A spirit was carried to its Maker. Our nation once more veiled her face, refusing to be comforted till all was done that could be done to preserve memories that shall outwear the carvings upon marble and granite.

The funeral cortege to the tomb drew to the cheeks of strong men that which is expressive of the finer sentiments. For the last six years during day and night, sunshine and shadow, heat and cold, storm and quietness, federal soldiers could be seen keeping faithful watch over the remains of the lamented President. Why should a soldier, with a gun on his shoulder, walk to and fro two hours at a time close by where the body lay? Because a "ruler is not a terror to good works, but to the evil."

A few days before the dedication, the bodies of Wm. McKinley, his wife, and two children were placed in the mausoleum. The children, Ida and Mary, who died in infancy, rest in niches in the wall. The parents lie in the sarcophagi in the center of the structure, beneath the dome. The monument is 98 feet, 6 inches high and 78 feet, 9 inches in diameter. A huge bronze statue of President McKinley, representing his usual attitude when speaking, stands in front of the mausoleum. About twenty acres of ground, terraced, planted and carefully gardened by expert attendants, helps the visitor into deep thought and tender emotion, as he approaches the spot where the nation has poured forth her oblation of love.

Why all this? It is because God has ordained that rulers are not a terror of good works, but to the evil.

Anarchy, an institution of the devil, a breeder of all that is low and sensual, whose first chapter calls for an absolute denial of God, all rule and authority wherever exercised, and whose destructive devices are ever seeking the obliteration of these, could be no better pleased than to see those whom they shoot down buried as any common man, a common tombstone over their graves. They hope that their memory might soon fade away from the minds of the people. Why? Simply that the work which God has set on foot for the onward progress of civilization and the perfecting of Christianity may be brought to naught.

Jacob set up a stone to remind him of the larger manhood to which God had called him. All along the ages, tablets have been set up to point the memories of men to that which God has ordained to promote the peace and harmony of human kind. Here on a beautiful hill, overlooking the city of Canton, stands a monument costing over half a million of dollars. Is it a waste? Is it a vain expression of loyalty to the great leader? No, its real significance lies in the fact that our nation has decreed against anarchy, applauds that which pertains to great statesmanship, that the divine right of Christian rulers shall ever be memorialized.

"Let us ever remember that our interests are in concord, not in conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace not in those of war."

Ashland, Ohio.

Why John Left the Farm

O. H. Kimmel

(Continued from last week.)

In June after school was out in the city, Uncle John—as he was always called at the farm,—and family in response to an invitation came to the country to visit their farmer relatives. In fact, these two families had been so busy for years that they had scarcely visited, but Uncle John's sickness seemed to have narrowed down the gaps of separate trends until they began to knew one another again.

One day John took George down past the cluster of weeds and tumble-down fences known as the school premises. "There she is"—said John, adding sarcastically, "There's the assembly room"—pointing to the little, old house. "My isn't it dandy—just look at the trees," pointing to the weeds in the yard. George saw the joke but only said: "John, old boy, I'll tell you what; you come down to L—— and go to the High School with me. You would like it there, and its different, I know its different. The people here don't do their children justice, they don't give them a fair show with other communities. My father says that they never did."

The family remained several days and for the first time in many years the old farmhouse looked on recreation days in June. When the visitors left and the regular routine of work was indulged in once more, John, one day as the teams were resting, sat down upon the beam of his cultivator and made known to his father that he desired to go to L—— that fall and go with George to the High School. He explained that he had been silently turning this matter over in his mind ever since the visit to the L— High School last winter, and now he was ready to say that he should like to go. "I don't know why" said he—but I am afraid I shall never be satisfied here on the farm. I keep longing—longing and I think until my head becomes hot sometimes, still all, after it all, is indefinite before me."

"I know, my boy," said the father, "your youthful aspirations are running high now. In a few years you will pass through that and get back to the earth and the farm again. I should be pleased to have you go to the High School though, and so far as I am concerned you may go. We shall take the matter up with mother to night. So far as I am concerned I have always desired to give you an education but you seemed to object. Perhaps we don't dose it out right here at Cross Roads. I was just a thinking today that Cross Roads has not turned out an educated person in a quarter of a century, while the other communities of the country turn out many. Strange that I thought of this for it is against my habits to bother myself about school. We elect directors to do that.

The High School question came up that night at supper. The mother was told of John's desires and she aquiesced with him in the movement. But she had other desires to go with them. She stated that in her judgment, they should move to town and rest up until John had finished his schooling. We have the property there and the rental of our 340 acres of land at five or six dollars an acre will give us a competency to go on, besides what we already have.

The farmer was sure that this could not be done for if he did he could never buy the Murphey estate, and he had been thinking of late that he could buy it even if he had purchased the city property if crops continued good. But to the surprise of the farmer and John too the mother asserted herself in positive terms and "put her foot down."

Now, the farmer had felt for some time, that if he did his duty, he should either improve his place, with modern improvements, quit working so hard and give his family a chance, or move to his new place in the city of L—. But every time he thought of this, his desire to continue to "play the game" put it all aside. Now, he must do something, and after studying the question for days he finally gave in to move "on trial just for the winter."

That fall the country folk opened their eyes and put their tongues in their cheeks when they saw the Leftens move away to the city, and a tenant occupy the place. Though surprising it was true and by the 10th of September the family was overawed with comfort in their new home and John had started to school. He was delighted with school from the first and soon found his place in his classes. The father, in order to while away the time, found employment driving for a real estate firm which dealt largely in farm lands. This gave him employment, and frequent chances to visit the country. Even in the noise and smoke and stench that comes with city life, the family found that they were more comfortable and happy than of yore. The father finally gave up the real estate business and purchased a little grocery store, where he found easy employment and recreation. This was fortunate for John and his mother, for when spring came he could not sell the grocery, and he extended the time of the tenant on the farm indefinitely and resolved to stay in town, at least another year. In truth he liked the comforts of the life there, but he was restless because he knew that he could make much more money at the farm, and, though the rental

of the place and the grocery gave him a snug income above the living, he felt that it was a little insufficient. He still had a desire to purchase that Murphey estate. But gradually the father began to get away from this unnatural desire for land. His city property had not deceived him and he was becoming contented. Not as contented, perhaps as he would have been if he had remained on the farm, but passably contented; and his family was happy.

Soon four years had sped away. John had graduated with high honors. He had his diploma. He had also two other things. One was, a desire to go to the university and the other, to become a teacher, in order that he might be working in the vineyard that would be most likely to reach the neglected schools in the country and strive to make their condition better, and also strive to improve the country home and cummunity. He reasoned that he could best reach these through the teachers, and be one who would inaugurate a ceaseless campaign of education with that end in view.

He spent five years at the university one year of which time was spent in the Agricultural school. His father helped him in part, but the most of the sixteen hundred dollars he spent in going through the University were earned by his own hands. John was still a young man when he graduated, but the president of the University had confidence in him and recommended him to a board in a good city, where he was elected as Superintendent of the city schools at a good salary. He at once identified himself with the Farmers' Institute, and in that city, that year, delivered a sound address on "Farm Progress."

He spent his Christmas vacation at home in L— with his father and mother that year. The family was very happy this year and the vacation was a pleasant one. George was now a physician in his home city but he frequented his uncle's home while John was there.

The holiday time was speeding along with the pleasures they brought. The last evening that John was at home George was there, and the conversation drifted onto the old Cross Roads days. John was visible affected and one thing he said is of interest to us. It was about as follows:

"I am away from the Cross Roads now, out in the big, wide world. Life has been revealed to me since I left there, as it never could have been in that community. Now, I am striving to better the conditions of such communities and I have joined in the movement for reform which to consummate will take generations. The drifting of the country boy and girl to the city is the result of a cause which must be removed. Our rural districts must meet the demands of new conditions to keep the best blood there. Modern conveniences must be made, and improvements must be modern. Society must be readjusted and schools must be made adequate. They must build character, from character and from ideals which can be realized there. The farmer must tolerate the pleasure of the folk, reduce the length of his work day and find compensation for the loss in time in a scientific understanding of his calling. The farmer boy must be given the chance to use his mind and realize his ideals. The farmer's home should be modern and a thing of beauty and joy. It can be made so and in that home amid the free unpolluted atmosphere can be the highest of culture, the best of talent and the highest ideals in all the land. I left the farm because all these things were lacking there. Here, I found them, and so did my parents. There, had we known how, we could have had them, always. I am one who has started the long campaign that will bring about the changes necessary to keep the "boy on the farm."

A Thankful Trooper

Richard Seidel

At the quiet cemetery near Elmshagen stands a monument of marmor which bears the simple inscription: "Here rests Colonel Viegre." One day a large, fresh wreath lay on the grave with the inscription, "A thankful trooper."

The inscription has a story. It is one of those stories that the heart at times experiences, which are felt like the rustle of angels' wings by the heart advancing toward eternity. A story that encroaches upon the life of man like the service of angels, to guide him to the eternal home. Now let us hear what the thankful trooper relates.

In the year of 1870-71, during the German-French War, I was a gay and fast student. Youth and the frivolity which has left its mark on the life of many a student had destroyed the peace and happiness of my parents. Then there was the ugly pride and self-will. O, how is has exasperated my life. I felt not inclined to ask for forgiveness, but resolved to suffer for my follies.

The time was near at hand for military service. I had the right to serve only one year, but I had no money to defray my expenses and felt not inclined to confess my follies. So I reported to the tenth troop of the first Hessian Hussar Regiment at Hofgeismar. I still remember the stately Captain of Hussars, Vie-

grede, as he mustered me with earnest but loving eyes. My appearance and my papers perhaps awakened compassion in his heart. Quiet and resigned to my fate, that was caused through my own follies, I commenced my duties as a trooper. The first year with the hard and sour time as a recuit had been completed and Christmas was approaching. With sorrowful eyes, I saw the happy comrades leaving for home, so happy and with furloughs in their pockets.

As I sat upon a wooden chair in the empty room, with a trembling heart and with my head resting in my hands, I was suddenly called to the office of my Captain. Deadly pale, I reported.

"Why did you not ask for a furlough at Christmas?" asked the captain, and eyed me sharply.

"I have no money to defray the traveling expenses," said I with a beating heart.

"Here are ten dollars and fourteen days furlough: now get ready and journey to your parents. A pleasant journey to you," continued the Captain, kindly.

The blood rose to my head, it hammered in my temples. It was impossible for me to endure the glance of my Captain. I lowered my eyes and my brow became moist.

"Well, what is the matter with you? Tell me!" cried out the Captain.

"I cannot, cannot go home—I am separated from my parents—I thank the Captain—but I cannot go to my parents"—stammered I with tears in my eyes.

"Ah! Is that so? Well, here is money and a furlough and I order you, as your Captain, that you depart immediately for your parents' home—do you understand me?"

I knew what the order of an officer meant. With trembling hands I received the furlough and the money from the fatherly hands of my good Captain.

I knocked, ashamed, at the door of my parents' home. Do you know the story of the prodigal son? There was happiness at home; who was the happiest, my parents, or I, or the angels in heaven, that I do not know, but all have blessed the act of that brave officer. As a reconciled son, I could with happy shining eyes report on my return from furlough: "Returned from furlough. Order executed." The Captain also was glad.

A half year thereafter I received the sad news of the death of my father, and a few hours later a telegram announcing the death of my dear mother who had died as the result of heart failure. How thankful I was to the dear Captain for his strict order which an unseen mind had dictated to him. With a thankful heart, after complete military service, I left my troop and Captain, who had guided my life with God's help, in the right way, so that I could without a stigma on my conscience pray at the grave of my dear parents.

The everyday life needs a man's entire power to accomplish something. I worked, and finally succeeded to the position of manager of a large business concern. I lost trace of my Captain who, beside my parents, had been my greatest benefactor. But often, while surrounded by my dear family in the quiet hours of evening, I thought about the past and how everything turned out for the best, and then would appear the picture of the Hessian Hussar officer, like life before my eyes.

After years and days I had no more rest. I must once more look into the true eyes, once more grasp the hands that gave me the furlough and the money to defray my traveling expenses, once more wet the dear hands with the tears of gratitude. In consequence of my inquiries I recieved the following news: "The former captain of Hussars, Viegrede, is at present Colonel Viegrede, retired and resides at Elmshagen.

On an afternoon I arrived at Elmshagen. A servant refused to announce me and said: "The Colonel is very sick and by the order of the Doctor no one is allowed to see him."

"Is he still conscious?" I asked. As I recieved an affirmative reply, I said, determined and resolved, "Then give the Colonel my name; I must speak to him while he is still alive."

In consequence of our loud conversation, a dignified lady, the wife of the Colonel, came. I greeted her politely, gave my name and begged permission to be introduced to her husband for only a few minutes. As I spoke of the friendly relations that existed between her husband and myself, her eyes became moist and she personally announced me to her sick husband. "Come immediately." was the reply.

After many years there stood the former trooper at the deathbed of the former captain. There are hours in life that reach into eternity. To describe them is impossible for the pen of a human being. Hours on which, by an unseen hand, the seal of eternity is affixed. The holy angels attend to that sacred service, that are sent for their sake who shall inherit eternal bliss and joy. Such blissful angel's service the Hussar officer had once rendered to a trooper and therefore has taken with him into eternity the gratitude of a saved one.

With tears in our eyes we parted, to meet again in the eternal Home, where the parents of their child will, with thankfulness, grasp these hands. At the sad news of his death I sent a wreath with this inscription: "A Thankful Trooper" for the grave at Elmshagen.

This, my dear reader, is in short and simple words the great story of how one helped the other on the way to that blissful beatitude.

One reads in the newspapers today so many grewsome stories of abuse and inhumanity in the military profession, and it is with heavy hearts that some parents see their sons put on the uniform. As an old soldier I know well the dangers and temptations of the military life, but know also the mercy of the Good Shepherd, that in military life remembers his erring sheep. And he has also his men in military profession who have to perform the service of angels. The monument at Elmshagen is a mute sermon of the preparing, saving grace that will not that one should be lost—not even in the army; "while Christ's blood continually cries, Mercy, Mercy."

Fort Hancock, New Jersey.

THE HIGH-SCHOOL FRATERNITY.

A REALLY serious problem in our educational system which threatens to endanger not only the future of our schools, but also to affect adversely the spirit of American democracy by emphasizing class feeling, has been presented to the American parents by the establishment and development of the high-school fraternity.

The situation is just this: Some thirteen or fourteen years ago there sprung up in the high schools of this country secret societies patterned after the college and university fraternities. The inspiration for these came partly from a desire for more social life in the school, and partly from principals who had found their own college societies a distinct benefit. These organizations thrived harmlessly for a while. They were generally silly, but they were innocuous. As they increased in numbers and were strengthened by a chapter system all over the country, they became a more and more powerful influence, until today they are the dominating element in the schools, and any challenge of their supremacy is accompanied by a threatened overturning of all school discipline. Today educators are practically united in regarding the high-school secret society as an elephant on their hands and they are extremely anxious to rid themselves of it. How, is the question teachers, parents, and even lawyers are asking themselves.

The three main charges on which the high-school secret society is arraigned are (1) that it is undemocratic, (2) that it resorts to cheap politics, and (3) that it is independent of school control. The National Educational Association investigated the matter and from the results of the investigation saw fit at a meeting in 1905 to resolve against such societies, "because they are subversive to the principles of democracy which should prevail in public schools; because they are selfish and tend to narrow the minds and sympathies of the pupils; because they stir up strife and contention; because they are snobbish; because they dissipate energy and proper ambition; because they set up wrong standards; because rewards are not based on merit but on fraternity vows; because they inculcate a feeling of self-sufficiency among the members; because secondary school boys are too young for club life; because they are expensive and foster habits of extravagance; because they bring politics into the legitimate organization of the schools; because they detract interest from study; and because all legitimate elements for good,—social, moral, and intellectual,— which these societies claim to possess can better be supplied to the pupils through the school at large in the form of literary societies and clubs under the sanction and supervision of the faculties."

The attitude of high-school principles in general may be arrived at from the answers to a set of 185 letters sent out all over the country asking an expression of opinion on the high-school fraternity question. Out of the 185 only three spoke in favor of fraternities, fifty-three expressed no positive opinion but were inclined to look on them with disfavor, one said they would do no harm if properly managed, and 128 spoke against them in unqualified terms. The denunciation of them by some principals is most stern and severe. The principal of the high school at Albany, N. Y., includes the statements of many others in his sweeping assertion: "The high-school secret societies are thoroughly pernicious in their influence. I am unable to discover one redeeming feature connected with them, while their demoralizing influence is constant and thoroughly evident." Others thoughtfully and unhesitatingly put down such statements as: "They are apt to degenerate into smoking and gambling clubs on the part of the boys and frivolous, gossipy, idle places on the part of the girls"; "they are not maintained for the purpose of cultivating the nobler side of young men, or developing in them pure thoughts"; "they quickly become social clubs where are cultivated the worst tastes and practices between young people"; "the members do unmanly deeds as a body in secret that not one would think of doing openly."—*By Marion Melus in Review of Reviews.*

NIGHT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

The secret of the night—it stirs amid
The flower-sweet thickets and dim growths of trees,
It moves upon the wanton summer breeze
That wanders through the woodland hid.
The strident music of the katydid,
The insect voices in their myriad keys,
The murmuring low of unguessed symphonies,
Give answer though the outer sense forbid.

What is the secret of the silvered streams
We almost fathom when the moon is high?
What mystic portent in the fleeting gleam
Of some strange star that shoots across the sky?
We only know that it is some transient dream
That fades away before the waking eye.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

We do not like to promise our readers too much, but we have several good things in store, that we have not hinted at yet. Just now we are arranging to give an exhaustive writeup of all the leading young people's societies, such as Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, Young Men's Christian Association, Christian Workers and a half dozen more, including those of the Roman Catholic church, even the Jesuit Order if some one can be secured to write its history.

The history, growth, methods, purpose, departments, results, etc., of these societies through our columns will prove interesting and instructive reading for thousands of our younger readers.

Now if all of these rich feasts are worth talking about do not forget to tell your neighbor that the Inglenook offers more of the meat of life for 1908 than can be had any place else for one dollar. We have asked for ten thousand new subscribers this winter and if each reader will only do one-fourth of his duty to the Inglenook we will not only get the ten thousand but twenty thousand more.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY.

Subscriptions to the Inglenook continue to come at a most satisfying rate. Both the purpose and the matter of the Inglenook ought to appeal to all lovers of good reading.

INGLENOOK NEWS ANALYZED.

In the issue of October 15, there were *forty-two* items of news, averaging seventy-five words to each item. The news were from *seven foreign countries six states, and six metropolitan cities.* Then there were three personal items of general interest.

As to topics, there were *three labor* items, *two political, three church, two historical, one social, one agricultural, two railway, two educational, three scientific, two mechanical, one international, two reform, two financial, two national,* and over a dozen unclassified topics. Who can say that the Inglenook reader does not know what the world is doing?

Hereafter we expect to put all political news under one heading, religious news under another heading, and so on through the list, so that if a man wants the scientific news of the world he can get it, at once, while the person wanting financial news can get that without reading the entire page to find what he wants.

We are sure that this new feature will please the busy man and woman who has only a few minutes at odd times to read news.

WHERE SOME OF OUR WRITERS LIVE.

In Burma, India, China, Japan, Turkey, Philippine Islands, Pacific Islands, South America, Africa and Labrador besides those of our own country. We have just completed arrangements for articles with illustrations from all the countries named and we shall add a few more soon. Topics of national importance are being assigned to those who have made a special study of certain subjects, so that you are assured of an abundance of the best thought and sentiment that human genius can produce. Work of this nature is what keeps the Editor busy just now.

LAW GOOD ONLY WHEN ENFORCED.

The curse of too many laws is continually impressing itself on thinking men. Judge Parker, who ran for the presidency three years ago, says, after long experience on the bench, that the need of the country is not so much for new laws as for the enforcement of the old ones. Not long ago the Speaker of the New York Legislature, in a Chautauqua address, prophesied a reaction from the demand which cries for new laws whenever an old evil obtrudes itself upon the notice.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES.

We expect to begin a Magazine Review department in the Inglenook. You cannot afford to buy twenty dollar's worth of the leading magazines, nor would you have time to read a dozen of them, even if some one else paid for them. Yet *you wonder* what *Review of Reviews, Cosmopolitan, World's Work, Current Literature,* and all the others have each month. It is our purpose to glean from all the leading magazines, and select the best from each one, and within a year's time give you nearly 200,000 words of their reading. By so doing, you will be assured of getting the cream from those publications without any extra cost whatever, and without lessening the space given to other departments of the Inglenook. Please speak of this to your friends who like a wide range of reading. We are sure that there are

thousands of people who would gladly pay one dollar for the INGLENOOK in order to get this magazine reading alone.

You may expect some other improvements as soon as we can turn around to do them. Let everybody get busy now for the INGLENOOK, send for sample copies, give us names and addresses of people who like good reading, and send in a few subscriptions occasionally. Let us know what you think about this "review section."

BUSY TIMES.

SOMETIMES a man can push his business, but just now it is the other way with the Editor, for his business is pushing him, and that at a pretty lively rate. We are not complaining, but if any of the INGLENOOK readers think they are too busy to be comfortable, just let them remember that there are others who are busy also.

The indications are that this rush is likely to continue for some months and perhaps some years to come, but if only one life on the whole face of the globe is helped some way by our work we shall never regret the extra effort.

SLOW OR SELFISH, WHICH?

SOME people think that farmers do not know anything worth writing, but this is a mistake. Not another class of people in the world have more hard sense than the farmer. As editor, we will admit that the farmer is not as free to tell or write his thoughts as some other people are, but he has plenty of good stuff to tell and write about when he chooses to do so.

The purpose of this article is to draw something out of the farmer for this department. If this cannot be done then we will close the department and give it to those who can write upon some other phase of life. The editor is personally acquainted with dozens of farmers who have been marvelously successful in their vocation. It was not by "good luck" or any chance either. They are men of marked ability, recognized as such by all who know them. To this class this letter is addressed in particular. Notice the heading, Are You Selfish? Experience and observation for, perhaps, twenty years has given you a valuable accumulation of knowledge about farm life that will perish with you, unless you give it to the public while you live.

The INGLENOOK solicits a communication from you on some topic of interest to country life. Live stock grain, fruit, buildings, fences, drainage, fertilizer, markets, implements, remedies for stock, taxation, real estate valuation, wages, hired help, seasons, fuel, how many hours to labor, and a hundred topics upon which you are a master and can write if you will only do so. Do not stop because of poor penmanship, misspelled words, etc. The Editor will gladly correct these for you so that when your letter appears in print it will read as smooth as a president's message.

We are very much in earnest about this matter too. Both Home, and Rural Life need a dose of ginger to give them snap. These departments have some good writers already, but they are too few, so we want more. Who will be the first one to respond to this call? Our thanks in advance to any and all who do, or even if they do not but wish that some one else would.

ARE YOU POUTING?

WHENEVER a person lets loose of a good thing and goes to pouting because it did not go his way, he has *failed,* and the chances are that he will be shelved and soon forgotten. Even the most successful men in the world never saw everything go to suit them, but they held on any how. Pouting is contemptible. There are many useful, talented people living a barren life because they began pouting about something and are ashamed to quit now.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
  But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
  But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
  But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after-awhile,
  But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
  But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
  But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
  But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
  But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask
"What have we done today?"

—Nixon Waterman.

FLASHES OF THOUGHT.

IF passion drives, let reason hold the reins.

The end of passion is the beginning of repentance.

One true friend is better than a hundred relations.

Naked truth is better than craft in clothes.

Slander generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.

We often let go of things that are good and certain, and pursue things that are doubtful.



FAITH.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

In the solemn silence of the night,
We lift our hands in calmest trust,—not fear;
And feel the strength of unseen forces near;
A sheltering love encircles with its might,
A light shines out upon the inner sight.
The outer darkness may be dense and drear
Yet even then we feel that God is here.
And with a child-like trust, we seek the light,
Until by faith anointed, eyes were dim;
We blindly groped the valley's shadowed way,
Nor saw the glory of the mountain's rim,
Nor blessed the hand that led from night to day;
The stars may pale, but Faith's clear flame shall rise,
Refulgent as the light of noonday skies.

THEE AND ME.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

THE old Quaker said to his wife: "What a queer world this is. Everybody in it is queer but thee and me, Mary, and sometimes thee is a little peculiar."

The readiness with which we judge one another is suggestive of the idea that "all the world is prone to make mistakes but me" and were we granted the gift to "see ourselves as others see us" we might discover that "me" is not infallible.

The other day a woman in the town of Elgin wanted a certain article of kitchen furniture, but she did not like the Elgin prices on the same article, so she looked up the catalogue of a certain mail order house familiar in name to all readers of our Brethren publications and wrote them her wants saying if they had the article at the right price she would buy of them provided they would see that it reached her before the following Saturday. They answered favorably and promptly, and her order followed. This was Thursday morning. Friday night came and no package had been delivered.

"Hello, Central. Give me the American Express Company, please.

"This American Express Company? Have you a package for Mrs. Blank, No.—,Page Street? No? All right. Good-bye."

The same was repeated with the United States Express Office, and the woman made a remark or two anent the mail order business that she did not pause to be ashamed of at the time.

On Saturday morning she chanced to meet the man who had been kind enough to attend to her order in person. He informed her that her goods had been delivered to the American Express Company on Friday morning. It was clear that the mail order people were not to blame for her annoyance, nor justly the victims of her vexation. She called up the Express Office again and the package was there and would be delivered within an hour.

Whether it was there on Friday night when she was told that it was not she doesn't know. Neither does she care. Its not being in her possession on Friday night upset some plans for Saturday very seriously but a hundred years from now she will not care for that.

Her disappointment and vexation, especially the vexation, were legitimately followed by some derangement of the stomach and a nervous headache. The woman understood the philosophy of right and wrong thinking well enough to reason from cause to effect and she said it served her right. She says, moreover, that the next time she entertains vexation over a circumstance for which another is responsible, and which vexation will not remedy, she hopes she will have twice the headache added to self-condemnation, and so on in proportion until she succeeds in keeping in practice the principles that we all endorse in theory. That is that when we do unto others, even in our thoughts, as we would that others should do unto us there will be harmony between "thee and me." What then?

Elgin, Ill.

WHAT THE BLIND CAN DO.

I have known intelligent people who believed that the sightless can tell colors by touch, and it is generally thought that they have one or more senses given them in place of the one they have lost, and that the senses which of right belong to them are more delicate an acute than the senses of other people. Nature herself we are told, seeks to atone to the blind for their misfortune by giving them a singular sensitiveness and a sweet patience of spirit.

If this were really the case, it would be an advantage rather than an inconvenience to lose one's sight. But it is not the truth; it is a fiction which has its origin in ignorance, and in this ignorance the blind discover the most formidable obstacle in the way to usefulness and independence. Until the public in general better understands the condition of the blind a condition to which every person is exposed by the vicissitudes of life, it

will be imposible to give the blind the special assistance they require. Left without intelligent help, the blind man lives in a night of thwarted instincts and shackled ambitions.

What is blindness? Close your eyes for a moment. The room you are sitting in, the faces of your loved ones, the books that have been your friends, the games that have delighted you disappear—they all but cease to exist. Go to the window, keeping your eyes shut. God's world—the splendor of sky and sun and moon, almost the charm of human life—has vanished.

Suppose your lids will not open again. What an unspeakable calamity has befallen you! You must begin your life all over in the strange dark world. You must learn to accomodate yourself little by little to the conditions of darkness. You will have to learn the way about your own house. With arms outstretched you must grope from object to object, from room to room. The tools of your work are snatched from your hands. Your school-books, if you are young, are useless. If you venture out-of-doors, your feet are shod with fear. You are menaced on every side by unseen dangers. The firm earth rolls under your uncertain step. The stars that guided your course are blotted out. You are a human derelict adrift on the world, borne as the currents may chance to set, "imprisoned in the viewless winds." In the helplessness of your heart you cry out with the blind man on the plains of Syria, "Thou son of David, have mercy upon me!"

Since the year 1784, when the Abbé Valentin Haüy gathered together a few blind children from the streets of Paris and began the work of instructing them, the education of the sightless has been continued and extended, until its ever widening embrace of succor and enlightenment has reached the young blind of many countries. Homes and asylums have been provided for the aged and infirm blind. Governments and private philanthrophy have united to provide the blind with libraries of embossed books.

Indeed, so much has already been done that I am not surprised to hear you ask, "What good thing yet remains to do for the blind?"

When blindness seizes a man in the midst of an active life, he has to face a greater misfortune than the child born blind or deprived of sight in the first years of life. Even if kindness and sympathy surround him, if his family is able to support him and care for him, he nevertheless feels himself a burden. He finds himself in the state of a helpless child, but with the heart and mind, the desires, instincts and ambitions of a man. Ignorant of what blind men can do and have done, he looks about him for work, but he looks in vain. Blindness bars every common way to usefulness and independence. Almost every industry, the very machinery of society, the school, the workshop, the factory, are all constructed and regulated on the supposition that every one can see.

Homer and Milton wrote great poems with never a ray of light in their eyes. Henry Fawcett, professor of political economy at Cambridge University, a member of Parliament for nineteen years and during Gladstone's ministry postmaster-general of Great Britain (he introduced many practical improvements in the postal service, among them the "parcels post"); Leonard Euler, the Swiss mathematician and astronomer, who conducted his vast calculations mentally, and who was a member of all the great societies of learning in Europe; Francois Huber, the naturalist, who was for a century the leading authority on bees; Augustin Thierry, the French historian, who wrote his great work on the Merovingians with the aid of others' eyes; and our own historian, William Hickling Prescott, are blind men who successfully kept in the forefront of life.

A distinguished Belgian statesman and writer, Alexander Rodenbach, Didymus of Alexandria, the preceptor of Saint Jerome, Diodotus the Stoic, friend and teacher of Cicero, Ziska, the leader of the Bohemians in the Hussite War, who thrice defeated the Emperor's forces, did noble work after their eyes had ceased to know the light. Blind men have been musicians, road-builders, carpenters, wood-workers, journalists, editors, yacht-builders, and teachers of the blind and the seeing.—*Helen Keller.*

ALWAYS BE ON TIME.

J. D. REISH.

With apologies to Mr. S. E. Kiser, author of "Laugh a Little Bit."

Dear friend! hear my simple rhyme—
Always be on time.
Heed it; 'twill not be a crime,
Always be on time.
If you're late from day to day
At your work, these words obey.
By this rule improve your way.
You'll not fail as on you climb,
If you always be on time.

Cherish these as words sublime—
Always be on time.
Heed them ere you pass your prime.
Always be on time.
If you would in life succeed,
You must ever this rule heed.
Let it form part of your creed.
Your reward you'll gain sometime,
If you always be on time.

THE WHITE PIGEON.

NANNIE MARTIN.

THE white pigeon and her mate were very happy and contented in their little brown house. Two little ones came to gladden their hearts but the parents, being young and inexperienced, failed in their duty of

properly caring for them, and, it being in the winter time, the poor little things succumbed to the cold.

What the parent birds thought as they saw the lifeless bodies of their little ones, we do not know. There may have been a feeling of remorse, or a determination to care for their next little flock more faithfully. At least this ought to teach them a lesson on negligence. But before very long two more little white eggs appeared in the nest, and when the time for hatching came two more little mouths were there to be fed.

No doubt the parent birds had resolved to do their very best by their little family, having profited by their former experience, for each day they were busy nursing them and protecting them from cold.

Their affairs were moving along nicely and no shadow had yet crossed their pathway, but how unexpectedly they do sometimes come!

Miss Black Cat had been prowling around, and spied the little birds. A longing desire came to her to obtain and eat the dainty morsels. She laid her crafty plans and before long the young birds were missing and Miss Cat was licking her mouth as if for more. But her doom was sealed, and she will eat no more birds.

The parent birds mourned over the tragic death of their brood for a short time, but soon went encouragingly to work for the third time. Before long they had another little family of two. Of these they were very careful and very proud, each bird taking its turn in nursing them.

One day the mother was at home, caring for her babies, and the father went for a little outing. Alas! More trouble was in store for the mother bird. She anxiously awaited his return. He was staying longer than usual, her little ones were clamoring for more food. She became alarmed, fearful that some harm had befallen her king. Night came on and he had not returned. Her anxiety increased, but she tried to calm her fears with the assurance that he would surely return on the morrow.

Morning dawned and she was longingly waiting for him. She felt that some cruel fate had befallen him. Was he slain by the hand of some cruel hunter, or was he captured by some other king bird? Poor mother bird! How sad and lonely she is, but she must cast aside her own sorrow for there is need of more care and work on her part, for she must care for her little ones all alone. But she is faithful to her charge, and thus we have given you the story of the white pigeon.

"There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May."

BOWSER'S DISGRACE.

D. Z. ANGLE.

The dog said to the honey bee,
"You're so little and so small;
That one blow of my ponderous paw,
Would crush you as a maul."

His beeship said, "what a big slow dog,
With one dart to his nose;
I'd make him hop and snap about,
And scratch his great big toes."

Hum-um-m-m-spat! Bow-ow! ow-Wow!
Oh what a fuss it makes!
Just kicked up in an awful row,
By such unequal weights!

The bee departing says good-bye,
To Bowser and then cries,
"Think not too highly of thy strength,
Like some, small things despise."

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

FLORAL HINTS.

CUTTINGS from rose bushes can be successfully grown by placing the slip in sand and soil, kept warm and moist, but not exposed to the sun. Keep placing in larger pots as the roots lengthen, until it is safe to transplant to the desired place.

How get rid of moss in the lawn?

Moss indicates too much acid and water in the soil. Drain the lawn first, and if this does not kill the moss, then rake the top soil, and apply a light coat of wood ashes or slacked lime. Not too much, or you will kill the grass also, but grass seed should be sown again at once so as to choke out the moss roots.

SUCH vines as clematis, paniculata, wistaria, honeysuckle and the Virginia creeper do well on a north porch.

WET tobacco leaves are excellent to keep lice off of plants.

WASHING BABY'S TEETH.—A baby's first teeth should be daily washed. At three years of age a soft tooth-brush should be procured and the use of it carefully taught. Sugar changes to acid in the mouth, so after eating confections, which, if the future beauty of the teeth is valued, the mother will not permit to be frequent, the mouth should be carefully brushed and rinsed.

ADVICE FOR MOTHERS.—When making baby's short clothes, mothers will find it a great saving if they will do the following two simple things: Make the neckbands of the little dresses a trifle larger than necessary, then draw very narrow tapes through, and when making the sleeves cut them a little longer than required, and sew two horizontal tucks below the el-

bow. If this is done, as baby grows and his little arms lengthen, the tucks can be let out, and the string round the neck need not be tied so tightly. In this way the little dresses will last much longer without being outgrown.

Cure for Hiccough.—Hiccough is usually a sign of stomach derangement, and is often caused by babies being fed at irregular intervals, either too frequently or not frequently enough. A teaspoonful of fluid magnesia should be given once or twice, and this will probably cure the hiccoughs.

CAUSE OF CHEESY BUTTER.

Cheesy butter is said by the Kansas experiment station to be due, first, to the curdling of cream, either sweet or sour, and, second, to a milky body. A milky body is due, first, to buttermilk not separated from butter or butter not thoroughly washed, and, second, to butter made from ropy cream.

BREAD MAKING.

Some cooks prefer to set a sponge when making bread, allowing it to rise in the shape of a well-beaten batter before adding flour enough to do the kneading. "Sponging" makes a fine-grained bread, but it lengthens the time required for making, as two risings are needed after the sponge is light.

Bread may be made from water alone instead of "half and half," as milk and water bread is called. Water bread is tougher and sweeter and keeps better than that made from all milk.

A good test of whether bread has been kneaded enough is to leave it on the board or molding cloth for a few minutes. When you take it up again, if it does not stick it is ready to put in the breadpan.

If you want to make bread in a hurry, simply double the amount of yeast—that is, if you are using compressed yeast. It gives no yeastly flavor, although brewers' and homemade yeast does leave a slight taste when more than the prescribed quantity is used.

Should the oven be too hot, set a pan of cold water in it for a few minutes.

Milk bread browns more quickly than water bread, so do not imagine because your loaf is a nice chestnut brown that it is baked. Give it time enough, which is from fifty to sixty minutes for brick loaves four inches thick.

If you are detained from getting bread into the pans, when it has risen sufficiently, take a knife and cut down the dough till you are ready to attend to it. This allows the gas to escape and there is no danger of souring if you cannot return to it for half an hour.

It is best to have your fire in such condition that it will need no replenishing while baking is in progress.

Yeast may be kept perfectly fresh for at least a week or ten days by immersing the cake in cold water. The particles of yeast settle at the bottom and water acts as a seal from the air. Cover the glass in which the yeast is dissolved and keep it in a cellar or refrigerator. Occasionally pour off the water that covers it and add fresh.

Make a smooth mush with one 1 qt. boiling water and 1 cup white meal, cover and let steam 10 minutes. When nearly cool add 1 pint cold water and thicken with meal. Set in a warm place till water rises. Thicken again with meal, and when it puffs and crackles on top, add 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon each of brown sugar and molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, and meal to make a stiff batter. Grease pan, put in butter, smoothing with a wet spoon. Bake slowly for two hours. Test with a knife to be sure it is done. Nice to fry when stale.—*Alice Dotson.*

NEW FROSTING.

Good frosting for cake can be made with milk instead of eggs. Take four tablespoonfuls of milk to a cupful of sugar and cook until the syrup spins a thread or forms a soft ball between the fingers when dropped in cold water. Then beat the syrup until it is thick and white. Maple sugar is particularly fine prepared in this way.

KEEPING ENAMELWARE CLEAN.

I wonder how many housekeepers ever tried greasing the outside of their enamel ware, pots, kettles, and stew basins before placing them on the stove to cook in? Now if any one who wants to keep them looking nice will grease them all over first before cooking in them she will find that there is no trouble to wipe the smoke off. Just take a piece of newspaper and save the dish rag. If required to cook for any length of time sitting directly over the fire, grease quite thick, but for sitting on top of stove or only a few moments on the fire, a bacon rind will grease them sufficiently. Smoke can be scoured off with fine ashes for a time but after a while they scratch it all up and the looks are spoiled forever.

A REMEDY FOR ANTS.

It is said that an effectual cure for ants that are the bane of many a good housekeeper is to melt together in an earthenware vessel a quarter of a pound of sulphur and 2 ounces of potash. When cold pulverize and sprinkle in the haunts of the sluggard's example. If the ants will not flee from this mixture be very sure the housekeeper will during the somewhat choky melting process.

AGED PEOPLE WE HAVE KNOWN.

Grandma Number One.

DAY after day she sits by the large window next to the street, knitting, knitting, quilting, quilting.—Too feeble to do other housework.

Her brown eyes sparkle with kindness, her smile speaks love and good-will to all. Does she ever get cross? Never. If the house turns upside down some day grandma seems to be the center of gravity and each word from her smooths down all the upset feelings.

Although she talks but little yet the house seems empty and desolate if she goes away for a day. She has no money to leave for her children, but her presence is worth more than a room full of gold without her, for there is an influence of sweetness in her presence which money does not have. Her hands are hard from labor, yet they impart more balm by their touch than the lily hands clothed in kid. She never learned the modern "isms" in college but her words immediately find a resting place away down in the depths of your being where other high-sounding phrases never come. While living she was a power in the lives of all in the home, and when she departed for her real home then we realized that a large part of our own heart had suddenly been transferred to heaven. Grandma took it there.

God bless this earth with more such grandmothers even if they are feeble and unable for physical labor.

SPIRITUAL PULSE BEATS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THROUGH purest sympathy and all embracing love, Christ-like souls are drawn to those less developed in their intellectual, moral and spiritual natures. Theirs is the language of Jesus: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

THERE is always joy in duties performed and promptness in the execution heightens that joy.

CHRISTIANITY, pure and true, is an eternal institution; and its true heirs are those who continue its work; not those who merely claim to be its adopted children; but those who hear the word of God, and keep and obey it.

WITHIN THE GATES.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Have you heard the grand old story
Of a beautiful city, told,
Where are gleaming mansions many,
And the streets are paved with gold?
Have you heard of those who pass within
Its gates of shimmering pearl,
Within its wall of jasper
Garnished with precious beryl?

We are told there is a city
Far exceeding brightest dream;
Where the living God is reigning
In Majesty supreme;
Near the great white throne, by stream and sea
Is a white robed angel throng
Praising, adoring, worshiping,
Singing the new, new song.

Shall we meet in that blest city,
By the river flowing free,
And gather with that sainted host
Around the glassy sea?
May we bear the victor's branch of palm,
And richest offerings bring
Within the pearly portals
Of the city of our King.

Tipton, Iowa.

PREACHING FREEDOM TO THE ARMY.

Girl Revolutionists in Russia Most Successful in Influencing the Soldiers.

THE following is from an interview with a woman revolutionist in Russia, obtained by Leroy Scott and published in the October *Everybody's:*

"When the university opened last autumn I started to work again among the soldiers. As you know, the revolutionists are at present working very hard to win over the army, and one of the means is to talk freedom directly to the soldiers. For this girls have been found to be more effective than men; the young peasant soldiers are more willing to listen to girls, and are far readier to protect them from arrest. So all over Russia hundreds and hundreds of girls are now nightly meeting with groups of soldiers, in working men's homes and in barracks. To go into barracks and talk revolution to the soldiers, hardly anything is so dangerous—for the girl caught is tried by court martial and in a day or two is executed."

ORIGINATORS OF SLANG.

IT is estimated that more than one half of all of the slang in current use has emanated from New York city, and an observer says that college boys and girls are responsible for more of it than are the boys and girls of the Bowery.

YOUNG MAN, BEWARE!

SAID the Judge to a man who confessed his life had been a failure, and who had fallen from an honorable station in life to that of a convict, "I can well believe your life has been a failure. The mistake consisted in the absence of that perfect rectitude of intention and that well-regulated mind, which are the only safeguard in human life. The man who once deviates from the path of rectitude takes the first step towards a precipice, and he soon finds that to stand still is impossible; that to retreat will be ruin, and that to advance is destruction."



THE RURAL LIFE

A LESSON FROM A JUNK SHOP.

D. Z. ANGLE.

POSSIBLY a junk pile would be thought a queer pulpit or lecture stand, but evidently many lessons might be learned from the various thing found thereon, and sermons preached and lectures delivered on the neglect of the poor, the pride and arrogance of the rich, the sins and follies of all, and the extravagant wastefulness of all, rich and poor alike, with the valuables that God has entrusted to their hands.

Did you ever visit a junk shop? If not you might find it profitable to do so, possibly more profitable than to visit Niagara Falls, Pike's Peak, or the tomb of Washington, grand and noble though those sights may be.

Here, maybe, is a stove in whose radiant heat some loving couple, now old and grey, spoke the soft tones of love and devotion, or which in later years cooked their food, or comforted them and theirs on many a wintry day and evening. Yonder is a stove formerly owned by one of Grant's intrepid generals. Around it the General himself, with the leaders of his day may have talked, and planned the vast campaigns which crushed the Rebellion and saved our great Republic in the flower of its youth.

There is a heating stove, an incident in the days of its usefulness being the shooting and killing of a gambler in a crowded saloon, where this stove warmed all who came near it, all sorts and conditions of men. Think of the anguished cries of the widow, the drunkard's wife, and orphaned children who are cast, penniless, helpless and dependent upon a cold and grasping world, by the drunken, debauched death of the one who should have been their protector and support. Bullet holes through the stove? Yes, probably so, and marks and signs of blows parried from some poor drunken fellow's head.

There are other things besides stoves in a good-sized junk house; in fact a little of everything. There is a little old toy gun, still in pretty good condition. Its former owner is probably long since grown to manhood. See, it has an iron hammer attached to a spiral spring in a tin barrel which is now badly battered. But the hammer works very well. Just pull it back, put a little wooden ramrod into the band against the spring, then pull the trigger and—away she goes! My! How that did please some little boy! We know, for we had one like it when a six-year-old,—a Christmas present from a generous grandfather, and it certainly pleased us and proved a powerful enough weapon at that time to serve all such needs of ours.

Now we come to the bicycle pile, disorganized relics of a formerly very popular modern invention of man. Popular now? Yes, in a measure. It still is much used and found convenient especially in cities and towns, but most of our present day young country boys and men seem to strive hardest and longest after getting a good horse and buggy, so they can haul two as well as one, and travel on a greater variety of good and bad roads and in all kinds of weather.

In a junk shop everything is sorted and positioned according to its kind, as the animals were placed in Noah's ark: A lot of burrs and bolts are placed in kegs and boxes, here a pile of stoves in one corner, malleable and wrought iron on that side, cast iron over here, the spring steel over there, a pile of bones over yonder. Then the rags occupy a certain portion and perhaps a separate pile of lately bought but partially dismantled agricultural implements and various kinds of vehicles and machinery. Probably fifty to seventy-five per cent of it is, for practical purposes, as good as when new.

Here we find the metal portion of a two-horse cultivator which netted the owner $1.00 and another cost the junkdealer $1.50. These were machines which when new cost the farmers from $15 to $20 each. A $45 riding gang plow that the farmer thought past using he sold for $4.50, and a mower deemed useless for harvesting hay was sold for about $5, at a loss of $40.

Why all this sacrifice? Are these sales justifiable and profitable to the farmers? In some cases they are, in many more they are not. Better dispose of a machine so out of date that its use costs more money to pay extra help in a short time than a new, up to date, labor saving machine costs, but we do not think it pays to go in debt for a new machine and discard the old one which does good work but is a little more laborous to operate. If the machine we use does satisfactory work do not discard it if broken, but get new repairs for it. If they are too costly, or unobtainable, look among your farmer friends for similar machines,

for they, like boys' shoes, do not always break or wear out alike or in the same places, so that the best right shoe of one pair may serve, if preserved, to help mate the best left shoe of a later pair. So by buying for a trifle the rusty machine from your careless, wealthy, or wandering neighbor, you may be able to fix up a good machine from the remains of two poor ones.

You will doubtless have left a number of bolts, rods, etc., which may come handy to replace lost or broken parts from other machinery. Save the bolts even if you sell the heavy, bulky parts, for bolts often lose out of a new binder and work must stop right in harvest for a trip to town after a new bolt if one cannot be found nearer.

It pays the farmer to house his farm tools when not in use, and do a little junk buying, sorting and adapting for himself. Then, though not making so fine a show, he will be saving a little more cash to pay rent, mortgages or put in the bank, instead of unloading his valuables into the junk man's repository to enrich him and the far-seeing, practical manufacturer.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

THERE are not one-tenth as many bumble bees in the agricultural districts as there were in my boyhood days. More is the pity, for twenty-five years from now, colonies of bumble bees will be valued at from twenty-five to fifty dollars each in agricultural and horticultural districts.

The female bumble bee lives from two to five years and has her stinger to protect her in fighting life's battles. The male has no stinger because he has no battles to fight. He is born in June, lives a luxurious life amongst the flowers until frost time. He is then married, and always goes from his wedding trip to his grave. His widow goes into a dormant condition, usually one or two inches below the family home and so remains until the following spring. The usual number of female bees so hibernating in a home is about ten to seventeen. Her hope is that she may have sufficient strength in the spring to reach the little cups of stored honey above her head, and feast thereon for a few days.

The time will come when those homes will be provided during the winter time and placed in proper positions for the widow's use.

We are now using old felt hats torn into shreds, and other soft material, for filling bumble bee boxes. We use that kind of material for the reason that the bumble bee first makes but one cell and likes to make that surrounded by very soft material, so that as she makes the other cells she may easily make room in her nest. The boxes are made eight inches high and one foot square, out of old, well-worn lumber. The entrance holes are made one-fourth of an inch in diameter, large enough for the bees but too small for other animals. The boxes are just put carelessly along the fences of clover fields and orchards.

This home preparation is an absolute necessity in communities where the stumps and old rails have been removed. The old-fashioned ground chunk and the hole in the old walnut root furnished ideal homes.—*Isaac W. Brown.*

THE DUODECAGONAL HENHOUSE.

W. D. HOLTERMAN, Ft. Wayne, Ind., says: I prefer the house I now have. This house is practically round (twelve cornered), with yards radiating in the shape of a wheel in all directions. The diameter is forty-five feet. The feed room is in the center, fifteen feet in diameter. Over the feed room is a dome which contains six windows for additional light and ventilation. Every one of the twelve pens contains 120 square feet of surface and each has one four-light window. Reasons: Great saving in labor (feeding, watering, cleaning); more compact in every way; all birds under a person's eyes at once; in center so that birds will not freeze their combs; appearance of such a building is more artistic than the others.—*Farm Journal.*

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.

SMEAR the fingers with castor oil and draw the teats through the fingers for a few weeks. Rub the udder with a little of the oil so that it will run down the teats. It is said the warts will disappear without any pain or sore such as is caused by burning of the teats or by any of the harsher methods. This has been tried by many persons, and they all report perfect success in removing the warts if the treatment is persevered in long enough. Perhaps caster oil is no better than any other grease.

THE question of vaccination is coming before the public in a telling manner. James R. Brewer, secretary of the Maryland State Board of Charities, claims that vaccination is primarily to blame for the alarming increase of tuberculosis. He claims also that tuberculosis is transmitted to the human system by the virus taken from cattle. He hopes that the penalty for refusing to be vaccinated will be replaced by a law prohibiting vaccination. Difference of opinion as to the value or harm of vaccination has long prevailed, and it will be a great relief to the masses if this question is properly settled.

THE comfortable cow is the one that gives the milk and makes the butter.

FROM ALL THE MAGAZINES

THE HAGUE PEACE COURT.

The first commission was that of arbitration and the presidency went to Monsieur Bourgeois. That was an honor fitly bestowed, for it was he who prevented hostilities between England and Russia at the time of the Hull incident—when Russian cruisers fired wildly into a fleet of fishing-smacks. The ambassadors of Great Britain, Austria and Brazil were chosen as honorary presidents; as vice-presidents the commission had representatives of Germany, Italy, and Mexico. Upon this question of the settlement of disputes by arbitration all the nations were agreed. The creation of a practical and authoritative court rested with the jurists—Renault of France and Zorn of Bonn—and the patient diplomats. It was immediately after this commission was instituted that the United States first intervened. General Horace Porter informed the conference that America desired to submit the question of the non-employment of force for the collection of debts. With unanimous courtesy the matter was referred to the first commission. It was the entering wedge of the Drago doctrine—the first notable satisfaction given to the United States and South America.

The second commission had to do with questions affecting war by land; the Belgian delegate presided and General Horace Porter was made one of the honorary presidents. Of more importance was the third commission, upon which Mr. Choate found an honorary place, dealing with maritime warfare and all the complex problems of bombardments of open ports, contraband, capture of private property, and the status of neutrals. As I have said, I wish only to outline—as on a map—the scope of the conference; but it is significant that the proposal for the creation of an international prize-court—to decide upon the fate of captured vessels—was made by the Baron von Bieberstein, of Germany, and supported by Sir Edward Fry and Mr. Choate.

The fourth commission was occupied with the changes to be made in the Geneva convention for the care of the wounded in war.

This was, then, the groundwork of the conference.

So then there were three ideals of peace at the Hague. The gentle-mannered "internationalists" saw it rising, white-winged and beneficent, out of a chaos of picric-acid, wherein thrones and governments and capital should have been dissolved, and only the natural man be left.

Another ideal was that of the unaccredited delegates, for whom peace—a thing beautiful and splendid as a flag—was to be won by a kindly crusade of spoken and printed words; and they foresaw, after the reign of force, the reign of feudality, the reign of commerce, the new reign of intellectuality, which will be also that of peace. And yonder in the Hall of the Knights (whence a crusade set out to conquer the Holy Land) the sage old statesmen sat in a peace conference where was debated the subject:

"How may war be made less unpleasant for every one concerned?"

Three ideals.

Down which path, think you, will peace come? After all that is not of supreme importance. What is evident is that the nations are thinking peace—that it has become a part of the world's thought.—Everybody's Magazine.

THE WANING HARDWOOD SUPPLY.

Although the demand for hardwood lumber is greater than ever before, the annual cut today is a billion feet less than it was seven years ago. In this time the wholesale price of the different classes of hardwood lumber advanced from 25 to 65 per cent. The cut of oak, which in 1899 was more than half the total cut of hardwoods, has fallen off 36 per cent. Yellow poplar, which was formerly second in point of output, has fallen off 38 per cent, and elm has fallen off one-half.

The cut of softwoods is over four times that of hardwoods, yet it is doubtful if a shortage in the former would cause dismay in so many industries. The cooperage, furniture, and vehicle industries depend upon hardwood timber, and the railroads, telephone and telegraph companies, agricultural implement manufacturers, and builders use it extensively.

This leads to the question, Where is the future supply of hardwoods to be found? The cut in Ohio and Indiana, which, seven years ago, led all other States, has fallen off one-half. Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin have also declined in hardwood production. The chief centers of production now lie in the Lake States, the lower Mississippi Valley, and the Appalachian Mountains. Yet in the Lake States the presence of hardwoods is an almost certain indication of rich agricultural land, and when the hardwoods are cut the land is turned permanently to agricultural use. In Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi the production of hardwoods is clearly at its extreme height, and in Missouri and Texts it has hardly begun to decline.

The answer to the question, therefore, would seem to lie in the Appalachian Mountains. They contain the largest body of hardwood timber left in the United States. On them grow the greatest variety of tree species anywhere to be found. Protected from fire and reckless cutting, they produce the best kinds of timber, since their soil and climate combine to make heavy stands and rapid growth. Yet much of the Appalachian forest has been so damaged in the past that it will be years before it will again reach a high state of productiveness. Twenty billion feet of hardwoods would be a conservative estimate of the annual productive capacity of the 75,000,000 acres of forest lands in the Appalachians if they were rightly managed. Until they are we can expect a shortage in hardwood timber.

Circular 116, of the Forest Service, entitled "The Waning Hardwood Supply," discusses this situation. It may be had upon application to the Forester, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

The difficulties that beset some branches of research are well illustrated by the skeleton of an extinct Australian marsupial (Diprotodon australis) just set up in South Kensington Museum. It was named about seventy years ago by Sir Richard Owen, who from a few fragments of bone thought the creature a near relation of the kangaroo. From time to time various bones were found which tended to modify this classification, but it was not until fully sixty years after its first naming that, in 1899, remains were found from which the structure of the feet and and the general form of the skeleton could be realized. These remains were found by Dr. E. C. Sterling, of Adelaide, and, thanks to his efforts, it has now been found possible to set up in the central hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington a complete restoration of the skeleton, in which a large number of bones are represented by plaster models, although many of those of the limbs and feet are original specimens. As thus restored, the diprotodon is certainly a strange beast, carrying a huge head, the jaws of which are armed with teeth approximating to the kangaroo type, and having the body very short, the front limbs longer than the hind pair, and the vertebral column much arched, and falling away toward the loins, behind which it terminates in a short tail. As regards bulk, the creature may be compared to an unusually tall and short Sumatran rhinoceros, while in the matter of relationship it appears to come nearest to the wombats.—Scientific American.

THE JAPANESE WOMAN IS SELF-SUPPORTING.

In the Government cigar and cigarette factories of Japan are thousands of girls whose fingers move with a speed that tires the eye to follow. Every such factory has its champion operative. Generally she is young, and often pretty, conscious, and flattered by attentions. She is a kind of local Carmen. She earns, perhaps as much as fifty cents a day! This is extraordinarily high pay.

Or, observe the women who pole the heavy barges along through the canals; or those who, in company with men, coal the ships at Kobé and Nagasaki, carrying the mineral on their backs; or those who drag heavily laden vehicles through the narrow streets of the other cities; or those who mix mortar and carry bricks in building operations; or those who, their babies toddling about nearby, all day long, to the rhythm of their own cries and songs, sway on ropes of pile-driving machinery.

Then there are the women above these in the hierarchy of employment—those who tend store; those who serve as clerks and can and do keep accounts; those who are in the

Government departments, especially in the Department of Communications, embracing telegraphs, railroads, and telephones. The telephone girl is an important institution even in Japan.

Moreover, women have made their appearance and are more than holding their own in printing-offices and also on newspapers; while the fame of the Japanese trained female nurse spread over the world during the recent war. Women are even now appearing on the stage, and with distinction. The most notable are Madam Kumehachi and Madam Sada Yakko. The latter made a success in Paris. She is now to be seen by turn in the larger cities of Japan in modern plays, after the European type.—By Henry George, Jr., in The Circle.

MONOPOLIZING PHILADELPHIA'S STREET CAR LINES.

Street cars were operated in this country for more than a generation before any one suspected that of all gold mines, the richest was concealed beneath the humble five-cent fare. By chance and by circumstance, for the greatest profits of the public utility arise from its union with corrupt politics and that union was an evolution and had nothing. Philadelphia saw the beginning of the real traction industry of America, and the Centennial Exposition of 1876 disclosed the first sure glimpse of the golden treasure.

Into this fertile and lovely field came now the men that long reaped its golden harvest. To the first of them, indeed, Charles T. Yerkes, belonged a certain combination of hardihood, audacity, dexterity, and persistence that was rather out of the common.

You will find now in the best residence region of Philadelphia a magnificent marble palace, as grand, as imposing, as costly as any in New York or elsewhere, and surely one of the most beautiful of private residences. It contains a really wonderful art-gallery and many rare books and tapestries; it is one of the show-places of the city; the natives point it out with pride and strangers regard it with just admiration.

That house was born of the defalcation of Marcer and the plight of Charles T. Yerkes. It belongs to P. A. B. Widener. About forty years ago he was a young butcher in Spring Garden Market, in no way distinguished from two hundred other butchers there except that he took an interest in partizan politics, belonged to the political organization of his ward, and worked at the polls on election day. As a reward for these services his party found use for him as a lieutenant and lobbyist at Harrisburg, and when Marcer was removed from the City Treasury the young butcher got the vacant post.

The butcher was a friend of Yerkes, who had also mixed much in the odorous pool of Philadelphia politics. Yerkes, being released from the penitentiary, looked about for something to do and stumbled upon the street railroad business. A piece of scrap-iron known as the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Street line was offered to him on credit at four cents on the dollar. He took it. The Exposition came on and traffic greatly increased. Mr. Yerkes needed more money. It may be supposed that he badly needed money. Money was hard to come by. Mr. Yerkes tried a very doubtful experiment. On the rattletrack contrivace he had bought he issued a small amount of bonds—about $200,000 worth, it is said. Very likely to his great amazement, he found that these bonds could be floated. With the proceeds he secured another link of railroad and issued more bonds on that, and thus the whole system was started on its truly wonderful career.

For all this, of course, they had abundant warrant and shining examples in American financial history. Jay Gould had shown the precious potency of the Agreeable Formula when he watered the stock of Erie from $17,000,000 to $78,000,000 and made himself rich.

In 1880 they had accumulated enough watered stock to lease Mr. Quay's company. In 1883 they took in the Tenth and Eleventh and Twelfth and Sixteenth Street lines. Then they leased the Chestnut Street and Market Street roads, among the most important in the city. The next year they reorganized again, this time into the Philadelphia Traction Company; capital, $30,000,000; nominal and ostensible cash investment, $7,000,000; actual cash investment, next to nothin.

Under the system the ring established there were cast every year in Philadelphia from 60,000 to 80,000 fraudulent votes, and it was by means of these votes that the public utility interests retained their grasp upon the city government and upon the privileges that made them rich. Every criminal enterprise in the community had share in this colossal structure of fraud; the respectable stock company went into partnership with the brothel for the maintenance of existing conditions. The money that stole elections and stuffed ballot-boxes and hired criminals to beat citizens, all to keep this gang in power, was supplied by the public utility corporations. For years they systematically made of the city government in Philadelphia something before which all patriotic Americans bowed themselves in humiliation and unutterable shame; they did it, these corporations with special privileges.—Everybody's Magazine.

CARING FOR THE STRANGER AT OUR GATES.

There is received at Ellis Island such a vast quantity of baggage that it is necessary to handle it both day and night. Now, the baggage-room is right under the sleeping-quarters, and there during the night the baggage was loaded upon ordinary iron-wheeled railroad trucks and carted out to the barges, making a great roar which compared favorably in volume of sound with Niagara Falls. Obviously it was necessary to have more than an easy conscience to sleep in such so-called sleeping-quarters. In spite of the lusty protests of the interested companies, the Commissioner insisted that they replace the old trucks with rubber-tired vehicles, with the result that the noise of moving the baggage is now barely audible on the floor above. And to make these same sleeping-quarters what they should be in other respects the Commissioner is having them entirely remodeled. He said in speaking of the present quarters, "If I was ordered to sleep in a place like that I wouldn't do it!". These quarters consist of two immense rectangular rooms on either side of the great inspection hall. Covering the entire area of these rooms is a network of wire-woven beds supported by steel uprights. The ventilation consists of a series of small windows near the ceiling and some negative overhead ventilators to draw off the bad air. In these myriad beds, separated the one from the other not at all, are indiscriminately packed away, Italians, Irish, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Swedes, Russians, Bulgarians, English and Dutch. These rooms are now being remodeled so that there will be for each nation, with any considerable representation, a separate room. These rooms will be supplied with canvas-covered beds so arranged that when not in use they can be pulled up flush with the ceiling, thus leaving a series of large airy sitting-rooms for the use of the immigrants during the day. The rooms will be ventilated by powerful ventilators, which will automatically change the air every few minutes. Floors and walls will be of polished tiling, and there are to be pipes and faucets through which boiling water can be turned when the rooms are vacant, thus keeping them absolutely clean and free from filth or contagion.—From Lyman Beecher Stowe, in The Circle.

CORPORATION PUBLICITY.

As regards the great corporations, the innocent stockholder is to be considered quite as much as the outside public. The stockholder cannot be too grateful to the Government at Washington for what it has been doing to enforce publicity. We must continue to do business on the large scale under corporate forms, and shares of stock in railroad and industrial undertakings must be standardized and made safe for general investment here as in European countries. Other corporations must be made to follow the example of the United States Steel Corporation, for example, in permitting the investing public to understand what is going on. The present action to dissolve the Standard Oil Company will in the long run have been valuable, principally in the publicity to which it is subjecting the affairs of that gigantic enterprise. It may be predicted with some safety that this prosecution with its disclosures marks the end of the old period of the Standard Oil Company's company régime of mystery and secrecy. From many standpoints its management has been superb, but it ought to recognize the new order of things and step out boldly into the white light of the fullest publicity. It is the intention of the Government to prove that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a great holding corporation of corporations, which absolutely dominates the petroleum business and allied industries in this country, and which ought under the Sherman anti-trust law to be compelled to divest itself of its monopolistic attributes. But the Sherman anti-trust law is a very imperfect piece of legislation, and it is hard to see what practical and stable solution is to be secured through attempts to enforce the existing statute.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for October.

PLAIN TALK.

"A girl ignorant of home-keeping has no more right to marry than a man ignorant of bread earning. A large proportion of our young women are being prepared for everything except domestic life, which, statistics show, nearly one-half of them are living. Let us teach those who are members of our families, whether maids or daughters, that work done in the kitchen is quite as honorable and much more necessary than the accomplishments of the drawing room."

Mrs. J. H. Petit created a sensation when she offered these observations to the Minerva club at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, in a dissertation on "Mistress and Maid." She poked fun at the would be philanthropists who advocated entertainments for the maids, or working hours limited to six or eight, parlors for the slave's company, or, again, houses constructed with kitchen and back yard in front. The solution she suggested was the training of all the daughters in all that pertains to home making and letting these young women teach their less fortunate sisters (the maids) the art of cooking.—Health.



Echoes from Everywhere

Chicago has twenty-one murder cases to be tried in court this month.

Rev. Walcuta went to jail in New York under the new marriage law.

Cook County, Illinois reports a gain of $258,906,820 in valuation last year.

The largest ear of corn at the recent Corn Exhibition in Chicago, sold for $250.

North Dakota smells oil and is preparing to tap some of John D's fountains of wealth.

Dropped matches cost Chicago $2,500,000 in fires each year according to insurance men.

The automobile mortality list for Massachusetts is 41 killed and 313 hurt in three months.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance conference subscribed $65,543 for missionary work.

J. F. Biehn, the milk inspector of Chicago, says that 90 per cent of the milk used in that city is impure.

Dr. Liebknecht, of Germany goes to jail for 18 months for expressing a desire for a democratic form of government. Despotism!!

Theaters in Kansas City, Mo., are closed now on Sunday, Missouri has no trouble to enforce her laws since Folk began his reform four years ago. Officials can enforce laws when they want to do so.

Some of the Baptist ministers in conference at Chicago, demanded a twenty per cent advance in salary. Increased expense of living is the cause.

It is reported that Harriman has stopped $100,000,000 worth of railroad improvements in the west since state legislatures began to make a gentleman out of him.

Over 200 railway employees from every state in the Union met in convention last week in New York City. A general increase of wages was asked for.

United States Attorney Kellogg is merciless with his exposures of Standard Oil dealings in New York. A jail sentence for the officials is talked of freely.

The automatic typewriter is said to write 10,000 words per hour. It is run by compressed air. Office girls feel blue over the new invention for it is sure to spoil their job.

At Helena, Montana, $100,00 of gold ore was placed in a mine by schemers and then sold to eastern speculators who lost all their belongings. New suckers are always on hand.

Mrs. Roosevelt is said to control the third term business. She got a vow from the president to quit Washington at the end of this term. She is afraid of Washington society.

One hundred and thirteen English cotton buyers attended the convention of cotton raisers at Atlanta Georgia last week. Heretofore, speculation on Board of Trade has caused the price of this article to fluctuate so in England that the mill owner never knew how soon he might lose millions. They are here to get better acquainted with the situation.

Hereafter Chicago is to be the central office for the Sunday-school armies of Canada, Mexico and the United States. 155,000 schools and 14,000,000 scholars make up the constituency.

Since the drinking of cock-tails by Fairbanks has placed him in disrepute among temperance people, W. H. Taft is very careful to refuse all liquors in his public life, even in foreign courts.

Montana has decreed that railroads must give exact time of delayed trains and report amount of lives and property destroyed by wrecks each year. Publicity is a good thing for all corporations.

Germany sends up an army balloon secretly with orders to hover over some city and unload water upon them, showing how cities could be destroyed by balloons using explosives in war times.

Count Ivan Tolstoi says that there is practically no hope for the peasant in the Duma. The world at large knew this before now. History will record this new proceeding, of late years, "dummy," instead of Duma.

Over 100 people have been killed within two weeks in three disasters. 22 drowned on a lake steamer, over 40 perished in the powder mill explosion in Indiana and 50 were killed in a railroad wreck in the East.

Thomas Lawson advises the buying of copper stock just now while the market price is half what it is sometimes. Some who followed his former advice ended with nothing.

The housewives of Montclair, N. J., formed a union in which servants were to be treated as one of the family. The servants then formed a union and demanded higher wages and the right to run the household. Then the first firm quit!!!

Over 300 persons, of whom 160 were girls, were arrested in Twenty-second Street precinct, Chicago, during the past three weeks. Ten men were arrested for keeping evil resorts, but none of them were held to the criminal court. Why not?

The Sultan may allow France to overrun Morocco in an effort to put down the general state of anarchy and insurrection which he is unable to do himself. This would give France a splendid chance to establish her authority in this coveted state.

Mrs. Mary Wright, of Burlington, N. J., recently completed her sixtieth consecutive year of Sunday-school teaching in one congregation. She was given an ovation. Her only regret was that she could not teach the Bible to children for another lifetime.

Postmaster-General Meyer has recommended parcels post, limited to ten pounds; a postal savings bank system, a decrease in the rate of foreign postage to two cents for each half ounce to each country having direct steamship service, and the adoption of stamp-selling machines.

Two hundred and forty murders are committed in New York City every year. The World says: "Sixty-five arrests are made for these murders. Thirty-three alleged murderers are brought to trial. Twenty convictions result. Two of the convicted men are sentenced to death. Three others receive life sentences. A murderer in New York City stands a chance of one in one hundred of escaping the penalty of his crime. In the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century there were only two unsolved murder cases in New York. From 1900 to the present day there have been over 300 unsolved murder cases in New York City.

Kaiser William has sent his son to open up a royal court in Poland, in order to win the good will of those people if possible. The Poles became a part of the German Empire unwillingly and for a long generation past they have caused the German Emperor much uneasiness.

Secretary Wilson expects to open up 5,000,000 acres of land for settlement in the western states next year. Besides this, the drainage of 2,000,000 acres east of the Mississippi is contemplated also. By drainage east and irrigation west, vast areas of agricultural lands can be opened to settlement as the years go by.

Congress is to have a bill empowering the interstate commerce commission to deal with the physical construction of railroads to the extent of assuring safe roadbeds, flawless trackage and generally to look after conditions that involve the lives and limbs of passengers. President Roosevelt, it is reported, will urge legislation of this kind in his annual message to congress.

John Burns, the English Labor M. P. got a grant of money to plant a forest in Yorkshire with the special object of giving work to the "unemployed" of Leeds, and when he offered them $5 a week to set out trees, nearly half of them refused to go to work. So disgusted was he with the apathy of his labor protegees that he turned the balance of the money over to a local charity.

"It's a shame the anti-crime societies don't devote less time to shouting about cigarettes and liquor and get busy reforming the hundreds of young men of your age, utterly devoid of moral principles, who are responsible for the fact that Chicago is looked at as one of the worst centers of crime in the world," said Municipal Judge Newcomer yesterday, denouncing William Price, 24, whom he sentenced to the workhouse for eight months.

James A. Grant, writes in the New York Medical Journal that blood can be made by electricity, and that persons suffering from anemia can be greatly benefited thereby. "An important fact, demonstrated clearly," he says, "is that blood can actually be made by electricity, by stimulating through the abdominal walls the ganglia that take part in the process of blood formation. As the body is largely composed of water, holding in solution salts of potash and soda, it becomes an excellent electrolyte.

It has never been definitely determined just what was the greatest number of Indians in America when they were unmolested and at the height of their power in this country. Some authorities claim that the number could not have exceeded 1,000,000, others assert that it could not have been more than 800,000, and still others contend that there were never more than 500,000. At the present time there are about 284,000 members of the red race in the United States. There are Indians in 16 states and three territories, exclusive of the Indian Territory. Nearly all the tribes are west of the Mississippi, in fact most of them are beyond the Missouri. There are 156 reservations in all. In the northwestern part of New York there are about 5,000 descendants of the great warrior tribes living on eight reservations. Today there are 159,000 Indians who wear citizens' dress in whole or in part, and 70,000 who can read and speak English. There are 28,000 Indian families now living in comfortable, modern dwellings. The Indians make quite a strong religious showing. They have 390 church buildings, and a total membership of about 46,000.

The Standard Oil Company continues to be the object of investigation in various states and the butt for taunt and disdain all over the country. The outcome of all this wholesale attack is hard to forecast. State and national laws have been disregarded by the company to such an extent that the disorganization of the company, and the imprisonment of its directors seem at least possible, if not altogether probable. Even in court they seem to perjure themselves or else their own books have been patched up to cover older lies. This was brought out by the testimony of Mr. Trainor, an oil buyer for the Standard Oil Company. He swore one thing while the records proved the very opposite to be be true. His testimony involved tens of millions of dollars and several years time. Even swindles within the company, to the size of $32,000,000 are being looked up. This much money had been marked "loaned," but the borrower has not yet been found, although John Rockefeller Jr. seems to have caught the amount of the loan in his lap some way. America takes pride in all legitimate successes, but the Standard Oil Company has brought disgrace to the nation even though it was the world's greatest financial success in all history. The tactics of the Standard Oil Company, however, are not restricted to this one organization, the air, everywhere, is full of such acts.

Harriman is the king on the throne among modern railroad magnates. Of late years he has been buying railroads about as often as a poor man buys potatoes. At present, Mr. Fish, former president of the Illinois Central road, is causing Harriman a little trouble, but unless the courts interfere the Illinois Central will soon be merged into the larger syndicate where Hrariman dictates matters. It looks now as though this man was destined to control all the trunk lines in the West soon.

The agricultural interests of east Prussia have cudgeled their brains and have evolved a novel plan to save the country from depopulation. In a memorial to the government they urge that the problem can be solved by teaching the children of the villages to recognize that flowers, birds, and forests are far more healthy and uplifting than the theaters, beer gardens, and dance halls of the towns; that peaceful village life, with nothing to disturb the somnolent atmosphere but the creaking of wagons laden with hay or turnips, is to be preferred to the feverish rush in crowded streets with the deafening roar of trolleys and delivery carts.

"What would Jesus do if he came into Wall street?" Pointing his finger toward heaven and looking into the faces of more than 5,000 financiers, brokers, and office boys, with many women, who listened with rapt attention, the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, asked this question today, in the course of a sermon delivered in front of the old custom house on Wall street. "He would do what you are not doing. He would invade your offices and the stock exchange and spread the gospel. "You who believe in the things I do, what are you doing to spread the gospel in your offices, in your homes, in the stock exchange in Wall street? Answer these questions, and do not rest until your consciences are satisfied." "How do you account for the unerring movements of 200,000 blazing suns that you see as stars? How did all these wonders come to be? I tell you there is the mark of a mind upon all these things. Beyond the veil of our eyes there is an intelligent mind that govern the titanic forces of nature."

In later centuries, when the barbarism of war is become a matter of Ancient history, people will give the United States credit for bringing this about. At the suggestion of our representatives, The Hague has favored the establishment of a permanent peace court, and Mr. Carnegie has already given $1,000,000 for its erection. It has been too much the fashion to sneer at The Hague Conference, because the discussion has turned upon the manner of making war and not the means of insuring peace. In Continental countries the army is linked in popular thought with national security. Every one of these lands has been in recent times overrun by the troops of its neighbors. Hungary was beaten back into despotism by Russians in 1849, Russia was invaded by the allies in 1854, Denmark by Prussia and Austria in 1864, Austria, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Saxony by Prussia in 1866, France by Germany in 1870. French and Austrian armies have fought on Italian soil, English and french armies on Spanish soil; and all these wars are remembered by living men. It would be expecting too much of men with memories like these to ask them to brook any interference as yet with national armament. But much is gained when the parliament of the world is brought together.

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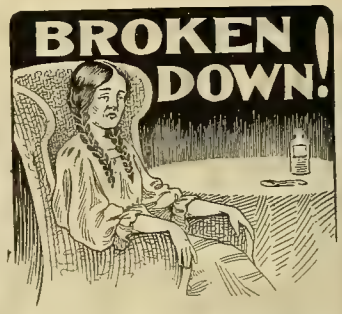
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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps —they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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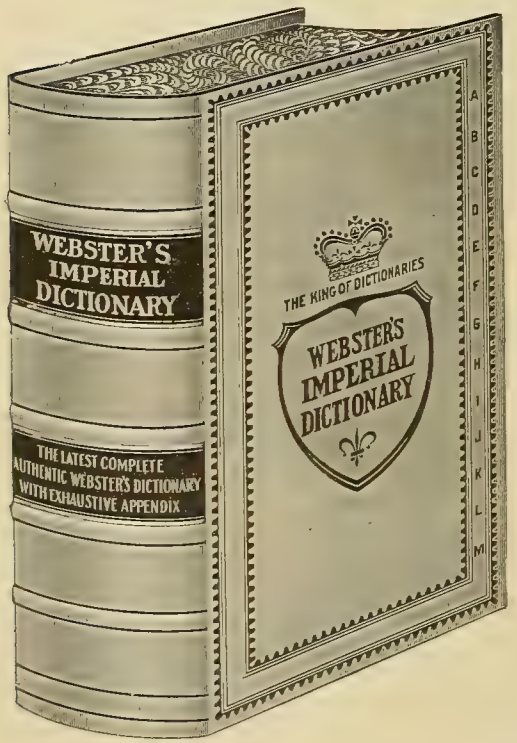
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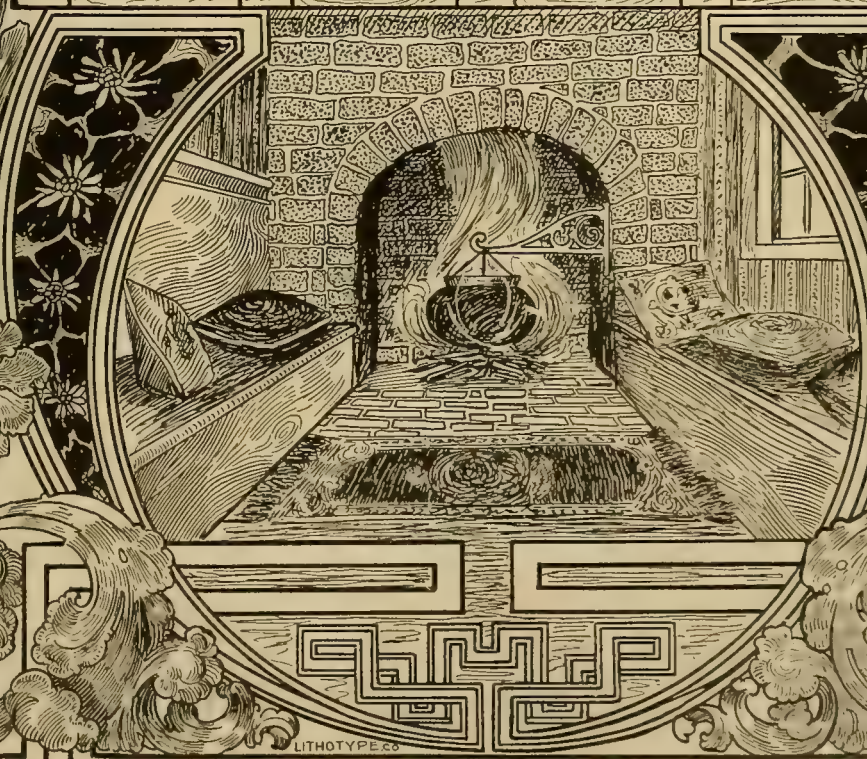
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Stop, Look and Listen!

Below are a number of news items clipped from the Siskiyou County News, of Yreka, Cal.

It is a surprise to every one that comes here to find that over sixty families have moved into Butte Valley in less than twelve months, who are all busy improving their property, building new houses, clearing off sagebrush, and fencing.

Mr. Samuel Smith, who first came to the Valley with Eld. H. F. Maust, in November of last year, was saying yesterday that it seemed almost like a fairy tale about the growth of Butte Valley, for while he had purchased his land last November he had spent most of the time up to the first of this month, back in Iowa getting ready to put improvements on his property here, and was wonderfully surprised at the growth made during his absence.

Mr. Bigham commenced work on his new Photograph gallery today.

Mr. Aaron Bechtold has the contract and has commenced building a new Meat Market for Mr. James Saul, who is enroute from Washington with his family. Mr. Hunter, of Chicago, and Mr. Robertson, of Milwaukee, General agents for the Monon Route, came with Mr. D. C. Campbell lately. They represent a party of R. R. men in the East, who are expecting to take large bodies of land in Butte Valley, for apple culture. They will spend three or four days driving over the Valley. This, no doubt, means the interesting of many of R. R. men of the East in apple culture in Siskiyou County.

Mr. W. H. McDoel, President of the California Butte Valley Land Company, also President of C. I. & L. R. R. Company in the East, arrived in Butte Valley in his private car Saturday. He is accompanied by his wife, daughter and son-in-law.

Mr. James Horshburgh, Jr., Gen. Passenger Agt., of the S. P. R. R. is expected in Butte Valley in his private car as the host of Mr. McDoel's party. Arrangements have been made to take them all out in carriages, showing them every part of the Valley during their visit of three or four days.

Eld. D. C. Campbell is expected to give two Bible Land talks Sunday, in the Brethren church.

Messick and son, the Pioneer merchants of Butte Valley, received a shipment of flour from Merrill, Oregon, yesterday. Their business has grown wonderfully within the last few months.

The flour teams standing on Montezuma Avenue attracted the attention of a gentleman from Milwaukee, who became very much interested and is going to recommend a friend of his to install a flour mill in Butte Valley. There is no question but what a flour mill will do well in Butte Valley, which grows as fine wheat, oats and barley as is grown anywhere in the world.

Daily stage line has been established between the end of the R. R. at Brays and Kalmath Falls, leaving Brays at 7 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Macdoel about 1 P. M., arriving at Brays about 4 P. M.

Mr. & Mrs. Davis, with their family, left Paris, Tenn., for Macdoel on the 14th inst. There were nine in the party.

Mr. & Mrs. William Stucker and son arrived at Macdoel Friday morning, from Hutchinson, Kans.

Our saw mills are unable to meet the demand for lumber. There is an opening for two or three more saw mills in Butte Valley.

It is expected that the trains will be running into Macdoel early in December.

The Southern Pacific will, it is reported, erect a $5,000.00 depot at Macdoel.

It is not generally known that Mr. E. H. Harriman, Pres., of the S. P. R. R. Co., drove through Macdoel a few weeks ago, enroute for Kalmath Falls.

The Eastern people who are coming to Butte Valley are delighted with the weather.

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J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed before Oct. 15, 1907. Pierce Lumber Co. of Fresno have established a lumber yard at Raisin City.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER 5, 1907. No. 45.

Fishing for Bass

Mary I. Senseman

Part One. The First Spill.

THE fisherman sat on a chair in the center of his rowboat. As the boat was hardly wider than the fisherman's shoulders, and not much longer than his height, its upper rim little more than escaped the water.

The fishing rod, with line attached to its tapering end, had the other end propped beneath a rung of the chair. One of the man's hands also supported it. In the other he held a small short-handled paddle, which he drew slowly through the water to propel the boat.

The Pax River was not particularly good fishing ground. He who would obtain the fruit of those waters must be supplied with a goodly quantity of both patience and bait.

But up stream, farther from where the boat now was, there was a promising place for bass fishing.

Jaspar Coleman squinted at the sun.

It would be an hour before he need go home to dinner, and be began making his way slowly up stream.

After twenty minutes paddling, slow enough that hook and line could glide easily through the water, Jaspar reached the locality preferred, and stationed the boat so that his bass hook was about the middle of the stream. Thus he sat facing the town, a mile away, in which he lived, the boat lying one-third of the river's width from the bank of the river in the rear.

After a few minutes Jaspar felt the boat jar slightly, as if some heavy body had tapped against it. Before any investigation could be made,—it happened within the same moment—man, chair, tackle-box and bait bucket were spilled into the water.

Jaspar came to the top, not only spluttering and gasping but scared. He got his body upright, with his nose just out of the water, and looked around.

The boat was upside down and was going down stream.

Jaspar waded cautiously but hurriedly after it and towed it to the nearer bank. There was no other perceptible disturbance of the water's steady flow.

Jaspar drew one end of the boat up securely on the bank and sat down to consider his next course of action. Clearly there was only one thing to do,—go home.

The thwarted fisherman tediously pulled his boat along the bank until he was about twenty rods away from the scene of the mishap. Then, trusting that he was beyond the danger region, he got into the boat, on his knees, and paddled onward with a piece of broken board.

On the way there occurred something that is by no means as common as it is pleasurable: a fish—a bass of nearly three pounds weight,—leaped up out of the water and tumbled, flopping, right into Jaspar's boat.

He was almost as much surprised as he was when he himself fell out. But this happening turned the memory of that one to thankfulness, for if that had not been, Jaspar Coleman's rowboat would not have been here as a receptacle for the foolish bass.

Jaspar fastened the boat at his regular place of embarking and landing, and carried his prize to Mrs. Coleman and to dinner.

"Is there an alligator in Pax River? *Something* upset Jaspar's boat," suddenly remarked Mrs. Coleman as husband and wife sat eating the delicious fish.

"You say that as if somebody had said it to you," Jaspar responded.

"As if somebody had said it to me! I was up at the postoffice just before you came home, and every man and boy who came in there while I was there said that: 'Is there an alligator in Pax River? *Something* upset Jaspar's boat.' *Were* you upset?" she finished anxiously.

"Yes, Harriett, I was upset. And I don't know what upset me. But I don't think there are alligators, or even one alligator, in the Pax. That I was spilled out of a boat is not as strange as that all those men said what they did to you, or at you, as they did."

Thenceforward Jaspar was greeted over and over every day, with the sentence Harriett had reported to him. As he sat in a little room off the Paxton furniture store, repairing and restoring old furniture, little

boys screamed them at him as they passed by. Men slapped his huge shoulder, and with resounding emphasis on the "something" concluded with a roaring laugh or with a sharp chuckle. It became so monotonous that it was almost sinister.

Jaspar with small prospect of anything other than homeless old age for himself and his wife, had added to that secret distress the feeling, experienced by him for the first time, of trouble and unhappiness in mingling with his townsmen. Nevertheless he had to look about him for some means to lift the mortgage that was on his home.

Suddenly the alligator question became inaudible, and, an election for clerk of the township approaching, Jaspar took heart and practical sense and secured the nomination.

Part Two. The Second Spill.

Roy Gibson's shrewd eyes were quick and sharp as he began to talk to a good-looking, and lazy-looking boy about his own age.

"I'll tell you, Claude," said Roy, "I'm going to upset Jaspar's boat again. He has the nomination and the rooters expect to make him clerk, but I have a hankering to throw him out of it. It's just the same sort of desire I had that day I saw him fishing away on the Pax. And I have just as good a chance to spill him out of the votin' men's esteem as I had, last July, when I dumped him into the river. Look here!"

Claude Morris indolently received the slip of paper Roy handed to him.

"Remember the C. and G. pharmacy," he read. "What does that mean?"

"Why," said the other, "about thirty years ago, when my dad was a very young man, Jaspar Coleman and he were partners in a drugstore here in Paxton. When they had been together about a year they were nabbed for selling alcoholic stuff without license. At the trial it was proved that Jaspar had made up all such preparations.

"The partnership was dissolved. Coleman stayed here, but he's been penny dog to *the* men of the town ever since."

"He's respectable, though," said Claude.

"Yes, but that pharmacy record wouldn't look well in the clerk's office. And when I've given slips of paper like this to every voter who knows of that business, they'll see that it wouldn't look well there."

"And Jaspar's boat will be upset again." Claude remarked.

It worked out as capitally from Roy Gibson's point of view, as the overturning of the actual rowboat on Pax River had resulted.

Jaspar Coleman heard the returns of the voting with a heavy heart.

"Harriett I never before wished I hadn't married you," he said to his wife; "but I do now. I can't bear to see you spend your last days in the poorhouse."

"I'm not in the poorhouse yet," returned Harriett. "And I don't know that it's such a terrible disgrace if a person can't possibly help it."

"I guess it's the proper ending for a criminal and his wife," Jaspar said gloomily.

"Jaspar!" It was a sharp cry. "You have let these people's thought of you and their manner toward you influence your character."

The man replied mildly to this outburst: "The atmosphere of my associations has sapped my energy, we know. It was not altogether unseen thirty years ago. But the energy has not been wasted. It has been used by another man. I can't help thinking," he continued musingly, "that if I had kept the energy and so caused the other man to lack, all my effort and power would have been a lifeless thing."

"And you have lived such a glorious life of sacrifice,"—It was Harriett's turn to be subdued and musing,—"and there is yet more hardship in store for you, and you do not want me to share it—to know the glory of sacrifice,—too?" Her voice carried a question only in the last word.

"I didn't know my life was an envious one," answered Jaspar. "But if you'll enjoy the poorhouse I shall too. We can keep out for several years yet. This house is ours for four months more. Then we can rent a hovel somewhere with our hoardings. And then,—there are fish in the river and squirrels in the woods." His dancing eyes contradicted his morbid statements.

"Sixty-five isn't old. You could get better paying work any place outside of Paxton," suggested Harriett.

"I know. But thirty years of living down a bad reputation and of watching Leonard Gibson have rusted me a good bit. We'll go, though, when the mortgage is foreclosed. I guess Leonard is safe now."

"He doesn't know about the mortgage?"

"No. He is respectful, always respectful, but he is distant."

"He is afraid of you?" said Harriett.

"No," Jaspar said again. "Leonard is not sixty-five years old. He is young—only forty-seven. My —what I did, makes him venerate me too much to be friendly."

"He owes you a lot," Harriett said.

"He has repaid it all," said Jaspar. "He is a worthy citizen. What if he were an unworthy one? Who would be the debtor?"

Part Three. The Bass that Leaped.

It was a few days after the election. Jaspar was

in the little room back of the furniture store. A man stopped by the outer door of the room, put one foot on the sill and one hand against the jamb.

The man drew a long breath and expired it again noisily. He cleared his throat with more audible demonstration, and finally Jaspar looked toward him.

"So you are the other end of that drugstore business, eh?" said the man, and immediately walked away.

Claude Morris came strolling by on his way to school. He scarcely halted his leisurely pace, but turned his head and sang out, "Jaspar, you were the saint and Leonard Gibson was the sinner!"

Two little girls followed Claude.

"Here's Jaspar's door," stated one to the other.

They turned about on the walk so that they stood facing the worker indoors.

"Mamma said you didn't sell the whiskey," said the one.

"Grandpa said he never believed you did, either," said the other child.

In a short time another person accosted the man in the shop. It was a man of about Jasper's own age. He came inside to talk instead of hurling his words from the street.

"We owe you an apology for the last thirty years," he said. "I understand you accepted the blame for that trick in the drugstore."

"I blamed myself first," responded Jaspar. "Tell me—who let that story leak out? Was it Leonard? The whole town is pestering me with remarks."

"I didn't hear Leonard tell it, if he did. Everybody hears it from everybody else."

For several days Jaspar was hailed on every hand with some reference to the long-past occurrence. It seemed to him that every person able to talk had said something to him. The only ones of the towns-people he knew had not spoken were Leonard Gibson and the members of his family. Jaspar had seen them, but not within speaking distance.

Monotony wore itself out at last. The matter gradually lost its interest for the people. Their victim, with a sense of having been on the way to death by slow torture, regained control of his nerves.

To him it had appeared as if Paxton were in a hubbub. The common thought of the inhabitants had so vibrated around him as to keep him circling, dancing, whirling, in response.

Then Leonard Gibson came. It was late one afternoon. The younger man did not enter the shop.

"Jaspar," he said, speaking from the doorway, "your wife is out here, and I promised Elinor I'd bring you to the house."

Jaspar looked down queerly at his blue overalls.

"Elinor is waiting for us," said Leonard, "Don't mind about your clothes."

The worker obediently put aside his tools, carefully cleaned his hands, and joined the trio. Roy Gibson was with Harriett. No question of all those that came up in Jaspar's mind during that short walk was uttered. Meek though he was, he, for that time, felt insulted and rebellious.

Harriett had no time to know how she felt. Her escort talked busily.

"It looks mean—that trick with the slips of paper," he said in introduction. "The funniest thing made me think of it. Last July, when Jaspar was bass-fishing one day, I was on the bank behind him. It looked so easy to dive out under the boat and tip it over. I did, and just had time to scoot to the bank again while Jaspar was floundering in the water. And that's what put into my head to throw him out of the election. I thought it would be funny, too. I didn't know the straight of the drugstore tale then."

"We had bass for dinner that day, though," Harriett said with a hint of gloating in her tone. "One jumped into Jaspar's boat as he came back."

"Oh, did it?" Roy exclaimed eagerly. "Then this is just like that. There's a bass in this too—a bass you don't expect."

The two men were turning from the street to a walk that led to a new house. Mrs. Gibson met the party at the door. Inside were only a few chairs, and nobody sat down on them. Leonard faced Jaspar.

"My esteem for you must cease unless you accept this home as part payment of the debt I owe you." That was what the druggist had meant to say, but what they really heard was this:

"You've got to take it, Jaspar. You've got to quit makin' me be selfish toward you. And the partnership in the drugstore stands open to you, too."

Something in the speaker's tone and manner, imploring yet conclusive, instantly decided Jaspar.

"I'll take what you offer, Leonard, if you'll tell me how the people know of that old trouble."

"I had Roy spread it among them," was the reply. "The whole truth is known. The stand you took,—to bear the blame, in order that I, such a youngster, could have another chance. Then how you watched me as if I were a son."

"O, Roy! Don't hurt her." cried Mrs. Gibson, protestingly.

The men at once took account of their companions who stood in the background. The boy held Harriett's face between his hands. And as the others looked on, his ringletted head bobbed forward, his audacious lips touched hers and he said apologetically, "Grandmother!"

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Should the Fifteenth Amendment Be Repealed?

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THIS is a question that is being widely discussed; and it is a question of such vital and far-reaching importance, that every American citizen should be prepared to give it an intelligent and serious answer.

The wording of the fifteenth amendment to the United States Constitution, passed, or said to be passed, by three-fourths of the States and two-thirds of Congress in 1869 and 1870—its ratification was proclaimed by Congress on March 30, 1870—is as follows: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation."

The obvious purpose of this amendment was to bestow the elective franchise upon the recently liberated slaves. The thirteenth amendment declared slavery at an end; the fourteenth amendment made the negro a citizen; and the fifteenth amendment gave him the ballot.

Prior to 1861, only four States in the Union—Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York—allowed negro suffrage within their respective borders. In all of these four States together the negroes aggregated only some fifteen thousand; and among these the number of actual voters was reduced by educational and property qualifications to about two and a half thousand. But the conditions in the country at large in 1869 were far different. Four millions of ignorant slaves, intoxicated with Utopian dreams and taught in no use of power except in insolence, were made voters and office-holders; and the men who had for generations taken the lead in the making of a great nation were made outcasts and political aliens in their own land. Surely those less than a decade of years were filled with changes rapid and radical; especially in view of the fact that both of the Presidents during the time—both Lincoln and Johnson—were doubtful whether even the negro soldiers and the very few of marked intelligence should be entrusted with the franchise.

This unnatural revolution was mainly the work of a few radical spirits in the Federal Congress, who had seized the moment and the reins of power. The inspiration for humbling—humiliating—the Southern whites and exalting the Southern blacks was drawn chiefly from these four motives: First, gratitude to the negro soldiers and sailors who had served in the armies and navies of the Union; second, apprehension lest the work of the war in freeing the slaves should be undone; third, desire for revenge upon a proud and persistent enemy; and fourth, thirst for perpetuation of political ascendency. These last two motives—desire for revenge and thirst for continuance in power—had unfortunately become much too prominent. The tenacious struggle of the South, the senseless fanaticism of John Wilkes Booth, the recent indignant rejection by many of the Southern States of the fourteenth amendment, and the stringent vagrancy laws, evidently aimed at the idle freedmen, passed by the same States, so enraged the radicals in Congress that they were soon ready for their unwisest and their worst; and that unwisest and worst was, many have thought, the fifteenth amendment.

That the fifteenth amendment was unjustly and unwisely forced upon the country—especially the South—is now patent and almost undisputed. That it was forced upon several unwilling States in the North and West, by unscrupulous leaders, seems no less true. That it ever passed the Federal Congress fully and fairly is doubted by many. The two-thirds vote claimed for it hangs still, and must ever hang, upon a twist of interpretation and was boldly challenged at the time by Davis of Kentucky and Hendricks of Indiana. But their protest was overridden. The leaders knew that action must not be delayed. It was a case of then or never, for the nation at large was swinging back—recoiling from harsh extremes. Only within the few preceding months the people in no less than six northern States had rejected wholesale negro suffrage by large majorities. Therefore, the need for haste. The terms of radical and subservient legislatures would expire in a few days. No wonder, therefore, that unofficial dispatches of the Act were hurried out from Washington yet the same night by the radicals there, and acted upon the next morning by radicals in the home legislatures. It was in very truth, "making Constitution by telegraph." In less than thirty days the Act was ratified, under whip and spur, by the legislatures in fifteen States: in some of them before the people of the State had even dreamed of what was going on; in some of them, as has been said, only a few months after the people had voted against universal suffrage.

In these various acts of selfish and sinister motive, of political manipulation in the North, and of radical compulsion in the South, many persons even yet today find a telling argument for the repeal of the fifteenth amendment.

It is also claimed that this amendment contravenes

the right of each State to determine the privileges of its own citizens. Each colony first, and each State as it developed from a colony, has claimed the right to regulate for itself the conditions and limits of suffrage.

Furthermore, if the granting of wholesale suffrage to millions of ignorant paupers was a mistake, as most men north and south now admit, why not acknowledge the error and undo it as far as possible by a frank and open repeal of the fifteenth amendement? A noted teacher and historian of Columbia University, New York City, has said:

"I once declared that the re-establishment of a real national brotherhood between the North and the South could be attained only on the basis of a sincere and genuine acknowledgement by the South that secession was an error as well as a failure. I now come to supplement this contention with the proposition that a corresponding acknowledgment on the part of the North in regard to Reconstruction—is equally necessary."

What better form, for the sake of harmony and good will, as well as for safety and permanence, could such an acknowledgment take, than the repeal of the fifteenth amendment?

By the repeal of this amendment, some Southern States would doubtless obtain the privilege they have claimed, and would accordingly disfranchise the negroes as a race. This course would by no means be an unmixed evil; for in consequence the negro population would be shifted and more widely distributed. The black citizen—still a citizen—would seek a State where suffrage would be granted him; the congested colored population of the South would be relieved; the negro would go North and West, as well as east, and thus coming more in contact with more white people would gradually become more elevated and cultured. Thus the negroes themselves might the sooner be raised to that safe plane of intelligence and industry, upon which they would cease to be a public menace, and upon which hardly any State, even the South, would be averse to granting them full political privileges.

Once more. At present several of the Southern States have practically eliminated the colored vote within their respective borders, by granting the suffrage not upon race qualifications expressly, but by doing what amounts in many cases almost to the same thing: they have imposed conditions in their recent constitutions that are intended to, and that really do, disfranchise the great majority of the colored citizens. This evasion of the national constitution, in the framing of the State constitutions, is not pleasant to contemplate, and is certainly not elevating to public morals. In the language of a Southern writer of eminence, "Is it not an injury to our people that the occasion exists which places them in conflict with the law, and compels them to assert the existence of a higher duty? Can law be overridden without creating a spirit which will override law?—antagonism to law, a spirit which rejects the restraints of law, retards national progress."

Therefore, we infer from the premises, if the fifteenth amendment causes some States to invent devices to circumvent it, it had better be repealed. A law that is not obeyed and not respected is a dead letter, and ought to be erased from the statute book.

Thus far I have followed the reasoning of those who would repeal the fifteenth amendment. This I have done for two reasons. First, the arguments in favor of repeal are more or less weighty, and hence must be considered. Second, as one seeking to be a fair-minded student and teacher of history, I cannot do otherwise than look at both sides of this question as well as of all other similar ones. But now let us consider the other side.

The question before us is, as already remarked, one of vital importance: in it are bound up smouldering fires. Moreover, it concerns not the South alone. It is limited in its relations to no single State; to no single section; to no single land. It touches our nation at large, and through it the world. It concerns not alone the white man and the black man; but it concerns every man and every race within our shores and within our sphere of influence. We must stand before it as citizens of a great united country, as responsible to all human kind.

It may be that the methods employed in passing the fifteenth amendment were questionable; it may be that the motives were bad. The people of the South, of Virginia, and the writer himself, as well as many others, have for a long time thought so; yet we do—many of us there are I hope—also at the same time beg, inasmuch as the years from 1870 till now, more than a generation of them, have in their march of progress,wrought a large measure of adjustment, that no more violent efforts at constitutional reconstruction be attempted. It may be unlawful and unjust to put out a fire with vinegar: water may be the proper means; but if the fire is out, or even safely smothered, let it be. It is better so than to revive it simply in order to put it out in the proper way. In the words of General Grant, "Let us have peace." In the spirit and words of General Lee we may read the same lesson.

The question of motive and method of forty years ago is not the question that confronts the practical statesmanship and earnest wisdom of today. Upon even legal and technical grounds such a question cannot now be raised. Judge Cooley, whose works on constitutional law are widely recognized as authoritative, lays it down as a principle that, "the validity of legislation can never be made to depend on the motives which have secured its adoption, whether these be public or personal, honest or corrupt."

The question before us, therefore, is not whether the motives of the Fortieth Congress were good or bad; it

is not whether the fifteenth amendment was a just or an unjust measure when it was passed; it is not whether the methods employed were consistent and legal; it is not whether it was wise to transform ignorant slaves into unlimited sovereigns at a single wave of Ariel's (Stevens') wand; but the question before us is, whether now, after more than a generation; after the worst evils have past; after the wounds of war are well-nigh healed; after the negro has made forty years of unparalled progress in the qualifications for citizenship; after a just basis, consistent with the letter if not with the spirit of the Constitution, for eliminating ignorant and indolent voters has been found,—a basis upon which the ignorant and indolent white as well as the ignorant and indolent black is made to answer; and after the abnormal results of an unnatural revolution have made great advancement toward a normal and satisfactory adjustment;—whether now it would be wise, whether it would be good statesmanship, to tear open again old wounds; to goad to fury the tiger that has tasted blood; and to light anew the fires of hatred and revolution among nine millions of people in our midst, and among the multiplied millions of their real or pretended friends in our own land, in Europe, and in other parts of the world.

It is not enough to assert that the fifteenth amendment is a failure; proof is demanded. Furthermore, in assuming the tremendous burden of proof that a change of such moment as the repeal of a long recognized and fundamental law must involve, the mover for repeal must also convince us that the amendment is also an evil: not only a failure—a passive failure, but also an evil—a positive harm. And he must also prove it a present evil: one positively harmful at the present time, under present conditions and circumstances. In the fourth place, he must convince us that the evils likely to attend and follow the proposed repeal would be less than those now complained of.

Is the fifteenth amendment a failure—a dead letter?

What do those who say it is mean by the assertion? They evidently and avowedly mean that it fails to accomplish the specific purpose for which they assume it was framed—namely, universal negro suffrage. In this sense the amendment is a failure, and always has been; but in the broader and deeper sense—that is serves to preserve the political rights of all our citizens against injustice, injustice based upon accidents of birth, race, or color—in this truer and better sense the amendment is not a failure, it is not a dead letter, and never will be. While this better meaning was not the chief intention, perhaps, of the radicals of 1870, they even builded better than they intended; and since that day the better meaning has become more and more patent, until it has become chief, and until it has received the official sanction of our national Supreme Court.

Is the fifteenth amendment an evil—positively harmful?

If so, this evil character must be found either in its essential principle or in its practical effect; nowhere else could it exist.

But the principle of the fifteenth amendment is above reproach. It is a principle that is fundamental in our governmental system, as well as in all just republican governments; it is the principle that no class of citizens shall be discriminated against on account of accidental circumstances, due to no fault of the persons affected, and over which circumstances, no conduct of the said persons, however commendable, can in the least avail. This principle, surely, we cannot condemn. It must stand the test. Now, what of the amendment's practical effect? We must admit—and many of our citizens have never failed to do so—that the effect of the fifteenth amendment was, at first, and for many years, undoubtedly bad; about as bad, I should say, as the effect would be today were the same amendment applied in the same way to the Philippine Islanders. But this bad effect was not due to the nature of the amendment itself, but to the nature and condition of the persons affected by it. The Southern negroes, a generation ago, were just out of slavery; they had only vague notions of the duties and privileges of citizenship, and scarcely any of the intelligence or training necessary to meet successfully their new responsibilities; in short, they were not prepared for the franchise. The Southern whites, in the same period, being under censure and being denied the franchise, were thus subjected to the ruinous domination of ignorance, indolence, and insolence. All this was certainly bad for both races. But by now the conditions have greatly changed. The deserving classes of both races have either regained or retained their privileges; and the undeserving classes of both races have been excluded from power and privilege. Under the new State constitutions of the South no negro has been or can be disfranchised, avowedly, because he is a negro; and no white man can be given a vote merely because he is a white man. Many ignorant and indolent blacks have been debarred, but always, avowedly, upon the grounds of ignorance, indolence, or similar conditions that they can and ought to improve; and some white men have been debarred in the same way, for the same reasons. The result upon both whites and blacks is, under such conditions, most beneficial: both are incited to progress in both industry and knowledge. At the present, therefore, the fifteenth amendment is bad neither in principle nor in practical effect.

The case thus far may then be summed up as follows: First, the present value of the amendment cannot be made to depend upon the motives and methods by which it was passed. Second, the amendment is and always has been, good in principle. Third, if it was

for a while bad in its effects, by admitting to the franchise the ignorant and indolent of both races—especially of the black race—this evil has now been largely removed by property and educational qualifications that apply to all races, and the Supreme Court has sustained such protecting limitations. Fourth, if the amendment does fail at present to do what some at first intended it should do, namely, enfranchise all the worst, it does not fail in the better and now dominant purpose, namely, to guarantee the franchise to all the best white and black: indeed of whatsoever race that may be found among our citizens. The fifteenth amendment, therefore, is neither a failure nor an evil. It stands for a fundamental principle; and every just privilege of citizenship is not only consistently attainable under it, but is also at present in actual exercise.

The Northern States, where there are but few negroes, do not suffer from the fifteenth amendment; and the Southern States, where there are many negroes, do not suffer from it now; for there their voting number has been constitutionally limited to the few who are intelligent or industrious or both. To say that the amendment should be repealed because it is not universally respected, or because it has sometimes been evaded by artful dodging, would be equally applicable to every law. No law has ever been universally respected or obeyed from the heart. It is much better if everybody respect and obey the law; but it is never so; and to repeal every law that is not everywhere and always respected and obeyed would soon leave the world without law. Moreover, to repeal the fifteenth amendment would only endanger the political privileges now enjoyed by the intelligent and industrious negroes; for then there would be nothing to prevent a State from disfranchising the negro as a race; and in some States this might be done. The amendment, as now applied, has perhaps never sacrificed any really competent white voter, nor admitted any really incompetent negro voter. The negro, as well as the white man, recognizes the justice of denying him the vote if he is really unfit for it; but never, especially now that he has tasted privilege, will he admit the justice of denying the ballot to his race, as such. But denial upon racial ground might occur with the fifteenth amendment gone.

Could the nation any more easily help the negro by making him politically unable to help himself? Is the fact that the nation thrust the franchise upon the negro thirty-seven years ago, when he was not ready for it, any good reason why it should take it away from him now, when many of his race are ready for it? If the object be not to disfranchise the negro or some other race, as a race, why repeal the fifteenth amendment?

In conclusion: The repeal of this amendment would be the beginning of other similar constitutional changes, or attempts to change, and would likely result in endless political strife and dangerous complications. The proposed repeal would turn loose in a day nine million bitter enemies in our midst; it would mean not only an enemy where now is often a friend, but it would mean also in many places industrial paralysis at least, if not actual strife—race war. The repeal of the fifteenth amendment would make trouble in the North and West; for the negro would seek those sections then in greater numbers, and he is none too welcome now in many places, as examples up to date show; the repeal would be bad for the South, and just as bad for the Southern white as for the Southern negro; for it would not only take away the negro's most cherished incentive to progress, but it would also deprive the lower class of whites of their most potent spur toward intelligence, wealth, and good citizenship. At present the qualification for suffrage must put a premium upon intelligence, industry, and civic virtue; but with the fifteenth amendment gone every white man would demand a vote simply because he is white. He could then, and often would, remain in ignorance, indigence, and vice; he would suffer; the South would suffer; the nation would suffer.

The most intelligent and patriotic men in the South do not want the fifteenth amendment repealed. They are the negro's best friends, and they want to help him to rise. They want the Constitution to stand for just principle and to safe-guard it, even though it be put at naught by some; and they want only such provisions under the Constitution as are consistent with it and adapted to aid the people of the land, both white men and black, to a higher and more sympathetic citizenship.

SUBMERGED CITIES.

In North Germany there are many legends of ancient seacoast cities being providentially submerged into the ocean, because of their wickedness. On one side of the city of Stavoren, at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee, there once lived a wealthy lady who became very wicked and arrogant. Her abominations were many, and her influence was great. But Heaven sunk that part of the city under the sea one night while the good people who had all moved to the opposite side of the city were saved to tell the story. The little village still stands, where, six hundred years ago there was the important commercial city of Stavoren. It is said that on bright, clear days when the sea is calm the spires and roofs of the old submarine buildings can be seen, and on Christmas eve the inhabitants sometimes hear the muffled tones of church bells arising from the depths of the sea. History does record an upheaval of sand and water in 1277 which choked the harbor and this is claimed by many to be the reason why the once large city of Stavoren has dwindled away.

The island of Sylt in the North Sea contains a hamlet of fifty people which is the remains of the famous city of Wenningstedt. It is said that this entire city sank one night during a storm on the 16th of January, 1362. The Dutch town of Rungholt suffered a similar fate in 1337. These tragic scenes are told and sung in story and song by the fisherfolk and old inhabitants all around the North Sea.

Readers of history can recall a few such cases of submerged cities in recent years also, without going back so far. During the middle ages, Vineta was a fabulously wealthy city, but according to tradition it was totally destroyed by a flood and earthquake in 1183. Scientists have visited these places, examined the topography, listened to the legends and read the old written accounts of their destruction but nothing new was learned by such investigation. However, several modern ocean upheavals, help many people today to believe that great things may have happened to large cities in the unrecorded past also.

The great flood of November 1, 1304, submerged the strip of land which connected the present island of Ruden with Ruglu. The flood of November 13, 1872 separated the island of Usedom into two parts. Other cities like St. Vincent and Galveston in recent years lend credence to these ancient stories.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW COAST DEFENSE GUNS.

THE army authorities are supplanting the twelve-inch coast defense guns with fourteen-inch guns. The old gun used 1,000 pound projectiles and 366 pounds of powder at each discharge. Not more than seventy shots could be fired until this gun had to be relined or else be put out of service, while the new model shoots a 1,600 pound projectile with only 250 pounds of powder and will last for at least 250 rounds.

All things considered the new make of guns is about thirty per cent cheaper than the old style, but this is not the main reason for making this change. It is estimated that it would require a fleet two hours to pass a fort, so that the old gun would wear out before the fleet would be passed, which would be a serious mishap indeed, but with the new gun 11-inch armor plate can be penetrated at a distance of six miles, thus extending its fighting distance and lengthening the limit of active service more than four fold.

These huge cannons are monsters of destruction. The entire machinery of such a gun weighs 110,500 pounds, built in such a way that the gun can be lifted to the surface when fired and there lowered out of sight while being loaded. About forty-five shots an hour is the limit to such guns, and the speed of the projectile is 2,150 feet per second.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

D. D. THOMAS.

The sweetest place on earth to me,
The best that I have found,
There certainly no sweeter be
This rugged earth around.
In castle or in cottage low
There love and children play,
And where to higher courts they bow
Where love and parents pray.

O blessed sunset to the man,
When, tasks of labor done,
He hears the child voice greeting him
Before the door of home.
The yellow gild of twilight gleams
That marks the dying day,
The smile he meets a seraph seems
To drive his care away.

The cradle with its helpless babe
Adds care unto his hearth,
The romping boy and girl anon
Annoy him with their mirth;
He feels the inroads on his wealth
For food and clothing more,
But still he joys to see them glad
And greets them as before.

So, cares a burden make him light,
And sorrows make him glad.
By love he sees beyond the cloud,
Without he had been sad.
The angel wings a solace prove
That fan the fevered care
And drop the fruits of fervent love
The light of heaven there.

Herring, Ohio.

ANIMALS AND HUMAN SPEECH.

ANIMALS have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage and said in Arabic, "I know you, you come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes for an instant seemed positively human.—*Bayard Taylor.*

WHIPPOORWILL.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Through the woods at close of day
  Comes a mournful cry and shrill,—
  Comes sounding from some far-off hill
Until its cadence dies away
Where the ghost-like branches sway.

Through the shadows calm and still
Breaks a cry of "Whippoorwill;"
  Laden is the haunted air
  With its wailing of despair
That seems to match in fitting way
The monotone of dismal gray
That folds the woods in dusk array.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

III. J. F. Cooper.

James Cooper, son of William and Elizabeth Cooper, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. His parental ancestors came to America from Stratford-on-Avon in 1679. Cooper added the hyphenated Fenimore to his name in 1826, as a promise to his mother whose family in the male line had become extinct, and afterward called himself James Fenimore-Cooper. William Cooper secured a lot of land in Otesego County, New York, at the close of the Revolutionary War, and moved there in 1790, and was the founder of Cooperstown. He was the first judge of the county, and became a member of Congress.

Cooper knew all about pioneer life and life among hunters and trappers, from his babyhood. He knew how to use his eyes, and in his roaming around learned the ways of the Indians and furtraders, the habits of the animals, and wild nature's secrets.

He was sent to Yale College at fourteen, but confinement was unbearable and at sixteen he left and became a sailor, joining the navy where he remained six years, when upon marrying a sister of Bishop DeLancy, he settled upon a farm for a few years. With his family he went to Europe, staying over seven years. He died September 14, 1851.

Provoked at the dullness of a novel he was reading to his wife, he declared he could write a better one. She challenged him to do so, and "Precaution," a story of English life, published in 1820, was the result. The next year he wrote "The Spy," a story of the Revolution, that made his fame as a man of letters. It was published in Europe, even being translated into the Persian and Arabic languages. From that time on Cooper wrote unceasingly, writing no less than thirty novels, beside ten volumes of sketches of travel, a "History of the United States Navy" in two volumes, and "Lives of American Naval Officers" in two volumes.

Not only was Cooper good at writing stories of Indians and so forth, but he was an able writer about the sea, his best in this line being "The Pilot," a story of John Paul Jones, "The Pirate," and "The Red Rover." His fame chiefly rests on his "Leather Stocking Tales," five in number, "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie," written between 1823 and 1841. In "The Deerslayer," the last one written, Natty Bumppo, the old scout, is described as in his youth, while in "The Prairie" he is an old man of eighty-seven but keen and alert. So that these stories must be read rather in a reverse order from the order in which they were written.

His stories of Europe are agreeable, and his travels are entertainingly written. His essays, political and otherwise, were in a tone that provoked censure which he heatedly fought in the papers, generally successfully. Some critics aver that he wrote much that was absolutely worthless, but all the same he was the first American writer to gain general recognition in Europe. He was likened to Scott in his descriptive powers.

Worthy of mention: Alice and Phœbe Cary (sisters), poetry; W.E. Channing, theology; Susan Fenimore-Cooper, novels; S. L. Clemens, humorous; Will Carleton, poetry; C. C. Coffin, war stories; G. W. Curtis, travels and essays; Robert Collier, theology; J. E. Cooke, novels; P. P. Cooke, poetry; Rufus Choate, lectures and addresses; F. H. Converse, boys' stories; Lydia M. Child, stories.

Bryan, Ohio.

A DREAM.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

I dreamed a dream the other day,
In which the years all rolled away;
And I was back in youth's first bloom
The span of life, that's gone so soon.

Again I felt my pulses thrill,
At the beauty of both vale and hill;
And the purple mists, seemed just the guise
That hid the gates of Paradise.

Gleams of golden sunlight fell,
On the sweet wild rose thicket in the dell;
While a tangled sea of clover red
Girthed the field where the cattle fed.

Again I heard the cat-bird call,
From the hawthorne hedge beside the wall;
And again I breathed the sweet perfume
Of nodding plumes of the lilac bloom

Again I quaffed of life's rich wine,
Again ambitious hopes were mine;
Once more I stood in the sunlight's glow
Of the hopeful youth of long ago.

Glen-Easton, W. Va.

SCHOOL PHYSICIANS.

SOME startling figures have been given out in New York as the result of the physical examination of 1,400 school children of that city. These 1,400 pupils were first reported by the board of health physicians as suffering from physical defects. The principal ailments were malnutrition, enlarged glands, and defective breathing. Making the supposition that the percentage of sufferers holds good for all the schools of the city, it is said that there are 465,000 children who have some one of the troubles mentioned. Assuming that the same conditions exist in other large cities and throughout the country generally, 12,000,000 children make up a mighty army needing the physician's care.

It would be a good thing if there were a staff of physicians of sufficient numbers to make possible the periodic physicial examination of every pupil in the schools. A great deal of physical suffering for individuals might be saved and a healthier body of citizens developed.

In New York the investigation showed that many of the pupils examined came from homes of well to do people who might have been expected to look after the health of their children. The troubles referred to are easily discovered, and when those who can afford it fail to secure proper medical care for their children there is not much encouragement to hope for attention to children from poorer homes. The main dependence for good health among the pupils of the schools must continue to be the anxious solicitude of the parents in the home. If this is lacking little can be done by the school authorities except to give advice.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SENTIMENT WORTH DYING FOR.

SENTIMENT is more potent among men than is logic or morals. And it is well that this is so, for sentiment really gives practical power to both logic and morals in the realm of man's highest and profoundest personality. When General Joseph R. Hawley was advocating, in the House of Representatives at Washington, an appropriation for the Centennial celebration of American independence in 1876, he was met by the sneering suggestions that, after all, such an observance was "only a sentiment." "I know it," replied General Hawley; and he added, in red-hot earnestness, "And I haven't a sentiment that I'm not ready to die for." And that is a truth that is worth bearing in mind by all of us. Edward Everett brought out the same thought in his advocacy of the monument on Bunker Hill, "What is patriotism but a sentiment?" What is any thing worth living for but a sentiment? Love of one's flag, that makes so many ready to die for it, is but a sentiment. Honoring the memory of a dead dear one—of one's child, or wife, or mother—is only a sentiment. Observing sacredly Christmas, or Good Friday, or Easter, is a sentiment. Doing what is demanded by hard logic, or cold duty, is comparatively a lifeless act, unless the life and warmth of sentiment accompany it. Logic and duty are dependent for most of their practical efficiency on sentiment. That fact should be borne in mind by whoever would lead or inspire his fellows in the right way.—*S. S. Times.*

THE POWER OF WORDS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

The flash-like stars that light the frosty sky,
Like rich, imperial diadems they shine,
And like forge fires, are mighty to refine.
Like serpents' fangs they sting, like weights they lie.
They soothe most tenderly and never die.
They can unveil the depths where wrongs combine.
Or point out heavenly heights of truth divine;
Yes, crush like battle axes, or like sorrow sigh.
The happy impulse of the mind they thrill;
They captivate, enrich, control and guide;
With dignity and power the soul they fill;
Sing like a stream, shout like the sea's full tide.
To speak good words should be in human will,
And perfect utterance be the true heart's pride.

MANUFACTURING PRECIOUS STONES.

AFTER describing how diamonds may be made by the employment of tremendous pressure, Henry Smith Williams, in an article on modern chemistry in the October *Everybody's,* says:

"It would be futile to predict how soon diamonds of marketable size may be produced; but in the meantime the similar problem of manufacturing relatively large gems of other kinds—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, the Oriental amethyst, and the Oriental topaz—has yielded its full secret to science.

"Just as the brilliant diamond is only a particular state of so familiar and inexpensive a substance as carbon, so these sister gems—some of them even exceeding the diamond in value, weight for weight—are merely crystalline forms of the clayey earth alumina—a compound of aluminum and oxygen. If no coloring matter is present, this crystal is called a white sapphire. Usually, however, a trace of some chromium of cobalt salt is found, and then the gem becomes a true sapphire, a ruby, an amethyst, an emerald, or a topaz, according to color.

"Gems of the true sapphire order are manufactured by bringing alumina to a liquid state, through the agency of extreme heat; the gems crystallize from the solution on cooling. Unfortunately the gem thus formed breaks into fragments when touched; but the fragments are still of marketable size; and true rubies and emeralds thus manufactured have now entered the field of commerce."

CANAL ZONE'S NEWSPAPER.

THE first copy of the newspaper, the *Canal Record,* issued by the canal commission at Panama has reached this country, giving a good many interesting details concerning life on the isthmus. Among the employés there are four popular clubs which are run on lines similar to those that clubs in the United States are run on. All kinds of gymnastics flourish in the canal zone and several baseball nines keep up the great American game. Families who have gone to the zone seem to be well cared for; for example, the following is a furniture allowance made by the commission: for families of employés receiving less than $400 a month: one range, 1 double bed, 2 pillows, 2 kitchen chairs, 6 dining chairs, 1 chiffonier, 2 center tables, 1 mosquito bar, 1 refrigerator, 1 double mattress, 1 kitchen table, 1 dining table, 1 sideboard, 1 dresser, 1 bedroom mat; 3 wicker rockers. A cause for congratulation is found in the fact that less quinine was dispensed in the canal zone during the month of July last than in any previous month in the present year. Only 33 pounds were used during that month, whereas in January there were 342 pounds issued, and in May 452 pounds.—*Pathfinder.*

TAKE courage, and turn your troubles which are without remedy into material for spiritual progress. Often turn to our Lord, who is watching you, poor, frail, little being as you are, amid your labors and distraction. He sends you help and blesses your affliction. This thought should enable you to bear your troubles patiently and gently, for love of him who only allows you to be tried for your own good. Raise your heart continually to God, seek his aid, and let the foundation stone of your consolation be your happiness in being his. All vexations and annoyances will be comparatively unimportant while you have such a friend, such a stay, such a refuge. May God be ever in your heart.—*Francis de Sales.*

THE INCREASE OF CAPITAL.

IT may be reasonably asked: What is it that new knowledge, demanding new capital for gainful uses, has not created that capital in needed volume? The answer is that economy on the farm, in factories and mills, has not kept pace with economy in the modern mine, smeltry, blast furnace, or railroad. First of all, to take an extreme case, when the railroad engineer takes up light rails and lays heavy ones, he reduces the cost of haulage one-half. No such prize may be so readily grasped by the wheat grower or the dairyman. Then, too, a great trunk line, such as the Pennsylvania, has a property worth hundreds of millions, on which the utmost possible net income is to be earned, despite rising wages, advancing prices for coal, steel and ties. Such a corporation, both in its finances and engineering, is directed by men of the highest ability; part of their daily work is to examine complete and accurate accounts of receipts and expenditures, of profit or loss in each department, in every new path of experiment. A salesman with a new form of rail, or switch, signal, car, brake, engine, or dynamo, goes first to such buyers, because their business is best worth while. Compare that business with the sale of new windmills, or pumps, to thousands of scattered farmers, whose cash surpluses for the most part, are small. It would undoubtedly pay well thoroughly to improve the common roads of America, so as to bring all to the excellence of the best. But who is to educate and persuade the thousands of municipal boards concerned, the millions of taxpayers, jealously guarding county funds?

Selected seed in planting wheat or corn means 25 per cent, or so, more harvest; and yet selected seed is planted much less generally than it should be. In the Northern States and Canada crop rotation, on the best lines, returns about one-fourth more than the average crop, and yet the lesson makes converts but slowly. It is because a basic production, such as farming, hangs behind the quality of a derived industry, such as transportation, that new capital is asked for by railroads faster than it is created in the grain-fields.—*Review of Reviews.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

"Our Father who in heaven art,"
How good to pray to Thee;
And "Hallowed be the holy name"
Is sweet command to me.
"Thy kindom" let it come;
"Thy will on earth be done,"
As e'en in heaven above,
And so transform this world below,
That all thy perfect love shall know.
"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Our Savior taught to pray.
For living bread, our soul's great need
We ask anew today.
Forgive us, Lord, our tresspasses,
As we forgive those who
May chance to tresspass against us;
The perfect lives are few.
Oh, in temptation leave us not
But grant us saving grace,
Deliver us from evil, Lord,
That we may see thy face
For thine the Kingdom, the glory and power
Our merciful Father forever and ever.

Too Thick to Swim In.

Note the fly in the molasses, and apply the lesson taught. He was where he had no business, and for punishment was caught.

Life is full of traps and pitfalls, set for unsuspecting feet; But we bite and take our chances, like the fly to gain the sweet.

Dallas News.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

HOW MUCH OF WHICH ONE?

THERE are two classes of reading material to present to the public, and the Editor wants to feel the pulse of his readers so that he may know how to administer properly.

First and foremost today we find *economics,* that is commercialism, business, money, administration, etc.

Secondly, and away behind, is *sentiment.*

City railways, skyscrapers, canals, harbors, steamships, civil engineering feats, improvements, business tactics, the accumulation of wealth, governmental schemes, etc., are the themes today in all magazines.

Very little is being written in popular magazines that tends to enrich character or develop the finer sentiments in our being. Of course photographs and stupendous achievements startle and draw the crowds, but must we blunt our aesthetic natures by too much excitement? The Editor wants to balance the INGLENOOK reading so that we do not become lop-sided in our tastes and knowledge.

We solicit manuscript of both kinds, both the material progress of the age, and the development of the soul. We do not mean that you shall send in sermons from Bible texts, nor get a pulpit tone into your thought either, for the INGLENOOK is not publishing sermons for anyone, but beauty, goodness, and divinity can be reflected in your articles without sermonizing.

Let us keep the NOOK as nearly an ideal magazine as the age affords. To do this we want both the *human* and the *divine* brought out in its pages, both *material,* and *spiritual* progress.

BETTER AND MORE OF IT.

WE call your attention to the special articles on Child Training, and Health for the Home, by two specialists, to begin this month. Scientific Cooking, and Social Problems for Young People will start a few weeks later. These articles deserve a wide reading. Another series of articles on the Human Brain are now in the office. We also have arranged for especially prepared articles for the INGLENOOK throughout the coming year.

These writers are scholars who have studied in the leading schools of the world. Some of them have the highest degrees of scholarship that can be conferred upon any one.

We have found a willingness to contribute to the INGLENOOK on the part of this class of people that has been most gratifying.

If there are any others of our scholars who want to join our company they had better make themselves known, for the INGLENOOK is growing whether you belong to it or not.

A cordial welcome to you all.

ON ANOTHER PAGE.

WE call your attention to the discussion of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States by John W. Wayland, Ph. D. of the University of Virginia, found on another page.

The Editor wants the INGLENOOK *to contribute thought and sentiment to our national character.* We solicit scholars and thinkers of every grade to respond with something from your post in life.

Who will follow this able paper with something else?

CLUB RATES FOR NEXT YEAR.

NEXT week we will announce our combination offers with other journals. We can offer teachers, farmers, wives and laborers some choice reading at exceptionally low figures. And we have selected only the best, having rejected objectionable journals, some of which were offered free of cost. We have a few good premiums also to offer our agents who do not want cash commission. A few useful articles we can offer at half the usual price. Let each reader decide to send in a few subscribers before holidays. They are already coming in every day.

THANKS.

SINCE our call a few weeks back for news and clippings from the various industrial divisions of the United States, the Editor has received the very class of matter that he wanted from all quarters except the Southern states and the extreme Northwest. We tender thanks for this hearty response. Whenever you see anything of interest send it in, and we will use it whole, or in an abridged form, if possible. Articles that you think the Editor ought to read will be welcomed also. The INGLENOOK goes over nearly all the United States and we want its contents to be national at least.

WHAT A CHILD DID.

A NINE-year-old boy took a few INGLENOOKS and started out to get subscribers in Elgin last week. In one short hour he secured three names, and all strangers at that. He gave them the paper to read and told them that it was only one dollar a year. Its good, wholesome reading, freedom from too many advertisements and its very low price did the work. Older people could surely do as well as this boy did.

SOMETHING YOU DID NOT KNOW.

THE other day the Editor selected the largest three dollar magazine that is published in the United States —it is considered about the best one also. In it there were one hundred and thirty pages of advertising matter and one hundred and twenty pages of magazine matter. Then the pages were measured and the space for print was computed for twelve months, both the INGLENOOK and the three dollar magazine. Which one do you think was the larger? Now be careful, for you will be surprised. Yes, the INGLENOOK outmeasured the other one by 29,000 square inches,—nearly thirty per cent larger. We are very willing to let the INGLENOOK be tested on its merits with any two, three, four, or five dollar magazine in the country.

We could enlarge the NOOK to twice its size, just by admitting more advertisements, but we want our magazine to be a literary gem and not a commercial advertiser. We believe that when the readers of the INGLENOOK once contrast the cleanliness, wholesomeness and abundance of our paper, you will agree that it is worth three dollars per year instead of one dollar.

FREE INGLENOOKS.

SINCE we made the call to send in fifteen names of persons who are not taking the INGLENOOK and thus get a few months free reading, numerous calls and lists of names from one ocean to the other have been received. We also print extra copies over and above the subscription list, but the late issues have been exhausted before all the calls were supplied.

Send in your neighbor's name and let him read a few copies of the NOOK. It will not hurt him, and he will thank you in his heart, and perhaps subscribe besides.

ONE TESTIMONIAL.

"I GET more news of the world in ten minutes from the INGLENOOK than I can get out of a daily paper in a whole day." So remarked a busy laborer last week, and we believe that he echoed the mind of thousands of people who read the NOOK, and his eyes and soul were not vexed with trashy exciteable stuff either.

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

IF you know or find anything good for Thanksgiving send it in soon. Do not forget to send in illustrations when they can be had. What Thanksgiving has been, what it is today, and what it ought to be to the individual and to the nation can be discussed. Is an ungrateful man fully sane?

BRAINS NO PART OF HAPPINESS.

KNOWLEDGE is never the secret of happiness. It is often a source of misery. People usually miss this point in attempting to estimate the life of a man. A very discerning and revealing newspaper sketch of a young man who is just now in the public eye as having apparently accomplished a more daring and unprincipled piece of political "graft" than any other living man of his years, contains this closing statement: "And yet ——'s brains, if he had known how to balance his intense ambition, were really such as ought to have made him to-day one of the happiest men in his profession." If brains ever bought happiness, yes; but they do not. Happiness, or, better still, joy, is the result only of well-doing. It never comes from what we get, or from what we have, but from what we give out and do in the line of duty. A half-witted child of God sharing a cup of cold water knows more of real happiness in that instance than a brilliant-minded "grafter," or cynic, or atheist, knows in a life-time. The will to do, not the brains to know, is the secret that is within the reach of all. —*S. S. Times.*

WHAT TO EXPECT.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

What is the world coming to
When wealthy women smoke and drink
And set the seal of fashion on
The evil which most good women think
The most degrading of the soul?
What can the mothers e'er expect
When they shall have no higher aims
Than what will lose them self-respect?

They set examples which they would
Not have their children imitate.
The realm of home is then in a
Precarious and grievous state.
With deep respect for mother gone,
What heights can children e'er attain?
They'll likely sink in deep disgrace,
To fill the home with shame and pain.

Who then shall be to blame for this?
The mother with a soul so low
That for her little children's lives
The seed of evil she would sow
She is not fit to have a home
And children given to her care
No decent husband would desire
His home with such a soul to share

Moorestown, N. J.



THE HELPFUL ONE.

IDA M. HELM.

Mrs. Summers surveyed the day's work with a feeling of inability to accomplish it. The dishes were to be washed, there was a large basket of clothes to be ironed, bread to be baked, butter to be churned and dinner to be prepared for six hungry people.

"Perhaps I can get the girls to help me out," she said to herself, referring to Elma and Grace Fair, her two neices who were spending their vacation with her.

She entered their room and found Elma with needle and thread, working on a piece of fancy work, and Grace reading a book. She told them of the amount of work that she had to do and asked them if they would be so kind as to help her a little so that she could get through.

Grace dearly loved to read and she could talk by the hour, telling how things should be done. Aunt Kate thought surely anyone knowing so well how to do things would be a great help in an emergency. She did not count much on Elma helping her. She had not seen the girls since they were little tots until two days before this, when they came to visit her, and she had not heard Elma say anything about working, so she did not know whether she knew how to work; consequently she was surprised at Elma's willingness to help and at Grace's reluctance to lay down her book and go to the kitchen.

They entered the kitchen and Grace said she would go upstairs and make the beds, then she turned and started up the stairway, and Elma began with the churning. When the butter was churned she dressed it and washed the churn, then she began ironing. Aunt Kate washed the dishes, baked the bread and prepared the dinner. When it was ready she went to call Grace and found her so absorbed in Ten Nights in a Barroom that she had to call twice before she was heard.

After dinner Elma pressed her sister into service, so she washed the dishes, then she went back to her book and Aunt Kate swept the kitchen and hall while Elma finished the ironing. When that was done Elma was very warm and tired, so she went into the room and asked Grace to go to the orchard and get some apples to make sauce for supper. Grace looked up from her book and said, pettishly, "Oh, I'm at such an interesting place. You go." Elma rested ten minutes, then she took the basket and started for the orchard.

In his office that afternoon Professor Byerly was earnestly engaged in thought. He had a scholarship to the Melville school to offer to a deserving young lady. The instructions he had received were, "Offer it to a young lady whom you know to be deserving, and who cannot well afford the expense of going to the Academy." He could not decide to whom to offer it. He knew of three girls who were in the district school where his brother taught the preceding year, whom he thought were deserving and who wished to enter the academy, but to which one to offer it puzzled him. Finally he thought: "Elma and Grace are visiting their aunt only a half-mile from town. They are deserving and they both wish to enter the academy this fall. I have only one scholarship to offer, so I will walk out there this afternoon and I will offer it to the first one I see."

He reached the orchard gate just as Elma was opening it to go into the orchard. He offered her the scholarship, helped her pick up the apples and carried them to the house for her. He explained to her aunt the object of his visit and told her why Elma had received the prize.

Aunt Kate did not tell him which one she thought most deserving of the scholarship, but in her heart she said: "I am glad Grace refused to go after the apples."

Elma was glad she was blest with health and strength and could help her aunt with the work and she was very thankful that she received the benefit of the scholarship. The only thing that Grace felt sorry for was that she had refused to go after the apples, but it was too late to mend that part, so all she could do was feel sorry. The prize had gone to another.

We may say it was lucky that Grace refused to go after the apples, but when we stop to think we realize that she had no intention of going after them. She acted in regard to them as she had acted about the other work all day. She is one of those persons who rely on chance for competence, and hope that luck will bring something to hand. Elma relies on character. She uses her ability and strength to accomplish something.

True, luck does sometimes bring a legacy or some good fortune to the idler, but undeserved riches are

not half so beneficial, neither does the using bring the same true satisfaction and pleasure as the deserved reward.

Perhaps we feel our limitations, sometimes, but if we look around and see what is to be done, then do all we can to the best of our ability, it is all that is asked of us. To the man who used his talents to gain other talents more was given. If we watch for, and lay hold of, the helpful things that come within our reach, they will bring us much good that will go to waste if we only loiter and dream.

When I think of the man who hid his one talent in the earth I feel sorry for him. If he had put it to the exchangers and had been diligently working while his master was away he might have gained five or perhaps more than five talents. But alas! He cast his opportunities and possibilities aside and when his lord returned he was compelled to see his one talent taken from him and given to a diligent person. He had proved himself to be an unworthy servant.

"Get the spindle and the distaff ready,
God will send the flax;
So makes the bee, from summer flowers,
Honeycomb and wax.
Work the six days, pray all seven,
Trust the rest to the grace of heaven."

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. B.

AUTUMN.

AMY E. KUNS.

We greet you Autumn with a cheer,
You bring sweet pleasures for the year.
But the season now is fastly flying,
And we have little time for sighing.

For day by day the season goes,
As over the rocks the river flows.
Little by little we learn each day.
As thus we progress on our way.

The season begins in the month of September,
Just as the school children are made to remember
And think the time is now on hand,
And they must do what it demands.

The Autumn season is very great,
A few little scenes I will illustrate;
To give you the beauty of autumn season
Of which I take as my own reason.

The large old woods stands on the hill.
And down below runs the little rill;
And standing near I plainly see
A great and grand old walnut tree.

Saturday afternoon, and work all done,
With basket and hammer the little son
Starts out to find the walnut tree,
Of which I said was plain to see.

His countenance told his treasure found,
For a goodly number lay on the ground.
Next morning you could plainly tell,
The work those hands did so well.

And also the boys' chief delight,
Is to form new plans for cabbage night.
In the way of taking a wagon bed
And placing it on some old man's shed.

Or a big yellow pumpkin is placed on a can,
Looking just like an old, old man,
And frightens the one who takes it to be
Just what I said it seemed to me.

But now the season is nearing a close
And hands it over to winter's woes;
For winter has a nice little sum
To complete what autumn left undone.

Trotwood, Ohio.

MUTTON CHOPS.

A RATION of corn in the side pens or creeps, given to lambs before weaning, will cause a marked growth.

In the fall the lambs should be put on rape pasture or clover, if they are to make good gains. With this should be given one-half to one pound of grain per head per day. Wheat bran and corn, in equal parts, is an economical grain ration. Lambs should be fed more for growth than for fattening until about six months old, when the grain ration can be increased for two to three months. Roots, together with wheat-bran middlings, corn, oil meal and hay can be given with good results.

The ewes should be bred early so that the lambs will come early.

The ewes should be selected as to conformation and breeding qualities.

Only pure-bred rams should be used if you wish to improve the flock.

Select a ram of the same breed and type, if the flock is to be kept uniform and of a given standard.

Old ewes and inferior stock should be disposed of to the butcher and not to an uninformed breeder or farmer.

Ewes intended for breeding should be kept on good pasture or second growth.

If the pasture is short, one-half pound of wheat bran per head each day can be given to help keep them up.

They should not be allowed to become thin in the fall, as a sheep in good flesh now is said to be half wintered.

Do your sheep have to wade into mud or stagnant water to get a drink? Sheep dread to get their feet wet in that way; it is not good for them. —*Farm Journal.*

FOR HOME COMFORT.

USE "silence caps" on your chair legs to prevent scratches on the polished or painted floor, and to stop the noise of moving about. Small pieces cut from an old felt hat, fitted to the post or rocker and fastened on with strong glue, may be neatly done.

A DOING AS THE REST DID.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

A LITTLE girl, whose mother was very particular about her behavior at the table—went with her Aunt to visit a certain family, and, while they were there, they dined with the family.

When they returned home, the little girl told her mother that she had taken dinner with Mrs. —.

"Well I hope that you observed all the rules of the table;" replied her mother.

"Well I tried to," returned the little Miss. "You always tell me to watch and see how others do, and then do as they did, and the rest all ate like hogs, and I ate like a hog too."

He is not crushed by adversity who builds for heaven.

SAVING POWER.

MAGGIE M. WINEBURG.

Now glory to God,
There is power to save;
In the blood of our Savior,
The son that he gave.

He died on the cross,
For you and for me;
And all who believe,
His glory shall see.

He died on the cross,
But his promise remains;
That all shall be saved,
Who believe in his name.

Then why will ye grieve him.
Oh! why stay away?
He is calling and waiting,
Yes, he calls you today.

Glen Easton, W. Va.

CHRIST AND THE ANCIENT SCRIPTURES.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."—Matt. 5: 17.

THE Bible realizes its ideal in history. Other literatures have failed in this respect. Plato spoke of a man that should come with the last word of truth. But that man never came to complete the philosophy of Plato. The artist idealized beauty into a god. But the god never became incarnate and visited the studio of the artist. Confucius bends all his theories toward what he calls "the superior man." But that man never came to verify the theories of Confucius.

But God seems to have entered into a league with the Hebrew Bible that sometime, somewhere, the great ideal of that book should be realized in a person. Now, it has been said, and most truly that "personality is the ultimate reality," therefore the Bible reveals the ultimate reality. It is a complete book. Other books are fragments. They begin with a person in local relations and pass on into words, powerless words. This book begins with words, the dreams and aspirations of the centuries and passes on into a person, who has universal relations, an almighty and all-loving person complete in him. "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." These Old Testament scriptures hold plentifully God's great thought of life, and Jesus Christ came to fulfill it.

There are different ways of treating the past. One is to become its slave. What has been must be. What is written is written. As a prominent Jesuit has said of his church, "Her methods may ebb and flow, her ritual change, her discipline undergo modifications, but her doctrine never." That is, the logic of one century will fix the boundaries of life for all centuries. This was the teaching of the scribes in the days of Christ. We are bound by the past—magnificent fetters, golden chains, wrought by Moses, the prophets and the elders.

Christ met the old scriptures not as a slave, but as a Master—the highest form of mastery. He did not destroy—the real master never does; he redeems, he fulfills. He nourished his young life on these old books. You can't nourish your life on a book unless in some degree you master it. Swallowing a book whole never nourishes a man's life. You must learn how to husk a book to get at the corn. And you must learn the difference in the value of the husk and the corn.

In these old scriptures there is much of the human husk enfolding the golden kernels of God. Jesus husked them of the letter, the form, the incidental, the detail, down to the living spirit. This gave the scriptures in his hands a living, present-day value and power. He did not appeal to them because they were old, because the elders had approved of them, but because they were a living power, a present day force, something to command men that very hour.

And this takes us another step in the mastery of the scriptures. So sure is he that he is in line with the ancient Spirit of God that he dares put himself into the old scriptures, making them speak with his own living voice:—"Ye have heard how it hath been said, ... but I say unto you." Since then those old scriptures have throbbed with a new and deeper life.

Just as some great genius, some Shakespeare, takes a bit of ancient history and makes it live again by putting himself into it—making the characters live, move and have their being in his life, so Jesus Christ put himself into the old scriptures till they live, move and have their being in him. The scribes had been spinning them out into details, rituals, commentaries, creeds. Christ enters them, making them live again with God's great idea of life. Old boundaries of in-

terpretation were broken and expanded. The Psalms were set to a larger music. The old epics were made to tell a divine story, and prophecy that had been waiting for ages in cheerless expectation felt itself live again with the spirit of God. There are masters through whom we study the true, the beautiful and the good. But there is but one supreme Master through whom we must study God's ancient story of life.

But there is a scripture more ancient than the Hebrew. That is nature. Long before this scripture was written that older scripture was being studied. There were nature stories before there were Bible stories. And how to master the nature stories through the Bible stories was and still is the problem, the great problem of literature.

There are men who instead of being slaves of the past, like the scribes, simply sweep it away, crying, "Away with tradition." They think themselves prophets, but they are not; for a real prophet does not destroy, he fulfills. He strikes the flinty rocks of the past, the reservoirs of God, and they burst forth in living waters.

But the air just now is full of the cry, "Away with the past." Modern literature has been faithfully characterized as a "literature of revolt." "Away with the old forms, old creeds, and old teachings; let us get out of the stuffy atmosphere of tradition." Out where? Into the open road of nature. This is the cry. Back from the ancient scripture to the more ancient scripture. Whitman says, "I see now the secret of making the best men; it is to grow in the open air and eat and sleep with the earth."

Then according to that statement, the North American Indians, the Hottentots, and the South Sea Islanders ought to be the best men. They live in the open air and eat and sleep with the earth.

Grow best in the open air! Why that depends on what we are. If we are men with the prophecy of divinity within us it seems to me we shall grow best not under the tutelage of nature but of the Divine Man.

This thought should decide us on those fine spring mornings when we are debating between the temple of the living Christ and the temple of nature—whether true life, rich, noble and strong, lies in the direction of

> "O, to be lost in the wind and the sun,
> To be one with the wind and the stream!
> With never a care while the waters run,
> With never a thought in my dream."

or in the direction of that other uncompromising voice calling down from the heights of manhood, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;" whether we are not more in need of the Hero-God than the Nature-God.

But nature always leads the thoughtful man another step—from her dreamy, soothing songs into her heartless, resisting laws; into fatalism, crushing fatalism.

Modern literature is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fatalism," is more than half pagan. It has not qnite risen to the lofty spirit of the Bible, working out the grand epic of man's free spirit through the "shades of the prison house," unto the liberty of the sons of God.

And what we find in literature we find in life. The hardest thing to meet is just this sentiment of fatalism creeping over the spirit of life; referring everything to circumstances, to law, to environment—not daring to stand for our God-given free spirit.

When Christ came to carry out, to fulfill, God's thought of life he came to nature. But he approached nature as no man had ever done before. He loved her, but not as her slave; as her master. He must have loved nature, else he never would have seen so much of her. Her birds and brooks, her green hills and mysterious mountains, were the sweet, sympathetic companions of his life. But they never wooed him to their dreamy, listless songs, as they have so many other teachers in that Eastern land. They never bound him in the shackles of their fatalistic laws. No fatalism ever blighted his words. His was the high and holy language of the free and buoyant spirit.

Other men have sung nature's songs and told nature stories. But Jesus Christ came with the master spirit and wooed nature to his own story of life. He did not sing her songs, she sang his. He did not tell her stories, she told his. He did not take up the thought of the lily's life, but he made the lily take up the thought of his life. He did not undertake to tell the story of the sparrow's life but he wove the sparrow into his own great story of life. He did not lead us back and down into the long mysterious life-and-death story of the kernel of wheat, but he wove it into his own great life-and-death story. And ever since it has been repeating the story of a life beyond the grave.

His story of life is larger and diviner than nature's story. Hers is mortal, his immortal. Hers is of bondage, his of freedom. Her story runs backward. Hers is of the earth earthy, his is of the sons and daughters of God.

But there is another scripture deeper and older than nature. It is our life, our inmost being. It is deeper and older because the lineaments of God are in it—the divine possibility; that prophecy in men written before the foundations of the world, that Jesus Christ came not to destroy but to fulfill; that prophecy buried in the heart of the publican and sinner, a prophecy that Jesus alone could see, could read, could fulfill, and so hovered about the soul; such a prophecy in us all to be fulfilled, if ever, through Jesus Christ.

One thing stands in the way of fulfillment—not law, not circumstance, but *sin*. Some writers tell us sin is only a morbid condition of the conscience induced by tradition; and some that it is only an imperfection of our nature that we shall in time outgrow. But the deep heart of man has never accepted these definitions of sin. Our deepest intuitions pass beyond tradition and nature, and lodge the difficulty in the will, in the central life.

But how to manage the will of man is the whole problem of life. And so sin becomes the final objective point of all human effort. It keeps the world busy. If sin could be eliminated from the world the most of us would be out of work.

This problem of sin, this conflict with sin, was the principal business of the Hebrew nation. All the great structure of sacrifices and ceremonies, of statues and literatures, of obligations and oaths, built up through the centuries into a mighty, complex and elaborate piece of machinery, was all designed to meet the fact of sin.

Now that whole great structure stood for life to the Jew. It said, Do this and live. And Jesus came not to destroy, but to fulfill.

But imagine the shock to the Hebrew world when this man dares to reduce this whole structure, hoary with years, to a simple story of family life—of a son who goes astray, who comes to himself, who returns home, and casts himself into the forgiving arms of a father.

If simplicity is the highest mark of mastery—and is it not?—then Jesus Christ must be the master in literature. He probes the heart of all scriptures and reduces them to a simple story plucked from the life of man.

And is this indeed the real story of life? So Jesus Christ tells us; and he put himself into the story, and that made it real. He did not explain it, he lived it. And when he had lived it out to the last red drop of blood, lived it out to the right-hand glory of God, then by faith was the story transferred in terms of a new life to the soul of man. Since then the world's best literature has been struggling to write this story the Master lived, this story of life that lies deeper than tradition or nature, deeper than environment or heredity —the epic of man's free spirit, the story of sin, *forgiveness* and *sonship*.

DOLLARS.

ETHA E. BEISEL.

I ENVIED Bob.

There was no mistaking her feelings on the matter. Bob was her ideal: the one possible man. Of course she had never stated her preference in so many words to me, but then of course I had not given her the occasion to do so. But had she not just told me that Bob was a noble fellow emphasizing her admiration by mentioning that he was a "perfect dear"?

When a girl alludes to a man, in one and the same breath, as a "noble fellow, a perfect dear," there is no doubt as to where her mind is centered. It is centered on "Bob" of course.

"The Girl" was most noncommittal about herself generally, not one of the kind whose life history is yours within an hour after an introduction. She was a piquant little creature who knew how to hold the interest of her acquaintances, whose tact was the most delicate, she had been exceedingly popular with both sexes in her set at the camp in the mountains where they had taken their summer outing. I too had fallen victim to her wiles although she was not making any difference in her treatment of the men of the party. That was it. I was convinced that she must like some of us better than the others; her indifference increased my admiration and she had thus far foiled every attempt I had made at seeking an explanation. But one day I found her in a pensive, quiet mood and she made me her confidant, giving me undreamed of information to the following extent.

"Do you know," "The Girl" had said, "I am enjoying this all immensely, I am happy here in this cool retreat with my friends, yet there is one thing more I wish for. Today I fell to thinking about home and it made me so lonesome for Bob."

Something seemed to snatch away my breath for a second but she, not noticing the fact, continued:

"Of course he couldn't come along with me here and I am really half ashamed of myself for treating my boon companion so shabbily. He is so noble, such a perfect dear! He is so devoted to me that I am perfectly detestable for not insisting on his being one of the party. I am a pig!" She added vehemently. "Think how he would enjoy rambling about these delightfully cool woods!"

That settled the question and me.

"Noble, perfect dear, her boon companion!" Huh! I pride myself on not being as big a fool as some and after that talk I realized dimly that I had bumped against Fate and been worsted in the encounter. I was just congratulating myself on the fact that she should never know I had cared, when—

"Jack," it was the voice of "The Girl" continuing, "are you dreaming? I actually believe you haven't heard a word that I have said. I suspect you think me tiresome but really I feel lonesome and gloomy, and I thought—"

The hurt tones and a little pout conspired to make me break a newly formed resolution. But I considered and stood firm.

"No" I merely breathed in answer, "I am not dreaming and I sympathize with your loneliness. I too am lonely. This morning I received a telegram

from home, containing an urgent summons to return as there are some business matters which require my immediate attention. 'Duty calls,' you know, and I am lonely thinking of the days to come."

I said a goodbye and rattled on in some incoherent fashion pausing long enough to get a breath with which to continue. Had I allowed myself full freedom of speech the "You" would have predominated. But, there was Bob to be considered! Perhaps she was his affianced wife, perhaps—perhaps—!

I mentally summed up Bob's imaginary qualities and pictured him as one of the participants in a struggle to take place sometime in the future.

I have an indistinct recollection of hearing a little exclamation of surprise coming from the lips of "The Girl" and hearing her murmur something about being sorry, its being awfully sudden, my coming back when business was attended to——Then I left the lakeside, where we had paused in our stroll, mechanically turned up the path to camp, ordered my man to pack my belongings posthaste and was gone.

Jealous? I who had said in the course of our conversations that it was madness pure and simple? A vision of a "might have been" floated before my eyes and I found myself wishing that Bob was out of the way.

Four weeks passed by. I heard in a roundabout way that the camp had broken up and "The Girl" had returned home with her mother and father, but not a word did I ever hear concerning my rival. To myself I liked to call him a rival, yet I did not know whether I had ever been considered seriously by her or not but appearances said no. Well, I consoled myself with the fact that appearances are deceitful and there was a bare possibility that I might have been too hasty. I was already convinced that I had been altogether too quick to arrive at conclusions. I mentally denounced myself as a cowardly chump, a jealous stricken idiot! The other things I began to think about myself, well, to say the least they were decidedly uncomplimentary. Who was Bob? Why I never stopped to think, he might be her brother.

With these and other tonic laden reflections I summoned up the courage to quit my town, leave that busy office of mine and know the worst. Arriving in her town I called at the first opportunity and was informed that "Miss Estelle" had gone for a tramp to some woods a half-mile distant. That was the shortest half mile I have ever trod and a sharp bend in the road brought me face to face with the fairest of the fair. With arms laden with autumn leaves, lips parted, cheeks flushed with excitement and eyes aglow with the very joy of living, there stood "The Girl." Farther away a dog was chasing back and forth barking frantically at the little birds as they flew up and away out of his reach.

Frankly, she was glad to see me. With hand extended she met me. Of course she was all questions, and I was busy for the next few minutes making up a flowery little business story to explain my absence. I hoped it would be a success and it was. Taking advantage of the encouragement she had given me I launched bravely forth as to the why and wherefore of my coming. To me, the birds never sang so gayly before, the dainty sunbeams were dancing and laughing through the leaves as though they were possessed, the breeze was laden with the most deliciously sweet scents I had ever smelled. But then I was in love and—so was "The Girl."

We were blissfully happy. Lovers are the same the world over and it was some time before we could speak for very joy. Each unspoken thought seemed readily divined by the other. The future? Well it was somewhere in the distance. The past was Bob, and I was glad she didn't know. In the struggle for supremacy over my jealous self I won and Bob mattered little.

I was half angry, when a big bird dog came tearing back at full speed and spoiled the peace and quietude of the scene by his abrupt entrance. With a faint bark at me he rushed to Estelle who caressed him saying as she did so, "Dear old Bob enjoys these jaunts so much."

"Bob!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she said, "you know I named him that, because I couldn't think of any name that suited me better, when Papa gave him to me and asked me what I should call him."

"So that is Bob," I was laughing now, "why I thought—"

"You don't mean—"

Well Estelle says it is so very, very silly to get jealous over a mere fancy.

I think it doesn't pay. We have since renamed Bob. His new name is Dollars. He is worth it.

Buford, N. Dak.

* * *

THE fuel problem is now before us, and we should realize that it is not solved by the mere purchase and storage of the coal. There are many ways of economizing fuel, and these should be sought out and tried. If you use hard (anthracite) coal, it is claimed that from 25 per cent to 50 per cent of the coal is wasted unless the ash is sifted, and the unburned coal and half consumed cinders gathered out to be used over again. Sifting the contents of the ash box by hand is a slow, disagreeable process, but will pay, if nothing better can be done. Several machines that do the sifting more or less thoroughly and cleanly are now on the market. If before laying the cinders on the fire, they are sprinkled with water, they will burn brighter and give out increased heat.

DOOR MATS.

A GREAT saving of the housewife's strength is found in plenty of mats at the outside doors on which the members of the family are taught to clean the feet before coming into the house. One of the simplest and easiet made of these is the husk mat, made by boring holes in a board at short intervals, and drawing through these holes a thick bunch of corn husks, letting the thick, coarse ends of the husks remain a few inches above the wood. Another way is to gather the corn husks, rejecting the thickest, coarsest of them, and plaiting them while wet, leaving the stem end of the husk a couple of inches above the strand on which it is laid in adding them to the plait. When enough has been made, sew the plait in round or oblong form, using stout twine, just as the old-fashioned rag rugs were sewed. If well done, these mats last a long time, and any child, with a little teaching, can learn to make the plaits, while stronger hands will be required to do the sewing. Somewhere close about the door should be fastened a "scraper," by means of which all superfluous clingings of mud, or other foreign substance can be removed before using the mat. A bit of hoop iron will answer the purpose if nailed fast to something. A woman should not be required to clean after a lot of careless men or children, and, as she can not protect herself, let her "protector" come forward and see that she is well treated. A tired, exhausted woman is never a happy one. See that she has help in keeping things clean.—*Commoner.*

PARIS is the paradise of mechanical toys. A certain part of the city, as told in the *Pathfinder,* is given over to this work, and thousands of these toys are made daily—singing dolls, barking dogs, little violinists, woolly bears, and so on. The great day for the toy-makers is January 1, when the novelties of the season are first brought out. The skeletons of the toys are made by machinery; then they are put into the hands of hundreds of men and women, who join the parts. Next the dressmakers take them; then the painters color them. Each toy passes through about one hundred and twenty hands before it is completed. Many of them are marvels of ingenuity and skill.

GLUED CLOTHES.

THE story of something new in tailoring is told as follows in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat:*

"In Korea," said a tailor, "needle and thread are unknown to tailoring. Their place is taken by glue."

"Glue?"

"Glue—a peculiarly fine glue made of fish. Making Korean clothes, the tailor does not bring two edges of cloth together and then slowly and painfully unite them with fine stitches of the needle. No; he overlaps the edges slightly, brushes on a little glue, presses the seam together and sets the garment away to dry.

"I wore glued clothes in Korea and found that they lasted almost as well as sewed ones."

MENTAL MEDICINE.

A SOMEWHAT eccentric physician who recently died, says the *New York Times,* would order patients to take walks, say daily, on the left side of the street, returning by the other side; another he would order to arise each morning at a certain hour and eat cheese with ginger beer; another to take supper precisely at midnight and eat only apples, or he would instruct the patient to put just so many grains of salt on the egg he was able to eat and part his hair in a different way each day. His object was to get the mind of the patient on something else than symptoms, and this scheme worked well in many cases, especially when the patient was suffering from melancholia.

PLANTS ENRICH THE SOIL.

IT was not a power plant but a plant power that has made an island of the sea off Australia one of the most valuable grazing districts. It is King island. Many years ago a Dutch ship was wrecked off the island coast, and some of the sailors' mattresses were washed ashore. These were stuffed with what is known as Melilot grass, which, however, is really not a grass but a yellow flower clover, known botanically as Melilotus officinalis. The plants thus washed ashore contained a fair amount of seed, and in the course of years these seeds took root and threw up tufts which gradually spread on the beach and inland. And now the result is that the fertilizing power of this little plant has transformed King island from a region of useless sand dunes into one of the best grazing districts of the Australian commonwealth. This wonderful grass, sown on raw white beach sand, in the course of five years has changed the character of the sand until at the end of that time it has become a dark brown color, in some places almost a black. Every year it is improving the value of the land. As is well known, the capacity of clover and other leguminous plants to enrich the soil is due to the presence of bacteria, which enables the plants to take nitrogen directly from the atmosphere.

THE New England Farmer somewhat jubilantly remarks that there are not now so many deserted farms and dilapidated buildings to sadden the hearts of the "Old Home Week" pilgrims. With Nebraska and Kansas farms selling at $100 an acre, the tide of farm seekers must soon turn eastward, and we shall soon hear the last of the abandoned farm.

FROM ALL THE MAGAZINES

DEPARTMENT STORES.

Resolutely the Shopper from the Suburbs turned her eyes away from the enticing displays in the windows of the big department store. She bought the paper of hooks and eyes for which she had come to the store, paid five cents for it, and asked to have it delivered at her home in Orange, New Jersey.

The popular idea is that a department store is merely the grouping together of a large number of separate businesses under one roof. But the experiment of assembling businesses in one store to minimize the cost of rent and other fixed charges has been tried and discontinued as a failure. The success of the department store rests upon an entirely different principle—upon standardization. The departments are not independent, but highly specialized activities conforming to certain fixed laws that govern the whole establishment.

Probably the most important factor in the development of the department store machine is the idea of "one-price articles marked in plain figures." This makes it possible for the goods practically to sell themselves. A. T. Stewart introduced it into this country before the Civil War, and John Wanamaker was swift to realize its value. Marshall Field & Company of Chicago lead the department stores of the United States. The death of the head of the firm resulted in the publication of the total for 1906, which reached $26,500,000. This is the retail business, it should be remembered, the wholesale business being twice as much more, and bringing the total up to about $70,000,000.

John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store comes next, with a volume of business that approximates $20,000,000, while the New York Wanamaker reaches $417,000,000.

The work of the merchandise manager is extremely varied, his knowledge extraordinarily wide. The price of raw silk in Italy, the weather at home, an advance in furs in London, the efficiency of a $12-a-week clerk in his store are matters of daily concern to him. In the course of a morning that I spent with a merchandise manager in New York, he authorized, after five minutes' talk, the purchase of $35,000 worth of goods beyond the buying limit allowed a department. A few minutes later he refused to sanction the purchase of $100 worth of goods for another department. And then he devoted nearly an hour to investigating a complaint made by a customer that a silver purse for which she had paid $10.50 could be bought in another store for $7.50. He knew off-hand what this particular article had cost in Vienna and the duty on it.

The advertising is the largest single item of expense of a department store, apart from the money spent for goods. Last year the daily newspapers in New York were paid $500,000 by the Siegel Cooper Company; $480,00 by John Wanamaker; $400,000 by R. H. Macy & Company; $300,000 by the Simpson Crawford Company; Altman & Company spent the least of the great establishments—under $100,000. But Altman & Company have other expenditures that might legitimately be charged up to advertising, one of which is the enormous sum spent on the delivery system. All of their wagons and automobiles are as fine as money can buy and the horses used for the wagons cost about $1,200 a pair.

Some of the big stores appropriate $10,000 every year for charities, in addition to giving away many articles. The advertising manager is paid anywhere from $1,000 to $10,000 a year and he earns more than he gets. The salary of the merchandise manager is a variable quantity, ranging from $15,000 a year up to $50,000, the maximum being paid in the store known as The Fair in Chicago.

The employees in any one of the big stores would make a fair-sized town. The present Wanamaker store in Philadelphia has more than 7,000 employees and the new store will have 10,000, distributed over forty-two acres of floor space. The Wanamaker store in New York employs about five thousand people.

The curse of all department stores is tuberculosis and the physician at Siegel Cooper's watches the great army closely. When an employee's symptoms indicate the dread disease, the sufferer is given the privilege of going to a sanitarium that Mr. Greenhut maintains at Summit, New Jersey, to remain until cured, or, if the disease is too far advanced for cure, until the end. It is one of the finest benefactions I know of, and one of its finest points is Mr. Greenhut's reticence about it.—Everybody's Magazine.

BUILDING STREET RAILWAYS IN NEW YORK CITY.

From the beginning of its marvelous career in New York, the syndicate was blessed with prosperity.

At the end of its first ten years in New York City, the World, exhaustively reviewing the history of these achievements, declared that there had been added to the syndicate's traction possessions in the city $19,000,000 of water, all of which represented clear profits to the happy gentlemen, quite aside from dividends, interest, deals, and all other sources of income.

1. Fulton Street is about a mile long, connects at one end with an East River ferry to Brooklyn, and at the other end abuts close upon a North River ferry to Jersey City. It is an important line of cross-town travel. In the late eighties the North & East River Railroad Company was organized to build and operate a street-car line in Fulton Street. One of the results of the Jake Sharp scandal had been a law, called the Cantor Act, by which the public's franchises for public utilities were to be sold to the highest bidder instead of being given away by bribed aldermen. When the Fulton Street franchise was offered under this law, competitive bidding ran the price up to thirty-eight per cent of the gross receipts to be paid to the city.

The company was the first in New York to adopt the underground electric system. It failed, and the franchise passed into the hands of a contracting firm, Dady & O'Rourke, of Brooklyn, which completed the road and operated it, but with horses, not electricity. It was unprofitable chiefly because of the heavy tax paid to the city.

At this juncture, about 1890, the Whitney syndicate came in. It organized a new company called the Fulton Street Railroad, and issued $500,000 of five per cent bonds and $500,000 of stock, having incidentally neither property, business, nor rights of any kind upon which to base these securities. The syndicate then went to Dady & O'Rourke and offered $150,000 of the new bonds in exchange for the franchise and property of the old company. This offer was accepted. Mr. Whitney then used his great influence with Tammany Hall and secured the reduction of the tax from thirty-eight per cent to one-eighth of one per cent of the gross receipts.

This done, the syndicate sold at par to the Metropolitan Traction Company the $500,000 of stock and had the Metropolitan Traction Company guarantee the $500,000 of bonds. (Remember, please, that the Metropolitan Traction Company was the name of the corporation that the syndicate gentlemen controlled in its operation of most of the street-railroads of New York.)

From this transaction the net profits (without the investment of a dollar) were $850,000 made in a few weeks. The time was to come when it would look paltry compared with other gains of these fortunate gentlemen.

2. From bond issues made according to the Formula upon only one of the properties absorbed by the syndicate, the Houston, West Street & Pavonia Ferry Railroad, there was derived a net profit of $6,000,000. The ability, energy, and foresight involved in this transaction consisted in picking up the money. The service to society lay in loading an already heavily burdened enterprise with more obligations that the public must pay. Certainly in these instances, the gifts of the gifted hardly shine forth as anything phenomenal; the brain-cells involved may be thought to be very much like other brain-cells of which we have knowledge.—Everybody's Magazine.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

With a view to determining the type best adapted to pull its heavy passenger trains through the New York Tunnels, the Pennsylvania Railroad has in progress a series of experiments upon electric locomotives. On its West Jersey and Seashore Division and on the Long Island Railroad, two direct-current, heavy-type locomotives have been put in service. In general appearance they are quite similar, and resemble a short two-truck passenger coach, with few windows and large wheels. One of the locomotives weighs 174,100 pounds, and is equipped with four motors, aggregating 1,400 horse-power, which drive the wheels through single reduction gears. The other locomotive weighs 195,200 pounds,

and is equipped with motors aggregating 1,240 horse-power, which drive the wheels directly without gearing.

By comparing the performance of the two locomotives, it will be possible to determine the relative merits of the two systems of driving. Another important question, relating to the method of supporting motors, will be settled by observing the performance of one of the locomotives. One of its trucks has motors fastened to the truck frame, and the other truck has motors which rest on springs supported by the main journals, and which are independent of the truck frame. The couplers and buffers are carried by the trucks instead of on the underframe of the car body. By this arrangement, strains of buffing and pulling are transmitted directly through the trucks, and do not enter the body of the cab at all.

Over all, the locomotives measure 37 feet 10½ inches in length, 10 feet 1¼ inches in breadth, and they are 13 feet 4 inches high. The driving wheels, which are 4 feet 8 inches in diameter, are supported by axles 8 inches in diameter at the center. The cab is of steel, and the electrical apparatus which it contains is arranged along the sides, allowing a passage through the center. Electrical connections are so arranged that if two or more locomotives are coupled together and pulling the same train, they can be controlled by the engineer of the first locomotive.—Scientific American.

IS HAPPINESS WORTH LIVING FOR?

Happiness is not a proper object of desire, or a worthy aim in one's life-striving. Purity, patience, helpfulness, cheerfulness, lovableness, gladness, or resultant joy, may indeed be a proper or a worthy aim in life; but happiness is below any one of these as a purpose of life or being. Happiness is that which is welcome, or is profitable or pleasing, as it happens or comes to one in his course through this world. It does not depend on his being right or doing right. It is not in or of one's self. It is nothing that is a result of any noble or commendable line of aim or action. To desire happiness, or to seek it as a consequence of one's doing, is like hoping or expecting to have good luck or an easy time. It is far better to have a life of constant trial and suffering while in the path of duty, striving to serve God and to do good to one's fellows, than it is to have an easy time, and to experience happiness and hours of pleasure while pursuing any other course than that of duty at any and every cost. The right way is the best way whether happiness is or is not met there.—S. S. Times.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

The investigations of the bureau of chemistry have revealed the presence of such adulterations in an appallingly large number of foods and drinks. The manufacturer who sells his products in the state in which they were prepared is to a certain extent checked by state laws. But these laws of course are inapplicable to interstate commerce. The manufacturer who adulterates in one state and sells in another is to all intents and purposes checked only by his own conscience. The torpidity of that organ was discovered when the bureau of chemistry made its diagnosis.

Out of forty-four samples of sausage thirty-nine contained boric acid. Out of 250 samples of confectionery 218 contained organic coloring materials. Out of forty samples of beer eleven contained artificial preservatives. Out of 117 samples of canned corn fifty-nine contained preservatives and twenty-five contained sulphites. And so on through a long list in which all the preservatives and adulterants mentioned are "injurious to health."—Health.

WHAT JAPAN HAS DONE FOR KOREA.

From the very first days when Nippon began to take an active interest in Korean reform, our statesmen looked upon popular education as the basis of all reform measures. Education served us in the days of Nippon's re-birth through the '60s and early '70s as the magic wand that wrought so many wonders. Why should it not work the same gracious miracles in Korean regeneration? There was, accordingly, organized in Nippon an association called To-a-Doshikai, of which the distinguished Ambassador of Nippon at Washington, Viscount Aoki, was president. This organization alone, for many years raised thousands upon thousands of yen for no other purpose than to contribute to the cause of Korean education. Many thousands of yen which were raised by the association and sent to Korea seemed to have found the same marvelous common grave of all wealth in Korea,—the pockets of corrupt officials. When Prince Ito was appointed to the Residency-General in Korea, one of the first things that engaged his thoughts and efforts was the question of popular education in Korea. Schooling too, looked much like work for easy-going Koreans and the Korean boys. The popularity of the Residency-General was not heightened by it.

Koreans do not like us because we went into their country and said to them: "Work; we will give you money, we will make you wealthy." They said to us: "We do not wish for your money, we have lived comfortably without work, we do not wish to work." And when we made them work, they did not like us. We built the Seoul-Fusan and Seoul-Wiji railways, and they did not see any reason whatever why they should travel at such a mad pace. We built waterworks for them, furnished them with electric lights, and told them that their alleys with open gutters, with their green slimes, affording such a fruitful factory for pestilence and plague, must go. They thought that we were too particular about too many things. They asked us why we never ceased bothering them. We established schools, but they did not see any reason why their children should waste their lives over books, when a fat office, which was the end and aim of all their ambition, scholarly and otherwise, could be secured,—not by scholarship, but by a certain ability at negotiation in money. We found the koreans with an endless number of strong strings laden with iron cash, and showed them the way to carry in their pockets an amount of money which would take two mules to carry in the original Korean cash. They accused us of making them so much poorer. Now Nippon goes over to Korea. She is supporting about 50,000,000 people on about 160,000 square miles, of which the possible arable land is less than 20 per cent, and the actual cultivation is 13.8 per cent, that is to say, about 15,000,000 acres. She has heard the logic of necessity. —By Adachi Kinnosuke, in the American Review of Reviews for October.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT AND FREIGHT CONGESTION.

Every great traffic expert in the United States is insisting upon river improvement in order that the congestion of freight in the country may be relieved. Hill, Harriman, and President Finley, of the Southern, for two years have been publicly insisting on this. M. C. Markham, traffic expert of the Missouri Pacific, and formerly traffic manager of the Illinois Central, a line paralleling the Mississippi River, five years ago publicly testified to the influence of the river as a rate regulator, saying that it not only conrolled the rate north and south from St. Paul to New Orleans, but east and west from New York to Denver.

Mr. Hill last winter testified that the railways were so congested that he himself sent freight by water to get quicker service. Mr. Hill also, in a letter to Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, goes into detail to show that it is impossible for the railways to keep pace with the growth of the country; that they can get neither the money, the laborers, nor the material with which to build the new lines needed, and that if the Government does not so improve the rivers that they may take from the railways a part of the burden, the freight congestion will grow worse yearly.—By William Flewellyn Saunders, in the American Review of Reviews for October.

CONFUCIUS.

"Confucius was a teacher of reverence—reverence for God, respect for parents, respect and reverence for the past and its legacies, for the great men and great ideas of former times. He taught men also to regard each other as brethren, and even the golden rule, in its negative if not in its positive form, is to be found in his writings. Curiously enough, this teacher of reverence was distinguished by a remarkable lump on the top of his head, where phrenologists have placed the organ of veneration. Rooted in his organization, and strengthened by all his convictions, this element of adoration seemed to him the crown of the whole moral nature of man. But while full of veneration, he seems to have been deficient in the sense of spiritual things. A personal God was unknown to him; so that his worship was directed, not to God, but to antiquity, to ancestors, to propriety and usage, to the state as father and mother of its subjects to the ruler as the place of authority."—From "Ten Religions."

WHO INVENTED SUGAR?

If you search the Bible through, from the first word in Genesis to the last word in Revelations, says the Vegetarian, you cannot find the word "sugar." There is no sugar in the Bible. It is not there because the ancient Jews did not know sugar. They used honey instead. It was in honey that Rachel and David's mother preserved their fruits, with honey that Jezebel and Esther and Martha mixed their daintiest pastry. It is said to have been one of Alexander the Great's generals who first brought sugar from India to Greece, and that would be fully 300 years before the Christian era. In Galen's time, however, about 150 years after Christ, the western nations had heard of sugar only as a rare medicine. But, a while ago, it was stated in a German contemporary that the Chinese can be proved to have manufactured and used cane sugar for more than 3,000 years. In which case the Chinese were the inventors of sugar, as of printing, the mariner's compass and probably gunpowder. —Health.



Echoes from Everywhere

Robert N. Carson left $5,000,000 for a home for the orphan girls of Philadelphia.

According to some surveys, Illinois contains about as much coal land as any other State in the Union.

Captain Amundsen has polar bears in training for a sled ride to the North Pole. Who envies his job?

William Walling, an American, and his wife were imprisoned in Russia recently for abetting the socialist movement.

The Cunard Stemship line expects to give theatrical performances on their vessels for the entertainment of passengers.

William G. Rockefeller testified in court that the Standard Oil Company loaned as much as $25,000,000 at one time to the Wall Street gang.

The radium mines at Joachimsthal, in Austria, recently supplied the Vienna Academy of Science with ten tons of uranium ore, and this has yielded $250,000 worth of radium.

Two weeks ago the papers had Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, dying every day. After he dies there will be time enough to tell the truth without guessing so much.

Dr. Ayres says the mosquito is responsible for 15,000 deaths annually in the United States. He advocates the drainage of swamp land and a general crusade against the pest.

Newspaper reports say that fully 23,000 people are accidentally killed each year in this country by drowning, shooting, fires and railroad wrecks.

J. B. Walker retired from the Stock Exchange of New York with $3,000,000 which he made within the last six months by gambling on wheat. Somebody else lost just that much.

Secretary Taft presided at the opening of the Philippine Assembly and stated the good intentions of Uncle Sam in giving them aid in education, commerce and government training.

The most of the grain in North Dakota is now in the bins. At many places the machines are pulling in, and the farmers are busy ploughing for next year's crop. Wheat is a light crop, but prices are very high.

Roosevelt's reform seems to have struck Germany. The rottenness of court life in Berlin is being brought out in court. High officials are connected with scandal on every side.

Marconi has begun to transmit trans-atlantic messages by wireless telegraphy. As he has only one station he is overloaded with messages, there being 100,000 words waiting to be transmitted.

Quite recently the preachers have been demanding more pay, and now the school teachers, in many cities are doing likewise. Living expenses seem to be advancing all the time, while the salaries have been stationary for years.

There are more coke ovens being erected in the Connellsville, Pa., and neighboring regions than have ever been known before in the history of the coke trade. The number in hand and projected is 7,950, and the work on them is only restricted to some extent by the difficulty in obtaining labor.

The Hartford Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Conn., refunded $100,000 to the Postmaster-General rather than stand trial on charges that they were not using as good a grade of paper in government envelopes as the contract called for.

The United States Land Department reports that during the past year there were homesteaded in North Dakota, 1,124,184 acres of land, leaving only 2,899,685 acres of public land in the State. Nearly half of this is in the Dickinson District, south of the Missouri River.

A severe famine is reported among the wild Indians in the upper regions of Canada. The eating of human flesh is said to be practiced. Wild game has been very scarce for the past year and the natives have no other resource to draw on. They are said to murder one another in order to get meat to eat.

The First Baptist church of Burlington, N. J., found $40,000 worth of honey in their old building which had been recently stored there by the busy bee. This sum will go far towards paying for the new structure which is needed. Other churches had better enlist the bee as a money gatherer. It pays better than so many entertainments.

Illinois now is producing nearly 5,000,000 barrels of petroleum a year, more than any State in the Union, according to Dr. J. A. Udden, professor of natural sciences at Augustana College. He says since the new field near the Indiana line was discovered two years ago, 600 wells have been drilled. Dr. Udden predicts another great field will be developed east of St. Louis.

The Mills hotel, palatial in all its appointments except in fees, has opened in New York City and offers every modern convenience in the way of bath, light, ventilation, cleanliness, library and healthful meals at the rate of thirty cents a day for a room and food to be in proportion. All of the 1,875 rooms are engaged already. It is a boon to the average, respectful laborer.

J. M. Hannaford, an official of the Northern Pacific Railroad, says that the railroads are generally prosperous, that building operations have not been materially retarded by the acts of the lawmakers, and that he has, so far, failed to observe any bad effects that have resulted from the action of state legislatures and the laws passed by Congress.

In answer to an inquiry from the bureau of information of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Commissioner Gilbreath, of North Dakota, says that 10,000 laborers can find employment in this State at good wages. Farmers around Cando paid from thirty to forty dollars per month and board for farm hands during the season just closing.

In South Chicago the old topers are to have their pictures posted in all of the saloons so that the saloonist may know who is eligible to his whiskey and who is not, for it is a crime to sell liquor to drunkards. We imagine a sweet set of pictures indeed, but perhaps the saloon man may see what a picture of wrecked manhood he is painting in the lives of his customers day by day.

Thirty-four officers were tried by court-martial and nine were acquitted. Last year four officers were dismissed from the service as compared with fourteen during the previous year. The number of enlisted men tried was 3,879 and 305 were acquitted. The total number of officers and men tried was 3,913. Among the enlisted men 1,101 were tried for desertion, 732 on the charge of absence without leave, 223 for drunkenness, 258 for larceny, 241 for disobedience to non-commissioned officers, and 211 for disobeying superior officers.

Russia is not so liberal with the Finns as she was soon after their absorption a few years ago. She now demands an annual war tax of $4,000,000. This makes slaves out of the poor laborers, and it is no wonder that many of them are socialists and ready to fight for more liberty.

Thomas Edison has announced an invention by which houses built of cement blocks can be built in twelve hours at a cost of $1,000 for twelve rooms. The poor man will welcome such news, only it is a little too good to be true. There is an everlasting habitation of purest gold for rich and poor alike if they register in time for its allotment.

Dr. Todd has returned from South America where he took 7,000 photographs of the planet Mars. He used the largest telescope ever used in such work, which, in connection with favorable atmospheric conditions, made his work very satisfactory. The canals of the planets are visible in the pictures besides other phenomena of interest to scientists.

Bishop Potter, of New York, associated with the negro, Bishop Ferguson, of Africa, both in carriage and at a dinner in Richmond last week during the Convention of the American Episcopal church. The southern people took offense at this departure from their long-established custom in dealing with their colored brother. Racial pride and arrogance may be reversed some day.

Allen J. Lawrence returned to the state prison of Indiana last month and began to work out the remainder of a 14-year sentence. He had escaped but was converted by a mission-wagon preacher in the wheat fields of Kansas. He preached a while but his obligation to the state authorities troubled his conscience so that he decided to clear his record first and then preach, although he denies the charge which sent him to jail.

General Booth and his son Ballington have renewed the family ties which were broken four years ago. Difference of opinion in the administration of the Salvation Army caused a division in the organzation and a family quarrel besides. Church wars like carnal wars often fight out their feelings and then settle amicably and forgive each other. The better way is to allow no root of bitterness to spring up at all.

The Carnegie Hero Fund awarded twenty-four persons for heroic service during the past year. One of the number was a negro. The prizes ranged from $3,600 down to a few hundred. The total of awards was $12,600. All told 126 persons have received benefits from this fund since it was first donated. The endowment seems to be larger than demanded since the unused interest has already accumulated to the amount of $1,000,00.

Miss Bailey, a teacher in the Chicago schools, says that Buddhism, Confucianism, and the Koran should be taught in the public schools. The Koran admits of one man having five wives on earth and a whole multitude of young wives in heaven. Perhaps that explains the maid's queer belief.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, says it was known five years ago that the funds of the Metropolitan Street Railway had been stolen by the officials.

The paper are full of balloon news of late, and most of the papers fail to tell the whole truth about balloon racing, or York, made a record of 1,150 miles. A German balloonist exceeded this distance by 150 miles in 1900 but the St. Louis race fell short over 100 miles. The principle of aerial navigation is not a discovery of recent years by any means, but there is more effort made and more noise made about the application of these principles. Practical success is several years in the future yet, although progress is being made slowly.

Rockefeller will fight his recent fine on the following grounds:

1. That the government attorneys failed to inform the defense of the Alton immunity agreement.
2. That the Elkins act, under which the conviction was secured, was unconstitutional.
3. That as the Hepburn act was passed before indictments were returned, prosecution under the provisions of the Elkins law was illegal.
4. That Judge Landis did not compute the number of violations correctly.
5. That certain evidence should not have been admitted.
6. That the Standard Oil company accepted the rates in question with the understanding that they were authorized rates.

The American Briquetting and Manufacturing Company has bought a lignite coal mine along the G. N. R. R., near Williston, N. Dak. This is the first briquetting plant to be erected in the United States, although there are many in Europe and one in Canada. If this plant is successful in manufacturing good fuel cheaply, it will mean the establishment of the biggest manufacturing industry in the State, as the supply of lignite is enormous and briquetts are said to be the best of fuel.

Franklin K. Lane, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has received word from the railroad commission of Montana that the coal famine in that State has been relieved. In the Dakotas, no fuel shortage is expected, as ten per cent more of coal has been handled during the warm months this year than last. For some time, the Great Northern Railroad has been running regular advertisements in local papers urging people to lay in a supply of coal before the busy season for the railroads commences. Many people have done so.

Breaking ocean records seems to be the latest game. German steamships held the championship for years but within the past few weeks it has reverted to England. The Lusitania is breaking even her own record and authorities on steamship questions claim that the time of crossing the Atlantic Ocean will be reduced to thirty hours within a few years. The present time is only one-third of what the older steamships required to make the trip, and since larger and swifter vessels than the Lusitania are now under construction it is not safe to deny the claim that the ocean may be crossed in thirty hours.

The Peace Conference adopted the plan for a permanent court of arbitration, thirty-eight countries voting for it. Six countries (Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Roumania, Switzerland and Uruguay), abstained from voting.

The report of Baron Guillaume (Belgium) regarding obligatory arbitration was adopted unanimously, with several reserves, including the United States and Japan, David J. Hill (America) saying that the United States would not depart from her traditional policy of non-interference in the affairs of other States. The Count's declaration was as follows:

"The conference unanimously favors: First, the principle of obligatory arbitration; second, that certain differences, especially those regarding the interpretation and application of conventional clauses, are susceptible of being submitted to obligatory arbitration without restriction,

"The conference unanimously proclaims that while a convention on the subject was not concluded, the differences of opinion had more of a judicial character, as all the States of the world in working together for four months not only learned to know each other better by getting closer together, but developed during this long collaboration high ideals for the common welfare."

The conference approved of Gen. Horace Porter's proposition that coercive measures, implying the use of military or naval forces, to collect contraband debts, shall not be resorted to "until the creditor country offers arbitration and the debtor country refuses it, or leaves the offer unanswered, or until after the decision of the arbitrators is not fulfilled by the debtor country." There were thirty-nine votes in favor of this proposition. Five countries did not vote, Belgium, Sweden, Roumania, Switzerland and Venezuela, and twelve Latin American countries made reservations.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—At once one brother in every town and city to represent us in our business. 100 per cent profit. Address with 4 cents for particulars, J. K. Mohler Co., Ephrata, Pa. Box 88.

WANTED.—25 Brethren, or Friends to LOCATE near Cabool, Texas county, Mo. References: Elders, F. W. Dove and J. J. Wassam.—J. K. HILBERT & CO. Real Estate. Cabool, Missouri.

Wanted.—Brethren to locate in Shelby Co., Mo. Land reasonable. No commission. N. C. Folger, Cherry Box, Mo. J. A. Lapp, Leonard, Mo.

A CHILD ASKS QUESTIONS

at times which wise men cannot answer. Scientists are often astonished at the extreme simplicity of problems which it has taken centuries to solve. Eminent physicians, with all their skill and learning, stand frequently baffled in the presence of an ordinary ailment, when a simple household remedy brings about a cure, because it strikes at the root of the evil—the impurity in the blood. Mr. theo. Falke, 1196 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Calif., relates a case in point. "Last year I was sick for over six weeks; I grew weaker day by day, and it seemed as if my heart refused to work any more. In addition to the doctor from my lodge, I tried many other physicians, but none could help, or, it seemed, even tell what was the matter with me. As I am not a rich man and have a family to support, I got tired of it all and made up my mind to try the Blood Vitalizer. I discontinued all the doctors and threw their pills away and even cut off my visitors. I took four bottles of the Blood Vitalizer and my improvement was rapid. I was, of course, not able to go to work right away, but I took long daily walks. Today I am as strong and healthy as in my younger days, and it is all due to your Blood Vitalizer."

NO OPERATION NECESSARY.

Healdsburg, Calif., April 3, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have been waiting about writing to you as I wanted to see the result of the Blood Vitalizer. My daughter had a tumor, as two of the leading doctors in Healdsburg called it, on her breast. In your letter to us you frankly stated that you could not say that it would cure her, but that it was a good blood medicine. We used the medicine anyway, and the first two bottles she took showed indications of improvement. We soon noticed that the tumor was growing smaller, and so she kept up the use of the Blood Vitalizer. When she had finished the fourth bottle the tumor was gone. She is now using the fifth to be sure. She also used a little Oleum to rub on gently, as it was very sore. She is so happy to think that she has escaped the surgeon's knife.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. M. E. Thornton.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Plainfield, Iowa, May 8, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your Blood Vitalizer has done us lots of good and I have often spoken of it to others. My wife and I are old and out of date. With the rent from an eighty-acre farm we manage to get along. Occasionally I do a job of extra work, although I am seventy-four years old. I feel very well; can eat heartily and sleep soundly, thank the good Lord. Eight or ten years ago I was sick with kidney and liver trouble, but through the kindness of a friend, I learned about your Blood Vitalizer. I quit all other medicines and took the Blood Vitalizer and was cured. I am able to be out of bed at 5 A. M. and back again at 9 at night. I feel sure that I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for your Blood Vitalizer.

Yours very truly,
D. E. Hastings.

Such is the testimony regarding Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. If you do not find the name of a friend or acquaintance among the writers of the letters of testimonial that appear in the Inglenook, and you are interested, write to Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., and it is more than possible that they can refer to some one in your own neighborhood who has tested the merits of the remedy. Remember, that Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is not a drugstore medicine. It is sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors.

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

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CORRECTS all Irregularities of the STOMACH and BOWELS in INFANTS and CHILDREN

Such as indigestion, bloating, vomiting, wind colic, sour stomach, diarrhœa, green discharges, constipation, and all troubles that arise from these causes and that lead to cholera infantum. It tones, strengthens, and invigorates the stomach and bowels so that the child can digest and assimilate its food. It is a companion preparation to our **Sovereign Balm of Life** for **expectant mothers.** Those who have used it for their little ones say it is fine. It is free from all opiates, and just the thing to have on hand when any irregularities are observed. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Ask your druggist or order direct from

(MENTION THIS PAPER.) D. B. SENGER & Co., Franklin Grove, Ill.

Have You Heard the Good News?

We sell fifty Cathartic Tablets for 25 cts. postpaid. They do not gripe. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sample FREE.

Syracuse Electric Tablet Company,
Syracuse, Indiana, U. S. A.

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A Choice Variety of Designs.

Post cards have come to stay. They are more popular to-day than ever. They can be used in so many ways, as a remembrance. Since one-half of address side can be used for writing they are all the more useful. Buy from the following numbers and you will order again.

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No. 21. Elgin Views. Pictures of the most important views in Elgin, such as Watch Factory, Park Scenes, etc., in rich colors.

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Per set of 9 designs, ...**20 cents**

No. 31. Foreign Views. Beautiful colored views from foreign countries, such as Italy, France, Egypt, Switzerland, Germany, etc. Each card gives a brief description of the picture it contains.

Price, per pack of 4, assorted designs, ...**10 cents**
Price, per pack of 12, assorted designs, ...**25 cents**

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Price, per set of eight, ...**20 cents**

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Do you have a Home Department in your Sunday School?

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Complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned, authentic Jewish historian and celebrated warrior. To this are added seven dissertations concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, James the Just, God's Command to Abraham, etc. This is the translation of Wm. Whiston, A. M., with an introduction by the Rev. H. Sebbing, D. D.

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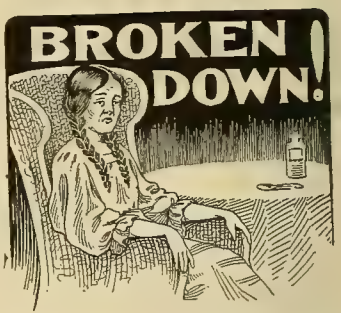
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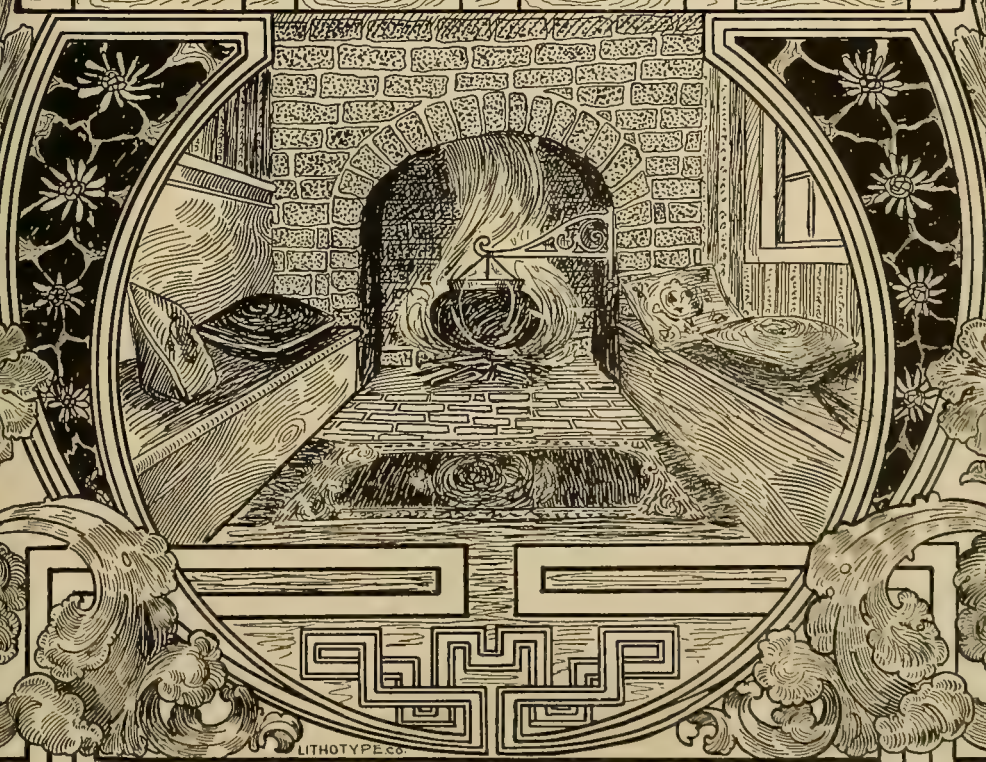
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CLIPPINGS FROM

YREKA NEWS

MACDOEL NEWS

Macdoel, Cal., Oct. 23, 1907.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. W. H. McDoel, president of the Monon R. R. and also president of the California Butte Valley Land Company, accompanied by his wife and private secretary, Miss E. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Kinley (Mrs. Kinley is Mr. McDoel's daughter), Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Mr. W. W. Mackie of Washington, D. C., representing the Departmeent of Agriculture, in charge of the Bureau of Soils, Prof. Wixon Dean of Agriculture, University of California, Berkley, Cal., Mr. H. R. Gallagher, Asst. Mgr. California Butte Valley Land Company, Mr. Gilbert Hassel, photographer for the Sunset Magazine, arrived in Butte Valley, Brays station, in two private cars in charge of Mr. James Horsburgh. The citizens of Macdoel met them with carriages and for the next three days they spent nearly every hour of daylight driving over the Valley. Mr. McDoel in an address to the people said that he was very much pleased with Butte Valley. It was far better than it had been pictured.

Mr. Davis from Paris, Tenn., who arrived here the other day with a family of eight people, was out hunting yesterday with Mr. D. C. Campbell, Dr. Campbell and Geo. L. McDonaugh, Colonization agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, and their carriage mired down in the lake and the party having to wade out. Some of their friends in the East would have laughed to have seen the mud bespattered hunters as they walked into town leading their team.

We learn that stone masons are getting $5 per day and board. Carpenters are getting from $3.50 to $5 per day. Many more could get work.

Mr. Davis' family and Mr. Stuckie's family have moved into Mr. M. D. Early's new house by the spring.

Mr. Geo. L. McDonaugh and Elder D. C. Campbell start East Friday morning.

The daily stage line passing through Macdoel from Brays to Klamath Falls is proving quite a convenience to the colonists who are moving into Butte Valley.

A party of fifteen settlers are expected from Green, Ia., this week; a family from Arkansas; J. R. Clark, from Beulah, Kans., with his family, in a few days.

D. M. Snider, one of our saw-mill men is expecting his son from Oklahoma in a few days. J. R. Moore from Tyvan, Saskatchewan writes that he will be here with his family some time next week. He states in a letter that much of the wheat in that section was frozen and will never be harvested which will prevent farmers that intended selling this Fall, and moving to Butte Valley, from doing so.

Perry Messick and Charles Hufford brought in forty-six geese Saturday evening for the Macdoel party's Sunday dinner.

The guests at the Hotel Macdoel had a great surprise sprung on them for their Sunday dinner when Mrs. Early served them with ice cream and cake. They asked, "Where did you get the ice." She answered, "From the ice cave. We have ice here all the year around from those caves."

Mr. Charles Erickson, Chief contractor on the G. P. through Macdoel, accompanied by his wife and two children were at the Hotel Wacdoel Wednesday night. He says that the road is being pushed as fast as men and money will do it.

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Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

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From Preface of Book.

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THE INGLENOOK

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Why I Am a Total Abstainer

John H. Nowlan

HAVE we reached the dawn of a new era in the temperance cause? Three signs indicate that we have. For centuries men have been breaking nature's laws and the results have been charged to Providence or carelessness, when much of the misery and woe could have been traced directly to alcohol.

But what are my reasons for believing the world is changing front? The first sign is in the action of the various governments of the world. Formerly it was customary to issue liquor to the soldiers and in case of special danger an extra amount was given. At the battle of Santiago the Spanish gunners had been given an extra amount, while the American seamen were forbidden the use of liquor. You know the result.

That the average height of the human race is decreasing in some countries is painfully true. Italy once, and France twice in ten years, has cut down the minimum height of her soldiers. Investigation has proven to the rulers of these countries as well as those of Belgium, Russia, Germany and Switzerland that alcohol is the cause of physical degeneracy. These charges are not made for sentiment—there is no sentiment in war.

The second sign is in the scientific field. The liquor men have maintained that from a scientific standpoint alcohol is necessary. As Mr. Steward on the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill said, "Come on then, gentlemen of the slave states; since there is no escaping your challenge I accept it on the behalf of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in number as it is in right." Thus the temperance people met their opponents on the field of science to do battle for human souls, and the truth stands revealed. That awful fiat that the misdeeds of the parents shall be visited upon the children has been proven to be strictly true. The children of drinking parents are more susceptible to disease than those of temperate parents.

That the use of alcohol incapacitates a man for doing his best work, gives sway to the animal passions, and forbids the muscles yielding obedience to the mind, has long been known, but it is being forced upon our notice more than ever before. The drinking man cannot be trusted. He may go through many a crisis safely, and then fail in the greatest emergency.

The third sign is in the teaching of these revealed truths. In sixteen years every state in the Union passed temperance laws, requiring the effects of alcohol and narcotics to be taught in the public schools. Formerly the ban was placed only on the man who drank to excess, if such a distinction is possible. Now many are beginning to believe that any indulgence is excess.

Scarcely a generation ago the workingman took his morning bitters, not for pleasure alone, but with the firm belief that it increased his efficiency. Employers often issued grog to their employés not for love of their fellowmen, but to enable them to do more and better work. Today its evil effects are so well recognized that when a man is being trained for any physical contest, as a prize fight, foot race or any similar feat, he is forbidden to drink liquor during his period of training.

No more serious charge can be made against a telegraph operator, or one that will cause him to be called to "the carpet" sooner, than that of drunkenness. Often railroad officials will condone immorality in its worst forms, claiming that it is not their business to pry into the private life of their employé, while one case of drunkenness will often cause him to lose his position. Recently an operator was called upon to account for an absence from his post without leave. He made strenuous efforts to conceal the truth—he had crossed the track to get his beer, and stayed longer than he thought.

The banks, stores and in fact all business interests, turn down the man who frequents the saloon, and some employ "spotters" to learn how certain of their employés deport themselves while off duty.

Strange as it may seem, the testimony of the liquor men themselves is against them. I knew of a drinking man, who was a candidate for an office that dealt with estates, being defeated by the votes of beer-drinking

Germans. Their excuse for voting against the nominee of their own party was that they wanted a sober man to pass upon their estates when they died. I have known a school teacher with no knowledge of mixing drinks to be offered a position as bar-tender at twice the annual salary he was receiving, because he was a total abstainer.

Temperance societies have to some extent been instrumental in the spread of the idea that alcohol is injurious to health, but to a greater extent it has been due to the insurance companies which place a monetary premium on abstinence.

Next in order I consider the teachings of the medi-



cal men and physiologists. Many known and virulent poisons are at times used as medicine with benefit. While there is no question among medical men that alcohol as a beverage is a poison to a healthy person, many physicians consider it a drug of great usefulness till a decade ago. Moderate doses of whisky were advised for those suffering from tuberculosis. The international congress on tuberculosis met at New York last year, and one of the speakers said he considered alcohol particularly virulent to sufferers from that disease.

Note the change in the London hospital. Forty years ago they expended $40,000 for alcohol and $15,000 for milk. Last year the expenditure for alcohol was $15,000 and more than $40,000 for milk.

Prof. Atwater claimed that a man can oxidize two and one half ounces of alcohol daily—therefore alcohol is a food. Many recognized poisons are oxidized, for instance the poison of toadstools, therefore they are food, if this line of reasoning be correct. The question is not what can the body do, but what can it do advantageously. The true test is not alone on a man in a glass cage, but in all walks and conditions of life, in the frozen north, beneath tropic sun, in desert and in swamp, there the verdict is against alcohol.

The oxidation of alcohol may produce energy, the same as the oxidation of sugar, starch, or fat. What of it? We must also consider the cost of producing that energy and the use to which it is applied.

Sugar does not make men crazy. Men do not get drunk on fat. A beefsteak will not cause a husband to kick his wife out of doors, nor will potatoes cause him to desire to shed blood. Chocolate will not cause a boy to fall into the gutter, neither will milk, even in large quantities cause him to see double. Mince pie may cause dyspepsia, and green apples the colic, but neither of them will cause delirium tremens.

Alcohol may preserve the fibers of the body from consumption, but how about the *mental* fiber? If it

is to preserve the body then pickle your subject therein. By all authority, scientific or practical, human or divine, alcohol is a poison.

Alcohol is deceptive. Its use imparts a feeling of warmth to the body, when in truth the temperature has only been localized, the blood being driven to the skin to give off heat and return to the lungs with its oxygen-bearing power diminished.

It may be oxidized, but at what cost? Bret Harte in one of his poems tells of a wonderful spring in California. Those who drank of it found that their skin became fair, their eyes sparkled, their cheeks were plump—they had found the magical fountain of youth! Crowds came to drink and renew their youth. Might it not be possible to renew indefinitely! After a while a mysterious sickness seized them. Investigation proved that the spring was charged with arsenic, and that their improvement was apparent only, not real. They had gained in appearance, but at what cost!

The experiments of physiologists go more and more to prove that while alcohol may have a certain food value it is more than counterbalanced by its effects as a poison. Their researches go to show that not an organ of the body escapes the subtle poison, nor is there a function not impaired by its use. The man who boasts that he has lived to an age beyond the allotted span through the use of his daily bitters, has reacher his fullness of days, not because of it, but in spite of his habits. From considering it essential many competent medical men are now seriously considering whether it has any value in the treatment of diseases.

These truths are being brought more and more to our notice. Shall we be less active in our advocacy of temperance because the people are becoming better informed? No! On the other hand, as we have learned the truth let us endeavor the more to give it publicity. Human nature is ever the same and men today will run counter to their better judgment the same as in days of yore.

The hope of our country lies in the home and school. There character is molded. The teacher has an opportunity to impress these facts on the plastic minds under his care.

Teachers! Tell your story in a logical dispassionate way, and if your field of labor lies in a community where the abstainer is the exception you may do your work without antagonizing any, and return to your homes with the consciousness that you have sown good seed, and none can defeat it.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

How We Think

H. M. Foglesonger

This is the first article of the following series: 1. The Brain. 2. The Senses. 3. How the Senses Unite. 4. Attention. 5. Judgment and Reason. 6. Will Power. 7. Multiple Personality. 8. Conscience.

1. Description of the Brain.

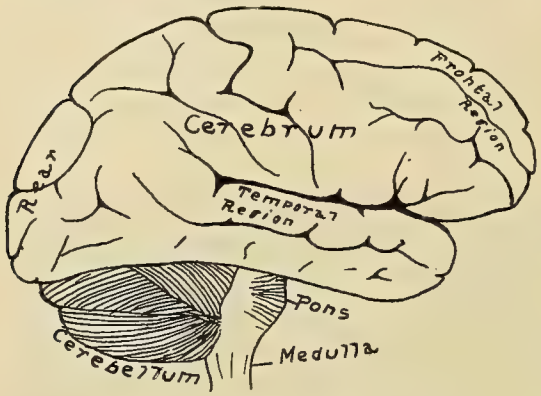
NONE of the INGLENOOK readers doubt that their brain is the organ of thought. Aristotle, the Greek logician, taught that the brain was a kind of cooler and secreted the tears. Gradually men came to know more about the brain but even now it contains many puzzles for scientists. We are continually surprised by the wonders wrought by man. Epoch making forms of government; works of art in painting, sculpture and literature; and systems of philosophy have all been formulated by this little instrument, the brain, or mind. In this article a brief description of the brain will be given, and later the several phases of mental activity will be taken up.

The brain fills the skull completely and extends from the forehead backward to the lower part of the head where it unites with the spinal cord. There are no vacant places in the skull for every bit of room is filled up by this wonderful organ. Looking at it from above, the outline of the brain is oval, with the small end toward the front. The brain is divided into the cerebrum, cerebellum, pons Varolii and medulla. Those are big names but a Webster's Dictionary will help you out. The cerebrum fills nearly the whole cavity for the other three parts are only small. It is not in one piece either for a deep fissure divides in into right and left halves. The right half or hemisphere is shown in the accompanying drawing. You can always tell which is the front of the brain by remembering that the lobe which you see on the side points forward. If you ever study the growth of the brain more thoroughly you will find out why this is.

Immediately under the rear part of the cerebrum is the cerebellum or little brain. Then under and in front of the cerebellum is the pons. Pons means bridge and this part of the brain is named such because it is bowed out like a bridge. You will see it better in a later drawing. The medulla is the connecting link between the spinal cord and brain proper.

And how heavy do you think your brain is? You will guess too much I am sure. Well, the average brain weighs about 1300 grammes, which would be a trifle less than three pounds. At birth a child's brain weighs a little less than four hundred grammes, or one-eighth the weight of the entire body, but the brain of a grown person weighs only one-fiftieth as much as the whole body. Now you know why a child has a larger head in proportion to its body than do grown people. This is particularly noticeable in children be-

fore they begin to walk. Some men have had exceptionally large brains. Thackeray, the novelist, had a brain that weighed 1,644 grammes. Perhaps you have heard that great scholars nearly always have large heads. If you have a small head you need not be discouraged. One's intelligence does not depend upon the size of the head. Great men often do have large



Human Brain

brains but they often have small ones too. Capability of being trained is what makes an intelligent person so far as the brain is concerned.

You know the bones and muscles of the body receive nourishment through the blood. The brain is supplied by a very great number of arteries. Large branches run up along the temporal region and others ascend through the fissure between the two hemispheres of the cerebrum. The substance of the brain is soft and the blood vessels lie in the grooves over the surface. That is the reason a congestion of the blood presses upon the brain and causes serious illness.

The brain is ordinarily spoken of as containing two kinds of matter, white and gray. We will learn more about this later. It is enough now for us to know that man's superior intelligence is due largely to the great amount of outside surface there is to his brain. The gray matter is on the outside and the white matter, which is simply great masses of nerve fibers, is on the inside. The gray matter is the all-important and the more of it we have the better for us. So you see the greater the amount of outside surface the more room there will be for gray matter. On the drawing you will notice irregular lines over the surface. These represent deep folds. The brain is not one solid mass of substance but it is folded all over itself. These folds make deep fissures through which run the numerous blood vessels. In tthe temporal regions parts of the brain lap over other parts, so that you will be surprised when you learn what a large amount of area there is on the brain. On an ordinary brain there is nearly three hundred and sixty square inches of surface. Were it not for the deep folds this area would be only one-third as great. Two thirds of the entire surface area is found in the fissures. Many ingenious ways of measuring the surface area of brains have been devised. You can imagine how difficult it would be find the number of square inches in a surface so irregular. One man carefully covered a brain with tin foil which he could fit around all the folds and in every fissure. Then the area would equal the amount of tin foil used.

The brains of lower animals do not have so many of these folds, in fact many are almost if not wholly smooth.

There is a certain regularity in the folds or grooves and all the principal ones have been named for the sake of convenience in description. But you may examine many brains without finding two exactly alike. There will be some variation both in the general shape and in the folding. I know some one is feeling the bumps on his head by this time and wondering what they mean. Well if you are patient you will find out later that there is nothing in "Bumpology." It is an antiquated doctrine.

"Everything Has Its Model"

Letta Bahney

We cannot accomplish anything without having a definite plan. At first, this may seem to be a broad statement, but an examination of certain well-known facts will either convince us of its truth, or awaken in our minds a desire to know how generally it may be applied.

The model may be in a real form, or it may be only a mind picture. I think God, in making this world, did not form it without thought, but saw with his mind's eye the world as it would look when he had completed it. So the architect, in building a house, conceives in his mind just what he wishes the house to be in all its parts, and from this conception he draws the plans from which the builder constructs the house. The architect must make the different parts of a building fit according to the plan drawn upon paper, else his work will be a failure and a mark of his incompetency.

In making a stove top, an iron-rail or any piece of iron, a pattern is first made of a piece of wood, just the right size and shape and pressed into clay. Then when the molten iron is run into the clay mold it can but take the shape of that mold. When a machine is invented, the inventor's conception is embodied in a

small model, from which its merits may be ascertained, and others copied. The man who planned the great Extension Bridge between New York and Brooklyn first got his ideals from something else. His conception of the bridge was not all gained in one day. He had in view his model of the bridge which he wanted to make to span the Hudson, and beginning with that model, he constructed the bridge according to it.

Each of our honored Presidents, as they entered upon their administrations, had in view a standard of national greatness which they wished to reach, and as the result of their continued efforts, we have the mighty nation as it is today.

The aritst, in painting his beautiful pictures, follows a model. The grass, the different species of beautiful ferns, trees, and vines have each its own particular model. Even the tiny moss, the waxen lily, has its delicate pattern; the beautiful golden sunset, the dark towering forests, the lofty picturesque mountain, the silvery streams and the glassy lake, have their models, and it is from these beautiful pictures of nature that the artist copies.

We have all noticed the work of the cunning artist, "Jack Frost," upon our windows on a cold, frosty morning in winter. What does this cunning artist take for his models? We can trace houses, trees, shrubbery, delicate leaves, and trailing vines, and if one has a vivid imagination he can see old castles on the banks of picturesque streams or among lofty mountains.

Even the birds in building their nests, copy after the nests which their predecessors have built. Each species builds a certain style of nest. It is a puzzle to the human mind how they instinctively construct nests which are peculiar to their own species.

The junks which the Chinese and Japanese use are modeled after the Chinese emperor's shoe. The junks used by the Japanese are considerably superior to the ones used in China, but all are clumsy, and, though incapable of much speed, have proved themselves safe and serviceable on voyages extending even to America. Professor Morse was some six thousand years behind in his invention of the telegraph, as we already had these useful instruments in the nerves of our bodies; for these nerves telegraph messages to the brain, and then carry back the information needed. The same may be said of the telephone also.

When we study the construction of our most important implements, we discover that they are true copies of some parts of our bodies, and simply a further completion of them. In the first stone hammer, man unconsciously imitated his fore-arm and closed fist; in the shovel and spoon we see the fore-arm and hollowed hand; in the saw the reproduction of a row of teeth; tongs represent the closing together of the thumb and finger; the pencil is simply the fore-finger prolonged. So all implements, from the simplest to the most complex, are only an improvement and completion of parts of the human organism.

All the action of the world is largely imitation. Almost all work accomplished has had a pattern after which it was modeled and completed. And in knowledge, so far as learning established truths is concerned, this same relation of pattern and product is none the less true. The essays, talks and speeches, on the benefit of having right ideals are numberless. Though the finished skyscraper must be pictured in the mind of the architect before a blow is struck, yet many blows must be struck before it is completed in reality. There must be a model by which to work else the parts will not fit together. The works of orators, the research of "scientists, the inspiration of poets, and the lives of great men are within our reach, but above all this, holding it all in perfect relation, making all parts fit together is the eternal wisdom of God. The model therefore is perfect. Yet the mind is not like molten metal and the finished product must be largely wrought rather than modeled, fitted rather than shaped.

Our ideals are often formed from what we consider the best part of the lives of others. The development of a child from infancy to mature years is marked by stages of advancement, both physical and mental; it marks the development of the race to which it belongs, from its primitive condition. It has often been noted that a child imitates by his walk, talk and personal appearance those persons who are most prominent in his association. He partakes of his environment. As the child grows older he may shape his life after some person in history, some great man, whom he admires. Not only does he have a model for the forming of his character, but also in the following of a life work. If teaching is his chosen work his ideal is one of the best of the teachers who have been his instructors, or perhaps a combination of others whom he has personally known, or otherwise learned. If he chooses to be a farmer, he has in his mind the picture of some thrifty farmer on a beautiful farm. If he wishes to become a minister, he copies more or less from some devoted Christian pastor whom he knows. If we trace man's gradual advancement from the savage state, we find that it corresponds to the development of the child in which at first the animal nature predominates, but is afterward controlled by the mental and moral faculties, as they become more fully developed.

All nature, all human experiences abound in models and their copies. Whatever we do seems to be a conscious or unconscious imitation.

After what, then, shall we model our character? Whether we will or not, it will be modeled after the ideals which we have always before us, after our ambition and inspirations, and if our ideal or model is a noble one, so will our character be worthy of esteem and admiration.

Antonio and Shylock

Leon F. Beery

In my estimation Antonio and Shylock bear no comparison. There is as much difference between them as between day and night. Each is entirely opposite to the other; they are antipodes in the circle of social and economic life in Venice. Antonio is a good-hearted, generous, rich merchant, Shylock a stingy, inexorable, rich Jew. If Shylock had been the same kind of character as Antonio, the play would have little or no interest. If he had been the same whole-souled creature that Antonio was, there would have been no bond, no Jew's oath to have his bond, none of the agonizing suspense of the court scene, and no ruined Shylock as the final consequence.

Shylock is by far the stronger character of the two. Antonio is simply a common everyday merchant who has lots of money, with perhaps more than ordinary kindness and generosity for a man as rich as he. He loves his money not like a miser, for the sake of having it and fingering it, but for the good he may do others with it. This generosity is sometimes a little too strong in him, it often being unwise to lend money so freely, as is the case with Bassanio. But one will do almost anything for his dearest and truest friend.

Some people conceive Shylock to be a mean, ill-tempered, sour old Jew; the very name "Jew" suggests to the minds of some this sort of character. And indeed he is no exception to the ordinary run of Jews as we think of them today, but, viewing him from the other side, we see much good nature in him, and his better character shows out if we but look for it, and do not cover it up with the idea that all Jews are selfish and revengeful, and that therefore he must be. He is already becoming old, and the cares of life are weighing heavily upon him, so we cannot and must not blame him so much for his nature and actions in the play.

It will be noticed that, when he is asked for the money, he carefully considers the matter in his own mind before coming to a conclusion, but does not act rashly or impatiently with either Bassanio or Antonio. This shows part of his good nature. Almost anybody would have been human and mortal enough to seize an opportunity for revenge on a person by whom he felt he had been wronged before.

Antonio again shows a weakness in accepting the bond, for he does not know but that his ships might be wrecked or lost, and he be left moneyless. He might have known from former dealings with the Jew that if such a state of affairs should come to pass, Shylock would use all his powers to carry out the statement in the bond. Yet he feels it his duty to help his friend, no matter what the danger to himself, and therefore disregards the appeal of Bassanio not to "seal to such a bond," and leaves him under the impression that all will be well, whether he himself feels altogether confident or not.

It is interesting to note the gradual downfall of Shylock from the time of his daughter's flight to the end. His grief at the loss of his daughter, perhaps the dearest thing to him in the world, together with the money and jewels which she took with her, is very great, and justifiable. It is softened somewhat, and new hope is instilled in him, by the knowledge of Antonio's "ill luck." He feels now that he will have his his revenge for former maltreatment, as he thought, from Antonio, and if possible to atone for his recent loss by executing to the very letter his bond with the merchant, which was before only a merry jest. A man of his nature and in his condition at that time, must not be so severely criticised for acting the way he did.

When Antonio learns of the Jew's determination to have his bond, he does not waste words in trying to convince the Jew of his innocence, since he knows it would be of no use. He calmly submits to what is justice according to the bond, and prepares for his end. His only wish is that Bassanio, whose the debt is, may come to see it paid, and then he cares not. This calm submission is shown forth again in the court scene.

Shylock has now almost wholly recovered from the shock caused by his daughter's flight, and is gloating over the revenge which he is sure must come. He fears no one; he has no cause to fear. The bond is made and sealed, and, by the laws of Venice, the pound of flesh is his. He turns aside all pleas and threats and denunciations with a sort of humor which is almost unnatural for the Jew, for he is confident of victory. His earnestness and enthusiasm constantly increase as the "learned doctor" gradually proves to all present the validity of the bond, and the necessity of the merchant forfeiting his life. Antonio is still the same calm, resigned man, willingly giving up everything, even his life, for the sake of his friend. The ardor and eagerness of Shylock have no disturbing or exciting effect upon him. He remains constant to the last, and with a free conscience gives up his life!—no; the Jew's last supreme and crowning moment of victory is cut short by the interference of Portia, warning him to shed no blood, and this is the first stage of his downfall. Now he is willing to take the offer of thrice his bond, but Portia wards him off again, and bespeaks him absolute justice, as he desired, thus mak-

ing the second stage of his downfall. The third stage is reached when, after begging leave to depart and leave the matter as it stood, he is told that half his goods must go to Antonio, the other half to the state, and that his life is in the hands of the Duke alone. After this, while the deed of gift is being drawn up, and while jubilant friends flock around Antonio with multitudinous congratulations on his good fortune, Shylock, all his hopes shattered, has become a wretched, despairing, ruined man.

Literature As a Profession

Richard Braunstein

THE youngest profession in the modern world must be, if indeed it is not now so, the largest and most influential. The profession of letters is so old as a fact that its very recent recognition as a profession seems strange. The explanation is that it has but recently come to be regularly and systematically rewarded. Medicine, law and the priesthood have had an unrecognized and unrewarded period in all countries; they came to be professions when they acquired a politico-economical status, a place in the system of exchange of values. A hundred years ago it was still absurd for a man to depend upon literary work for a livelihood, and men who lived by such work were usually a sort of Bohemians. Fathers advised their gifted sons to engage in something "regular"; to be a journalist is to be a kind of social nondescript who is not quite an *adventurer* but it is something more than a tramp. In the larger world, the discredit has passed away. The day had come when men and women can be literary craftsmen by profession. The change has come through an immense demand for literary produce. Universal education has taken effect, and cries out to its children for the making of books, without end. The press (in all its forms) is the great and ever growing craft and profession.

The man or woman engaged in literary work must be trained to his or her duties the same as those who contemplate going into any other profession; by education in part, by practice in larger part. Lawyers are made in the court room, preachers in the pulpit and doctors in the sick room. The literary man or woman must also be made by practice in his or her special art.

The education necessary for a literary aspirant must be a broad one. It must touch upon a very wide range of subjects. The discipline required for good work is very *thorough* and also very *laborious*. The world of infancy is sickened to death every year with green fruit; so too, the newly educated masses suffer from unripe mental produce. Time must be left to mature an essay as well as an apple. Poems like strawberries, require a succession of suns for ripe perfection. Our present danger is green fruit. Bad, wretchedly bad writing is upon us in full flood; and the evil of it is that green fruit creates an appetite for green fruit. The public taste has to be considered and has to be greatly improved. We are in hopes that the age of bad spelling, as a certain form of wit, is passing away; the vulgar joke which has no quality but its coarseness, will follow the former into oblivion. The literary artist will for some time mistake using a large brush for producing fine painting and there will be a public to admire the thick daubs of color, and yet the public which knows good work and patronizes it, grows large with amazing rapidity. In our country we have a reading public that is continually growing in numbers, more books, magazines and newspapers are being purchased. A large part of this increase is a demand for good work, and for the kind of work that is best. There is today no other profession that boasts of such expanding market for its produce.

There is enough motive power—enough demand; but it is not inevitable that the demand will be met. The public must take what is offered or go hungry. But better, wider, more perfect work would both find a market and enlarge the existing demand. There is therefore good reason for encouraging young people who intend to make the calling of letters their life work. It is a glorious field for active usefulness; no one need starve in it or be degraded or humiliated in it as men have been in earlier days of our history. But as Longfellow says, *Art is long*. There is an apprenticeship to be served and it is the longest in the whole range of human occupations. A man may learn to make a boot in seven years, he does well if he knows how to make a book in twenty. How many authors desire to burn their first books! What a humiliation it is to read again the sophomoric essay. A New York politician some years ago suffered martyrdom in the press for some very bad verses perpetrated in his callow youth. What is printed is immortal. A manuscript may be burned: but if your enemy has printed an immature book, he is at your *mercy!* There seems to be no better mode of pointing out the infelicity of the man who rushes into print.

Vast quantities of manuscript have been rejected every year by periodicals. Too often the writers believe it is favoritism. In many cases injustice is done in the rejection; but if such injustice were common, the old periodicals would perish through their sin and new publications would take their place. These re-

jected articles are mainly *poor, immature, inartistic* work. They are green fruit for the most part, but sometimes they are thorn-berries and not grapes. They are egotists who never learn to write; for good work in literature as well as anything else, requires the modesty and teachableness of a *learner.* The best writer feels that he knows as yet very little of his business; his modesty opens his mind to self-discipline and self-instruction. The self-satisfied slinger of sentences knows nothing about literary workmanship.

The literary beginner whose work has been declined should rewrite it again and again. If it is declined the second time let him construct it over again; let him burn it and begin on an entirely new theme. A young writer once wrote to a successful man of letters: "I have written a book, and I think it worthy of type. What do you advise me to do?"

The older and more experienced man replied: "Burn your manuscript. No publisher will print it. But if you fail to burn it, it may fall into the hands of your enemy or your widow. Make sure of your reputation by burning this book and five or six more. After that you may write a book that will not murder your good name." You may say that this is "exaggeration." To which I will make answer "*Yes and No.*" An endless amount of work, of practice, of much reading, and hard study, and infinite patience is necessary for the winning of honors and an immortal name.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

IV. R. H. Dana, Jr.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 1, 1815. His father was a distinguished poet, novelist and essayist. The young man suffered much from weak eyes, yet was able to graduate at Harvard in 1837. About 1833 he went on an ocean trip that occupied two years, and his experiences became the basis of his "Two Years Before the Mast," which was published in 1840. He sold it in the manuscript for $250, and his publishers had the full benefit of its sales for twenty-five years, the length of the copyright. In 1868, he renewed it for his own benefit. California was wild and unknown, and his narrative tells all about his views of that country. His book became a sort of "Robinson Crusoe," both in England and America, and is yet a very salable book.

He made a trip to Cuba in 1859, and on his return published "To Cuba and Back." The next year he went on a trip around the world, passing through California, the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), China, Japan, Ceylon, India, Egypt, returning through Europe. Besides his travels he wrote a great deal on legal matters, being a very successful lawyer, and residing in Boston. He was United States District Attorney for Massachusetts from 1861 to 1866. He died January 7, 1882. Worthy of mention: R. H. Dana, Sr., poetry and essays; J. R. Drake, poetry; Robert Dunglison, medical; Sidney Dyer, children's stories; A. J. Duganne, poetry; Jefferson Davis, history; Mrs. M. F. D'Ossoli, literature and art; Mary M. Dodge, children's stories; J. W. Draper, medical.

Bryan, Ohio.

HISTORY OF HALLOWEEN.

LOWELLA F. FOGELSANGER.

It may be interesting to our readers to know how the present customs of celebrating Halloween originated. The original meaning of the word is entirely lost in the present observances of the day. The word "Hallow" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "halgian," meaning to keep holy, the verb "hallo" meaning to make holy, to consecrate, to honor as sacred, to devote to holy use. In Scotland a vigil was kept on the eve of the festival of All Saints, and this evening was popularly called Halloween. A market was also held on this evening and called by the same name. The festival of All Saints was held on November 1, while Halloween was the evening of October 31.

All Saint's Day was a festival of the Roman Catholic church, introduced because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint. As early as the fourth century, on the cessation of the persecution of the Christians, the Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek church for commemorating the martyrs generally; and in the church of Rome a similar festival was introduced about 610 A. D. when the old heathen Pantheon was consecrated, March 13 to Mary and all the Martyrs. But the real festival of All Saints was first regularly instituted by Gregory IV, in 1835, and appointed to be celebrated Nov. 1. The choice of the day was doubtless determined by the fact that Nov. 1, or rather the night preceeding it, was one of the four great festivals of the nations of the north, and it was the policy of the church to supplant heathen by Christian observances.

In England it was long customary on the eve before this festival to crack nuts, duck for apples in a tub of water, and perform other harmless fireside revelries. Anciently the most essential ceremony seems to have been the lighting of a bonfire at nightfall by every household. In Scotland the ceremonies partook more of a superstitious character; taking among rustics, the form of a charm to discover who should be his or her partner in life. The poet Burns gives us a good description of these customs in his well-known poem "Halloween."

Elizabethtown, Pa.

What Did He Mean?

Wilkins: What did Binns say when you asked if he had read your book?

Miller: He said yes, and added that he didn't read much.

A NEGLECTED ART.

W. C. F.

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind:
When all the creed this sad world needs,
Is just the art of being kind.

—Selected.

It was in a doctor's office that I saw the above verse, some time ago, and as I read it I thought, "How appropriate such a sentiment in such a place." A few moments contact with the man inspired within one a faith and confidence in him that might have been inspired by the above verse had we not known by experience that men are not always just what they profess.

Kindness. So easy to express and so cheering to receive and yet how often withheld. What a small thing is a kind word and yet what wonders it often does. And O, how many opportunities do we have to do kind deeds! You don't pass over a single day without coming in contact with someone who needs your sympathy and to whom, as a brother, you should be kind whether he appreciates it or not. Many times we are confronted with requests for aid. Often the case appears suspicious, yet we are not certain. With me it is a rule rather to make a mistake by giving something to an undeserving person than to refuse to aid one who is deserving. In the former case the recipient gets the final reward whereas in the latter case both get a reward. At best it is only a small act of kindness and doesn't cost much, and that which does cost much we rarely do.

Every one can be kind. Most of us, however, fail to notice many opportunities to be so. Happy is he who can make opportunities, he with whom kindness is an art. O, if we would think more of others we would be less selfish and if we were less selfish we could not help being more kind. Christian Workers, let us *cultivate* this art of kindness.

LEND A HAND.

GRACE GNAGEY.

Life is a series of services rendered to our fellowmen. No one can live independently of others, for everything that people own they have been helped to; everything they ever did has been only a continuation of the efforts of somebody else; and, everything they ever received was not given them because they deserved it, but because of some good person who knew that he would be happier by doing some little act of kindness for someone else.

Everybody helps or hinders. No one can think of going through life without throwing out an influence of some kind. The happiest people are they who serve; they who forget self and always think of others first.

If you mean really to help you must give not merely your money or words, but must give your heart, your soul, your personality—your whole self. Ofttimes you find yourself doing an act of kindness because you feel it to be your duty to do so, and not because you rejoice in it. Neither you nor the recipient receive the blessing that would be received should you do the act because you love to do it.

"The sympathy and comfort and help which we offer to the poor and suffering is robbed of its sweetness, of its deep blessedness, if it goes without the self, the full heart and soul of the helper. A thousand well-turned phrases of pious advice, and even the coins dropped from your purse, do not mean as much to the honorable poor and broken-hearted, as one sob or one tear, one grip of the hand, or one soft beam of the eye, that brings to the burdened one the conviction that you have given yourself." Do you expect to go through life without lending a helping hand? If this is your purpose just stop a moment and ask yourself these two questions: "Why am I here?" and, "What am I here for?" Were I not here you could not have the pleasure of doing me a kindness; and, since I should never expect to receive anything without giving something in return, my duty is to pay you for what you have done for me.

When you are not assisting some one to bear a burden, or cheering a poor lonely soul along the way, you are not filling your sphere in life. There are many great things to be done and because of their honor and glory, we aspire to do them. These are not ours to do. They are too far off. We connot reach them.

"In trying to pluck the rose, we trample down the daisies."

They who cast a smile or send out a kind word are ofttimes more richly blessed than they who do greater things. "Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

A lady going down the street one day met a little negro boy who was sitting on the sidewalk, crying as if his heart would break. Upon being asked what his trouble was the boy replied:

"My mother sent me down town to get a watermelon, now I dropped it and it all broke to pieces." Handing the little fellow some money the lady said,—

"Here is enough to buy another one if you will take it."

The boy looked up with a beam in his eye and said,—"There, I knew the Lord would help me," and then trotted off for another melon.

Was the lady paid for the little act of kindness? Yea, a thousand times. There is for you a work to do. If you have worldly means use it for those who need it. If you have eloquence let it inspire those who are less talented. If you have learning help those who

have none. But if you have none of these—neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor learning—at any rate you have a smile for the weary, a song for the lonely, a kind act for the old, a kind word for the broken-hearted.

"Each one of us here on life's pathway,
Has many a burden and care;
And often we deem them so heavy,
Our hearts almost yield to despair.

When, if then, in the midst of our sorrows,
We would look to our Father above,
Assured by his past mercies to us
That he is a being of love.

We could carry our burden with gladness,
And with hearts full of trust culd say,
"My Father knows what I can carry,
And this is my task for today."

Mt. Morri,s Ill.

DO NOT USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations of articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and assinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllablic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and grandiloquent vipidity. Shun double ententre, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, don't use big words—they aren't nice, for common, every-day use.—*Exchange.*

AHMO; OR, "THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

A Chinese Story.

BY RICHARD SEIDEL.

The following story was communicated to the writer by Ah Sing, an intelligent Chinaman of New York City, in reply to the request: "Will you give me a specimen of child lore among the Chinese?"

Little Ahmo lived in Hong Kong, China. His home was a little hut in the suburbs of the city, overlooking the beautiful bay covered with junks; with dark mountains frowning in the distance. He was a water carrier, and might be seen every day trudging through the dusty streets of the city, with a pole across his shoulders, from the ends of which dangled two buckets filled with water to sell.

Sometimes he would go all day, calling at every house; but nobody wanted to buy, and little Ahmo would not earn a penny to buy his supper so he would have to go to bed tired and hungry.

One evening after walking all day through the streets of Hong Kong, and not selling a single penny's worth of water, he came to his hut, sad and weary, and sat with his head resting on his knees—when his foster father came to the door and looked in upon him.

"Why art thou so sad, my son?" said his foster father. "Are the birds all flown from the celestial Kingdom, and are there no flowers for thee to gather? Up with thee and be no longer a loiterer and sluggard! Thou must climb the mountain if thou wouldst reach paradise!"

"Father," said little Ahmo, "I am sick and weary of this way of life. All day long have I trod the burning streets of the city, trying to sell a little water. But no one would buy of poor Ahmo! Is there no country on the globe, out of the celestial empire, where one will not have to labor so hard, and fare so ill? O, I would go many miles to reach such a country!"

"Wouldst thou?" said his foster father. I can tell thee of such a country; but thou wilt have to travel far and climb high to reach it. It is far distant—far beyond the tallest mountains that skirt the celestial kingdom.

"Tell me not of its distance!" said Ahmo: "or of the weary miles I must travel to reach it. Show me where it is—direct me on the way, and I will climb rocks and precipices, and scale huge cliffs where the goats never climb, and where the eagle scarcely dares build her nest! Tell me where it is, and I will reach it, though mountains lie between."

"Come to my hut," said his foster father; "Come early tomorrow morning and I will show thee the way to that beautiful country."

"Little Ahmo hardly slept a wink that night, thinking of his journey and the way he should travel on it. "I have never failed yet," he said, "in all I have undertaken, save in this water business of mine; and that was no fault of mine, seeing that others would not buy. I never failed yet, nor will I. There is no such word as fail!"

So early the next morning he was up by the first streak of dawn, and off to his foster father's house. The old man was ready, and waiting for him and had prepared a nice basket of rice, and some fruit, for the journey. "Follow me; thou hast far to go and thy legs will be weary. Follow me and I will show thee the country better than this, which is thine by birthright."

So away he hastened, and little Ahmo followed him and he had to walk very fast, for his legs were short, and his foster father was a great traveler. Away over hills and plains and through valleys and villages and across rivers till they came to the foot of a very tall mountain.

"This mountain is high," said his foster father; "the top reaches above the clouds; wilt thou essay to ascend it?"

"I will do anything," said Ahmo, "anything that one like myself has done."

"Bravo!" said his father; "come on!"

Up the mountain they went—up over rocks, and cliffs, and steep precipices, that seemed walled to heaven—up, beyond where the goats were feeding, and where they seemed to look upon them with amazement—up where the eagle built her nest. Sometimes Ahmo's brain grew dizzy, and he thought he might fall; but he clung to the vines on the rocks and clambered still higher, all the time saying: "There is no such word as fail!"

At last they reached the summit of the great mountain and Ahmo sat down to rest and his foster father was seated beside him.

"Thou hast done bravely," said his foster father; "one trial more and the work is done. Seest thou that cloud resting on the summit of the mountain?"

"I see it," said Ahmo.

"Just above that cloud is a beautiful plain; thou must break the way through it and ascend and thou wilt come to the country that I told thee of—a country far better and richer than this. But see that thy foot stands firm; for if it slips thou losest thy labor, and thou wilt have to toil still farther."

Ahmo ascended the summit and had his hand on the cloud. He sprang forward to break his way through it; but his foot slipped, and he rolled down the mountain.

"Certes," said he, getting up and rubbing his bruised limbs, "Ahmo, thy name should be called Luckless! Here I am bruised and sadly lamed and the worst of it is I must climb all those rugged rocks again. But 'tis no use to fret;" and he started again up the mountain, whistling and singing as he went, "there is no such word as fail!"

"Bravo!" said his foster father, as he saw him ascending to the top. "Bravo!

By slip and fall
We're wiser all.

Thou wilt reach the beautiful country, I do believe at last, Bravo!"

Ahmo rested a while and then the second time he ascended the summit. This time his foot did not slip; but his hand lost its hold, and away he went, toppling over and down against the rugged sides of the mountain. He was more bruised and lamed than before and he said, with a wry face, "'Tis a sorry task! I did not mean to get discouraged, though I broke every bone in my skin! Yes it is a very sorry task! But cheer up Ahmo! better luck next time. Only they who strive can win.—

Winners only wear the crown;
Brave hearts never are cast down."

"Ha! not dead yet!" said his foster father, as he saw him ascending the mountain the third time. "Thou hast a brave heart, and thou well deservest a rest in the beautiful kingdom. Come with me. Thou needest to make but one more trial, and thou wilt succeed."

Ahmo ascended to the summit, the third time; but now the sky gave way before his hand, and he ascended to a magnificent place the other side of the cloud, where were vineyards, and orange groves, and palaces, and rivers of water, and abundance of fruit. None were poor, tired, nor hungry, neither bending with heavy burdens as in the dusty Hong Kong streets. And Ahmo became a prince and was much loved by the lord of the country and he gave him a kingly robe, and on the robe was written this motto—"There's No Such Word As Fail."

Ft. Hancock, N. J.

MARVELS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

On an average man's body there are 340,000 hairs. Plucking one every second it would take twelve eight-hour working days to pull them all out. In his blood there are 25,000,000,000,000 red corpuscles. Laid out side by side they would cover a surface of 3,130 square yards.

The whole of the blood passes through a man's heart nearly twice in every minute. It weighs one-thirteenth of the entire body weight, and it moves in different parts of the body at speeds varying from ten feet to 1,666 yards (nearly one mile) an hour.

The fat of your body is fluid. It becomes solid only when the body cools after death. It is one of your most useful constitutents, forming a nonconducting sheath to protect you from shock on the tips of the fingers the toes, and heels, and lying always ready as a reserve food supply when you can get nothing to eat.

A little artery passes from your brain through the skull into the scalp, which acts as a safety valve when the brain is congested with blood.

The skin cannot grow again once it is destroyed. Hence the unsightly scars left by burns and severe wounds. Only the surface layer can renew itself; when the whole thickness is destroyed it never reforms. This is the more curious, as muscles, nerves, blood vessels and bones, all less liable to injury than the skin, can grow again.

You are really a water rather than a land animal. Although, as a whole, you live on dry land, your body consists of countless millions of separate living particles, and these are all immersed in the water which constitutes four-fifths of your substance.

Within the inner part of your ear, deep in the bone, is a quanity of fluid which acts as a spirit level, and enables you to keep your balance.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

A SUGGESTION.

THE very air seems to be full of "peace" sentiment just now. Say what we will about the warlike actions of some nations, yet peace is in the public mind even if the actual achievement of universal peace is yet a long way off.

How many of the INGLENOOK readers are peacemakers? We mean this, how many of you are contributing something to the public peace sentiment? Are we trying to mold sentiment in favor of the universal brotherhood of man?

While we are furnishing good reading from week to week let us have a definite aim in view; let our writings ring out clear and strong in favor of perfect manhood and womanhood. We want to offset the evil tendencies of our nation and commend every virtue as we go along.

These lines are written in the hope that every article sent to the Editor will speak the timely convictions of somebody's heart. We do not want to fill our twenty-four pages each week with words only, but with our ideals, our characters and our own selves—our personality.

When this is done the INGLENOOK will have a character, clear and distinct. We are not one whit ashamed of the past, but get our paper on fire with definite character and then it will magnetize every one whose eyes fall upon its pages.

Why not have a "Peace" number of the NOOK sometime this winter? Let every article in it discuss some phase of international peace—poetry, editorials, essays, illustrations and all. We have plenty of writers and material for such an issue if we would only get them together.

Even the horrors of war, by some old veteran, would contrast well in such a number, then there is the "Prince of Peace," modern treaties of peace, The Hague Conference, the sayings and prayers of many modern statesmen and writers, the uselessness of fighting first and then coming to an amicable agreement at last. Dozens of topics can be found for such a number.

If you want our magazine to contribute to this good work just let the Editor have a few echoes to this editorial and it shall be done.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

THE *Northwestern Agriculturist*,—a large, illustrated, first-class weekly farm journal that sells for one dollar a year—will be given free with every yearly subscriber to the INGLENOOK. This offer is open only until December 20, 1907. Tell everybody. Both weekly papers all year for one dollar. The offer only lasts a few weeks, so work while you have the opportunity.

AGRICULTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

EVERYWHERE there is a tendency to teach more and more the industrial side of life. In fact, the old time drudgery of work is being dignified by scientific study. A mind well informed on agriculture demands the same recognition for scholarship that he receives who has absorbed a few Greek lexicons. When the woman who is a mistress of the home in all of its departments is looked upon as being cultured and educated instead of being considered a back number, then, and not until then, will education receive full approval in the hearts of all people.

But back to farming. The study of soils, the adaption of certain soils to certain plants, how plants grow, insect life, live stock, animal husbandry, ornamenting homes, cookery, are subjects that the brightest minds can exercise themselves upon with profit.

We welcome the day when the common laborer will be taught the whys and wherefores of his toil. Kansas, Iowa, California and a dozen other states have already gone far in this direction and other legislatures and educators are ready to follow. Even city people need to be taught in this department of American economics.

WHEN YOU FEEL GOOD WITHOUT MONEY.

WHEN a dozen large financial institutions, aggregating nearly half a billion dollars, all turn pale in one day, or just over night, and beg for help as they did in New York City during the closing week of October it makes the poor man chuckle over his poverty.

To a man who is married to his money, it must be dreadful to live in the continued suspense that the speculators of high-finance endure. Many poor people envy these rich men but they have nothing to envy. Their associates are sharks and the very game of high-finance today is killing in its nature. Conscience must be killed, friendships must be killed, honesty must be killed, and, when the crash comes the millionaire is the victim of death by worry, over-exertion and anger against those who fleeced him.

While it is reported of Cornelius Vanderbilt, it is also true of many more of his class, that while out viewing his railway system in a private car one cold January day, the car stopped at noon where some repairing was being done, and the hardy laborers were sitting, shivering as they ate their frozen lunch. Mr. Vanderbilt, dyspeptic and nervous, watched a dollar-and-a-half day-laborer eat cold boiled potatoes, baked beans and side meat with a relish, talking and laughing all the while, with his comrades. The millionaire then said, that he would give one million dollars for that man's appetite. And he would have done so, too, had money been able to make the purchase.

If you have bacon and beans and contentment, and a life unsmirched you have assets that few wealthy men possess. Keep them, friend.

A LITTLE PATIENCE.

THE continued call for sample copies of the INGLENOOK, together with the influx of new subscribers has exhausted each issue for several weeks past, although each week a few hundred more copies were printed than there were the previous week. Now if you will just have a little patience you will get just as many copies of the NOOK as you want, for we expect to anticipate the increasing demands of our subscribers. We trust that this notice will reduce the fever, by a few degrees, of those who have written about not getting the last number.

BLIND PEOPLE WANTED.

THE Editor wants the names and addresses of one hundred blind people. We prefer those who have done something during life to support themselves or others.

Along with these blind folks we want the names and addresses of one hundred mutes—those who neither hear nor talk. If *blind mutes* are known, give their names, and we will attend to the rest, at least for the present. Our thanks to all who send in these names.

THOSE QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

D. Z. ANGLE.

HAVE you read the questions? Twenty-five in all. Can you answer any or all of them, in brief or at length, satisfactorily to yourself and to the majority of others also? Can I? Can anybody? We hardly think so, unless one has the wisdom of a Solomon and the experience of each of a number of people. Still we think that a large number of the INGLENOOK readers could each one discuss one of those questions in creditable articles, especially after due investigation and study. But what we want to point out is the wide range of subjects to be treated, and embracing many departments and conditions of life. The foresight of our editor is manifested in adapting them to the varied talents and abilities of a large number of writers and to the wants and benefit of a large number of interested readers. So if you cannot write so well on "what kind of music is best in the home," probably you can explain some of the evils of food adulteration. Would it require a minister to tell us "how far should a preacher be influenced by salary and public opinion?" As he is studying similar subjects probably he is well qualified to enlighten us along such lines and also tell us if "the modern pulpit is waning in influence."

If you never spent six years in college you could not well discuss question 14, but some close observer who has never been in a penitentiary or seen a convict might enlighten us wonderfully on question 17. If I have been living on the fat of the land and have not denied myself any luxury or extravagance, it surely would puzzle me exceedingly to say anything, even if otherwise competent, on subject 3.

Quite a nice list of subjects, and we hope, in the near future, to see many good articles treating upon them. The INGLENOOK family is intelligent and capable of appreciating and absorbing the product of the labors of our brightest minds and most profound intellects.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

AN admirable law in the interest of business honesty went into effect in New York on September 1st. It makes it a misdemeanor for any person filling a medical prescription, or putting up any article for use in medical practice, to substitute for the article called for any other article. The law which it supersedes has been of little use, because dishonest or indifferent druggists could escape punishment, unless it were shown that their neglect to fill the prescription correctly had endangered human life or health. The mere act of substitution now becomes an offense. The law is not so drastic, however, as to forbid a druggist from recommending some other article to a customer than what was first called for.

BETWEEN thunder-storms in the summer and tramps at all seasons, the farmer's barns and crops are in such constant jeopardy that insurance rates on these classes of property are greatly in excess of what are charged upon other buildings and contents. In those sections of the country in which thunder-storms prevail throughout the summer, there is scarcely a neighborhood which does not witness after-harvest fires in which valuable barns with the entire fruits of the harvest, and often valuable machinery and live stock are destroyed. Tobacco-smoking tramps are also a constant menace, since with or without permission, they regard mows their legitimate lodging places.



What Matters It

Richard Braunstein

What matters it that all the skies were dark
And black the night and tense?
With morning came the singing of the lark
And joy for recompense!
What matters it that ever, day by day,
Up rugged slopes we fare—
Do not Love's roses blossom by the way
And sweeten all the air?

Life's pathway is a toilsome one I know,
Thick strewn with many a thorn,
But O! the joyance of the noontide glow
And rosy smile of morn!

Full oft the footsteps falter in the road
And slacken near the goal,
But one clear bird-song seems to lift the head
And cheer the fainting load.

And so, what boots it though the skies be dark,
And black the night and tense.
Since morning brings the singing of the lark
And joy for recompense?
One day of golden summer amply pays
For winter's storm and sting;
One brief, sweet hour of pleasure well out-weighs
Long weeks of sorrowing!

These Three

Oma Karn

He came upon it one gray, foggy day while peering about in an old gallery in London. It was a picture of that mystery, the Temptation, the three acts combined in one scene. Evidently it was the work of some artist of considerable genius and overmuch boldness, for the tricks and conventionalities that go with art had been wholly disregarded. It was a remarkable picture, not only for its artistic value but for the original thought that had called it into existence. One could not look on it without feeling that the soul of the artist had been tried in much the same fiery trial as the One whose suffering he had so ably portrayed.

The scene was laid amidst the most beautiful surroundings, the tempter being represented as an angel of light. But trailing about its feet, barely hidden by the voluminous folds of its shining garments, peeping out here and there amidst the scene of beauty was a deadly serpent. Hovering far in the background was a group of angels looking anxiously down upon the scene, their faces reflecting the agony that was being endured there.

But what impressed the beholder the most was the eyes of the suffering Christ. They were wonderful eyes, not so much in their peculiar formation as in the power they possessed for expressing the feelings of the human heart. Windows they were, through which a sorrowing soul looked out upon a sinful and sorrowing world—eyes which even on canvas seemed to speak volumes of sorrow, yet glow with a steady light that seemed to testify to great inward strength and peace.

And the man of the world, thoroughly given over to business, its responsibilities and opportunities, and who next to business loved art, found himself drawn to it by some strange, mysterious fascination. Looking upon it first with the true artist's eye, and then as the mystery of the hidden meaning grew upon him, with an intense desire to discover what the mystery was. He lost no opportunity to study it, the desire growing in intensity and longing every time he looked upon it, the invisible presence of the scene always with him, the eyes of the suffering Christ following him wherever he went.

In a luxuriously furnished apartment in a fine old mansion in a city in one of our Central States, a young man is standing, his arm resting on the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire now burning low in the grate. All about him speaks of wealth and luxury. The room is elegantly furnished. Costly rugs, soft to the tread and charming to the eye, cover the floor. The walls are adorned with the works of the best artists, while bookshelves filled to overflowing, and banks of blooming plants fill every recess.

The man is in faultless evening dress, and one would judge from his appearance that he had just come from

some scene of social pleasure. Unlike the other parts of the house, this room is only dimly lit, and the flickering light of the fire falling full upon his face shows a grave serious countenance, as if his mind were contemplating some serious problem or deciding some important question. The eyes, too, convey the idea of sadness and weariness, telling of a troubled heart and a heavy load of care. You and I, reader, haven seen those eyes before. Seen them in the old dim gallery in London, gazing at the strange picture,. All too soon, in his own life, is Stewart Leonard solving its strange mysterious meaning. Six months before, while abroad on a trip partly business and partly pleasure, he had been summoned hastily home by the illnesss of his father. He arrived in his native city to find his father's body in the receiving vault, awaiting that common heritage to which we are all heirs, and in which rich and poor have an equal share,—six feet, more or less, of green sod. For whatever may be a man's contempt for the Word of God, and his utter disregard for its teaching, there is one of its laws upon which all must agree, and that is that "it is appointed unto man once to die." But the new owner of Leonard's Mills found more than this fact awaiting him. He found financial ruin staring him in the face. Evidently the financial cunning that had made James Leonard famous, as well as thoroughly hated by the commercial world in which he moved, had deserted him during the last years of his life, or else the spirit of greed that had been the ruling power of his life had over-stepped the bounds of prudence, for, unkwnown to its closest competitors, even to the son, who had been his father's closest confidant, Leonard's Mills was on the eve of bankruptcy. Vainly, in the time left to him, had the new owner worked to avert this disaster. More and more threatening grew the gathering storm, until tonight he stands facing the fact that only three days time remains in which to save himself from absolute financial ruin. He stands weighing the one way in which he can save himself; facing the three forms of temptation that embrace all that men are liable to; the same that were presented to Adam in the garden of Eden; the same that came to our Savior in the Judean wilderness —the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Meeting it in the form in which the tempter often tries the hearts of men—a worldly, loveless marriage—heavens most sacred institution, life's most sacred covenant, degraded and dishonored by the lust for power, for ease and for social distinction.

And this was the one way by which Stuart Leonard could maintain the position which he had always held in the world. With Katherine Cramer's millions, what might he not do? He could satisfy his ambition to rise politically; he could crush his competitors and make Leonard's Mills a greater power than ever it had been before; he could maintain the style of wealth and luxury to which he had always been accustomed; with his wife's popularity, her beauty and tact, he could still attract to his home the pride and fashion of the city. Wife? Ah! What is it that causes something like scorn to curl his lip? What is it that causes him to begin pacing aimlessly about the apartment, staring at the engravings on the wall, gazing vacantly into space, as if seeking an answer to that question that had sprung into being as that word and all that it implies crossed his mind? What is it that causes that tender look to come into his face as he again takes up his position and gazes into the bright embers? With the word wife, another vision has come before the mind's eye; one that resolutely and persistently refuses to be banished. A woman of graceful form with a fair gentle face and modest retiring mien, eyes soft and full of feeling, revealing in their clear depths the beauty of the soul life within. There is something attractive in every movement she makes—something in the grace and purity that clothe her that causes one to instinctively link her with two of the most beautiful words in the English language —home and heaven.

She had first crossed his pathway in the shape of her photograph in her brother Charlie's room at college. The young aristocrat had been attracted to it from the first, and his curiosity and admiration aroused by the brother's narrative of the struggle both were making against adverse circumstances. Afterward he had unexpectedly met her in a crowd and recognized her immediately, the brief magnetic meeting of eyes conveying the intelligence that both had met their soul's affinity. After that he had watched her closely, but remained discreetly silent, at the same time living in the blissful thought of the time when her rare sweet presence would grace his palatial home, thinking too, with a sense of grim humor and enjoyment, of the shock his choice would be to the social world, and the disappointment of the many ambitious mothers that had practiced their wiles upon him.

Kathrine Cramer was the ambitious daughter of one of these same ambitious mothers. Beautiful she was, with a stately form and queenly grace, to which were added many brilliant attainments. But something told him that tenderness and truth were not in her; sympathy and pity were strangers to her; that she lived for self and social triumph, and for these she would ruthlessly trample upon the most sacred feelings of the heart or cast aside the most sacred rights of the home. But she was the richest heiress in the city, and she could be his for asking. With the money she would bring to him, the proud name of Leonard could escape the brand of failure, and himself a season of poverty and obscurity.

At this critical moment, with that remarkable sense of reality sometimes experienced in these great mental conflicts, this mighty wrestling with the evil one, when material things vanish for a time, and the mind by

some mysterious power finds itself amidst scenes that have at some time in life exerted a strange influence over us, or as we afterwards learn, bears directly upon some great crisis yet in the future, as the tempted man, exhausted by the force of the great conflict, sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands, the splendid apartment seemed to drift slowly away, and he suddenly seemed to find himself in the London picture gallery gazing at the strange picture, the eyes of the suffering Christ looking into his. But what was more remarkable was the great change that had come over them. The agony was gone, and in its place, glowing with that clear steady light of strength and peace was a look of the most infinite tenderness and pity. Such a look as must have been in the eyes of the heavenly Father as he looked down upon his suffering Son.

For one long hour,—one hour of agony—Stewart Leonard sat there his head bowed upon the desk before him. When he raised it his countenance was seamed and marred as with years of age and suffering, but in his eyes was the clear steady light that had so puzzled him in the picture. Unhesitatingly he took up a pen and wrote a few words on a legal document lying on the desk. That which gave the once wealthiest firm of the city over into the hands of its creditors. The victory was won. And the angels came,—Love, joy, peace, and ministered unto him.

THE SOUL'S LIGHTHOUSE.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

There is a lighthouse down the road,
Where many pople pass;
The rich, the poor, the bad and good—
Yes, some of every class.

That unpretentious building stands—
Marking a homely spot—
Most loved of places in all lands—
Our little, home, church lot.

Many a burdened, human soul,
Crushed 'neath a load of sin;
Has turned to this delightful goal,
To be invited in.

They've found the blessed Savior, here.
They've lost their burdens, quite:
Because the Savior—always near—
Beamed on them, love and light.

Many a tempted one, and tried,
Has sought the church for rest:
Who in the blessed Savior hide,
Are comforted and blessed.

Many a broken-hearted one,
Has sadly looked this way:
Christ says to them, "Beloved, come!"
And none are turned away.

Many a soul, when sore perplexed,
Has looked this way for Light:
Many a troubled one, and vexed—
God scatters all their night.

The morning Sabbath school, to train
The little children, dear;
The morning service, coming then,
Our souls to feed and cheer.

The evening service, full of power,
God hath so richly blessed—
The mid-week prayer meeting hour,
The dearest and the best.

Oh, how we love that blessed place,
Where comfort we receive:
Our souls are blessed with strength and grace,
In him whom we believe.

So, this little, lighthouse, dear,
Where Christ's disciples meet;
Place where dark clouds disappear—
Safe place for straying feet—

O, home church, dearest place on earth,
Guide-post to Heaven above:
Where we receive the Spirit birth,
Thy motto be—God's love.

Collbran, Colo.

THAT MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

A True Incident.

His name was Charley, and his father was a preacher. In the absence of his father Charley assumed a pretty free life, so much so that he soon became unruly even in his father's presence. He was scolded, warned, put to bed hungry, petted, supplied with toys and so on in the hope of subduing his wild nature, but it was all in vain.

One Sunday in January the father and mother left home early in the morning for church. Charley could not be induced to go along although he was only nine years old. About dinner time Charley was surveying the cellar for pies and cookies which he supposed were hidden away somewhere out of his sight. He never knew just how, but all at once he was sinking knee deep into a twelve-gallon jar of sorghum molasses. Now molasses in January is pretty tough and sticky and Charley found this out too, for when he began pulling his feet they would not budg an inch, although he braced himself and stretched his muscles until he thought they would break.

He was alone, and no one else could hear his shouts, for he actually called for help. He was angry, then he got scared lest his parents should not come home that day. He cried some more and then tried to eat the molasses but all to no purpose. Then he began to dip the molasses out of the jar, but his little fingers and arms could not do much with tough molasses. He was just simply stuck tight. But his nose needed rubbing, his head itched, his hair got into his eyes and his neck felt as if a thousand-legged worm was running on it. All of these parts he rubbed with his sticky hands until he was one complete smear of molasses.

Late in the evening his father came home and oh, how glad Charley was to see his father this time. He realized now that his father was his best friend on

earth. Then mother came and in a short time Charley was bathed and well rubbed with both warm water and moral instructions. True, this funny incident cowed Charley ever afterward. If anybody wanted to get ahead of him they just referred to his molasses history.

CITY VISITORS.

IDA M. HELM.

Little Annette Percival had lived all the fourteen years of her life in the city. I beg her pardon, I mean Miss Annette. She never visited in the country, and she had often longed to go to the country and into the woods when nuts were ripe. Her parents had often bought chestnuts, hickorynuts, butternuts and other different kinds of nuts for her, but she longed to see them grow and to help gather them.

Now there was no school, for a new schoolhouse was being built and it was not nearly enough finished for the opening of school, and Annette had received an invitation to come and spend a couple of weeks with her aunt who had moved to the country a short time before. Annette clapped her hands with glee, and smiles and dimples wreathed her face.

"O, I shall have the best time in all my life!" she said. She wondered how she could pass the two days of waiting till the time that her aunt was to meet her at the station.

"The little country girls will all admire me, and I suppose they will envy me my position in the world when aunt Floy tells them that my papa is the richest man in Green City and that he is president of the National Bank and owns the finest residence in town. I'll accept the nuts and candy and all the nice things they will send me, they will give them to aunt Floy and she can give them to me. Aunt Floy lives in the country now so she will have to associate with country people, but I shall be a visitor from the city so I shall not need to talk to them. Living in the country and visiting in the country are two different things. "I suppose someone will put a long article in the paper about me when I arrive and they find out who I am," thought she. Indeed she considered herself of very great importance.

Miss Annette Percival stepped off the train at Wigton Corners and saw her aunt standing at the doorway of the station with Goldie Wright, a little country girl, by her side. Aunt Floy was very glad to see Annette and she advanced and greeted her with a warm welcome, then the introduced Annette and Goldie and said she hoped they would be good friends and have a very pleasant time during Annette's visit.

"Is your home in the city?" questioned Annette.

"No, she is my neighbor, she is a sweet girl and we have become fast friends," answered Aunt Floy. Annette assumed a very haughty air, looked at her aunt and inquired for the carriage. All the people Annette cared for were the ones with whom she cliqued.

During the drive home Annette chattered and giggled and laughed, but she did not address one word to Goldie. Her aunt felt very sorry, and when they were at home she talked with Annette and tried to get her to realize that God had created all people on an equality and that neither wealth nor position can ennoble anyone. She said that great and good people live in the country as well as in the city, and that it is by thinking, speaking and doing right at all times that we prove ourselves worthy of the respect and friendship of the true and noble. It is the ones who feel their inability to stand alone and who need props who countenance cliques. Then she quoted, "The good are always great, but the great are not always good."

But Annette continued wilful and proud. She used her father's position in the world as a pinnacle on which she seated herself, and looked down with lofty bearing on all who could not or would not boast of wealth or exalted position.

Every day she looked over the county papers to see what words of praise the people had for her, but her pride received a setback for her name was not mentioned once.

One day Annette thought she would like fried chicken for dinner, and, knowing that her aunt did not own one chicken, she decided to write a note to Goldie Wright, asking her to send them a chicken for dinner. After she had written the note she asked Aunt Floy to give her Goldie's address. Her aunt felt glad for she thought Annette had made up her mind to be friends with Goldie. Annette sent the note, never doubting that Goldie would feel honored in being asked to do her a favor.

When Goldie received the note she said to herself, "That girl who is so proud of her wealth is asking me for a chicken, and she does not even offer to pay for it. Mamma has chickens to sell, and I have one that I am going to give for a present, but I am going to give it to Mary Lee, she is sick so much of the time and her parents are poor. I am not going to give it to that proud, rich little girl." She pitied Annette but she threw the note into the fire and forgot about it, and Annette looked in vain for a chicken and she wondered why the girls did not send her nuts and apples and lots of nice things, but there was no one to tell her for she was perched on the lofty spire of wealth, she was not a friend of the country people and they were looking after their own affairs and did not have time to think about her.

One day she wanted to go to the woods to gather nuts. Her aunt was too busy with her work to go with her so she proposed inviting the neighbor girls and having a nutting party and a picnic dinner in the woods, but Annette said she would rather go alone than to go with common girls, so her uncle pointed

out to her a large chustnut tree and a hickorynut tree and she started with a stately air all alone to gather nuts. When she reached the chustnut tree she was dismayed for she found only a few chustnuts lying on the ground, but the ground was covered with what she called brown balls full of briars. She was afraid to touch them so she went to the hickory tree, but some boys had been there before her and gathered most of the nuts, so she went back to the house.

Annette did not have the fine time in the country that she had anticipated and she went back to her grand city home disappointed and unhappy. When she arrived at the station in Green City she found her chum, Helen Good, waiting for her. Helen had been visiting in the country with her aunt Mary and had returned to her home the day before Annette's arrival. She was elated over her visit and the first question she asked Annette was "Did you have a nice time?"

Annette answered, "No, I didn't, and I don't like the country nor the country people." Helen felt sorry for her. "It's too bad," she said, "I had a lovely time. Aunt Mary got up a nutting party for me and invited all the neighbor girls and we had a picnic dinner in the woods. They are very nice girls and they took the nicest things along to eat. They had fried chicken, pumpkin, peach and apple pies, cakes, cookies, great big, rosy, mellow apples and oh, I can't tell what all. Two little boys went along to shake the trees. We got two bushels of nuts and they gave them all to me. I have chestnuts, hickorynuts, walnuts, butternuts and hazel nuts, and Mr. Armstrong gave me three bushels of Northern Spy apples to bring home. We went riding and visiting and oh, I had a lovely time. I asked the girls to come and visit me this winter and when they come I am going to give them a party and I want you to help me arrange for it."

"I'll see," replied Annette. The thought of entertaining people whom she chose to call common, without thinking what it really means to be a common person, was entirely new to her and she left Helen and went home to pout over her disappointment, and wonder what had entered Helen's head to make her want to give a party for country girls.

Ah, Helen had learned the secret of a happy life. She always looked for the good in the people whom she met, she did not consider herself better than the lowliest of God's children. She said, "I have no reason to think that I am better than other people, God created me equal with my fellow beings, and all that is possible for me to do is to do my duty to my God, myself and my neighbors," and she let people know that their good wishes and acts of kindness were appreciated by her.

Of course shadows sometimes did fall across her pathway, and she could not always feel happy, but she was always pleasant and agreeable. She did not expect the world to give her better things that she gave it. She said, "It costs us nothing but thoughtfulness to be agreeable and cheerful and it will bring us large dividends. If we frown and give unpleasant looks, unkind words and rude actions we will banish the love and respect of our friends and drive them away from us."

"Do not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you."

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

FAIR WOMEN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

With music's plummet for thy depth of soul
A man might dare to sound thy noble heart;
Could I the spell of melody control,
I'd teach the world the melody thou art.
Mute of all song, mosaic I essay
In many colored words on grounds of gold,
And with such art thy beauty would betray
As men unborn would tremble to behold.
Yea, at the picture, Time himself should stand,
Time, that has seen all beauty under sun,
And touch thy face with lingering, loving hand,
And wish one moment fate might be undone,
For my poor skill the theme had been too high,
But touched by Time, thy beauty cannot die.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

"Many happy returns
Of the day of thy birth;
May sunshine and gladness be given;
And may the kind Father
Prepare thee on earth
For a beautiful birthday in heaven,"

TEACHERS' RESOLUTIONS.

1. To talk less and teach more.
2. To awaken minds and develop thinking power.
3. To know my pupils and love them more.
4. To help pupils to help themselves.
5. To improve the school library, and lead pupils to use it more.
6. To be what I would have the children be.
7. To get all the good, clean fun I can out of life.
8. To speak only good of my fellow teachers.
9. To keep in touch with the world's work.
10. To look on the bright side of things.
11. To earn more than I am paid.
12. To set my ideals a little higher—yet within reach.
13. To fit myself to be the best teacher possible.
14. To work with patrons to make the school an educational center.
15. To teach wholesome truth by example as well as by precept.

—*Moderator-Topics.*

TO OUR NINE HUNDRED AGENTS.

It is not good to repeat too often, but some things have enough life in them to stand a great deal of repetition. A large number of letters that have recently seconded the Editor's attack on foul literature makes him feel confident that there are thousands of people just like him on this question. *Literature is the most active agent today, in any cause. Reading does determine belief, belief determines action, and action determines both character and destiny.*

There is a strong demand for a home magazine that is free from sport, fancy and expensive dress patterns, gossip and excitable stories. The Editor believes there is a harvest for Inglenook agents in every community, if you will only advertise yourself, so that people may know what you have. If you are lifeless in this work they will think that your paper is of the same stripe, but if you have any convictions about the floods of trashy literature spreading over our land in torrents, then speak up and show your neighbors that the Inglenook fills a long-felt want in thousands of homes.

A little girl seven years old took a few copies of the Inglenook down the street last week and out of about ten calls among strangers she got two subscribers. She gave them the papers to read and the papers spoke for themselves.

Why are you backward? Well, it cannot be that the moral tone of the Inglenook is questionable. Neither can it be said that the magazine is run for advertisers, for we use only a few. And it cannot be that the Inglenook is too high in price, for all the issues of the year make twelve hundred and forty-eight pages of good reading, which, if reduced to ordinary book size, would mean over twenty-five hundred pages, and all for one dollar. And fifty-two issues of the Nook give more than the three-dollar magazines.

Nine hundred agents ought to send in at least ten new subscribers each for the coming year. *Will you be one to do this?* Now work for what you pray, and we know that many of you pray for the Kingdom of God to come upon earth. If you are not willing to work to that end, then quit praying for what you will not support. But work on, for perhaps the reason you are not a preacher or foreign missionary is because your field of work is to distribute good literature at home and that is becoming a very important work.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

Reputation is what men think us to be, while character is what God knows us to be. People desirous of making a mark in the world are always considerate of their character or reputation.

If we look to our character and aim to raise it to perfection, our reputation will take care of itself, for we cannot honestly gain a good reputation without good works.

True, many noble characters are underrated and the reputation for awhile is low, but "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known."

It has been said, "What belongs to a man will come to him." It does, but it is often delayed.

How Jesus' noble character was underrated we can scarcely conceive; and he was crucified with the reputation of being the vilest among the vile. He had his true friends and believers, and wonderful were the thoughts he instilled in many a mind but he was publicly represented as a great transgressor. His character was, however of sterling purity and he was soon acknowledged to be God's own son.

My father often uses the illustration of the servant girl who was accused of stealing her mistress' wedding ring. Her innocent soul being censured and blamed, she finally died of a broken heart. After she had died and the ring was found in a bird's nest her reputation of innocence came back to her.

A person's reputation cannot, therefore, be an index to his character although most reputations are founded by lives lived.

There are people who care nothing for reputation or character. Of this class we cannot say they will be of any use to mankind. From this class spring the thief, murderer and all who are the tools of wickedness. There are others who wish to polish their reputation regardless of what their character may be. This also is a dangerous class. They do not hesitate to swindle others that they may be reputed wealthy. They slander their neighbors that they may appear to be the only faultless. They act the virtuous abroad, that they may be considered Christians at home.

It does not seemingly injure the wicked or indifferent to be reputed good. They do not object, they are rather buoyed up. But if the good and true are misrepresented what a burden it is to their souls!

As the poet beautifully says:

> "Who steals my purse steals trash,
> And he who filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> But makes me poor indeed."

Let us therefore center all our energies upon building a good noble character for this will stand and when our reputation will have vanished away. Also let us vow that we will strive never to misrepresent our fellowmen.

Hartville, Ohio.

Jennie—Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?

Olive—Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her.—Tit-Bits.

TEACHING BIRDS POPULAR SONGS.

WHETHER the public is beginning to tire of the sweet strains that nature put into the robust throats of the birds, or whether a desire is felt to immortalize certain popular airs which every street urchin shrilly whistles, certain it is that the training of birds to sing popular tunes is becoming one of the most important and arduous features of the breeder's activities. With an ordinary fife or flute the teacher sits down in front of the cage in which the feathered pet is housed and plays over the bars of a popular tune. Many days elapse before the feathered songster takes the least notice he almost bursts his little throat in an endeavor to drown the sound with the gushing song of the free woodlands.

But at last, as the music is continued and the same air is repeated, the bird will turn its head and appear to listen. As soon as it becomes familiar with the notes it will sound a few of them, tentatively, for this is new and strange music and the pupil is just a little suspicious of it. The teacher is constantly at hand, however, to prompt the bird, and soon it warbles the air through with absolute accuracy. Having once acquired the song, the bird is as proud of it as a child is of a new toy. It will sing nothing else until it is taught another tune.

It is peculiar that a bird can never sing a bar of a song from the middle or end; the tune must be warbled straight through. If anything occurs to break off the flood of melody it cannot take up the tune again where it was interrupted. It must start over again and do it from the first note.

A CHICAGO professor lately presented to his class in college the following list of questions that he declared ought to be answered satisfactorily by every man before he received his degree of bachelor of arts:

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Have you sympathy with all good causes?

Can you look straight in the eye of an honest man or a pure woman?

Will a lonely dog follow you?

Do you believe in lending a helping hand to weaker men?

Do you believe in taking advantage of the law when you can do so?

Can you be high-minded and happy in drudgery?

Can you see as much beauty in washing dishes and hoeing corn as in playing golf or the piano?

Do you know the value of time and money?

Are you good friends with yourself?

Do you see anything in life besides dollars and cents?

Can you see sunshine in a mud puddle?

Can you see beyond the stars?

—*"Unity."*

SNIPES AS SURGEONS.

I THINK there can be little doubt that snipes understand the art of binding up a broken limb by means of a splint. Statements to that effect have been made by many naturalists and sportsmen, and M. Fatio's observations on the subject were brought, some time back, before the physiological society at Geneva. It was stated that snipe had often been known to secure a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On two occasions M. Fatio had seen snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on the seat of the fracture of one of the legs.

"A most interesting case was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered the bird the following day, when he found that the poor creature had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled around its beak, and, not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, the bird was almost dead from hunger when found.

"In a case recorded by M. Magnin, a snipe which was seen to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, and they were secured there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat-leaved grass, wound around the limb in spiral form and fixed by means of glue-like substance."—*Rev. Theodore Woods.*

LEAVES.

M. M. WINFSBURG.

"Pest take the leaves"; said good Mrs. Brown.
On a bright, November day;
As from her yard she tried to sweep
The rich brown leaves away.

But the wind was in a playful mood,
And caught up the leaves so brown;
And back upon the clean swept yard,
They gently fluttered down.

Again she tried to sweep the leaves,
While the wind through an open door,
Caught up the leaves in a playful prank
And laid them on the kitchen floor.

Spare your strength my dear Mrs. Brown
And suffer the leaves to lay;
For if left alone the November winds
Will carry the leaves away.

Thus in life's path we'd often find,
If we would patient be,
That time would carry our trials away
Like the wind does the leaves of the tree.

Tho' your trials are not light,
Like the rich brown leaves that litter the kitchen floor
Yet like the leaves, if tossed about;
They will trouble you the more.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

FACTORY FATALITIES.

The South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation stretches along the shore of Lake Michigan for a distance of about two miles northward from the broad mouth of the Calumet River.

Here, in the smoke on the north bank of the Calumet, forty-six men performed their final earthly act least year. Here, at the edge of the plant, just inside the high white board fence, stands the company's private hospital, with fifty beds, a chief surgeon, two assistant suregons, an interne, and three nurses. Here, in the inquests held in the undertaker's shops in the neighborhood of the plant, the United States Steel Corporation, in the person of the Illinois Steel Company, was censured six times last year by coroner's juries. Here, at the time when ten men were injured in the pig-casting department, the Building Department of the City of Chicago was forced to intervene and to admonish the company that "a little diligent thought and precaution on your part would minimize the occurrence of such accidents." Doctors have said that there are at least 2,000 accidents every year. But many of the accidents extend only to the painful scorching of a leg. If the figure be kept at 1,200, it will be a conservative estimate.

Must we continue to pay this price for the honor of leading the world in the cheap and rapid production of steel and iron? Must we continue to be obliged to think of scorched and scalded human beings whenever we sit on the back platform of an observation-car and watch the steel rails rolling out behind us? Is this price necessary, or could we strike a better bargain if we were shrewder and more careful?

A partial answer to these questions will suggest itself as we go along. We shall learn something by leaving general statistics at this point and by descending to particular individual instances. When the American Institute of Social Service tells us that 536,165 Americans are killed or maimed every year in American industry, our minds are merely stunned. But suppose, just suppose, that instead of being relieved from all money liability by the carelessness of a ladleman toward a fellow ladleman, suppose, just suppose that the company had to pay a flat fine of $20,000 every time a ladleman was killed. Do you think that any slag-pot would ever be raised by its flange?

The forty-six men who were killed last year in the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation went to their deaths by a large number of different and divergent routes. Twelve of them were killed in the neighborhood of blast-furnaces. One of them was hurled out of life by a stick of dynamite. Three of them were electrocuted. Three of them were killed by falls from high places. Four of them were struck on their heads by falling objects. Four of them were burned to death by hot metal in the Bessemer Converter Department, where, as in the Open Hearth Department, iron is transformed into steel. Three of them were crushed to death. One of them was suffocated by the gas from a gas-producer. One of them was thrown from an ore-bridge by a high wind. One of them was hit by a red-hot rail. One of them, Ora Allen, was scorched to death by slag. And ten of them were killed by railroad cars or by railroad locomotives.

On the twelfth of last December, Newton Allen, up in the cage of his 100-ton electric crane, was requested by a ladleman from below to pick up a pot and carry it to another part of the floor. This pot was filled with the hot slag that is the refuse left over when the pure steel has been run off.

Newton Allen let down the hooks of his crane. The ladleman attached those hooks to the pot. Newton Allen started down the floor. Just as he started, one of the hooks slipped. There was no shock or jar. Newton Allen was warned of danger only by the fumes that rose toward him. He at once reversed his lever, and, when his crane had carried him to a place of safety, descended and hurried back to the scene of the accident. He saw a man lying on his face. He heard him screaming. He saw that he was being roasted by the slag that had poured out of the pot. He ran up to him and turned him over.

"At that time," said Newton Allen, in his testimony before the jury, "I did not know it was my brother. It was not till I turned him over that I recognized him. Then I saw it was my brother Ora. I asked him if he was burned bad. He said, 'No, not to be afraid—he was not burned as bad as I thought.'"

Three days later Ora Allen died in the hospital of the Illinois Steel Company. He had told his brother he wasn't "burned bad," but Ira Miltimore, the doctor who attended him testified that his death was due to a "third-degree burn of the face, neck, arms, forearms, hands, back, right leg, right thigh, and left foot." A third degree burn is the last degree there is. There is no fourth degree.

But why did the hook on that slag-pot slip?

Because it was attached merely to the rim of the pot, and not to the lugs. That pot had no lugs. It ought to have had them. Lugs are pieces of metal that project from the rim of the pot, like ears. They are put there for the express purpose of providing a proper and secure hold for the hooks. But they had been broken off in some previous accident and they had not been replaced. On the twelfth of last December the ladleman had been obliged to use the mere rim, or flange, of the pot, and with that precarious attachment the pot had been hoisted and carried.

How can the Illinois Manufacturers' Association think, when such evidence, given under oath, is public property, that the State of Illinois or the United States of America will continue to regard the killing and maiming of employees as an entirely private matter between those employees and the company in whose service they were slaughtered or injured? All sentiments of humanity offer an invulnerable negative to that proposition. And so also, as I shall show later, do all considerations of enlightened selfishness.

I make all due allowance for the diabolical hypnotism exercised over the men in a steel-mill, from highest to lowest, by the overwhelming majesty of the instruments with which they work. And for that very reason I believe in the intervention of the public authorities, and in the supervision that is exercised over industrial establishments in many of the countries of Europe by public officials who have not been hypnotized by daily intercourse with Bessemer converters.

Nothing is gained without its price. If it is cheap to kill Steve Bragosimshamski, it is expensive to support his wife and family. And since society, in the long run, supports that wife and that family, it is inevitable that society shall seek to understand and to prevent the industrial accidents which encumber it with such burdens.

There are two remedies, therefore, that will certainly be applied to situations of the kind that we have been studying.

The first is complete publicity, including a report to the public authorities on every accident, fatal or non-fatal. And the second is the granting of power to the public authorities to supervise all machinery in all industrial establishments and to suggest and enforce such changes, within specified limits, as shall seem necessary.

A law embodying the first of these remedies was passed through the Illinois state legislature this year in the teeth of violent opposition. If it is enforced, it will do a world of good.—Everybody's Magazine.

AN ALL-MAHOMEDAN LEAGUE.

The Hindus of British India, cloaking their unrest in council under the impressive name of the "Indian National Congress," have started a decidedly aggressive "reform" movement. The Mahomedans, over 62,000,000 in number, have now established the "All-India Moslem League," palpably intended, as is the "Indian National Congress," to courteously, yet firmly and persistently, force the issue of representative government, also to press the British Viceroy and Council for concessions in several other directions.

Regarding this latest Mahomedan move, Edward E. Lang, in the Contemporary Review, gives an interesting account of the organization and what it hopes to achieve. Both Hindus and Mahomedans, on the surface, are profuse, through their leaders, in protestations of loyalty to British rule, yet, reading between the lines, it seems reasonable to assume that the pacific attitude is merely preliminary to an intensely hostile one if the reform suggestions are thrown aside or otherwise ignored by British administrators.

The plan and purpose of the "All-India Moslem League" is thus stated:

On December 30th last a Mahomedan conference, in session at Dacca, the capital of the newly-created province of Eastern Bengal, departing absolutely from its traditions, openly

discussed the question of the protection of Mahomedan interests from a political standpoint, and finally carried unanimously a motion for the formation of an "All-India Moslem League," to promote among the Mahomedans of India feelings of loyalty to the British Government, and to remove any misconceptions that may arise as to the intentions of government with regard to any of its measures; to protect and to advance the political rights and interests of the Mahomedans of India, and respectfully to represent their needs and aspirations to government, and to prevent the rise among Mahomedans in India of any feelings of hostility toward other communities, without prejudice to the other objects of the league. A strong Provisional Committee was formed, with power to add to its number, and the joint secretaries appointed were the Nawabs Vicar-ul-mulk and Moshin-ul-mulk, two of the most important members of the Mahomedan community in India and men of great intellectual capacity. The committee was charged to frame a constitution within a period of four months, and further to convene a meeting of Indian Mahomedans at a suitable time and place to lay the constitution before such meeting for final approval and adoption.

The charming subtlety of the oriental character is well illustrated in the general wording and arrangement of the Moslem plan, as it was in that of the Hindus. That portion of one sentence which reads: "to protect and advance the political rights and interests of the Mahomedans of India," is full of significance, and is merely the oriental way of saying that there will be "something doing" if they do not get what they want, or a substantial equivalent.

The Rubicon has been crossed; the Mahomedans of India have forsaken the shades of retirement for the political arena; henceforth a new factor in Indian politics has to be reckoned with. It has arisen at a grave crisis in the history of those politics, and though to that crisis its inception is not due, without a doubt its growth has been quickened thereby. The agitation of the Bengalis against the partition of Bengal having been partly successful in the removal of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, a loyal servant of the empire, to whom the Mahomedans are deeply attached, it became clear to the leaders of the Mahomedan community that by agitation alone could the government be reached, and forthwith they took counsel as to the advisability of forsaking the tenets inculcated by Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, the key-note of which was quiescence so far as politics were concerned. Meetings were held in various parts of India; one of the most important took place in Lucknow in September last, and thereat it was decided, finally, that a Mahomedan deputaton should be sent to Lord Minto, at Simla, to lay before him the grievances of the Mahomedan community in India, and to urge redress at the hands of government.

The Viceroy gave the deputation a courteous reception. The delegates were assured that "Mahomedan wrongs would be righted," but fearing lest with a liberal Ministry the hands of the government of India might not be as free as could be desired, further consultations were held, and early in December the Nawab of Dacca issued a circular to the principal Mahomedans of India detailing a scheme for the formation of a "Moslem All-India Confederacy," the chief objects of which were to be "to support, whenever possible, all measures emanating from the government and to protect the cause and advance the interest of our co-religionists throughout the country, to controvert the growing influence of the so-called Indian National Congress, which has a tendency to misinterpret and subvert British rule in India, or which may lead to that deplorable situation, and to enable our young men of education, who for want of such an association have joined the Congress camp, to find scope, according to their fitness and ability for public life."

The Nawab, in his circular, gives "our Hindu Brethren" several "digs" tendng to show that there is a lack of sympathy between the two organizations. This will, however, only add vim to the movement.—Review of Reviews.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The meeting of the International Council of Women, in Berlin, in 1904, and of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, in Copenhagen, in 1906, are the two events which make the question one of world-importance. Delegates from twenty countries were present at Berlin, and from twelve at Copenhagen.

Since 1893 women in New Zealand have had the full franchise; since 1895 in South Australia, and since 1899 in West Australia. After the establishment of the Commonwealth, in 1901, and the conferment of the right to sit in Parliament upon women, New South Wales, Tasmania, and Queensland gave the state suffrage to women. Victoria is still obdurate. In Switzerland a suffrage association is striving for the franchise for women. In France, likewise. In the latter country many men of prominence favor the women's claims, notably Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, French delegate to the Peace Congress recently held in this country.

Belgium is aroused on this question, and in order to offset Socialism, the aristocracy may confer this power upon women. In the Netherlands the movement is well advanced. The National Council has thirty associations and 30,000 members. Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs, Holland's first woman doctor, is its president. In 1909 it is expected the franchise will be granted to women. In Denmark, eighteen national societies for woman's electoral rights exist. One, formed in 1870, has thirty-five branches, and another has sixteen auxiliaries. A liberal municipal franchise for women is soon expected. In Iceland women now vote for municipal office, and the government has announced its intention of presenting a bill for their full suffrage.

Germany's National Council of Women has 200 societies and 100,000 members. They are endeavoring to have the word "persons" in the electoral statutes construed to embrace women, as it naturally should, in state and municipal elections. While there is no immediate prospect for women's enfranchisement in Germany, the demand for it grows stronger every year. Austria is severely handicapped by its eight different languages, which prevent concerted action. Nevertheless, a National Council, with a membership of 13,000, is working for the cause. The question has been debated in the Lower House, and postponed for the time being. Owing to the fact that men in Austria have obtained universal suffrage, and that the Socialists have a majority in Parliament, hopes are entertained for a woman's enfranchisement law.

Hungary has a National Council of seventy associations, which has done amazing work for woman suffrage; and Italy one of sixty federated societies. Russia has a "Union for Woman's Rights," and woman suffrage has found place in the platforms of the Democrats, Laborites, and Social Revolutionists. Poland's proposed constitution gives women a vote for Zemstov members.

Finland has completely emancipated its women. They vote and are eligible for office on exactly the same terms as the men. This gives 300,000 women the franchise. In 1884, the Finnish Women's Association began the battle, and never ceased its efforts. On May 28, 1906, the Diet, with only one dissenting vote, gave the franchise to every man and woman twenty-four years old. It was signed by the Czar on July 20. Under this law the first election has been held, and nineteen women were returned to Parliament,—the first women in all time elected to a national representative body.

Norway has struggled for woman suffrage since 1885. In 1901 women were given a municipal franchise who paid taxes of a certain amount. On the separation from Sweden, the Storthing reduced the property test so that wives may vote on their husband's income, and even domestic servants will have an income large enough to entitle them to vote. Women enjoy partial suffrage in Sweden. The only franchise withheld is that for members of Parliament. In the Isle of Man, widows and spinsters vote for all offices. In Natal, women vote at municipal elections. In Canada, widows and spinsters enjoy municipal or school suffrage, or both, and in the Northwest Provinces all women have both on the same terms as men.

Great Britain is the storm-center. The municipal ballot was secured to women in 1869, and since then the district and country vote; but not the Parliamentary franchise. For twenty-five years a strong National Suffrage Union has kept the pot boiling. In 1906, a memorial from 400,000 women was received by Premier Campbell-Bannerman, while the militant campaign of last year, in which 200 women were thrown into prison, will not soon be forgotten. On March 8, last, the Suffrage bill came up in the House, with a majority pledged to pass it. Owing to the Speaker's hostility a vote was prevented, and for a time the issue is postponed. Within a few years, at the most, it is believed, the franchise will be conferred upon all women in Great Britain.

On the status of this question in the United States this writer says:

The conditions for securing it are harder and more complicated here than in any other country, for in all others it is only necessary to win over a majority of the members of the Parliament. In the United States there are forty-five parliaments to be reckoned with, and that is only the beginning; for, when a majority of their members have been enlisted, they can only submit the question to the electors. It encounters then such a conglomerate mass of voters as exists nowhere else on the face of the earth, and it is doubtful if under similar conditions women could get the franchise in any country on the globe. Principally for this reason they have not succeeded here, though they have worked longer and harder than those of any other nation,—almost than of all others combined. Nevertheless, four States have fully enfranchised women, there is unquestionably a large favorable increase of public sentiment among both men and women, and it would be quite possible to demonstrate that there are substantial grounds for encouragement and expectation of an ultimate general victory. It does not, however, tend to stimulate an American woman's national pride to reflect that this may be the last of civilized countries to grant to women a voice in their own government. And let this fact be remembered,—it is the only one where women have been left to fight this battle alone, with no moral, financial or political support from men.—Review of Reviews.



Echoes from Everywhere

The present valuation of Y. M. C. A. properties in North America is $39,000,000.

The British Admiralty proposes to arm the new vessels of the "Dreadnought" class with eight new type 13.5-inch guns, so disposed that they can all be fired on either broadside. The new weapon will be over 50 feet long, and a shell from it will, it is calculated, pierce 20-inch Krupp steel armor at a range of 3,000 yards.

Congress appropriated last year a total sum of $549,434,246.56, and of that sum $180,607,536.01 were given to preparation for war. If to this we add the $140,245,500 that went to pay war pensions, we have the total of $320,853,036.02, or nearly three-fifths of the total national disbursements, directly and indirectly chargeable to war.

Interest in the name "America" is being revived. In 1507, a German cartographer, named Waldseemiller, is said to have applied the name "America" in a map of the new world which he located just north of the tropic of Capricorn. The original work has been found and $300,000 is the price asked for the 400-year-old book.

A free trade-school has been opened at Grace Chapel, Fourteenth Street and First Avenue, New York, where instruction is given in architectural and mechanical drawing, free-hand, clay modeling, tailoring, bent iron work, electrical fitting, carpentry, millinery, dressmaking and cookery. The classes, which are under the supervision of Mr. Arthur H. Kiewitz, M. E., are held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and on Saturday forenoon.

The Supreme Court of North Dakota has decided that the law passed by the last session of the legislature requiring holders of government special tax stamps, for the sale of liquor, to publish a notice of their possession of stamps with a description of the premises where the sale of liquor was carried on, is constitutional. The law was passed to discourage the holding of special tax stamps for the sale of liquor, and to aid in the enforcement of the prohibition law.

An aggregate of 1,300,000 divorce cases and 1,733,332 persons parted by legal decree during the past twenty years will be shown by a report being prepared at the census bureau. A total of 2,900 clerks and special agents have been at work for months gathering this data and 140 are still engaged in the task. There are about 40,000 remaining cases to be investigated out of the number stated before the field work is finished and the work of compilation proper can begin. It is estimated that two-thirds of the persons seeking divorce, or 866,666, have been successful in their suits. The report in detail is not to be made public until early next spring.

A St. Louis judge has for years had a parole system for drunkards which has worked well, and Cleveland, O., has developed the parole idea to a considerable extent. During the first administration of Mayor Johnson of that city more than a thousand men and women were paroled and pardoned and within the six years that he has held office over 4000 persons have been thus treated. Those who are paroled are not free; the law holds that they are prisoners so long as the parole lasts. Once a week they must report to the authorities and by means of a card system a careful record of their conduct is kept. If they commit an offense, thus violating their parole, they must go back to the correction house and their term is extended to about three times the original sentence.

Co-operation of Congress in enforcing the observance of the Sabbath is demanded in resolutions adopted by the Presbyterian synod of Wisconsin. Among other things the synod calls upon Congress to prohibit soldiers from playing ball on Sunday, prevent the use of rifle ranges on Sunday, and require railroad companies to give their employees twenty hours' rest after working Sunday. Two thousand dollars was appropriated for religious work among the students at the State university.

The colony of New Zealand is no more. Last month a proclamation was issued transforming it into the Dominion of New Zealand. The British Empire now includes the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Indian Empire, the Commonwealth of Australia and the two Dominions, Canada and New Zealand. A South African Federation under some name will be added ere long. When an honorific title is found for Newfoundland the term "colony" will be used only for the important islands and jungles under Crown government.

How important meat is in the diet of different countries is shown in the following meat consumption per capita in 1904 in dressed weight: United States, 185 pounds; United Kingdom, 121; Australia, 263; New Zealand, 212; Cuba, 124; France, 79; Belgium, 70; Denmark, 76; Sweden, 62; Italy, 46.

There was a total of 93,502,000 meat animals slaughtered and exported in 1900, of which the exported live animals numbered 276,000.

The dressed weight of the 93,502,000 meat animals constituting the meat supply of 1900 was 16,549,921,000 pounds, of which 14,116,886,000 pounds entered into domestic consumption, lard being included with the dressed weight of pork.

Meat consumption per capita has declined in this country since 1840 is plainly indicated. There is some ground for believing that at that time meat constituted about one-half of the national dietary in terms of total nutritive units consumed, whereas now it constitutes about one-third.

The amount of capital directly concerned in the raising of meat animals and their slaughtering and packing is $10,625,000,000, according to a report on the meat supply issued by the Department of Agriculture.

This amount is five-sixths as large as all capital invested in manufacturing in 1904. Seven-eights of the meat and meat products was consumed within this country.

Great improvements of inland water ways are under consideration by the Commission appointed by last congress.

It is to be a network uniting the great lakes with the Mississippi valley streams, the latter with each other, with Hudson bay and the gulf, and linking the mouth of the Mississippi by the "western inner passage" with all the Texas ports, and the Rio Grande and the "eastern inner passage" with Mobile bay, and through the Suwanee river, across Florida, with the Atlantic seaboard, a network also annihilating the distance around Delaware, connecting Delaware bay and Raritan by cutting across New Jersey, connecting Delaware bay and Chesapeake bay by improving the existing Delaware and Maryland canal. The whole is to be rounded off by cutting through the isthmus of Cape Cod and affording a short route from Long Island sound into Massachusetts bay and Boston harbor.

The Mississippi valley rivers to be included in the plan are, of course, the Mississippi first, lower and upper; the Red River of the North, as a corollary to a canal north into Canada and Hudson bay; the lower Missouri and a portion of the upper, the lower Platte and Kaw, the Illinois in connection with the deep water ways—the Ohio to Pittsburg and the Monongahela above Pittsburg—the Cumberland and Tennessee into Alabama, the Arkansas, and the Red river of Texas.

Several members of the commission favor a direct recommendation of a bond issue large enough—$200,000,000 is mentioned—to furnish the funds to start the great work.

The commission will point out forcibly that the whole scheme, though so enormously costly in its totals, will pay its own way in the end.

In a book by Prof. Lankaster of the British Science Association he expresses his mind thus:

"Science is encountering, the author observes, a new antagonism. The generation has passed away in which the extension of knowledge incurred the suspicion and discouragement of religious people. The discoveries of the laboratory and the deductions of the biologists are no longer a menace to the tranquility of country clergymen.

The new conceptions of infinity gained by the exploration of the material universe serve to foster the most reverential instincts of human nature. Science finds its modern enemy not in religion but in the cult of amusement

"There is today a less widespread interest than formerly in natural history and general science." There is "an increased general demand for a kind of manufactured gayety," and the popular audience flocks to the band and the bioscope instead of to the wonder-book of nature."

When we hear of rays of light capable of achieving photography through a foot of solid iron; of the charting of the sky on such a scale that a thousand million members of the firmament can be recorded; of the discovery of something like sense-organs on the roots, stems and leaves of plants; of the tracking of diseases to their obscure source in the parasite of a parasite. We do not wonder that many scientists get confused in their minds about science, life and religion.

International reply-coupons are on sale in the Chicago postoffice. The coupons, which are sold for 6 cents, are redeemable in foreign countries for a stamp equivalent to the United States 5 cent stamp.

The coupons are issued especially for the convenience of persons desiring to inclose in their foreign correspondence postage to cover the cost of a reply. They are not valid for postage, but must be exchanged in an office of whatever country they are to be used in.

All the countries in which the coupons are accepted have also issued similar ones. The international agreement was made at a conference held in Rome a year ago. The countries that have adopted the plan are Germany, France, Great Britain, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Hungary, Japan, Luxemburg, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, The Netherlands, Roumania, Siam, Sweden, Switzerland, and Tunis.

The coupons are printed on thin white paper, four and one-fourth by three and one-eighth inches in size. At the top are the French words, "Coupon-response international," and under them the English equivalent, "International reply-coupon." Next appear the instructions:

"This coupon can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the value of 25 centimes, or the equivalent of that sum in countries which have adopted the arrangement."

The same inscription also appears in French at the bottom of the coupon, and on the back in German, English, Spanish, and Italian.

Mr. Sims is to go after lawbreaking corporations with a large-sized club this winter. Pending trial in the federal courts in Chicago are cases against big companies in which total fines of more than $90,000,000 are possible. This does not include the Standard Oil case.

The Standard Oil company is to receive more attention from the government. There are still seven indictments for accepting rebates upon which the company has not been tried. If Judge Landis hears these cases, as he probably will, and follows the course pursued in the case already passed upon, he will impose new fines aggregating $88,000,000.

Two of the remaining Standard Oil indictments involve the Burlington Railroad, two the Lake Shore, two the Chicago & Eastern, and one the Alton.

Second in importance in the cases against corporations that Mr. Sims is preparing is one against the Santa Fe Railroad. This case will probably be reached about Dec. 1.

A fine of $1,300,000 is possible in the Santa Fe case. The road is accused of granting rebates amounting to $11,000 to the Garden City Sugar company, of Garden City Kans. The indictments returned included sixty-five counts.

The Santa Fe is also involved in suits for violations of the safety appliance law, and still others are to be instituted against it for violations of the twenty-eight hour law concerning the care of live stock shipped over the road.

The Nickel Plate and Lehigh Valley Railroads and Booth & Co., are to feel the force of Mr. Sims' club for rebates given the so-called "fish trust." Each of the companies is liable to a fine of more than half a million dollars.

For violation of the anti-trust law Mr. Sims will probably have a number of concerns in court. The Stafford Manufacturing Company, alleged to be a member of the school and church furniture trust, is under indictment. Action is contemplated against the so-called harvester trust.

Important cases are pending against five express companies, the Adams, American, Wells-Fargo, National, and United States. These cases are for the purpose of deciding whether the Hepburn act prohibits the granting of express franks to officers and employees of the companies and to officers.

Berlin believes in canitary measures as is witnessed by the sewerage system which up to the present, has been put in the most crowded parts of the city, and it may be mentioned that it is eminently a city of apartments and tenements, the average number of people living in one house in Berlin is fifty-eight. Of course, in the suburbs, the proportion is considerably less, and this part of the city has not yet been sewered. But mark the result! In the unsewered portion of the city, the cases of typhoid fever were one to each nine and three-tenths houses, while the sewered portion, in the same time, there was only one case to each forty-nine and three-tenths houses; while the deaths from this cause were in the unsewered portion, one to each forty-three houses; in the sewered portion the deaths were one to each one hundred and thirty-seven and five-tenths houses. It is doubtful whether the connection between cause and effect was ever more strongly exemplified, or the advantages of modern sanitation more triumphantly demonstrated. It affords a striking proof of the economic advantages of a policy of prevention, since every death or case of sickness represents a financial loss to the country.

Manufactures formed in the fiscal year 1880 14.78 per cent of the exports of domestic products; in 1890, 21.18 per cent; in 1900, 35.3 per cent; in the fiscal year 1907, 39.94 per cent, and in the nine months ending with September, 43.83 per cent of the total exports of domestic products.

In 1880 the average value per day of manufacturers exported was $333,333; in 1890, $500,000; in 1900, $1,333,333; in 1907, $2,000,000, and in the nine months ending with September, $2,100,000.

The total value of iron and steel manufactures exported in the nine months ending with September was $146,000,000, against $127,000,000 in the same months of the immediately preceding year, thus indicating that the total will in the calendar year 1907 be nearly or quite $200,000,000, while the total exports of iron and steel manufactures never reached as much as $100,000,000 prior to 1899, and never as much as $50,000,000 prior to 1897.

Practically all the principal articles forming the general group—manufactures—show an increase in the nine months ending with September, 1907, when compared with the corresponding months of the preceding year, copper being $68,000,000, against $65,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1906; mineral oils, $67,000,000, against $64,000,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year; wood manufactures, $67,000,000, against $59,000,000 in the same months of last year; agricultural implements, $22,500,000, against $20,500,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year, and naval stores, $17,000,000, against $15,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1906, though leather and manufactures thereof show a decline of a little less than $1,000,000, and cotton manufactures a decline of nearly $14,000,000.

On the import side manufactures are also showing a large increase. During the nine months ending with September, 1907, the total value of manufactures imported was $498,000,000, forming 44.95 per cent of the total, against 44.47 per cent in the fiscal year 1907 and 40.05 per cent in the fiscal year 1897. Of this importation of $498,000,000 in the nine months ending with September $211,000,000 was manufactures for further use in manufacturing, and $287,000,000 manufactures ready for consumption, while on the export side manufactures for further use in manufacturing were $196,500,000 and manufactures ready for consumption $377,500,000.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

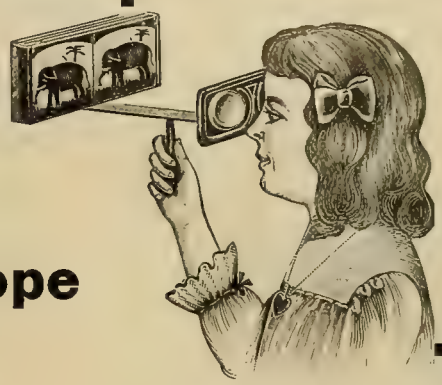
Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—At once one brother in every town and city to represent us in our business. 100 per cent profit. Address with 4 cents for particulars, J. K. Mohler Co., Ephrata, Pa. Box 88.

WANTED.—25 Brethren, or Friends to LOCATE near Cabool, Texas county, Mo. References: Elders, F. W. Dove and J. J. Wassam.—J. K. HILBERT & CO. Real Estate. Cabool, Missouri.

Wanted.—Brethren to locate in Shelby Co., Mo. Land reasonable. No commission. N. C. Folger, Cherry Box, Mo. J. A. Lapp, Leonard, Mo.

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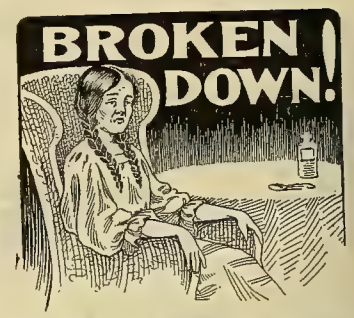
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December 20, 1907

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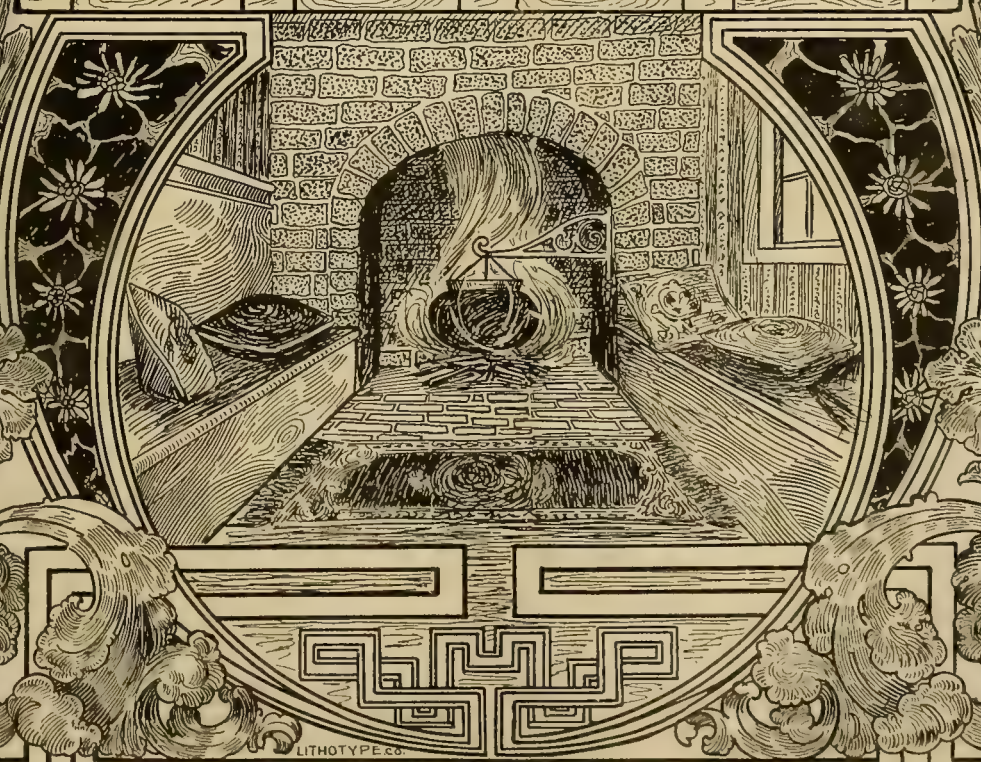
Elgin, Illinois

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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November 19, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 47. Vol. IX

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and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



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GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska.

OUR MISSIONARY RECORD

FOR THE YEAR

On the fourth of August 1906 the first large party of emigrants and excursionists entered Butte Valley. On the following October others came. They have continued to come by intervals ever since. Ministers, deacons and laity have all come. An organization was effected that fall, the church properly officered, the Sunday school and Christian Workers' meeting set in operation and even home missionary work was definitely planned for and carried into execution.

Three different localities adjoining the new colony falling in favor with the appearance and doctrines of our people began to call for regular preaching services. To these calls the Brethren promptly responded. At the town of Picard, lying at the north end of the valley, the interest has become so great and the church has grown in such favor with the townspeople that they have the use of the right and title to a nice church property, well located, provided the Brethren will locate a minister permanently. We shall depend upon the Lord to send us a man for the place. At the town of Doris a little way to the east of Picard, the townspeople have kindly offered to build a church and deed it to the Brethren upon the same terms as before mentioned. This shows that the "field is ripe unto the harvest," and that our doctrine will be well taken if presented correctly anywhere. This ought to be a lesson for those who are ashamed of the church and her principles.

The elder in charge of the Butte Valley church was elected at the District Meeting of Northern California to represent that District on the Standing Committee at the Annual Conference at Des Moines. The church in Butte Valley now numbers nearly one hundred members, and their meetings are well attended by the neighbors and friends who live in the vicinity. It was the intention of the church to have their new house of worship ready for dedication when the Brethren went to the Annual Meeting at Los Angeles, but their purposes were thwarted by unavoidable circumstances. The effects of the fire and earthquake at San Francisco together with the heavy floods on the Pacific coast, which washed out miles of railroads, were the causes that delayed the work. Thousands of men were called to rebuild the railroads and cities destroyed by the fire and floods.

Things have about regained their equilibrium and it is now announced that the new Brethren Church at Macdoel will be dedicated about the middle of December and that Bro. D. L. Miller of Mount Morris, Illinois, has consented to be present at the dedicatory services. So much for the years work. May the good Lord abundantly bless the efforts of those worthy ones who have literally obeyed his great Commission.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,

14 FLOOD BUILDING,

SAN FRANCISCO, - - CALIFORNIA

A CHILD ASKS QUESTIONS

at times which wise men cannot answer. Scientists are often astonished at the extreme simplicity of problems which it has taken centuries to solve. Eminent physicians, with all their skill and learning, stand frequently baffled in the presence of an ordinary ailment, when a simple household remedy brings about a cure, because it strikes at the root of the evil—the impurity in the blood. Mr. theo. Falke, 1196 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Calif., relates a case in point. "Last year I was sick for over six weeks; I grew weaker day by day, and it seemed as if my heart refused to work any more. In addition to the doctor from my lodge, I tried many other physicians, but none could help, or, it seemed, even tell what was the matter with me. As I am not a rich man and have a family to support, I got tired of it all and made up my mind to try the Blood Vitalizer. I discontinued all the doctors and threw their pills away and even cut off my visitors. I took four bottles of the Blood Vitalizer and my improvement was rapid. I was, of course, not able to go to work right away, but I took long daily walks. Today I am as strong and healthy as in my younger days, and it is all due to your Blood Vitalizer."

NO OPERATION NECESSARY.

Healdsburg, Calif., April 3, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have been waiting about writing to you as I wanted to see the result of the Blood Vitalizer. My daughter had a tumor, as two of the leading doctors in Healdsburg called it, on her breast. In your letter to us you frankly stated that you could not say that it would cure her, but that it was a good blood medicine. We used the medicine anyway, and the first two bottles she took showed indications of improvement. We soon noticed that the tumor was growing smaller, and so she kept up the use of the Blood Vitalizer. When she had finished the fourth bottle the tumor was gone. She is now using the fifth to be sure. She also used a little Oleum to rub on gently, as it was very sore. She is so happy to think that she has escaped the surgeon's knife.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. M. E. Thornton.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Plainfield, Iowa, May 8, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your Blood Vitalizer has done us lots of good and I have often spoken of it to others. My wife and I are old and out of date. With the rent from an eighty-acre farm we manage to get along. Occasionally I do a job of extra work, although I am seventy-four years old. I feel very well; can eat heartily and sleep soundly, thank the good Lord. Eight or ten years ago I was sick with kidney and liver trouble, but through the kindness of a friend, I learned about your Blood Vitalizer. I quit all other medicines and took the Blood Vitalizer and was cured. I am able to be out of bed at 5 A. M. and back again at 9 at night. I feel sure that I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for your Blood Vitalizer.

Yours very truly,
D. E. Hastings.

Such is the testimony regarding Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. If you do not find the name of a friend or acquaintance among the writers of the letters of testimonial that appear in the Inglenook, and you are interested, write to Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., and it is more than possible that they can refer to some one in your own neighborhood who has tested the merits of the remedy. Remember, that Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is not a drugstore medicine. It is sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors.

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

RAISIN CITY, CALIFORNIA

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Over 3000 acres sold since Annual Meeting. Eld. A. W. Vaniman and three other Elders and a number of Brethren have purchased land and will locate there this fall and winter.

J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed before Oct. 15, 1907. Pierce Lumber Co. of Fresno have established a lumber yard at Raisin City.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad 14 miles from Fresno a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno Co., in which **RAISIN CITY** is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam, the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from $25 to $50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent. Prices will soon be advanced to $60 per acre.

For descriptive folders and full information address,

CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

511, 512, 513, Merchants' Trust Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO MEN

BY S. F. SANGER AND D. HAYS.

Anti-war history of the Brethren and Mennonites, the peace people of the South during the Civil War, 1861-1865.

From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publshing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences, largely from the personal testimony of those who, through religious convictions, declined to bear arms against their fellowmen, believing that Christians should not take up the sword, but follow the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want an active, live energetic agent in each congregation to sell this book. Liberal terms to agents.

The book is well bound in cloth with gold stamp and printed on heavy book paper.

It contains 232 pages with a number of illustrations.

Price per copy, prepaid.....$.75

Write for full particulars regarding agency at once to

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

The STORY of the HYMNS and TUNES

By Theron Brown
and
Hezekiah Butterworth

A new book that will interest and bring joy to all lovers of music.

In the introduction Mr. Brown writes: "In the following pages no pretense is made of selecting all the best and most used hymns but the purpose has been to notice as many as possible of the standard pieces, and a few others which seem to add or reshape a useful thought or introduce a new strain." The story of hundreds of hymns with their tunes are given. The portraits of twenty-four noted musicians are inserted in the book.

The book contains nearly 600 pages and is bound in good cloth binding.

The fine gilt top and gilt stamping on the cover makes it a very attractive book.

If you are a lover of music you will want this book.

Price, prepaid, ...**$1.50**

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Possibilities of IDAHO Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize $1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from $2.00 to $3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK,
Imigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER 19, 1907. No. 47.

How We Think

H. M. Fogelsonger

II. Our Senses.

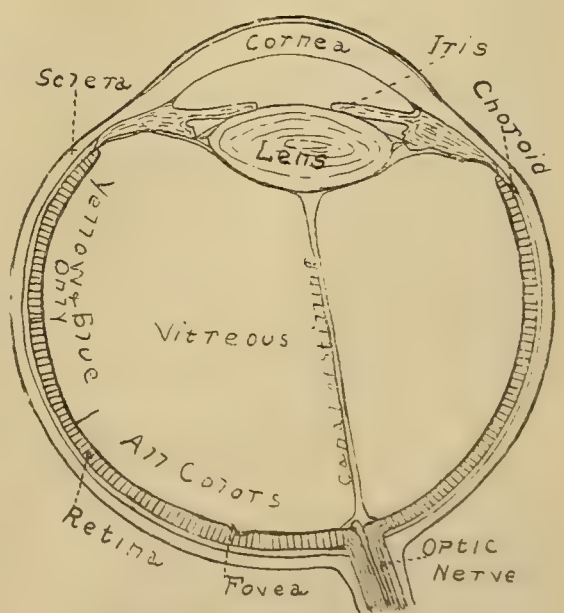
DID you ever think that all the raw material of your knowledge comes throught your senses? Now remember I said *raw* material. Hereditary tendencies and the fact that our body is an organism must not be forgotten. This raw material is varied indeed for we have at least seven well defined senses. They are sight, hearing, taste, smell, pressure, temperature and muscular sense. In the next article we will learn how the products of these senses are united to form knowledge.

We make more use of vision than of any other sense and to me the eye is a very interesting organ to study. It contains many hard problems to solve.

Did you ever see a man work a wind stacker on a threshing machine? You noticed that he had several ropes, and by pulling on certain ones he could turn the end of the spout in the required direction. The eye works in much the same way. Each has three sets of muscles. One set pulls the eye up and down, another to the right or left and the third twists the eyeballs around so that we can turn them in any direction we wish. Hold a pencil before you and look towards the corner of the room with one eye then another. The pencil seems to move back and forth. Now hold the pencil about eighteen inches in front of your nose and with both eyes look at the wall. You will see two pencils. These experiments show that each eye sees things in a slightly different way and that both eyes are focused on the object seen; and so we know one object is in front or behind another. Objects not in focus will be seen double.

The structure of the eye is very complex. The accompanying drawing shows the left eye as if cut through horizontally. The outside glassy part of an eye which you see is called the cornea. The iris or shutter is inside the cornea and is the round, colored disc in the center. The iris opens and shuts so as to let through the proper amount of light all the time. Behind the iris the light goes through the lens. You know a lens does to light what a funnel does to water. It collects or bends it to one side. For instance the light that comes from the left reaches the right side of the interior of the eyeball. All images are reversed in the eye. The lens is adjusted for near and far vision by a muscle at each side.

In the drawing you notice the retina covers the whole back part of the eye. Here the light is received by the nerves which carry the sensation to the brain. The image of an object is thrown upon the



Horizontal Section Through Left Eyeball

retina and we see a chair, book, etc. The sensations are carried from the eye to the brain by the optic nerve which pierces through the retina on the side nearest the nose. The place where the nerve enters is called the blind spot because we cannot see anything that falls upon this place. Make a large black dot on a sheet of white paper, hold your eye still and move the

paper back and forth. At a certain point the dot will fall upon the blind spot and will disappear.

Most of you know that white light is composed of four primary colors—red, yellow, green and blue. All other colors are either tints, shades or combinations of those colors. Red and green combined make gray, and yellow and blue do the same. The colors run thus in pairs. In the drawing you will see the outside edge of the retina marked yellow and blue. Here only those two colors can be seen but in the middle all colors can be seen. You can prove this for yourself. Have some one hold a patch of reddish orange paper about two feet in front of you and slowly move it to the side with a radius of two feet and close the nearest eye. After a certain point the paper will look yellow. The red disappears and only the yellow of the orange remains. Light, as most of you know, is caused by ether waves, each color having a different wave length. The place marked Fovea is the point of clearest vision. Here objects are seen most distinctly.

Space does not permit many words about the ear. Sound is carried by the air in waves. These waves are taken up by the mechanism of the ear. Nerve endings lie in a cavity filled with water that vibrates with the air waves. In this tiny body of water there are about twenty-four thousand separate processes for receiving sound. Each responds to a certain tone. Those of you who have pianos in your homes may do this experiment. Open the lid on top and make a loud sound into the piano. Then listen and you will hear several of the strings vibrate. Each string picks out its own tone from the noise you made. Just so with the ear. It is so constructed that there is a separate structure for each simple tone. You very seldom hear simple tones. Nearly every sound is a combination of many simple tones.

The surface of the tongue and inside of the mouth are the organs of taste. The tongue is covered with minute papillae which give it a rough appearance and in these are the end organs of taste. We cannot taste anything unless it is in soluble form, hence liquids are much easier tasted. There are four primary tastes—sweet, acid, bitter and salt. Bitter is tasted chiefly on the back part of the tongue and sweet on the front part.

The nose is the organ of smell. At the upper part of it in a small bay, the end organs of smell are located. Smell is excited by a vapor stimulus and possibly not by any liquid. We know what anything smells like by the vapor or gas that comes from it.

We may include under touch, the pressure sense and temperature sense. However, the word touch is of such general meaning that it is not a safe term to use in this connection. There are separate end organs in the skin for pressure and heat and cold, hence we must keep them separate as senses. Take a fine knitting needle or other like instrument and gently press it on the skin of the forearm. Or better have some one else to do it and you look in another direction. You will find that at some points you do not feel the needle and at others you do. Where there are no pressure nerve endings you do not feel the needle. Now keep the needle cold by frequently dipping it in cold water and press it very lightly on the inside of your wrist. At some places you will not feel cold and at certain points will be distinctly cold. Do the same thing with a warm needle and you will discover warm spots. Keep the needle warm by dipping it in water but always wipe the water off with a cloth before using it. You see there are nerve endings for receiving cold sensations and others for warm sensations. The number of these spots per square inch varies on different parts of the body.

We have left the muscular sense. When you lift an object you have a certain idea of how much it weighs and there is a feeling of weight in your muscle. This is the muscular sense. There are nerve endings in the muscle so that we know about how much the muscle is contracted or is pulling.

Transportation in Germany

GERMANY'S transportation policy is set forth in the following paragraphs from an official organ:

"Any means whereby the distances which separate the economic centers of the country from one another can be diminished, must be welcomed and be considered as a progress, for it increases our strength in our industrial competition with foreign countries. Every one who desires to send or to receive goods wishes for cheap freights. Hence the aim of a healthy transport policy should be to diminish as far as possible the economically unproductive costs of transport. A country such as Germany, which is fortunate enough to produce on its own soil by far the larger part of the raw material and food which it requires, occupies the most independent and the most favorable position if, owing to cheap inland transportation, its economic centers are placed as nearly as possible to one another. When this has been achieved, Germany will be able to dispense with many foreign products, and it will occupy a position of superiority in comparison with all those states which do not possess similarly perfect means of transport.

"Many circumstances which in former times gave superiority to certain countries, such as the greater skill of their workmen, superior machinery, cheaper wages, greater natural fertility of the soil; all these advantages are gradually being leveled down by time

and progress. But what will remain is the advantage of a well-planned system of transportation, which makes the best possible use of local resources and local advantages. It is to this that England owes to a large extent her unique position for commercial exchange with other countries."

In an early day the railway magnates of Germany operated their roads for personal gain, to the abuse of the public, which led Prince Bismarck to urge railway legislation in 1876 by the following opinion:

"Railways were meant to be, and are, instruments for conveying the national traffic, and they were given their far-reaching privileges and they were constructed in order to serve the public and general interest. Therefore their character as profit-earning instruments may be taken into consideration only in so far as that character is compatible with the general welfare, which has to be considered first and foremost. Hence the right of constructing and exploiting railways can be considered only as temporary, and their eventual purchase by the government is a matter of course.

"The disadvantages of private ownership are:

"1. Unnecessarily high working expenses and correspondingly high charges in consequence of the multiplicity of railway boards, managers, offices, and the unnecessary duplication of lines, stations, material, rolling stock, etc.

"2. Chaos of freight charges, there being 1,400 different tariffs which are constantly changing, which are unclear, and which make trade an uncertain and speculative venture.

"3. Because direct travel of passengers and goods over the whole railway system of the country is often impeded, with the object of harming competing railway systems, and consequently much damage is done to the trade and industry."

In 1879, as has just been mentioned, the system of German state railroads became a fact. Under this system, fares and rates are not fixed to obtain the greatest profit for the system, but rather to do the greatest amount of good to the shipper, whether large or small. The freight rates are so simple to compute, that any one even of the lowest intelligence can figure the cost of transportation between any two points.

The following table and comment from the *Scientific American* might be applied with profit to our own abused railway system, for what is possible in Germany is possible here at home also.

The great argument against government ownership, that the state, as a monopoly, is unprogressive, does not hold in Germany; for in the twenty-two years from 1880 to 1902, the mileage of the government roads increased 55.5 per cent. The profits earned by the Prussian roads, in spite of a general increase in running expenses and a decrease in freight and passenger charges, have been as follows, showing an increase since 1897, when they came under government management:

	Per cent.
1869	6.5
1874	4.4
1879	4.9
1884-5	4.9
1889-90	6.2
1894-5	5.6
1900	7.0

Prussia borrowed the money with which she bought her railroads at about 3½ per cent, so that each year an immense profit flows into her exchequer. In 1903 this income was sufficient to pay not only the interest on the state debt of $1,756,677,500, but to provide for its redemption, leaving in addition a clear balance of some $50, 000,000 for the relief of taxation.

These facts and figures seem to point to government ownership as a cure for many abuses; but it is a question if any other country could have placed it upon so satisfactory a basis—a thing which was made possible in Germany by the form of government and by the peculiar national temperament.

The Fall Migration

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

In our walks afield we realize that summer is over. We miss the songs of the summer birds which constituted such a large part of our enjoyment of many summer outings. A sense of the dreariness of the approaching winter comes to us through all the dreamy beauty of the autumn days; and we realize that the fall migration of the birds is at its height.

Almost since the earth has been peopled, wise men have studied and written about the bird migrations, and those that have studied the longest and the hardest, frankly say they do not know why the birds go south in winter and north in summer.

What we call the migration of the birds is a concerted, almost universal, movement on their part to avoid cold weather and its consequences. Their home is in the north. There they were born and reared. For this north country they have a great affection; but in winter the homeland is cold and uninhabitable, "and in some way,—nobody knows how,—at some time,—nobody knows when,—" the birds fell into the habit of going south and returning north as the seasons change. In other words, the autumnal migration is a flight to pleasanter climes, and the spring migration is nothing more nor less than a coming home again.

The spring migration is the joyous one; the autumnal one is more or less sad and accomplished in comparative silence. During these seasons every one should be alive to what is going on around him. Not that all should be ornithologists, but everyone should possess eyes to see and a heart to sympathize with the movements of life around him. Then if he remembers that what he sees is only the tiniest fraction of what is taking place at this time over all the northern hemisphere, he will feel his soul stirred. For in the world of Nature, and we ourselves are included in it, there is nothing more wonderful to think of than this flight of millions on millions of winged creatures, from birthplace to southern feeding ground, and back again, from which, when the time comes, nothing but death or absolute disability can keep them away.

One of the interesting things about bird migration is that, with the greater part of the small species, the journey is made at night. This may seem surprising, but it is a question each one may settle for himself. Watch the moon with a good pair of field glasses during the migrating season. Frequently, though not always, one can see the birds as they fly between the face of the moon and the glass. You may in some instances be able to identify some of these birds by their size and shape of flight. For at least four months of every year the atmosphere may be said to be full of birds on favorable nights, all winging their way northward or southward, according to the season. It is certainly a thing to think of.

The reason of this state of things we know nothing about. Probably the explanation would look simple enough, once the facts were before us. It is mysterious only because the causes are hidden from our view, not that they are of necessity—or even probably—complicated, or in any way difficult of comprehension.

Meanwhile the birds, who know nothing of the mystery we make of their movements, continue to come and go; and there is no measuring the interest which their going and coming add to human existence. How different the course of the year would be to all who love the sights and sounds of the natural world, if the same birds lived always in the same places; if the bluebird and the robin did not leave us in autumn and return in the spring.

The summer birds are almost all gone now, the fall migrants are here, and soon the winter birds will arrive and make the coming winter seem less drear because of their presence.

In the orchard and among the shrubbery of our village lot, every winter appears a little band of cheerful birds which to me are the most typical of the winter season. I have named them our "Winter Friends;" they are the Chickadee, Downy Woodpecker, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Brown Creeper and White-breasted Nuthatch. In succeeding articles these birds will be described so that any reader may be able to identify them.

It is my earnest desire that what I may write about these birds will induce the young people, especially, to study them and discover for themselves the many ways in which they are useful to man, as well as their many lovable traits of character.

Spiceland, Ind.

Working for an Education

In his inaugural address President Hadley said that Yale did not need so much an increase in beneficiary funds as an increase in the opportunities for students to earn their living. In the same address he called attention to the fact that aid in education, if given without exacting a corresponding return, becomes demoralizing, while if it is earned by the student as he goes, it has just the opposite effect. The question has been frequently asked, "How can I work my way through college?" With a view to describing the methods employed by students to earn money, a request was sent by this department to a group of colleges widely scattered and fairly typical of American institutions as a whole. The information received, therefore, may in a sense be considered official and is thoroughly reliable.

Yale.

From replies to a circular sent out to students, it appears that more money is earned by private tutoring than in any other way. This is the most desirable way in which a student can earn money, as it diverts his mind and time less from his proper work, and is the most remunerative, the rate varying from $1 to $3 an hour, according to the experience and efficiency of the tutor. To obtain work as a tutor it is necessary, first of all, to perform well in the recitation-room, and so recommend oneself to the instructor and one's classmates. Application should then be made to the instructors, who often have occasion to suggest tutors to those who need them. Ultimately a student's success as tutor will depend upon the efficiency with which he does the work and assists his pupils.

Next to private tutoring, it appears that more money (or its equivalent) is earned by students acting as waiters, chiefly upon small clubs of ten or fifteen of their fellows. Students are not employed as waiters in the university dining-hall. About twenty-five students, however, are employed in clerical and

other capacities. The work of waiting on a club of one's fellows is as little as possible a menial one. An hour at each meal covers the time required, which comes when it is missed as little as possible. Practically this is often the easiest way in which a man can meet a very considerable expense. Opportunity to wait is obtained by being on hand early, before the university opens, at the time when clubs are being formed.

Several men in each class every year obtain their board by forming clubs of men, and keeping the number full, for boarding-house keepers. A group of five or six friends, coming together from a preparatory school, or having some other common interests, is generally the nucleus for such a club. Some boarding-house keepers allow a certain amount toward price of board for every boarder furnished. Some students obtain board and sometimes extra compensation, for attending to the finances of some of the larger boarding-houses.

Especially important is the work which may be classed as clerical. Business houses in New Haven need extra men as clerks in the busiest season, also as collectors, and to solicit custom and deliver goods. The gas and water companies often have work to offer. The athletic and other organizations at certain times have need of extra men. Tried men in the upper classes are employed in the dean's office, the cooperative store, and in the various libraries of the university and the city. Every year three or four trained and experienced stenographers and typewriters come to the university, together with many who can do simple copying. The work tends to fall into the hands of the few who are most competent and, at the same time, diligent in soliciting business. Some regular employment for a few hours a week is to be had of various business organizations in the university, and a good deal of sporadic copying of manuscripts.

All the undergraduate publications are managed on strictly business lines, and any surplus remaining after the expenses of the publications are met is divided among the senior editors. There are thirty-one editorial positions on the four college papers (nine on *The News*, nine on *The Record*, seven on *The Courant*, and six on *The Lit.*), and these are filled by competition, which is open to all. The privilege of issuing *The Yale Banner* is awarded annually to the highest sealed bid submitted, and this, if well managed, will handsomely repay the time spent in getting out the publication. Some students do work as reporters for the local papers, and others act as correspondents to write up the college news for the daily or weekly publications in the large cities.

The care of furnaces and sidewalks in winter, and gardens and lawns in summer, secures for many students either a room or from $1.50 to $2.50 a week.

Students who are skilled in instrumental or vocal music are employed to a considerable extent in the choirs of the various churches and chapels in or near the city.

Several students throughout the year, and many more in vacation, are employed as conductors and motormen. This is difficult work, and only the robust should undertake it in connection with their studies.

There is opportunity for good men to teach in evening schools conducted by the city. Application should be made to the Superintendent of Schools, New Haven. Work of a similar kind is sometimes to be had of the Young Men's Christian Association. Experienced teachers are frequently employed as substitutes in the high school.

Cornell University.

The only financial assistance which Cornell University is now able to offer its undergraduate students is that carried by the New York State and university scholarships, which, however, can be awarded only on the basis of competitive examinations.

Besides scholarship-holders, there are many students at Cornell who support themselves, in whole or in part, by outside labor. The most usual work to which such students resort is waiting on table. Owing to the absence of dormitories for the men students at Cornell, a large number of student boarding-houses have sprung up in the vicinity of the campus, and in practically all of these student waiters are employed. The time required for such work is on the average about three and a half hours per day, and the usual compensation is one's board.

Another means of self-support is found in tending furnaces for professors and townspeople. The compensation for this service is generally one's room, or, if paid in cash, $5 or $6 per month, according to the amount of work involved. Considerable tutoring also, at seventy-five cents or more per hour, especially in such subjects as mathematics, chemistry, and physics, is to be had at certain seasons of the year by members of the upper classes who have distinguished themselves in scholarship, and occasionally such students, in their senior years, are appointed to assistantships in the various laboratories, with appropriate compensation. A few students are able to earn their way by corresponding for out-of-town papers or by reporting for the local press. Among other kinds of work resorted to may be mentioned odd jobs like copying or office work for professors, copying in the library, arranging collections in the museums, typewriting theses, reading proof on the university or local papers, collecting bills, running laundry agencies, farm work on the university farm, etc.

The university, of course, cannot guarantee employment to any of its students, nor can it undertake to secure it for them, owing to the great number of

students, so that in finding opportunities for work the student is obliged to depend largely upon his own efforts; but the university Christian Association, through its student employment bureau, is always ready to serve students in search of work, and all such are strongly advised to correspond with the association secretary at least a week or two before the opening of the university in the fall, and consult him immediately upon their arrival in Ithaca in order that they may be right in line for the first openings.

Harvard University.

At Harvard University the work of the Appointments Office consists of helping students to find ways of earning money during term-time and in vacation. The office acts as a middleman, bringing together students needing work and persons seeking such help as the students can give.

To the student who must make his way this office gives assurance that if he is a useful man every effort will be made to help him turn that usefulness to good account. The greatest difficulty the office experiences is that of supplying the demand for really first-rate men. The office adheres strictly to the principle that work shall be given only to those who can do it well. The best way of showing the kinds of opportunities that come to the office will be to enumerate the work actually done by students.

This list is as follows: advertisement writer, 1; agents, 5; athletic coaches, 2; attendants, 5; bookkeeper, 1; caretaker, 1; chaircaner, 1; chemist, 1; choremen, 39; clerks, 153; collectors, 73; electric-railroad employés, 2; elevator man, 1; farm-hands, 12; furnace-tenders, 6; gas-meter readers, 21; guards, 32; guides, 52; hotel help, 12; janitor, 1; lecturers, 2; library attendant, 1; library-research worker, 1; messengers, 12; mining assistant, 1; musicians, 3; news editor, 1; night-school teachers, 14; outing-class directors, 3; proctors (special), 76; public speaker, 1; readers, 8; rooms in exchange for service, 6; settlement workers, 8; snow shovelers, 5; stenographers, 18; stereopticon operators, 2; store clerks, 27; summer camp, 6; supervisors of study, 14; ticket-takers, 53; translators, 5; tutors in special subjects, 131; tutors or companions, 40; typewriters, 9; waiters, 5. Total, 873.

University of Wisconsin.

Investigation recently conducted by students of the Economic Department of the College of Letters and Science of the University of Wisconsin, with the cooperation of the faculty, has disclosed the fact that fully thirty-seven per cent of the 2,300 men students are supporting themselves partly of wholly while attending the university. A considerable number of foreign-born students from Japan, various European countries, South America, and Mexico, in spite of the difficulties they have with the English language, struggle along and manage to earn part of their college support. The industry that characterizes most of these students, who find time to do all kinds of work and keep up their studies, has been recognized at Madison for some time, but its extent and practicability startles even those who are known to be well informed on the subject of working students.

The majority of the working students are occupied with waiting on table, washing or carrying out dishes in boarding-houses, restaurants, or hotels; tending furnaces in winter; doing housework, such as caring for horses, splitting wood, beating carpets, tending to lawns or shoveling snow in winter; clerical work, such as typewriting, stenography, and small bookkeeping; tutoring the children of the wealthy Madisonians; giving music lessons; playing in the orchestra; book and advertising canvassing, laundry routes and agencies; delivering local newspapers early in the morning; soliciting for tailors; rubbing athetes; Capitol jobs; running barber shops; newspaper reporting, and stewardships in hotels. Nearly one-half of the positions are permanent. The other jobs are short and irregular, taking from a few hours to perhaps several days to complete them.

University of Chicago.

The University of Chicago is situated in a city where opportunities for employment are many. Among the kinds of employment which such students have found are the following:

Tutoring; typewriting and stenography; bookkeeping; work in railway stations; lighting street lamps; canvassing for city telephone company; canvassing for city directory; clerking on Saturdays and holidays in stores; housework; night clerking in hotels; operating soda fountains; posting advertisements; janitor work; moving and dusting books; carrying meals to invalids; work as chauffeurs; work in postoffice; decorating halls for entertainments; assisting photographers; clerical work; drafting; collecting accounts; operating stereopticons; carrying newspapers; operating night telephone switchboard; work for express companies; waiting on table; caring for lawns and furnaces; packing books and furniture, addressing and mailing circulars; ushering in theaters; caring for children; wheeling invalids; work in newspapers offices; work as companions; penwork, copying; serving at polls on election day; other miscellaneous work.

In general, students may be greatly aided in finding employment by availing themselves of the services of the University Employment Bureau, which is conducted without charge either to employers or employés. This bureau keeps a register of students who come to it seeking employment and a list of positions. —*The Circle.*

Grief Turned it White.

Doubtful Looking Individual at Door—That lost dog you are advertising for, mum, I have brought it back.

Lady—But that's not my dog; my dog was black.

Doubtful Individual—The werry same dog, mum; but you see his hair has turned white with grief at being separated from you.

The lady is satisfied and hands him ten shillings reward.—Tit-Bits.

Ignorance and Superstition

J. S. Flory

We may think we have reached that period in the world's history when this hydra-headed monster dare not show his head. Let us not be deceived. While we may not behold their intolerance in acts of violence as of old, where the pictures that we see as we take a glance backward make the blood run cold, and the horrors of that time seem almost incredible that it were possible such things could be done in the name of religion or right. Not simply in darkest Africa, heathen India, or blood-red Spain, but even in civilized Rome and classic Greece the inhumanity of man to man was terrible. In this twentieth century since the coming of the Prince of Peace, preaching and teaching the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, we discover the trail of the same serpents still abroad in the land. Although clad in different garb yet the same spirit to slay and devour is ever present. The doctrine of love is ignored and humanity's claims are trampled in the dust because the spirit of ignorance stalks abroad and the ghost of superstition will not down.

One of our modern, much traveled "globe trotters" said not long since, "There are two things I am afraid of—ignorance and superstition," because he had learned so much of their ravages in other lands and now they have even blocked the way of progress. We need not go from home to realize that they still "live and move and have a being." We come in touch with them almost every day, always ready to cavil, criticise and destroy work well begun on the upward trend for a higher standard of life and progress.

Less than fifty years ago, an old veteran of the cross of Christ coming out of the backwoods into a western settlement, looking up said to his fellow preacher, in reference to some telegraph wires stretched upon some poles: "See the mark of the beast!" "Yes," said the other, "We are nearing the last days!"

When Morse began talking about the feasibility of harnessing the lightning his friends said he had "wheels in his head" and ought to be confined in a private asylum. So it was with the inventor of the steam engine. When Edison talked of the telephone people called him "crazy." The inventor of wireless telegraphy was dubbed the greatest "crank" of them all. One thing, however, we must acknowledge, a crank makes things go round. It is of great use, often, in "doing things."

So it has been with every advanced thinker who has dared to investigate along true scientific lines, or in other words, along common sense lines. No sooner does a man get so warped that he will wabble out of the old "orthodox" ruts than up jumps ignorance and superstition and says, "The speaker is out of order."

He declares that when he was a boy his father went to mill with a lot of corn in one end of the sack and in the other end a stone to balance the load, "and what was good enough for him is good enough for me."

The man who dares to think lightens the load for the beast one-half: he is rewarded for being merciful, so is every reformer who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.

We hear much said, these days, about regeneration. For my part, I think generation ought to have a chance. I like the idea of being at the beginning of things. Not much credit to anyone doing a thing some one else showed him how it was done or how to do it. I like the man who pushes ahead, inventing methods that help the world to be better. We have too many parrots in the world, and in all kinds of work. They are satisfied with imitating someone, or some work already started. That is all right when the party has no greater talent, but I do not like the idea of putting to use elephants to catch mice. It is too much energy wasted in small matters.

There is always a positive and a negative pole in the universe of things, the good and the bad, light and darkness, sweet and bitter, so all along the catalogue of opposites. In a sense it may be all right to have opposition, in this way the strong and good are made manifest. By persecution we often learn what we possibly would not learn in any other way, therefore those who stand in the way and block progress may be our friends in disguise, but woe unto those who, Judas-like, have the wicked heart to purposely stand in the army of evildoers and persecute the innocent good.

* * *

YE KEN NAE WHAT YE MISSED.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Ye dinna ken amang the men
  Ye meet frae da' to da'
Whose blood is blue, whose heart is true,
  Whom ye may trust alwa'.
Syne then ye fin' a noble min'
  O friend I must insist
Forsake him not, Perchance, I wot,
  Ye ken nae what ye missed.

Gin he hae gang with ye alang,
  What e'er beside ye do
Stand by your frien' till life shall en'
  As he hae stood by you.
Dare not betra' his heart awa'
  Gin fortune hae ye kissed,
Should ye nae ken his heart throbs, then
  Ye ken nae what ye missed

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

The Lack of Striking Things in the Literary World

Richard Braunstein

THERE are people who deplore in a melancholy way, the loss of the "golden age of literature" that, they tell us, has gone forever. Everything today is commonplace. There are no fine essays, no grand poems, no wonderful dramas, that will live forever, no striking stories. "The literature of today is 'the pouring of wine out of old bottles into new' and lots of wine spilled in the process," says a recent writer. Our writers are busy over what some other men thought of and what some other men said.

If this be so, and in a certain sense it is, what seems to be the trouble? Why is it no Hamlets are written today? It is said, there are in the United States, today, about two thousand persons who may be numbered as writers, why do we not find new Miltons or Shakespeares among them? We may be sure that if they were there they would be found.

Centuries have their individualities. There are tides in the lives of nations. May there not now be an ebb in the literary work of these times? There is certainly a "young flood" in the scientific thought of this half of our century. The character of this century's thought is technical, industrial and scientific. Literature is, after all, only a mode of expression. May it not be possible that the Miltons of these days are using another mode of expression? Certainly if we look at a mind like Edison's we see an original genius taking rank beside the great creative minds of the so-called "golden age of literature." A hundred years ago Edison would have shown the thought that is in him by means of a great poem or drama. Today it seems more fitting that it seeks another mode of expression, and it is tenfold more striking.

Besides this widest division of intellectual life into new fields of labor may be noted another point. The critical demand today is for originality. We are tired of books about books. The wine is no better for the new bottles—let us have new wine. This demand has made it very difficult to say anything new or striking. All the possible phases of human experience have been described, all the situations in which men and women may be placed have been repeated many times in our novels and dramas. There is no new personal experience, otherwise such books as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and a few others would not have been written.

The outlook, however, is not hopeless. If no new life experience can be described, the old loves and trials, loss and gain can be told by new men and women putting their own personality into the telling. Nothing original can be said now, but every man is a new personality, and personality is originality.

The striking thoughts of our time are in great civil works, great feats of engineering, great educational movements and, best of all, in the advance of the people to higher planes of thought and living. Perhaps in another age the old method of expression we call literature, will sing the praise of these days as days when mental activity was wider, more generous and quite as striking as any century in the past.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

C. FEGLEY.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the "Sage of Concord," the leader of the transcendental school of American philosophers, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803. His father was William Emerson, a Unitarian minister. "With a single exception there was a minister in each of six generations descending from Thomas Emerson, of Ipswich, Massachusetts. For this one lapse compensation was made; another generation furnished the colony with three ministers."

Young Emerson inherited his love of literature from his father and grandfather. Left fatherless in 1811, he and four brothers depended upon their mother for support till they were old enough to do for themselves. He graduated from Harvard in 1821, taught school some, and became disgusted with the trials and annoyances that beset the teacher on every hand, saying, "Better saw wood, better sow hemp, better hang with it after it is sown, than sow the seed of instruction." He went south for his health in 1826, where he met Achille Murat, the quondam king of Naples.

In 1829 he was ordained colleague with Henry Ware as pastor of the Second Church of Boston, and was soon left "sole incumbent." He married Ellen Tucker, but lost her by death a few months afterward. He resigned as pastor in 1832 because he did not believe all the doctrines of the church, and finally gave up the ministry altogether.

In 1833 he took a trip to England where he met three famous writers, Wordsworth the poet of nature and simplicity; Coleridge, the poet, philosopher and devoted German student; and Carlyle, the essayist and moralist, also filled with German ideas. He also visited Italy and France. In 1847 he made a lecture tour through England and also visited France. Near the close of his life he made a trip to Egypt for the benefit of his health. In 1836 he located permanently at Concord and lectured there and also went on lecture

tours about the country. He made the lecture platform what it is today, for he was the first real lecturer. The same year he published his "Concord Hymn," a famous poem, and published his first book, "Nature," full of the most beautiful descriptions of nature. He was married again, to Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth this year. He took part in the transcendental movement, and called it "faith in intuitions," and was regarded as the heresiarch of the cult, and from 1842 to 1844 was the editor of "The Dial," the Transcendental magazine.

A volume of his Essays, Self-Reliance, Love, Friendship, Art, etc., was published in 1841, and another, Experience, Character, Nature, etc., in 1844. A book of poems appeared in 1847. "Representative Men" appeared in 1850, and was a series of comprehensive lectures on Plato the philosopher, Swedenborg the Mystic, Montaigne the Skeptic, Shakespeare the Poet, Napoleon the Man of the World, and Goethe the Writer. His excellent "English Traits" appeared in 1856. Besides these he wrote other books, but these are the best. He died after a brief illness April 27, 1882.

Blackwood's magazine says of Emerson, "A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found." He said what he thought and felt at the time he said it. He was once asked what a certain passage in one of his articles meant. He said he did not know but whatever it was he meant it when he said it. His poetry is defined by some as "bare and spare," and by others as like the sphinx—something of a riddle for the reader to solve at his leisure and pleasure. Certain it is that the youngest child can enjoy his poem "The Mountain and the Squirrel," and his lines on "A Snowstorm," the "Humblebee" and the "Chickadee" are not "too deep for common seekers to find" the thoughts they express. "In everything and everybody he saw only the good and beautiful, never the bad and ugly." He was an eccentric, queer man, people said, but children loved him, and college boys and school girls thought him the politest, gentlest of men, and fairly reverenced him.

Worthy of mention: Jonathan Edwards, theology; Edward Eggleston, stories; Edward Everett, poetry and lectures; John Elliot, theology; Alexander H. Everett, political and poetry; Nathaniel Emmons, theology; Mrs. E. F. Ellet, biographical and historical.

Bryan, Ohio.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

Hidden in the dusty vaults of the state capitol of Iowa, Prof. Benjamin F. Shambaugh, employed by the state, has discovered the petition of a former chief of the Mesquaki Indian nation, to the "Great Father of Iowa," for compensation for the seizure of the lands of the Mesquakies by the whites. The petition is believed to be one of the most beautiful pleas ever written by an Indian, and, in part, is as follows:

"Eighty times has the oak shed its leaves since the Mesquakie and the Sac owned the hunting grounds of Iowa, when a few whites crossed the father of waters to dig lead near the wigwams of the red men. Ma-ta-waqua, the father of Poweshiek, offered shelter to the pale faces in his wigwam and shared with him the deer his arrows had killed. He gave him leave to take the ore from the mines and his warriors smoked the pipe of peace. But the pale face was not content with the dull ore that sends death to the heart of the warrior: he coveted the great prairies which the Great Spirit made to hide. He called his brothers from the land of the rising sun and they flocked like locusts to the prairies of the Sioux, the Sacs, and the Mesquakies, and the Great White Father sent his warriors to drive the red man from the hunting ground of his fathers to the sandy desert beyond the muddy river.

"Black Hawk, the chief of the tribe, put on his war paint and sent Swift Fox to Poweshiek, the chief of the Mesquakies, and White Bear to Keokuck, the chief of the Sacs, to speak thus: 'Lo; the Mesquakies and Sacs have fondled a snake. They gave their ore to the pale faces and he has taken their prairies. Black Hawk is on the warpath to gather the scalps of the enemies of the red men, and he asks his kin to help him to rescue the hunting grounds of their fathers. But Keokuck and Poweshiek would not put on the war paint, and their words chilled the heart of Black Hawk like a winter blast from the far off head of the big muddy river. Yet he has met the warriors of the Great White Father in many battles, and scalps hung from their girdles when they left the hunting grounds of their fathers. When the Sioux were driven into the land of the setting Sun, the Great White Father sent one of his warriors to Poweshiek to speak thus:

"The white man is the friend of the Mesquakie. The white man has wampum and the red brother has land. If the Mesquakie will remain the friend of the white man and his warriors and give up to them all the prairies between the Father of Waters and the Muddy River, the Great White Father will pay the Mesquakie and their children, which will buy their food and clothing. This money will be paid as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall and as long as the grass grows and the water flows.'

"The Mesquakie had faith in the words of the Great Father and gave the land for the pledges. They have kept the covenant. But the Great White Father has not kept faith with the red brother. He pays the Mesquakie less money than he promised. He does not pay him as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall, but only when the howling winds whirl the white flakes around the wigwam of the Mesquakies.

"Po si-do-nake has spoken."

NATURE'S RELATION TO ART.

HARRY B. FOGLE.

AMONG the influences which daily surround us nature holds first place. Nature sustains man's body, shelters him in his home, furnishes things for his clothing, and turns the wheel which fashions them into things of beauty and use. Art takes nature for its model and is only perfect in so far as it truly represents nature, which throws out hints of perfection from one part or another, and Art chooses these parts, combines and creates a perfect type.

Nature rarely exhibits her perfection in a combined whole; a tree with gnarled and misshapen trunk and branches may have most beautiful foliage. The human face rarely shows perfection in every feature.

Art has its origin deep in the human heart, it elevates our ideals and helps us to attain them.

Painting reveals to the public, the beautiful impressions of form and colors as conceived by the artist from nature, thereby helping others to appreciate more fully the true grandeur which nature holds. Can we find one instance where nature has failed in coloring to make a harmonious combination?

Behold the beautiful golden sunset, radiant with brilliant hues, and as the sun sinks beneath the western horizon, the sky seems every minute to add new tints of more exquisite richness, until he is entirely lost from sight. Gradually all grows more somber and gray, as though mourning his departure, yet holds its charm and casts its dreamy influence over all nature, soothing it to rest, while the entranced artist attempts to hold it fast by plying carefully paint and brush.

The painter is ever toiling to make shadows and color represent the impressions he has of form and beauty, while the sculptor actually works out, aside from color, aiming to make his work a true representation of nature in form and texture by accurate measurements.

Our homes, gardens, and places of work, our clothes pictures and our walls, the decoration of our rooms, all must have some form, which must either be beautiful or ugly, ugly if it discords, but beautiful if it accords with nature and helps her.

We grow into the likeness of our surroundings. When we see only the ugly and false, our souls become like our surroundings; therefore the greatest benefit we can receive from beauty, is in its relation to culture or the development and shaping of character.

We all should contrive every day to look at a beautiful picture, to hear some good music and if possible to speak a few helpful words.

In speaking of these fine arts we must not omit a tribute to music, for it is a kind way nature has taken to soothe our tired bodies and nerves, by giving the babbling brook her tune, the birds their pleasing warble and to man the power to imitate and collect nature's harmonious tones, thereby refining the individual's character and feelings, seeming to lift one nearer the heavenly sphere, for some one has said:

> "The man that hath not music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night
> And his affections dark as Erebus,
> Let no such man be trusted."

The culture and love of the beautiful is as essential to our highest perfection, as that of the love of the true. When we consider that moral perfection exhibits itself when incited by love, we can comprehend that the beautiful, good and true, all, spring from one root. There is in nature an uplifting power which we can feel better than describe.

Union Bridge, Md.

TWO SACKS.

MARY C. STONER.

A VERY interesting legend is told of three old men who each carried two sacks. The first old man was traveling from place to place with a sack hanging on his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were very soon forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along. This naturally retarded his course. To his surprise he met one day a man coming slowly toward him, also wearing two sacks. "What have you here?" asked the old man. "Why my good deeds. I keep all these before me and air them frequently." "What is in the other big sack?" asked the first traveler. "O," replied the man, "Merely my little mistakes, I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two were met by a third, who strange to say, also carried two sacks; one under his chin and one on his back. "Let us see the contents of your sack," exclaimed the first two travelers. "With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "For I have a goodly assortment and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one under his chin, "is full of good deeds of others." "Your sack is full, it must be heavy" observed the old man. "There you mistake," replied the stranger: "It is big but not heavy, the weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden they help me onward." "Well the sack behind you can be of little use for it appears to be empty, and I see that it has a hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there and it falls

through and is lost. So you see I have no weights to draw me backward."

This is but an imaginary story, yet we have people today who are never seen but that they exhibit the contents of the sack they carry with them.

The first traveler carried his acquaintances' sins before his eyes. Although he was not looking for their good deeds yet he could not help finding them. This, however, was soon managed, for all the good was hurriedly tossed into the sack on his back and the sins were examined carefully, talked about and thus grew larger and more sinful, until another unfortunate traveler happened to commit some trifling error. This, too, was cherished and rehearsed, only adding more to the number which were already in the sack. The imagination can vividly picture the man or woman who is continually hunting for sin.

"Everything contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption;
The cankering rust corrodes the brighest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak.
But hunting for sin is of all evil things the worst
It saps and consumes the heart in which it works."

The second traveler, unlike the first, rejoices in his *own* good deeds. It is a source of pleasure to tell those he meets in life, of his great accomplishments, of his deeds of charity, of the alms given, the wise counsel and timely advice. He poses before the world as its greatest benefactor, but has he no sins? Yes, but they are small, very small, they are hidden away in the sack on his back. He will never mention them to *you,* that sack gives him no pleasure. His glory lies in the contents of the sack under his chin, the sack that bears his illuminated deeds of goodness. The sack that unfits him for service, that makes of him a menace to humanity, that debars him from doing any man *real* good.

The man that looks only in, that has no sun but the one which rises in his own horizon, and sets within the sky of his own experience, the man who considers himself the axis upon which the planet earth revolves, is merely a cipher in the world's great field of battle. True, men must have some degree of self-esteem but not so much that no other trait of merit can be endorsed but their own. The third man of our story bears the impress of a gentleman, one who loves humanity, and finds even in the reprobate some trait worthy of note. The good deeds of his companions are only mirrored into his own soul, and there cultivated. They beget the type of mankind that truly receives commendation and praise. The good in other lives is the buoy which elevates and enobles his own life, the failings and mistakes are cast aside and forgotten.

Which sack do *you* carry?

"Love makes the heart a home of good,
Eternal while the ages roll.
Hate dips a poisoned pen in blood,
And writes a wrinkle on the soul."

Within our own strength lies the power to choose between good or evil, vice or virtue, truth or falsehood.

There's a world of joy around us,
There's a world of sorrow, too,
There's a world of pain and pleasure,
There are friends both false and true.

There are clouds that hide the sunshine,
There are showers of cooling rain,
There are frosts that kill the flowers,
There are stores of golden grain,

There is joy and peace and gladness,
There is sorrow, pain and strife,
We may fill the days with darkness,
Or abound with rapturous life.

We may weep o'er wrong and evil,
Or rejoice in good we meet.
We may feast on other's failings,
Or upon ambrosia sweet.

We may mourn o'er piercing thorn pricks,
Or enjoy the roses scent,
We may weep o'er bitter trials,
Or rejoice in blessings lent.

We may only see the storm-clouds,
Or the rainbow's glorious hue,
We may ope our hearts to falsehood,
Or to things sublime and true.

We may grovel in the darkness,
Or may soar above life's ills.
We may dwell alone in valleys
Or ascend the Heav'nly hills.

We may make our lives a menace,
Or a balm to aching hearts,
We may waste the joy of living,
Or may choose the higher arts.

We may grow away from beauty,
Into discontent and strife;
We may grow into the grandeur,
Of transfigured holy life.

We may turn away from beauty,
From the path of truth and right,
Into passion's baser motives,
From the power of quickening light.

We may rise from self to glory,
Into glory's nobler height,
Till transformed by God's own spirit,
Bear his image blest, of light.

One resource of woman is in numbers. The Church above is filled with babes, the Chruch below with women. Everywhere else the men are ahead—on the street corners, in the bar-rooms, everywhere. But in the Church she is strong enough in mere numbers to fill the world with sweetness and light. Bees and sunbeams accomplish great things that way.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

OUR DEPARTMENTS.

We expect the Inglenook to embrace five departments.

1. The literary department will be the first in order. In this department we want the best that can be produced on matters of interest to the general public. Discussions on education, social science, religion, economics, etc., will be welcome here at any time. Both national and international questions are always eligible to this department.

Then the stories with a helpful and real application to human beings are also solicited. We prefer the shorter kind, rather than the long continued ones.

In this department we expect to publish the prize orations and essays from a dozen or more colleges. A page will be devoted to this class of matter and a brief biography of the author given. We do this to encourage our college students and give their productions a wider publication. We have, already several good prize essays on hand.

2. Following the literary department will be the editorials, critiques and comments on a variety of subjects.

3. Next will be the Family Circle in which all the issues of home will be discussed, such as, the devotional, social, financial and educational interests of home. Of course we cannot hint at all the matter for this department, but we do call for a more vigorous response from our good mothers, wives and sisters to show your interest in the home by contributing something to this department that has been helpful to you some time. Child Training, Health, Scientific Cooking and Young People's Problems will all come in this department.

4. The next department will be the Magazine Review. From three to six of the best magazine articles of the month will be reproduced here each week. To those who want a wide range of reading this department will surely be a boon. The best of all the magazines will be given you without any extra cost.

5. Last comes the News. We shall not bother so much with suicides and such topices, but, rather events that mark movements in our national life. We expect to give a high grade of all the essential events each week from all over the world.

If the above arrangement of reading does not fit the demands of home life in our present age we are mistaken for we do not expect to resort to French words in our home department, nor tickle lust with scandal and fast life in order to find a responsive reading public.

SOME MAGAZINE COOKERY.

While looking at the culinary department of a popular magazine last week we found an article on, "A cheap Sunday evening dinner," and here are some of the terms used in describing the food for that meal —"spaghetti," "shrimps a la creole," "celery mayonnaise," "meringue prest," "Bavarian cream" and "meringue tartlets."

The author said it was all easily prepared, which might be true, but we affirm that it is hard to guess the meaning of the words. Plain English and common sense ought not to go out of style in America for a while yet.

THE NORTHWESTERN AGRICULTURIST.

We announced last week that the above named weekly farm journal would be given free with the Inglenook for next year, and we want to urge our readers and agents to push this offer vigorously, for such offers are rare.

Evey farmer wants a farm paper, and every home wants a good magazine. Our combination fills these demands and the low price of one dollar for the two papers ought to be presented to every farmer in your community. We are sure that our reades will do their duty along this line, for we anticipate thousands of new subscriptions on this offer.

INGLENOOKS WANTED.

The demand for the issue of October 22 exceeds our supply. If any of our readers can spare that number we will be very glad to receive it. We are delighted with the increased interest in the Inglenook, and if our readers would only believe it, they can make the Inglenook a mighty power for good by introducing it among their friends.

EDITORIAL VIGILANCE.

We are already reaching out after new features for next summer. Our letters encircle the earth week after week in quest of writers and facts for our magazine. Whoever misses the Inglenook for next year will miss some good things.

COMRADESHIP DURING MARRIED LIFE.

How to maintain the honeymoon sweetness throughout life is a question which countless millions of married people would like to know, for some honeymoon sweetness is all feeling rather than devotion to each other's welfare, and dies an earthly death while true love is immortal—eternal, and is as truly expressed in a life service as it is in wooing words and tender caresses. Love that rests on feeling alone, will change to any shade and kind of feeling that human nature possesses, while real love does not change with the whims and changes which affect the animal nature of man. One chief reason why some married people lose the comradeship which the Creator designed should last while life lasts is, because *neither partner makes comradeship the primary object in life.* After the first longings of the soul are somewhat gratified during the calm and soothing days of early wedded life, then one, or both parties, shift their aspirations from that of *gaining* each other's love to that of material or personal gratification. The man may be so money-hungry that he forcibly divorces his wife from his mind and heart and simply uses her as a mere adjunct or department manager in his business. *He ceases trying to win her love and neglects to merit her admiration.* In short he acts as though he had the harness on and now he would make the "critter" go. Do you wonder that real and abiding comradeship with such a partner would be short-lived, for love, like fire, needs to be fed with fuel or it will die.

Then again, the wife may brace up and try to drive everything toward her goal. What happens under this condition is easily guessed. But, let us name only one of the common occurrences in married life. How often the last words of a once sweet wife are these, as the tired husband starts to his work after meals: "Don't forget to see about that appointment which I told you about," or "I want the goods exchanged for sure, now, this time." And when he returns home here is his welcome: "Say, that cabinet you brought home on my birthday is not worth hauling up here." Such hacking to pieces by either party will kill affection and rob married life of its charm and strength. Thousands of good-meaning married people have lost respect for each other without knowing why, or how the disagreeable condition came about, simply because they made no effort after marriage to cultivate love for each other, but on the other hand they stung each other with piercing words and insinuating actions.

A death blow to married good fellowship comes to the wife who persistently antagonizes her husband's natural tastes and inclinations and urges him to see and do things her way. To urge and insist simply puts her outside of his happiest hours and shuts the gate against her of the place where he acts spontaneously and freely as he likes.

You may cling to him with every fibre of a devoted heart, and seek only his good in all you do; and yet, if you cannot see with his eyes and hear with his ears, but foolishly try to make him happy by perpetually endeavoring to draw him from his favorite pursuits and accept your ideas of rest and enjoyment, your labor is in vain. So often with the most loving intentions a wife alienates and irritates, even bitterly wounds, the husband she half worships by persistent remonstrations or entreaty, or by starting every day a fresh argument on the same theme. Half the time it is wholly concerning what is supposed to be either for his good or his children's; but the wife cannot give up her point. At the doors of many a cottage, at the firesides of many wealthy homes, sit old couples, hand in hand, comrades to the last. The gentle "don't you remember" brings back memories dear to both, which no one else can share; and at this last there are no longer separate tastes and desires to which they must mutually concede, but they talk softly of the swift coming time, when they shall live together eternally.

LOVE'S ENDURANCE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Trial makes us brave and strong,
Suffering makes us stronger;
Faith endures the trial long.
Love the suffering longer.
Ills, which 'tis our lot to share,
Faith will kindly help us bear,
But the ills we cannot cure,
Love will help us to endure.

Death hath agonies its own,
Life hath sorrows greater;
Miseries which sin alone
Is the chief creator.
We can bear them, if we will,
Faith will kindly help us still;
But the pains we cannot cure,
Love will help us to endure.

Human hearts go down the way,
Pausing, but to borrow,
Wisdom from their grief today,
Comfort for their sorrow.
Disappointment, trouble, care,
Faith had kindly helped them bear,
But the griefs they could not cure,
Love hath helped them to endure.

Be for worthiness—our prayer—
Of such sweet assurance;
God be praised for faith to bear,
Praised for love's endurance
God forbid that doubt of heart
Ever should bid faith depart;
Thus the ills which have no cure,
Love will help us to endure

A THANKSGIVING GAME.

On Thanksgiving Day let the entire family and all the guests present, write a list of all the eatables that begin with the letter "p."

Whoever finds fifty such articles of food is invited to send the list to the **Inglenook** for publication



Abiding Love

Mary C. Stoner

Savior, come, abide with me.
May my heart from sin be free.
Hide me 'neath thy sheltering wing.
O my precious Savior, King.

When the stormy billows roll
O'er my troubled weary soul
Then in love, oh, Savior dear,
May I feel thy presence near.

When my path with roses bloom.
And my heart shall fear no gloom;
May I then rely on thee,
Savior, still abide with me.

Trusting thee in earth's dark dale,
Till I rest within the vail,
Oh what joy to reign with thee,
From my toils and care set free!

Earth could have no charms for me,
But thy love hath set me free,
Heaven would not Heaven be
If thy face I could not see.

Sweetly trusting here below,
For thy gracious love I know,
May I reign in Heaven above
Sweetly resting in thy love.

The Closed Door

Hattie Preston Rider

In Two Parts. —Part I.

"I DON'T pretend to be a saint, myself. But there are some things no man can stand; and you've passed the limit. No house on God's earth is big enough to hold you and me at the same time, from now on!"

The woman leaned silently against the doorpost. Her rich dress, her beauty, marvelous even in its cowed sullenness, made the man before her look doubly commonplace.

"You can't complain but that you've had a fair show, either," he added, bitterly.

A hot flush swept her cheek.

"Then you mean to send me away for good and all, Bart?" she asked, in a smothered voice, "How about Lex?"

It was the old, much-abused flag of truce between them.

"Lex!" he blazed. "What have you ever been to him but a curse? I tell you this devil's business has gone far enough! I would rather the boy saw you dead in your coffin, than grow up to know you with the shame I do!—And the next best thing is for you to go where he will think of you as if you were there!"

She winced at that, but made no reply. He had forgiven her so many times, after bitter quarreling, that his implacability now dazed and bewildered her. She turned at last, irresolutely, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Might I see him, just a minute?" she asked, even, but low.

The candle flared in his shaking hand.

"He is asleep," he answered, doggedly. "You have had chances enough to see him."

There was an instant of silence. She held out her hand, hesitatingly.

"All right. Will you say good-bye, Bart, since it is for—so long?"

He laughed bitterly. It was so unlike the old farce of tears and appeals and promises against which he had steeled himself, that he was shaken through and through. His love died hard.

"I heard a preacher say once that good-bye meant 'God be with you'; do you think I can say that?"

A sob broke in her throat. She drew back her hand.

"It is only 'good-night,' then," she said.

"God forgive you, Jean, if he will; it's more than a man could," he answered, huskily.

He heard the swish of her garments, as the door opened and shut. The candle fell from his lax fingers and went out, leaving him in blank darkness.

When Lex came trailing his white night-dress downstairs next morning, he found his father dishing

oatmeal into his own little blue bowl. Something in the familiar face arrested him.

"Not doing to 'e' shop, papa?" he inquired.

Kendrick came and took the child on his knee.

"No," he answered, "Papa's going to stay with his boy all day. Shall we dress?"

Lex acquiesced. He had the wonderful beauty that had proved his mother's undoing, but there the likeness ended.

"Fere's mamma?" he asked, presently. "Didn't her come home last night?"

The rough fingers at the buttons began to tremble. The father turned away his face. But the crucial moment found him no coward.

"Mamma has gone away," he answered, steadily. "Do you think you and I could keep house, little man, with Mrs. Kinney to look out for us a bit? We're such big boys."

Lex turned to stare at his father.

"Won't mamma come back next day?" he asked, wonderingly.

Kendrick shook his head.

"Did a man take her away, a big man wiv whiskers, and did they go to heaven?" Lex asked, his voice shrill with awe. "He comed here one other day, and called my mamma 'angel' Oh!"—wistfully—"Couldn't we go too, papa?"

Kendrick grew white to his sensuous, unshaven lips. Great drops came out on his forehead.

"I don't know where mamma went, but we can't go," he answered, hoarsely. "We shall have to stay here, and be the bravest boys we know how. Brave people get along all right." He tried to think the stretched truth might hold. . . "After breakfast, I'm going to take somebody down town to see a little engine in a store window, that runs by real steam," he finished, after a moment.

At the end of a year checkered with light and shadow, of loneliness and discouragement fought down for the child's sake, Kendrick found himself legally a free man. Before the passing of another twelvemonth, there came into his life a woman who changed everything for him and the boy.

She was neither beautiful,—how he had grown to hate feminine good looks!—nor clever; but she had two heavenly attributes: common sense and womanly tenderness; and she brought out in Kendrick, because she understood and loved him, traits of good and manliness that had lain dormant all his cramped and uncultured life. Yet, when she saw that no word of hers could soften the bitterness of his anger against the woman who had wronged him, she wisely kept silent, trusting to time and God to heal the rankling hurt. As for Lex, he worshiped her.

Late one chilly evening a year after their marriage, the three coming out from some place of amusement, paused in the shelter of a doorway that the young woman might wrap the child's throat more closely. She finished her task with a loving pat on the little shoulder. Kendrick stood by, the lights opposite bringing out clearly the pride and happiness in his face. A moment later, as they turned, his wife's dress brushed against that of a woman in the shadow of the doorway. He did not notice at all, but the silent watcher stood fascinated, every trace of living color fading from her face, wine-flushed under its rouge. Some dimly-familiar words, learned long before, vibrated above the humming in her ears, as the trio moved away: "And the door was shut." They sang themselves over and over in her brain, mocking and stinging as nothing had done, since that black first night of her exile: *"And the door was shut."*

None of the three observed the dark shadow that flitted after them, as they went their happy way homeward. But Kendrick, as he put his key in the lock, turned, moved to vague uneasiness, and saw the apparition dart blindly backward off the curb. A trolley was clanging past, and a heavy motor-car, rounding the corner, shot across the track, missing the fender by a hair's breadth. A woman's scream rose shrilly above the crash and grinding of the trolley brakes. The motor dashed away down the pavement, as two policemen extricated a limp and shapeless mass from the trolley trucks, and carried it to the sidewalk. Kendrick pushed through the crowd that gathered like magic, and laid a shaken grasp on the blue sleeve.

"Let me see!" he demanded.

"Done for, I guess," the officer said, ruefully, as he turned the glare of his lantern on the white face, with its mocking dabs of false red, and closed, dark-circled eyes. Kendrick stood dumb; but his wife slipped in front of him and touched the officer's arm.

"We know her, and our home is here," she said, quietly. "Will you bring her in?"

An hour later, Jean woke to brief consciousness in the plain, dimly-familiar little room. A gentle-looking woman sat near, and Kendrick leaned above the bed's foot, haggard but hard-lipped. Jean's great eyes, heavy with shadows, wandered from one to the other in growing understanding. She turned feebly away, at last, and her lips moved: "And the door—was—shut!"

Kendrick's wife came nearer. Her pitying eyes met his for an instant, but they saw no softening there. By the very strength of his dead love, it was hard to forgive her who had trampled it in the mire.

"And the door was shut," babbled the creature of the streets again, feverishly, "It is cold, bitter cold, outside. If he would only forgive me!"

As if by contrast, the brightness of his own life for the past year crowded back on Kendrick. A sudden revulsion seized him. He came and stood beside his wife, and her warm hand slipped into his.

"And—the—door—was—shut," moaned Jean, faintly.

Kendrick's wife leaned over, her face glorified with angelic pity.

"And the gates of the city *shall not be closed at all* by day; for there shall be no night there," she quoted, softly.

Jean's eyes flew open. Kendrick stooped.

"Jean! Jean! Do you hear me?" he groaned. "I forgive you,—forgive you, as may God forgive me!"

A shadow of a smile, the old wonderful beauty, flashed for an instant across the gray features. Then it faded; and the gentle fingers of Kendrick's wife closed the sightless eyes.

"IF YOU HAD YOUR CHOICE, WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO BE BORN INTO MORTAL LIFE AGAIN?"

D. MAXCY QUELLHORST.

No! no! A thousand times *no!* And yet how much I would give to live just one day of childhood over again, just one day at the dear old home, in the little log house in old Virginia, with dear father, mother, brothers and sisters. How I would love again to sit at father's feet, gaze into those loving eyes, listen to that tender voice, now hushed in death and drink in the kind admonition and counsel he always enjoyed so much to give. Oh how I love to live in memory those happy care-free childhood days. I see in my imagination, the very spot we had our playhouse,—I see some broken dishes, pretty leaves and flowers. Now we are creeping through an ivy thicket gathering ferns and mosses, when lo! we come upon the clearest stream of sparkling water, and oh, the thought of wading into the cool babbling brook, gathering our hands full of such pretty white pebbles, it almost makes me want to say yes. But when we come to the trials, crosses, and heart-aches that almost crush out every hope of happiness, the many sad hours, with seemingly no one to comfort, and we are forced to answer no! We think sometimes if we could live life over again we would not make so many mistakes, and we see so many things left undone that we might have done, yet with all our experience, no doubt we would stumble many times if we had the same trials to undergo again. We remember the many many times our dear heavenly Father has kept us from the evil one, safely guiding us over so many difficulties that were thrown in our pathway, that we can praise his holy name that he has brought us thus far on our way, and that we see no visible mark of his displeasure resting upon us..

No, I would not begin mortal life over again, but my greatest concern is to live the few days left me in such a way that I may be ready to begin that new life. When our heavenly Father sees fit to change mortality to immortality.

Alvo, Nebr.

One October Day

Ada Kircher

"Howdy, Mina, I just run over to chat awhile, so I thought I'd come right in without knockin'."

"That was right, Mrs. Honerbrink. Glad to see you."

And chat she did, scarcely pausing to give her listener a chance to put in a word had she wished to do so.

"My! How comfortable you are here anyway, Mina, nothin' to bother you or pester you and everything you need to make you comfortable and happy. You are happy, too, haint you Mina? Now Mrs. Pink and I were talkin' the other day and she knowed you wasn't happy, seein'z you never got married. Said you stood around so lonesome at church, like you was the last o' the Mohicans and said you oncet kept company with her husband and she said she knowed you was sorry you did't take him or snap up someone just so you wouldn't need to live alone an' be so lonesome. I told her you was twice more comfortable than she was and happier besides, which seemed to ruffle her temper some and ever since when I see her I have to think I rubbed her fur the wrong way that time. Well, I must be goin'. Say, did you here about Uriah Pane's bein' destitute?" "No," said Mina, at last showing interest.

"Why yes, they haint got a scrap o' bread to eat, an' no clothes an' nothin', an' him drinkin' an' drunk all the time. Land alive! no one knows how they'll get through the winter."

She closed the door behind her with a bang and made much more noise in her exit than she had done in her entrance, or so it seemed to Mina.

Mina sat by her sunny south window and looked across brown fields seared by Jack Frost's magic touch, and beautifully colored October woods tinted by his magic brush, to the horizon. "Down in the woods the nuts were dropping, the leaves were falling, the wind was whirling them here and there." The squirrel was laying up his winter treasure. The sheep were grazing in the brown pasture and old Blossom stood at the bars waiting to be let into the lot to be relieved of her burden, while Selim, with his heavy white coat whiter still in the evening rays of sun, was taking

lessons in calisthenics from the frogs in the pond near by and succeeding very well in getting his heels high enough to please the most critical of his teachers. He had not been driven for some time and was taking needed exercise.

There were the chickens gathering to be fed, yellow, white, black, brown, all colors except green and blue. The geese had just finished their thirteenth bath for that day and were wending their way from the pond to the poultry yard. The pigs were calling for food and drink in fifty different sharps and flats. The farmer just across the creek was finishing his second load of corn for the day and, in nervous haste to fill the wagon, produced sounds not unlike the beating of a snare drum.

But Miss Mina did not notice any of these things. Even the pigs with their shrill pleading and whining failed to awaken in her soul any pity. She was still looking away to the skyline and in her eyes was a dreamy light. Before her was passing a panorama of her life.

To begin with the first picture, there was a girl in a long-sleeved apron and slat sunbonnet which was pulled down over her face to protect the roses in her cheeks from the sun's kisses. To spell the word sun's with an o might not be unthinkable, for she was certainly a very pretty girl and very popular with her schoolmates.

The picture moves and another appears. The girl has grown to be a young woman and there is one who is her especial knight. He is the idol of all the girls, because of his accomplishments and pleasing manner.

Another picture shows her with her parents on the way home from church. She passes a saloon and glances in. She has heard so much of the horrid place and she wonders what it looks like. There stands the knight, never to be her knight any more, with a glass to his lips. The door closes and mercifully shuts the sickening sight from view. And now she understands why she sometimes smelled whiskey when he was near. If anyone had told her she would never have believed it.

In the next picture, Uriah Pane is married to another woman and they live in the largest house and drive the finest turnout in the town and speak condescendingly to her.

Again the plate moves. A small tumble-down hut with windows broken and door unhinged: in the background up the path toward the house totters a man. Perhaps he is so feeble is that why the saloonkeeper's son is taking him home? Nay, verily! It is because of strong drink. It is strong drink that has changed the idol of all the girls to this wreck of humanity; that has changed the mansion to the dilapidated hut; that has changed the finest turnout in town to one old horse standing out there behind the wire fence for shelter, his sides looking like a balloon coming down. Open the door of the hut and follow him in. There he has fallen on the floor. The children cower in the corner. The mother sits and stares and sees nothing. Despair is written in her face.

They are all in rags. It is a cold October day. They have no wood for fire and no stove to make a fire in if they had wood. No bread to eat. The children are hungry and are crying for bread! "Oh! Mamma I am so hungry! Haven't you any bread at all? Not the least bit?" The mother bows her head in agony and shuts out the awful sight. She cannot bear to look at them, to see their hungry faces so full of piteous pleading for food which she cannot give.

Must we look longer? Will the picture not move on? No! We must look at this picture for many years to come. We must look at it as long as the monster, Intemperance, is not bound and cast into the bottomless pit.

Mina comes back to herself, in her home of peace and plenty. Could she not of her bountiful store spare the hungry children something? Yes, she will gather up provisions and drive over there this very evening. Old Selim is needing exercise anyway. What if she is in a measure pushed to the wall and neglected by people? What if she is called odd, cranky, and an old maid, is she not far better situated than thousands of her married sisters who for the sake of escaping the cogomen, "old maid," have married one of the followers of the monster, Intemperance?

Harrisonville, Mo.

PRENATALITY.

I ONCE knew a husband and wife, newly married, whose store of this world's goods and the hospitalities of whose home were shared by a child—not a relative—a boy of about eight years of age, who was a singular character; exceedingly plain of feature, weazened, almost misshapen of body, and whose mind was equally eccentric, withal the child was very conscientious—almost his only agreeable trait. He was the unfortunate possessor of a mentality as odd, ungraceful, outre and thoroughly disagreeable as his exterior. Moreover, this boy was the especial detestation of the young wife mentioned above, and although her aversion was covered by a patient, tactful exterior generally, it was known to exist—six-ply, all wool, and a yard wide.

This young mother's first child—a son—from babyhood until about nine years of age, bore a striking resemblance to the boy first described. The weazened face, halting yet stubborn demeanor, and others of the most odd and disagreeable peculiarities of person and disposition, were reflected with such startling accuracy as to be noticed at once by every person acquainted with all the parties. So much for pre-natality.

The young child retained in a gradually diminish-

ing ratio the offensive peculiarities mentioned until he was the age of the boy whose home was in his mother's house the year preceding his birth. By the time he was eight years of age, the well-balanced temperaments and minds of his parents, which peculiarities were inherited from generations of well-bred, sensible, healthy people "on both sides," obtained the ascendency, and the young son rapidly developed into a straight, robust, agreeable, ambitious and sensible lad and young man. So much for heredity.

Now, the young man under discussion is the fortunate possessor—thanks to heredity—of a mind so well-balanced that, so far as his friends can judge, he is equally well qualified by inclination and natural gifts for a half dozen callings. It remains to be seen whether he will elect, or perhaps be influenced to accept, training at an agricultural college for a scientific farmer, at the best business colleges for a business life, per se, at theological colleges for the ministry, or at military colleges for the army or navy. Those best acquainted with the young man are willing to accept that he can make a real success in any of the directions indicated. So much for environment.—*Health.*

WHY PEOPLE KISS BABIES.

Would-be-wise people have preached a crusade in recent years about the dangers of kissing babies but no fewer kisses fall upon the sweet cheeks that were made to be kissed. Wilhelmina Logan, in *Health,* says,

"Who says don't kiss the darling baby? Sweet, innocent-looking bit of opening life! Why, to clasp to her heart and shower with kisses, is the very first impulse of mother love flowing forth at sight of the tiny, helpless, appealing creature just launched on the sea of life, calling for protection and tender care; and reaching out (as it were) towards the strong, the powerful, the helpful; claiming their service and to be locked in their sheltering arms and nourished and cherished and provided for. The rosebud mouth invites kisses; the soft cheek calls for a caress; even the dimpled hands and feet seem made to be fondled. No! too much love and devotion cannot be lavished on the baby.

"How it thrives and grows and increases in infantile beauty when surrounded by an atmosphere of pure love and kindly care.

"How it smiles and coos and throws its little arms and legs about, in the very joy of being! With what an exquisite air of confidingness does it greet all who approach it with gentle feelings and love in their hearts! Just as a horse or dog instinctively knows who are its friends, so does the tiny human mite—no mistake does it ever make.

"The baby must be encircled with thoughts of love; gazed upon with the eye of love; tended with the touch of love; enfolded in the arms of love; talked to in tones of love; enveloped in an ocean of love; kissed, caressed, fondled; breathing an atmosphere of love, only love, and nothing but love.

And what of the unkissed baby—poor, solitary, sad-eyed mortal! It calls for our pity, for it hungers in vain for the voice of sympathy, the gentle caress, the kiss of love—the soul of the child is starved, and the rainbow hue of glowing life is not there, but departed forever and aye.

Let us cease our morbid talk about microbes and rise to a condition of things in which we can lead healthy lives, and be possessed of pure, clean bodies, so that we can bless our babies with our kisses and caresses, instead of hovering over them with gloomy forebodings of disease and death, thus stamping out the joy of their little lives, and rendering the realm of babydom a curse instead of a blessing."

SETTING OUR HOUSE IN ORDER.

Along these lines, anything that will further and lighten the work of early spring is so much gained if attended to now; and withal there are some duties that cannot well be left over for spring. One of these present essentials is producing hotbed soil, which if neglected will cause much extra labor and loss of time, and just when the grower of early vegetables cannot afford the loss of a single day in getting the early plants started.

If not already secured, get the soil now: before the ground is frozen too hard. The freezing, of course, does not injure it: but rather is beneficial; but pile it in some place where it will be partially protected. When handling it over mix say, a quart of air-slacked lime to the bushel of soil. This will correct the acidity and is also useful in destroying fungus growths as well as worms or other destructive insects. Cover with litter for partial protection and when required, it will be easily accessible and the beds can be started even when the outside world is snow covered and frozen rock hard.

Another item in this connection: Cover the ground which the hotbeds will occupy when in use, especially those that are to be started early. Cover with straw, stalks or other litter and all the better, if covered deep enough to entirely prevent freezing. It is a slow unprofitable job to thaw ground a foot or two in depth when the heat thus required ought to be utilized in pushing the early plants.

Then too some of the garden tools are perhaps lying around in just the same condition, or perhaps worse, that they were last used. The rusted blades are growing rustier from day to day and by spring when they are needed for use their value will be much less than now. Hunt them up, clean off the dirt and soak them for a few hours in sour milk, then wipe clean with a

woolen rag and grease them with fresh grease of any kind, oil or axel grease, and they will remain in good condition until required for use.—*Selected.*

DAY AND NIGHT.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

One mass of gems the arching dome,
One mellow twilight way,
A burst of morn's effulgent light,
And night is lost in day.

The lengthening shadows circle round,
The sunbeams slide from sight,
Far westward spreads a lake of gold,
And day is lost in night.

An opening bud—a fullblown rose,
The sands of life are run;
Death clasps time and eternity,
And day and night are one.

Some religious societies who are alike in government and communion and yet keep separate from each other, may see their own picture in the following story about two pagans:

A Taoist—I think it was a Taoist—once fell down a well, and a Shintoist—or some such person—ran at full speed to his assistance.

"Oh, brother," cried the Shintoist, leaning over the well curb, "be of good cheer. A ladder is a hand, and I shall have you out in a jiffy."

The Taoist was paddling about in the dark below, up to his chin in the icy water.

"No, no," he grunted, puffing painfully. "Fetch no ladder, brother. I'll climb no ladder today, for this is Tuesday, the day consecrated by all true believers to the Most High."

Aghast, the Shintoist poured down prayers and arguments alike to no avail with the devout Taoist. The other, obliged to leave the man to his fate, departed sadly, shaking his head at the sound of the grunts, puffs and splashes which ascended from the blackness far below.

The next morning the Shintoist returned to the well. He peered over curiously. Yes, the Taoist was still there. The noise of his struggles still rose up.

"Ho, brother!" shouted the Shintoist, "is all well with you below?"

"All is well," replied the Taoist, in a very weak voice; "but I pray you, brother, fetch that ladder at once."

The Shintoist threw up his hands in shocked surprise.

"Fetch a ladder today!" he cried. "Heaven forbid! Don't you know that this is Wednesday, the Shintoist Sabbath?"

So saying, the Shintoist departed, leaving the Taoist blowing and splashing in the well.

REMEMBER ME.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Yes, dear one of the envied train
Of those around thee homage pay!
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eyes, thine angel smile,
For many months I may not see!
But wilt thou not sometime the while,
My dear friend remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair;
And thou the fairest of them all—
O think not, think not then of me!
But when the thoughtless throng is gone
And hushed the voice of senseless glee
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but liveliest never,
When in the orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the vanishing sky;
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At moonlight on the lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower.
But when the falling leaf is near,
And withers sadly from the tree
And o'er the ruins of the year,
Cold autumn lies,—remember me.

Remember me,—but choose not, dear
The hour when on the gentle lake
The sportive wavelets blue and clear
Soft rippling to the margin's break,
But when the deafening billows foam
In sadness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them and remember me.

Remember me,—but not to join,
If haply some friends should praise
'Tis far too dear that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but should'st thou meet
Some faithful friend of thee and me;
Softly sometimes to her repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind to meet,
The thought thy pleasure would alloy,
But on the sacred solemn day,
And dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell
With anxious heart and drooping eye
And doubts, 'twould grieve thee should I tell,
But in thy calm unclouded heart
When dark and gloomy visions flee
Oh there, my friend, be my part
And kindly then remember me.

FERTILIZING THE FARM.

D. Z. ANGLE.

VERY few farms will stand excessive and continued cropping without decreasing in fertility and consequent producing power. About the only exceptions to this rule are the alluvial bottoms and deltas of rivers, both of which receive, almost constantly, rich sediment washed down and deposited there from the uplands. As most of the tillable farm lands are of the upland class, the farmer finds it necessary to protect and repair his lands constantly in order to replace or increase fertility lost through cropping and the action of natural elements. The use of barnyard manure, clover and other legumes and grasses have been chiefly used in modern times to maintain and increase soil fertility and these are generally conceded to be the best and most satisfactory fertilizers known to man. Yet many farmers spend thousands of dollars annually for commercial fertilizers, expecting to be remunerated by an increase yield of crops. Their use certainly does in most cases stimulate land to greater effort and larger yield, yet we often think such increase is produced with a consequent proportional decrease in production in years that follow. Still it may be unwise to discard entirely the use of such fertilizers, as they certainly have value in the correction of certain soils, as our State Experiment Stations and others are demonstrating, especially being helpful when used in connection with clover or manures. Yet we think that the commercial fertilizer when used alone on land to produce crops, acts simular to liquors when they are consumed by man. The producing power in either case, if not too excessive an application, is momentarily greatly increased, but after the stimulating effects are gone, the depression and incapacity are more marked than before its use.

Nature formed and constructed the soil mostly from decayed vegetable and animal matter, these two kingdoms of nature forming substantially, the body and soul of producing power, and without this vegetable mold there can be very little vegetable life. There must necessarily be a material body before the spirit of life and activity can enter and move it to production. Therefore it is necessary that the soil must contain this vegetable, animal, and some mineral matter, as plant food in order to be in a live, healthful condition and produce farm crops. Hardly anything equals common farm manures, as an aid to maintain that healthful condition of soil, when obtainable, which they are, to some extent, on all farms. Fertilizer manufacturers seek to increase use of their product through singing its praises and virtues. Probably many farmers are deceived thereby, thinking they have found a perfect soil food, which requires small expense of labor to apply, and in doing so are applying only or mostly the mineral or chemical elements of fertility, and neglect to haul out the manure pile which is nature's best soil fertilizer and actual plant food, while the commercial article is only an assistant and seldom, if ever, in our judgment, an equal or superior substitute.

VINCENT'S BUDGET.

HUNTING for things is good for a man; makes his eyes sharp and keeps his mind on his business.

Some men are very poor at it; some get so they don't have to do much hunting,—things come to them without much effort; but that is only after they have served a long apprenticeship.

Take boys, for instance. It is hard work for boys to look after things. The water in the creek is so cool and nice. A fellow takes lots of comfort in swimming, and fishing is great sport. If anybody knows this, the boys do.

And when the call comes, "Boys, hunt up the cows," or "Run and find the hammer," it sounds pretty tough. No more swimming; the fish will have to wait a while, for the hunting business must be done, and done right away.

And after all, no boy's life will be just complete until he has learned to hunt and hunt for dear life.

And yet those highly-favored boys are the ones who are most to be pitied and who ought to be the source of the greatest solicitude, for they are in great danger, every one of them. They are likely to grow up poor, weak men. Soft treatment at home makes soft men out in the world, as there will come a time when father will not be where his strong arm can carry you. The money slips away then. Before you know it you will find that the soles of your shoes have been worn clear through to the uppers, and that you have a lot of tramping ahead of you. And you have not learned to hunt.

The dollar that you must hustle to get for yourself is the biggest and best dollar you ever will have. It will buy more and bring you more happiness, ten times over, than the dollar that your father hands out to you.

The boy who has learned to hunt for the cows in the morning when the air is nipping cold, the boy who has learned to do chores and look for things that are needed about the farm for hours at a time, if need be, is the boy who will, by and by, have others hunting for him.

Carrying a big book under the arm and looking wonderfully wise do not make a man a statesman, and it takes more than carrying a hoe to make a man a good farmer. A knack of getting money without earning it does not always make a man a genius; sometimes it makes him a jail-bird.—*Farm Journal.*

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

A SERMON ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Christian Science, if its principles were accepted and acted out, would destroy all sanitation and bring back the days of the devouring plague. On page 175 are the words: "When there are fewer doctors and less thought is given to sanitary subjects, there will be better constitutions and less disease." On the same page are the words, "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise," quoted with approval. So we see, while science seeks knowledge, Christian Science seeks ignorance. While science would turn on the light, Christian Science would leave the world in darkness as to the laws of health. She goes still further and says: "The daily ablutions of an infant are no more natural than it would be to take a fish out of water once a day and cover it with dirt, in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element." This is dangerously near the position held in the ages when devotion and dirt went further; when men were willng to make meditation upon God take the place of washing their bodies, and their bodies were not made any cleaner by the process. If the Christian Scientists practice daily ablutions, they do it because they inconsistently but reasonably reject the teaching that such things are unnecessary.

Dentistry is a science which Mrs. Eddy and her followers patronize, though under protest. When she has the toothache, she goes to a dentist, according to the affidavit of a dentist in Concord, N. H., where she lives. This, of course, is very inconsistent, but the pain, which they declare has no reality, compels them to sit down in a dental chair, which they also declare has no reality; open their physical mouths, which also have no reality, and allow the dentist, whose body has no reality, to use his tool which has no reality, upon their tooth, which has no reality. All this goes to confirm again the saying of Dr. Hudson that our Christian Science friends are lacking in a healthy, protective sense of humor.

Let us look now at Christian Scienc in its relation to ethics. What is the Christian Science standard of ethics? It cannot be that the will of God is its Standard, for its god has no will; only a personality can have will. It is hardly possible for the Ten Commandments to be its standard of ethics, for it denies the existence of the things which the Ten Commandments forbid.

So far as I can see the only standard of ethics which Christian Science exalts is the will of Mrs. Eddy as expressed i n her book and personal orders. In March, 1897, Mrs. Eddy sent out to all the Christian Scientists of the United States and Canada a manifesto, commanding them to sell her books and saying if a member of the First Church in Boston should fail to observe this injunction, "it would render him liable to lose his membership in this church." Her will backed up by her money has been law.

The practical question which remains is, how can we explain cures which have been wrought by Christian Science? In three of four ways. First, many people who have been cured were never sick. Mrs. Eddy herself has been a hysteric all her life. It showed itself in convulsions and outbursts of temper which frightened her poor father many a time, and made him hasten for the doctor. It deprived her of the advantages of a good education. It has made her the bane of many a home, from which in self-defense the family had to expel her. A hysterical woman of that kin l can get sick and be cured two or three times a week.

In the second place, many Christian Scientists who claim to have been healed are still sick. They b egin the process of treatment by insisting that they are well. A practitioner was called in to see a young woman in Massachusetts, who was dying of consumption. The first thing she said to the patient was: "You are all right. There is nothing the matter with you." The patient replied, "Why in the world do you suppose I sent for you, if I am all right?" B cause the patient would not assent to a falsehood the practitioner could not do her any good, but all the same sent in a bill of $10 for two or three visits.

In the third place, some diseases, especially nervous diseases, are produced by mental causes, and can be removed by a mental process. The patient needs to be cheered, and the false assumption that there is nothing the matter gives them just the good cheer that they need. The same result is often produced by bread pills. Mrs. Eddy in her books declares that she healed a man of typhoid fever by administering water with such a slight solution of salt in it that you could not perceive its saline quality, and that she healed another by unmedicated pills.

A fourth explanation of the healing can be found in Mark 13: 22: "False Christs and false prophets shall arise and show signs and wonders to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect." If anybody is healed by the Christian Science process, it is a healing produced by false statements.

Only an insane or wicked woman would forsake her son at eight years of age and not see him again for twenty years, and then claim, contrary to the facts, that her relatives kept him from her. Only an insane or wicked woman would claim that she received the book she wrote as a revelation from God, while many witnesses testify under oath that she taught them its contents from the manuscript of Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine. Only an insane or wicked woman would be for years a spiritualistic medium holding seances with her friends, and then deny that she was ever a spiritualist. Only an insane or wicked woman would go into homes as a guest and strive to separate husband and wife, as has been proved by sworn affidavits.

The God of the Bible has promised to heal the sick in answer to prayer. It is a real God, healing real sickness in answer to a real prayer. Christian Science, be it ever remembered, is not faith healing. Mrs. Eddy declared that in her healing she simply used the divine mind very much as a physician uses medicine. She did not call upon God to heal by his power, but she would use the impersonal thing she calls God as a mere instrument to bring about certain resul:s.—A. C. Dixon, in Home Herald.

AUTOMATIC TYPEWRITERS.

One of the most novel, unique, and at the same time useful, office appliances is the automatic typewriter. This machine, the invention of a Columbus man, will produce any number of letters in the original form. It will fill in name and address, and will do the work even more accurately than the ordinary operator. Most remarkable is the speed with which letters are turned out; 5,000 words have been written by this invention in a few seconds over a minute.

The statements made above sound preposterous, but the accomplishments of this wonderful machine have been proved, and while the model that is at present actually at work performs these wonderful feats, another model, in course of construction, will eliminate entirely the stenographer and transcribe, from dictation, a business man's mail without the slightest attention further than that of turning on the electric current. The machine will automatically break the circuit and stop working when all the letters have been written.

The story of the device and its accomplishments sound like a fairy tale or a press agent's story, but, nevertheless, the machine is actually at work, and promises to show more wonderful things within the next year than have been witnessed in the past. The device is the result of many years' labor on the part of an ambitious inventor, who has at last seen his efforts crowned with success.

In appearance the machine is not unlike an ordinary typewriter, except for the fact that it is somewhat larger than the more familiar models. When it is in operation the keys strike against the paper in front of the platen exactly the same as tho it was being actuated by the finger movements of a human operator. The speed obtainable is from ten to fifty times as fast as that acquired by a stenographer and it will write both from left to right and right to left. This in a measure, accounts for the wonderful speed acquired. The movement of the carriage is thus in both directions, and while it writes the left to right line forward, the next line is written backward, providing a continuous line movement.

Lines may be justified like type. This is impossible on any typewriter made today, but with this machine it is possible, and may be done as easily and accurately as when the lines are permitted to run unevenly at the right-hand margin.

Names and addresses may be changed at will. A circular letter to be written to any number of people may be put on the machine, the light switch connected with the motor, the current applied, and it will write until the work is done. When the last letter is finished, a mechanical device will ring a bell, and the mechanism will stop. This feat alone is

wonderful in itself, and has never before been accomplished. With this machine every letter is an original and actually typewritten letter. The keyboard that is on every machine may be used the same as an ordinary typewriter if desired, but it is not likely that the keyboard will ever be brought into service, as the automatic features accomplish everything that the human hand can perform.

The other model machine—that is being completed, and that early tests have proved to be practical—is even more astounding in its performances than the first. With this a business man may dictate his letters just before he goes home at night, turn on the electric current, and next morning come down and find all of his letters written and ready for signature. A device similar in appearance to the phonograph, except for the fact that it uses a paper record instead of wax or rubber, receives the impressions of the conversation directed toward it. This is recorded as it goes along, and when the record is placed on the transcribing apparatus, the machine writes the same way a stenographer would, except for the fact that every single portion of the letter is perfect in every particular. This latter device is still in the experimental stage, altho it has been proved that it will work, and the inventor is at work perfecting it at the present time.

Inventors and manufacturers have been striving for years to devise some means of producing circular letters having the appearance of originals, but they have always fallen short, altho there are a number of devices on the market now for producing facsimile work. The great drawback to the most improved devices has been that in order to get in the name and address it is always necessary to insert the letters in a typewriter after they are written, and to fill in the same. The difference in the density of the color of the ribbon and the impossibility of lining up the letter and the address perfectly have been a give-away in most cases. Besides, it has been slow and very expensive. This new device solves every problem, and goes further in making every letter an original.

Besides handling letters, this machine will also automatically address envelopes or wrappers in the same way, and in addition to doing the writing, will feed itself automatically and keep count of the letters, envelopes, or wrappers as they go through. Thus far the inventor has kept his machine from public gaze, but it will be exhibited for the first time at the National Business Show in Madison Square Garden, New York, October 12 to 19, and later at the Chicago show in the Coliseum, November 9 to 16, where it may be seen in actual operation.—The Circle.

ANIMAL TRAITS.

Dr. Eliot has a large herd of Shetland ponies pastured in Bedford, Massachusetts. These tiny horses are by nature affectionate, and at times exhibit almost human intelligence. Not long ago a pack of dogs found their way into the isolated pasture one night and hunted the little pets until morning. Eight of them were found dead in different parts of the big field. But the remarkable fact was that they were always found in pairs. Every pony had his chum, and when it came to the grim climax they fought the blood lustful dogs to the death side by side. Had they not done this, one of each pair might have made its escape, for the dogs always combined their forces upon a single pony.

Any driver of the big trucks through city streets can tell trustworthy stories of old team mates which have died of a broken heart when separated; also of horses which, having long been cared for by one man, have refused to work under any other.

That for some reason or other the puma really does like man, and becomes quite mild in his presence, can hardly, I think, be doubted. All the Gauchos and all the Indians—the two races of men who come most in contact with the animal—assert that such is the case, and the very name which the Gauchos give the puma, 'The friend of man,' bears this out. They say that not only will he not attack man, but that if attacked by him will allow himself to be slaughtered without resistence."

The kangaroo is not thought to be either a particularily intelligent or affectionate animal, but now and then even this he shows up in an unexpected light. A few years ago a number of them were shipped from Australia by way of Liverpool to Philadelphia. They were transhipped in England to two ships. Among them were a pair called Jack and Flora which were unfortunately separated. Flora continually called for her mate, and for some days after sailing could not be induced to take food. On the voyage two little ones were born. The vessel bearing Flora with her offspring was the first to arrive, and they were at once sent on to the Park. The other load did not arrive until a week later. Says an eye witness of what followed:

"Flora seemed to scent the coming of her mate, and when the cage containing him was carried into the museum she called for him. He answered, and Flora's joy knew no bounds. She leaped about in her cage in the wildest excitement, ever and anon stopping to peer out through the bars to see if she could catch a glimpse of her mate. The keeper finally, to prevent the animal from injuring herself, was obliged to bring Jack upstairs and put him in the cage. Never was a more impressive scene enacted between two animals. They embraced, licked each other, and rubbed their noses in expression of friendship. Then the father turned to the babes and tenderly licked their faces."

The affection was so genuine that the keeper made a vow never to separate the two.

The accumulation of such evidence at this has given a new field for the scientists, and has set philosophers to wondering whether we have not somewhat underestimated the place in creation of this vast dumb world.

The rearing of Romulus and Remus by a wolf has generally been considered to be nothing but a pretty story. Yet Selous, having seen similar cases, is inclined to think it may have been a fact. In speaking of wolves he says:

"It would seem—that is, there is evidence which maks it difficult not to believe, and I for my part do believe—that every now and then a child who has been carried off by a wolf is not eaten, but grows up with the young wolves in the den to which it is brought, being suckled there by the dam. The evidence of which I speak comes from various witnessses, both native and European, and the different stories confirm one another. Several 'wolf boys,' have been brought up in orphanages in Oude. Here they have been received, being actually found in wolves' dens crawling on all fours. These boys when first caught were just like animals in all their ways and habits, ate only raw meat, and though they got a little less wolflike, can hardly be said to have ever become human beings, and never learn to speak."

Professor Ball, in his "Jungle Life in India," tells this story of wolf boys: "Sometime ago two of the King of Oude's sawars, riding along the banks of the Gumti, saw three animals come down to drink. Two were evidently young wolves, but the third was as evidently some other animal. The sawars rushed in upon them and captured all three, and to their great surprise found that one of them was a small naked boy. He was on all fours, like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by his attitude in moving about, and in resisting his capture bit and scratched violently. The boy was brought up in Lucknow, where he lived sometime, and may, for aught I know, be living still. He was quite unable to articulate words, but had a doglike intellect quick at understanding signs and so on.

"There was another more wonderful, but hardly so well authenticated, story of a boy who could never get rid of a strong wolfish smell, and who was seen not long after his capture to be visited by three wolves, which came evidently with hostile intentions, but which after closely examining him, he seeming not to be in the least alarmed, played with him, and some night afterwards brought their relations, making the number of visitors amount to five, the number in the litter of cubs from which he had been taken."—Discovery Magazine.

YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.

Available statistics in criminology assure us of two startling facts: more than half of those convicted of crime are ignorant of any kind of trade, and one-third of the total ranges in age from eighteen to twenty-five years. This alarming proportion of youthful criminals and high ratio of criminality among those unskilled in any trade or profession are circumstances with which the reading public is not generally familiar. Few, comparatively speaking, of the younger felons are illiterate, and many are possessed of no small degree of intelligence. They are, in the main, young men who have never applied themselves to work of any useful, honest character.

"It wasn't drink that caused my downfall," said one; "not cigarettes, nor bad companions, either. It was just idleness. Idleness led me first to cigarettes, then to drink, then to bad companions,—then to the gallows. And I blame my folks. If they had made me remain at work, work would have kept me too busy to have planned robbery and murder."

This is the story that fits them all, according to Mr. Thomas Speed Mosby, State pardon clerk of Missouri, in Success for September. With cigarettes blunting the moral sense, coupled with idleness and riotous excesses, ruin is inevitably their portion. The story of the gray-haired father pleading for clemency for his wayward son never fails to embody these vices. But it is never wholly true. The real cause of the youth's fall is that he had never learned to work. His heart was not enlisted with his hand and brain, even though he "had a job." His soul was not in his effort and he knew not the joy of well-directed labor.

Such a boy is a shirker, who looks upon work as "slavery," on his employer as a "boss," and dissipation as a "relief." Gambling, playing the races, forgery, embezzlement,— anything, in fact, that promises him a living without drudgery, —break down his scruples, and the penitentiary soon opens to engulf him. The tendency of the youthful idler is ever downward.



Echoes from Everywhere

Robly D. Evans is listed for promotion to vice-admiral.

Oil has been found at both Lomita and Redondo, California.

Los Angeles is bidding for the International Sunday-school convention for 1911.

At Newstead, Scotland an old Roman camp is being excavated. Vases, helmets, swords and pottery have been unearthed.

John Mitchell, the able president of the United Mine Workers expects to retire from office. He was a master in his work.

Germany recently sent thirty-seven Mormon preachers back to this country. Even the teaching of Mormonism is forbidden in Germany.

The total number of pensioners is 967,371, of this number 24,077 were enlisted in the war with Spain. The remainder are Civil War veterans.

The navy officials have called a halt on useless expense in buying coal for the Pacific fleet, after $1,250,000 in special contracts had been spent.

Out of thirty-one men recently discharged at the expiration of their enlistment, from the Coast Artillery at Fort Hancock, not one re-enlisted.

President Finley, of the Southern Railway says that 860 new industrial institutions have been built along his line of railway in the past year.

Mr. Bryan walked through Wall Street about the time of the break in finances. Some are wondering if his presence had anything to do with the crash.

A Catholic writer in Great Britain advocates abstaining from alcoholic liquors on Friday and other feast days instead of doing without meat as Catholics do now.

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company, an elevated street car line, of New York City, carried 440,000,000 passengers last year and showed an increase of $2,688,000 in earnings.

Insurance companies still juggle the funds entrusted to them. The Mutual Life of New York has placed $9,700,000 at the disposal of E. H. Harriman's corporations during the present year.

The ancient practice of archery is being revived as a means of amusement, by a great many city people. Even women in large numbers are becoming skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.

Many trust officials are blaming President Roosevelt for the late financial crisis, because he undertook to bring the lawless element of financiers to justice. The general public will listen to no such excuse.

Lieutenant Governor Chanler, of New York, recently advocated the imprisonment of all the trust officials who violate the laws of the land. He sees no other way of checking this spirit of anarchy at present.

On October 22, over 3000 fish, weighing fifteen pounds and upward, were caught by hook and line at Redondo, California. The fish had come to the pier to feed on the squid, a small fish, and fisherman took advantage of their visit.

Urging the utmost vigilance and discipline in the Episcopal church to safeguard the sanctity of the marriage vows, the general triennial conference of that church indorsed the action of other Christian churches against the promiscuous remarriage of divorced persons.

Someone has advocated the use of an automatic whistle on automobiles, which would blow whenever the speed of the machine was greater than that set by law in many states and cities. Automobiles are a good thing but they are killing too many people at present.

Dr. Joseph Simms, a New York brain specialist, now announces that the brain of man is not what he thinks with, but is merely the organ of life which secretes heat and keeps up the energy of the whole body through the nerve system. Dr. Simms says we think with our whole spiritual being.

Foreign press reports are not always reliable. French papers recently stated that the United States Congress was legislating to enforce church attendance on Sunday, and if any one failed to attend Sunday services for three months they were to be fined. This was possibly only an editor's dream.

The pension roll for last year shows a decrease of $6,000,000. The rapid death of the old veterans is the cause. A few more years and the Civil War pension list will be very small. At present we pay about $135,000,000 annually. It is estimated that $2,500,000,000 have been paid in pensions since the war ended. This does not include heart-aches, broken-up homes, orphans and invalid lives. The cost for such losses is not reckoned sometimes in the expenses of war.

A school of telegraphy was opened at Reading, Pa., by the Pennsylvania Railroad on September 16. The supply of well-trained men is at present insufficient, and national legislation limiting the daily work of railway telegraphers to nine hours will enforce upon railway companies the problem of supplying a large number of additional operators. On the Pennsylvania road alone, which now employes more than 3,000 operators, it is estimated that 700 additional men will be employed.

Six months in the penitentiary was the sentence imposed upon Dr. Walter E. Gillette, former vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, by Justice Dowling recently. Gillette was found guilty of perjury. He first denied and then admitted to a grand jury that he had deposited $5,000 in a bank to be used in influencing legislation affecting insurance companies. A physician testified today that Dr. Gillette was suffering with heart trouble and that imprisonment might result in his death.

The Texas court of appeals in a recent decision held that the constitutional guaranty of religious liberty is not violated by morning exercises in the public schools, consisting of the reading without comment of non-sectarian extracts from King James' version of the Bible and by repeating the Lord's Prayer and the singing of appropriate sons in which the pupils are invited but not required to join. Decisions from Kentucky, Kansas, Michigan, Iowa and Massachusetts are cited in support of the court's holding.

At a recent convention of Socialists the speaker used the following words which express the general feeling of this organization concerning all churches:

"Another foe is the professional religious worker. As a matter of fact, I find in my own trade the great Methodist Episcopal church still the owner, manager, and promoter of a nonunion printing house. The Methodist clergy and members still quibble. The Methodist Book concern at Chicago is nonunion." The University of Chicago was denounced as equal to the Methodist Episcopal church in nonunion attributes. A Catholic organization, St. Stanslaus' parish, under Father Gordon, was classed as unfair to organized labor.

In London a penny-in-the-slot device is run by an enterprising dairy company for supplying milk at its depots. A brass spout sticks from the door, having attached to it a handle and a slot. By placing a penny in the slot and turning the handle the customer receives from the spout a half pint of milk.

The proposed artificial waterways to connect the great lakes with the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi River is paralleled by the project somewhat similar to avoid the dangers of navigation off Capes Cod and Hatteras, on the Atlantic seaboard. A canal is being built across Cape Cod from Cape Cod Bay to Buzzard's Bay; one is already built across New Jersey; and one is proposed across a portion of North Carolina. This will not only shorten the distances materially, but will give an "inside passage" from Boston to New York and thence to the coal and lumber ports of the South.

A delicate operation was performed at St. Gregory's hospital recently, when five stitches were sewed in the eyeball of Frank Post, an iron worker. The wound could be seen only with the aid of a magnifying glass and it required nearly four hours to perform the operation. In the operation the physician had to use the most delicate surgical instruments made. A silk thread was split four times, making it finer than the finest linen thread manufactured, for making the stitches. The operation was performed under a large microscope by the use of an eighty-candle power electric search light.

The department of agriculture reports that east of the Mississippi there are 77,000,000 acres that could be drained and made to bear fruit of some kind. When it is remembered that such an area is as big as the British Isles one has some respect for those who would reclaim the land. It has been found that this reclaimed land is very rich as for ages past vegetable mold has been deposited on it. Almost anything will grow on such land. In one part of Pennsylvania what used to be a mere bog is now the finest celery farm in the state. Anyone who owns swamp land should not put too much discount upon it.

New charters filed in the Eastern states in October for all classes of corporations with an individual capital of $1,000,000 or more represented a total capitalization of $79,100,000, which compares with $76,000,000 in September and $135,550,000 in October last year, the Journal of Commerce reports.

The grand total of all companies incorporated in October with a capitalization of $100,000 or more, including other states than those of the East, was $132,425,000, against $113,660, 000 in September, and $375,376,000 in October a year ago.

Conditions generally in October this year militated to a greater extent than in any previous month of 1907 against the promotion of new enterprises of any description.

The latest report from the Phipps institute points out that during the past year nearly one-half of the patients it treated for consumption were foreign born. Russia supplied more than any other foreign country, and then in order came Ireland, Germany, England, Italy, Austria and Scotland. Only a little over 31 per cent of the patients treated were of native ancestry one generation back. Children born of mixed parentage most frequently become victims when the union was between Irish and English.

The claim made that Hebrews are immune from consumption is partially substantiated by statistics taken in large cities, as it is shown that while the disease is very prevalent among them few fatalities occur. A racial immunity against the poison of the bacillus seems to exist in the Jew.

Speaking in New York of the postal savings banks that he will recommend to congress, Postmaster-General Meyer said by way of explanation that "the policy will not be to compete in any way with the savings banks, but rather to encourage the habit of depositing savings. Our object is to bring hidden money to light, to instill into it, and to lead it again into the channels of trade for the mutual benefit of labor and capital, and thus add to the prosperity throughout the land.

"I find that there is a great demand from the public for postal notes, and it is the purpose of the department to recommend such paper in denominations of 10, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, and 90 cents, $1, and up to $2.50. It is the intention to have the notes payable to the party designated. A small fee will be charged, but time will be saved, as no advices are to be sent. From 1 cent to 9 cents the notes will be made payable to bearer, and no fee will be charged. Tests of stamp vending machines will be begun this month, and if the machines are satisfactory they will be adopted, as they should prove convenient to the public in facilitating the sale of stamps."

Minneapolis has an 11 o'clock lid. The state laws of Minnesota requires all saloons in the state to be closed at eleven o'clock. In Minneapolis, as well as other towns, however, the law has not been enforced. The Supreme Court recently decided that any citizen might compel the mayor of his city to enforce this law or resign. Acting on this authority the ministers of Minneapolis demanded of Mayor Haynes that he close the saloons at eleven, stating that laboring men returning from the Northwest were being robbed on leaving saloons drunk after midnight and that the worst evils of the saloon arose from the late hours kept. After some hesitation, the Mayor granted the request.

Officials of Western railroads traversing states which have passed laws making 2 cents per mile the maximum passenger rate are keenly interested in an advance copy of an investigation which the railroad commission of Ohio has been making as to the effect of the 2 cent fare law in that state. The Western roads are collecting similar statistics to present to the courts in the near future to prove that a maximum rate of 2 cents per mile is unreasonably low.

The statistics collected so far as to thirty-nine railroads in Ohio, show, according to the report of the commission, that the new law has, of course, reduced the general average receipts per passenger per mile. The average of the Ann Arbor road, which in 1906 was 2.2 cents per mile, is now 2 cents. The Northern Ohio has been reduced from 2.3 cents to 1.9 cents. The Ohio & Columbus, perhaps, suffered most, the reduction being from 2.4 cents to 1 cent.

The trunk lines did not fare so badly. The average receipts per passenger per mile of the Baltimore & Ohio actually increased from 1.8 cents to 1.9 cents. The Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis decreased from 2 cents to 1.8 cents. The Lake Shore remained unchanged at 2 cents, as did the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, at 1.5 cents.

Among the Erie lines, the Chicago & Erie decreased from 1.8 cents to 1.7 cents, but the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio increased from 1.1 to 1.7 cents. The Pennsylvania company and the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis were unchanged at 1.9 cents. The roads whose passenger traffic increased generally also experienced an increase in the train mile revenue.

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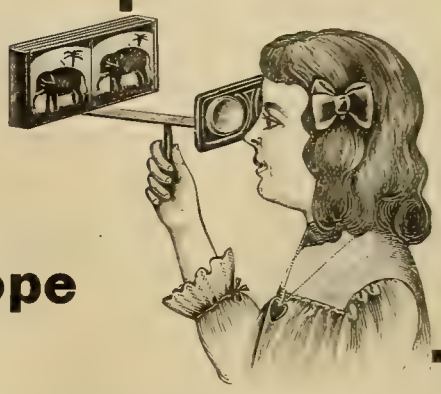
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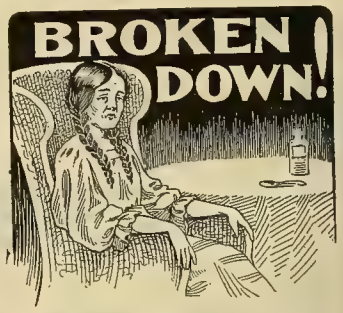
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Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

THANKSGIVING



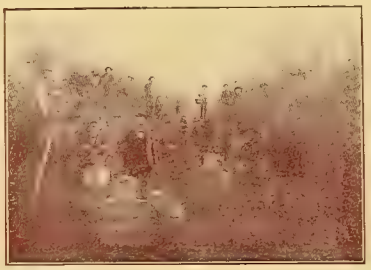
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 26, 1907. Price, $1.00 Per Annum Vol. IX. No. 48.

APPLES

Do well in

BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA
and
ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about $1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

In BUTTE VALLEY

Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley they are FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

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Washington, Oregon
Idaho

Or Any Other Point?
Take the

Union Pacific Railroad
Daily Tourist Car Line

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California Points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

A striking feature of the Union Pacific passenger trains is the tourist service. The tourist sleepers are identical with the standard sleepers, with the exception that their furnishings are not on so grand a scale, but the accommodations are equally good and are sold at HALF THE PRICE of the standard. The seats are upholstered, and at night the berths are hung with heavy curtains. Each car is accompanied by a uniformed porter whose duties are the same as those upon the Pullman Palace Sleepers.

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known as the Overland Route, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California Can Be Bought from $30.00 to $40.00 per Acre

Printed Matter FREE.
Write to
GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska.

News of the Week

IN

BUTTE VALLEY

Clipped From the Siskiyou County News

The New Dunkard Church is nearing completion and is receiving its first coat of paint.

School for this winter will be held in the basement of the Church. There will be at least 60 pupils to start with. Miss Florence Hufford, of Ind., has been engaged to teach.

A Landscape Artist, Mr. Charles P. Williamson, of Philadelphia, is here studying, with a view of painting some of the magnificient scenery with which we are surrounded. He says the view of Mount Shasta from Macdoel is the best he has seen anywhere along the Southern Pacific Lines.

Mr. J. R. Clark, of Beulah, Kans., who was here one year ago and purchased 240 acres, arrived Thursday with his wife and two children. Mr. Clark brought with him some Kansas potatoes, thinking they would be hard to get here. When he took a peep in our vegetable cellars he was more than surprised and said that no one would get to see his potatoes. Mr. Clark brought with him a car load of household goods and will move into his temporary house immediately.

Mr. N. R. Graves and wife, from Elgin, Ill., arrived last week and purchasel land immediately. He contemplates starting a Barbar Shop in Macdoel in the near future.

Messick & Son are having plans drawn for a large two story building to accommodate their growing trade. Mr. Messick is the Pioneer merchant of Macdoel and carries a good line of groceries, hardware and paint.

Dr. Campbell and wife spent several days sight seeing at Klamath Falls and vicinity this week.

Mr. W. F. Hipes from Green, Iowa, arrived this week with 15 people all intending to make this their home. Some of the party were from Canada and they appreciate the change in climate.

Mr. S. B. Teegarden from Cascade, Montana, arrived with his family of 6 children and ordered lumber to build a house immediately on land purchased on arrival.

The farmers are busy getting their ground ready to plant the car load of fruit trees due at Macdoel next week. Three orchards of about 500 trees will be planted at once.

The settlers have just purchased 200 boxes of apples to be delivered next week.

Dr. W. S. Campbell has recently been appointed fruit inspector for the Valley. We congratulate ourselves on securing one so thoroughly competent as Dr. Campbell to keep our Valley free from pests.

Mr. Bigham's photograph gallery is now being pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Smith's two story store building will soon be under cover.

Mr. Saul, the gentleman who expects to open up a meat market, is expected the last of the week and will find his market ready to move in.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,

14 FLOOD BUILDING,

SAN FRANCISCO, - - CALIFORNIA

RAISIN CITY, CALIFORNIA

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Over 3000 acres sold since Annual Meeting. Eld. A. W. Vaniman and three other Elders and a number of Brethren have purchased land and will locate there this fall and winter.

J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed before Oct. 15, 1907. Pierce Lumber Co. of Fresno have established a lumber yard at Raisin City.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

Application has been made for a postoffice which we hope to have established at **RAISIN CITY** by Oct. 1, 1907.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad 14 miles from Fresno a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno Co., in which **RAISIN CITY** is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

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The soil is a rich, sandy loam, the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from $25 to $50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent. Prices will soon be advanced to $60 per acre.

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CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

511, 512, 513, Merchants' Trust Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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BY S. F. SANGER AND D. HAYS.

Anti-war history of the Brethren and Mennonites, the peace people of the South during the Civil War, 1861-1865.

From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publshing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences, largely from the personal testimony of those who, through religious convictions, declined to bear arms against their fellowmen, believing that Christians should not take up the sword, but follow the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want an active, live energetic agent in each congregation to sell this book. Liberal terms to agents.

The book is well bound in cloth with gold stamp and printed on heavy book paper.

It contains 232 pages with a number of illustrations.

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3. Markets at the front door and back door; land and water transportation to all the world.

4. Grain and corn raised without irrigation. Crops from October to May, barley, oats, wheat, onions, cabbage, beets, peas, cauliflower, radishes, citrus and deciduous fruits, nuts, and vegetables in their seasons.

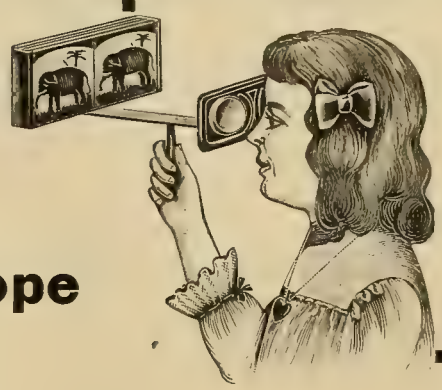
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Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize $1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from $2.00 to $3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

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Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
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Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Imigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER 26, 1907. NO. 48.

Thanksgiving

Enlow Lively

NOVEMBER days have come, the naked forests stand grim and somber against the dull grey hills. The leaves that once bedecked the forest trees now lie in heaps upon the cold bare ground, disturbed only by the autumn wind or the cat-like tread of some timid, wildwood creature. The midsummer flowers have long ago disappeared from the roadside, the yellow goldenrod and the daisy are snugly sleeping in their cosy beds beneath the rich brown earth, covered by the autumnal leaves and dreaming of April and the days of warm spring sunshine. The migratory birds have taken their farewell banquet and have flown away to the sunny south, where snow and ice are rare visitors, to spend the winter season. The orchard, laden with its burden of delicious fruit, idly stands in the November sunshine, the admiration of all. The cornfields stand idly awaiting the harvesters while here and there, lying among the stately shocks of Indian maize, the golden yollow sugar pumpkins, gathering the last rays of the autumnal sunshine, remind one of happy days in the near future, of Thanksgiving and pumpkin pies. Strutting around the barnyard, the proud conceited turkey cock lords it over his smaller companions and holds the reigns of power supreme, unconscious of the fact that the Thanksgiving slaughter is close at hand and that he is the chosen victim for the Thanksgiving dinner.

The week before Thanksgiving is a busy time. From the kitchen comes the savory appetizing odors of pumpkin pies and roasted turkey. Rows of these pies adorn the pantry shelf, together with roasted meats and delicious cakes of every make and description. The farmer's boy often glances with a mischievous smile at the golden pumpkins and thinks of jack-o-lanterns, fun and frolic.

Thanksgiving became a national holiday in 1862. Lincoln was the first president to appoint a national day of thanksgiving, and the succeeding presidents have ever since proclaimed the day of celebration, usually the last Thursday in November. The origination of this holiday dates back to the early days of old colonial history in New England when our Pilgrim forefathers feasted with the friendly red men in the little Pilgrim settlement, during the ever memorable year of 1621. All who are familiar with early colonial history recall how the Pilgrim emigrants settled at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Unaccustomed to the hardships of an early settler, the colonists did not at first prosper. Their provisions becoming exhausted and they not being accustomed to hunting, were soon looking starvation in the face. The summer was a long dry one, scarcely any rain at all falling, not enough to allow the settlers' crops to make any progress whatever. To remedy this bad state of affairs the settlers resolved in their distress to ask God to help them. They met in their little log churchhouse and for nine long hours they besought God's aid. The neighboring Indians hearing that the Pilgrims were going to pray for rain, watched the sky anxiously and when it finally clouded over and a gentle rain began to fall they remarked in awestruck tones that the God of the pale faces had certainly heard their prayers and showered upon them the desired blessing. Ten days of gentle rainfall and moisture followed the day of fasting and prayer, thus insuring a bountiful harvest which was safely gathered. Imagine the joy and thankfulness of the Pilgrims at this timely aid. They immediately set apart a day during which to give thanks to their Creator for his rich and timely blessing and consecrated a part of this day to religious ceremonies and a part to sports and feasting. The days before their thanksgiving the female inhabitants, both old and young, of the little village, toiled early and late preparing dainties for the approaching feast, while the men and boys traversed the neighboring forests in quest of game and other delicacies in which they abounded. An invitation was extended to Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags and ninety other red men. The savages came bedecked in paints and ornaments of various colors, bringing with them a supply of venison and wild turkey which was gratefully accepted.

Services were held after which came the feast. All joined in making the day a merry one.

A number of tables were placed in the open under the trees that here and there dotted the village settlement. At the head of the main table sat Gov. Bradford, while seated around were the venerable Elder Brewster, Massasoit, Capt. Miles Standish, and other noted men of the little colony. The settlers sat with bowed heads while Elder Brewster, the village minister, asked God's blessing upon their thanksgiving celebration. Among the merry-makers was John Alden the conspicuous character in Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish, the poet and story-teller of this occasion.

In the center of the table lay a large, browned turkey, the victim of some unerring aim, surrounded on all sides by venison, cakes, and pies of all descriptions, puddings, clam chowder, corn bread, biscuits, sauces, fish, chicken and other dainties too numerous to mention, all the pride of the skillful housewife; while at one end of the table stood a large basket of forest dainties, walnuts, hickorynuts, chestnuts, butternuts, plums, and wild grapes. The Pilgrim ladies waited on the table and helped all the feasters to the dainty delicacies and no one left the table hungry.

During the next three days the young people indulged in various games and athletic sports, occasionally broken in upon by some spry old Pilgrim or perchance an Indian brave whose body and spirit had been revived by the wondrous feast partaken of.

Ever after this in all New England this holiday was kept and was given the appropriate title of Thanksgiving.

Would that the Thanksgiving of today be celebrated in the manner of our forefathers in the true spirit, giving thanks for God's timely blessing that made us the great and glorious nation that we are today.

"For he has never forsaken us,
But many blessings sent,
And may our lives in thankfulness
To him, henceforth, be spent."

Elm Grove, W. Va.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

HARRY W. MACK.

For all the riches of this physical world; for golden harvests and well-filled barns; for sowing time and reaping time; for orchards yielding their luscious fruit and forests their largesses of nuts and fuel; for great inventions that practically eliminate time and space; for mines of iron and gold and silver, which serve man's daily need; for schoolhouses and churches built; for all these material things that add to the ease and joy and economy of life, O God, we thank thee.

For the beautiful world of nature and mystery about us; for the balmy zephyrs of spring, the sweet-scented summer breeze, and autumn's placid days; for the infinite blue of the skies, the thousand sunset tints, and the roseate clouds of morning; for the songs of birds making our hearts glad; for murmuring brooklets and rustling leaves and sighing winds; for flowers, for color, for music, for sunlight; for broad prairies and rugged mountain scenes; for all these tangible creations of thine which make this world so beautiful and life so varied and sweet, we bless thee, O God.

For all human institutions and social forces which contribute unity and meaning to life; for the heritage of all the centuries in this respect: for home and what it stands for in the world's uplift; for parents dear, and sisters and brothers; for friendship and all it involves in its deeper relationships; for love and the infinite riches of its possibilities; for church and all it has done to mitigate the hardness and coldness of life; and for education which makes us pupils of thine, which lets us into a large measure of thy truth, and which teaches us to put greatest stress upon things of supremest worth; for these we raise our hearts to thee, our Father who art in heaven.

And finally, O God, we thank thee more and most of all for the progress of the race in spiritual things; for the evolution of soul in mankind; for the inner life which is deepening and the inward light which is breaking in the heart of man; for a great grip on thy eternal truths; for all the limitless possibilities of human nature, confronting and challenging and transcending all else but thee for a mind that would think into thy great thoughts and lay hold of thy great purposes for us; for a great consciousness of thy abiding presence in our daily lives; for ambition which would find its full fruition in the ultimate triumph of thy will; for faith which sees the glorious consummation in the bringing of thy kingdom to the earth; for the saving power of Christ and the Christlike character which is the goal of life's tragedy; O God, it is these eternal things for which we thank thee most and for which we pray again this day, in our dear Lord's name, Amen.

Lima, Ohio.

NOVEMBER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

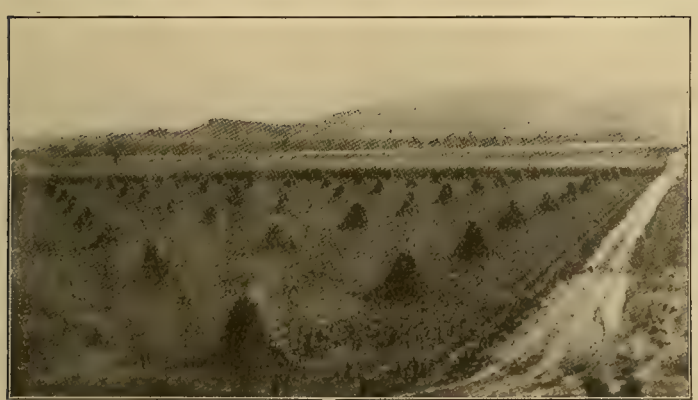
Low-lying belts of fog that blur the sun
And shroud the hill-slopes in empurpled pall;
Outwearied leaves as soundless as the fall
Of death-shod dusk, down drifting one by one
On wood and field and weed-retarded run
Oppressive silence, deep, Sabbatical,
Save when at eventide the querulous call
Of questing quail loud-shrills from meadows dun.
Thrice-drear November! Since thou summonest
Old memories, sadly sweet, and long-pent tears
That flood dim eyes with misty overflows!
And yet—and yet—a glimmer on thy breast
Like some fair hope against the grief of years
Mid summer's legacy—one crimson rose!

The Nation's Feast Day

O. H. Kimmel

A DAY when a nation feasts! Have we ever stopped to think of it? Have we ever tried to imagine our great nation, from the stormy Atlantic, to the smiling Pacific and from the frozen Northland to the blooming sun-embalmed Southland, all as sitting down to a great annual feast? And if we have tried to do this, how we have stretched our imagination until it would expand no farther, and yet have been unable to picture such a scene!

But, in attempting to do this, we have been again reminded of the greatness of our nation in extent, in beauty, in wealth and natural resources, in climate, and in the brain and brawn of its people. Then we are led to compare our nation with all the world and though we use exacting and just consideration, we recognize the many shortcomings of our nation and perhaps lose sight of those of other countries, yet



Some of Nature's Provisions.

when the consideration has been made, we deliberately assign the United States the head of the class in location, in national resources, in natural wealth and in its people.

Since we are able to locate our nation at the head of all of the great nations of the earth, since we can unreservedly proclaim to the world that we excel in so many things, and since we are elected to cast our lots in such a country we cannot keep from being thankful that we are so happily placed in our temporal life.

We reflect and think over the history of the life of this marvelous nation. We remember its budding and growing in a nursery prepared in the old world. We remember the transplanting, the sailing of the Mayflower, the landing at Plymouth Rock, the sufferings on the bleak and plague-stricken New England coast; we remember the trials of Miles Standish, we remember John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, we remember all these things when we think of the social life, but on the other hand we do not forget the sturdy attempts at self government, the town meeting, and the election. Neither do we forget the church and the infinite trust in Almighty God in whom the people relied for all things both temporal and spiritual. We cannot forget, either, their free schools which they established in order that all people might learn to read and understand the Holy Bible.

Such a people as this which had been striving for generations to free itself from oppression and which, as a last resort, sought refuge in a new world, was well fitted indeed to fight against the trials and vicissitudes that a new unbroken country was sure to bring upon them. And their manner of struggling, their suffering and determination to excel in spite of all, together with their trust in God, kept them in the race for life and existence that the first few years tried to deny them.

After their first year in this country though a large per cent of them had died and all had suffered much, yet after the first scant harvest had been taken from the virgin soil they all sat down to feast in thanksgiving to God for preserving their lives, liberties and institutions; for preserving them against the Indian, and for furnishing the food in the forest they also gave thanks to God, and as an emblem of this the wild turkey and other wild meat on that thanksgiving table had been secured by four chosen men, from the surrounding forest.

In this manner America gave her first Thanksgiving to the divine Architect who built our great nation. We wonder if these Puritans could have imagined half the results of the example that they set that day. Could even the shrewdest of these persons have foreseen that in two hundred and eighty years a nation of 80,000,000 people occupying the heart of the great continent could be seated at a feast once every year to reverently thank God for life, prosperity, happiness,—for all things which we have that are good, just as they did then? I say, could they imagine a great nation following in the future, this example they set?

However this may be, such is true, and, though much has been contributed to American civilization from other sources, the old New England customs and institutions have been of most lasting influence in our national development and this people may rightly be

called the "Father of a mighty race." As the Puritan suffered in his immaturity as a citizen of America, so has this nation suffered in its building; it did not take these rapid strides from a little insignificant sea bordering country to a great continental empire, without suffering the vicissitudes of hardship, war and even civil strife. Yet through all this struggling the idea of setting apart a day to give thanks to God for past blessings and present surroundings was never lost sight of, and we may say that the Puritan thanksgiving day, tipified the nation's feast day of the years that were to come.

When we were in battle array against our mother country and the blood from the frozen feet of our soldiery stained the New Jersey hills, a band of men assembled out in the hills which called itself Congress, recommended occasional thanksgiving days. After this struggle was over, and the struggle for breath as a nation was going on, a special thanksgiving day was ordered in 1784, setting this day apart as a Constitutional day. New England kept up the plan annually still, but the new nation did not officially proclaim these days annually regularly, for some time, yet as a people it was observed in many of the states. In 1795 many riots occurred in different parts of the new nation, but all were successfully repressed, and the President asked a national thanksgiving, thanking God for our national success in suppressing mob law and anarchy. Thus the habit generally spread from New England through the churches to other states, and as the nation took firmer hold upon itself it began to give out the great proclamation, year by year.

President Lincoln issued proclamations in 1862, 1863, 1864, and since then every President has set apart the last Thursday of November for the purpose of thanksgiving and a great and appreciative nation sits down to feast, and to return thanks to God for the blessings of liberty, prosperity, bounteous harvests, and all things for which a great people may be thankful.

As the day first set apart in New England witnessed its sturdy people seated around a table on which the wild turkey was roasted brown, so in this day do the people still feast on the turkey which is raised in the barnyard. We speak of the days of offering sacrifices. Is not the turkey offered as a sacrifice, that our country might live, and grow and wax strong as a potent world power? We may not so state it, but as the nation sits around the family board and picks the bones of this fowl, and discusses the affairs of home, of state, of church, and as this is being done the whole nation over, we might say that this could be so.

At any rate we picture the day as a day of rest and worship, a day when the whole broad land lays down the cares of life, the strife of politics, and the social demands, to bow reverently to the decrees of an all wise God. The nation sits down to chat about its blessings, its wealth, its joy and its sorrows, and it looks in confidence to the future from examples of the past. It sees the good things that have been and it sees the evil among them. It stops. It reflects. It impresses its own great mind of its own needs as one man may in reflecting. It pictures itself standing among its fellow nations and feels the patriotic heart-throb of pride, but in doing all this we feel that, as one man would, this great nation deliberates and thinks strongly and prayerfully about the future.

In this way the influence of such a day must be great, and of great importance to our national life. It keeps the people of the nation in touch with its problems. It causes them to reflect, and look into the things that should not be, and to desire to promote the good. It shows us the good that we have learned from past generations, and makes us hope for what may come to future ones.

What a scene this is! and what lasting good must come from it. When the crops are harvested, and the storehouses and cellars are fullest, when the first fatted swine of autumn have been converted into pork in the storehouse, when the city cousin has been invited back to the farm for repast in the season of the year,

> "When the frost is on the pumpkin
> And the fodder's in the shock,"

is it not meet and proper that we feast, and can we keep our swelling hearts from expressing their gratitude in thanks to God? Nor would we if we could, forget our duty to the world, the less privileged and to the sorrowful. This is a great day, and great has been the Puritan example.

HEAR YE THE WORD.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

Jeremiah 17: 20; 19: 3; 22: 2.

To Judah, king and people all,
Full thrice the message came,
Thru Jeremy the Prophet, and
To us it comes the same:
Listen to the Prophet, Judah, one and all,
Hear ye the word of the Lord.

That word to erring Judah was
The law by Moses framed,
A law so often broken that
God's Prophets oft proclaimed:
Hear the law of Moses, ye of Abram's seed,
Hear ye the word of the Lord.

While neither jot nor tittle of
That law has passed away,
Christ's message of forgiveness comes
In those same words today:
Take his free salvation, come to him and live
Hear ye the word of the Lord.

If you are driven to the last extremity, do not despair; doubtless you have just come to the beginning of God's opportunity.

Melting into Thanksgiving

Ida M. Helm

"November, why, its the climax of the year—
The highest time of living!
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into Thanksgiving."

JAY quoted these lines then drew his chair closer to the fire and said, "Tell us a story Nettie, A Thanksgiving story of long ago, you have read so many stories, tell us one of them." Ralph and Nettie March, cousins of Jay and Aline Norton were spending Thanksgiving week with them. They were several years their senior and Nettie had spent two years in the high school and according to their little cousins' imaginations they were of much importance. "Nettie knows most every thing," Jay declared to Aline.

There was an old-time fireplace in the basement kitchen and the four cousins had started a fire and made the room cosy, then they brought a pan of apples and several ears of pop corn and while they roasted apples and popped corn Nettie told them the story of the first Thanksgiving. She said, it was in 1621, that after a plentiful harvest had been gathered the Pilgrims appointed a day of Thanksgiving to God. Gov. Bradford sent four men into the woods to bring in wild turkeys, for in those days a good dinner as well as religious worship belonged to Thanksgiving day the same as it does now. The men killed enough turkeys to last a week and they had plenty of corn-bread. They invited the Indians to come and keep Thanksgiving with them. More than ninety Indians came, they stayed and feasted with the Pilgrims for three days then they went into the woods and killed five deer and gave them to the people who had so generously entertained them. Massasoit, the Indian king was there. It was a time of rejoicing for God had given them sunshine and showers and they had reaped a bountiful harvest of corn, and they held solemn services of thanks to God for it was true then as it is now, as the poem teaches, when we receive bountiful blessings, if our hearts are attuned to love, joy just melts into thanksgiving.

"What do Indians have to be thankful for?" questioned Aline. "They have their homes and families, their food and clothing and the same air and sunshine that white people have, every person living in this world enjoys these same blessings, but many do not have Bibles and they know nothing about the great God who gives us all these blessings," said Nettie.

"Don't they keep Thanksgiving Day all over the world?" asked Jay.

"No, many, many people never have heard of Thanksgiving day, and I am sorry that some people who know about it do not pretend to observe it, and some who are surrounded with many blessings complain because some one has received something that they think is nicer than what they received and instead of being thankful for the things God saw fit to give them they fret and complain and make themselves unhappy and thankless and they make themselves disagreeable to their companions."

They stopped talking and remained silent for a few minutes, then Nettie said, "Just listen to the wind howling and whistling about the chimney and among the loose clap-boards on the roof." "Yes, that sounds like winter," answered Ralph, "when I hear it and I think of the short days and long nights and of the intensity of the cold of winter's frost and sleet, and we are all snugly housed and mamma brings out caps, mittens, hoods and warm coats, and papa starts fire in the base burner, and I think of all the needful and good things that we have stored away in barn, granary and cellar, it makes me feel as though everything is trying to please me, then my gladness just melts into thanksgiving, as you have been saying, and I wish everybody was as thankful and happy as I am."

"Can you not think of some needy person near your home, Jay, that we might help in some way and thus transmit a share of our gladness to them?" asked Nettie.

"Mr. Poorman's live only a short distance from here," replied he "Mr. Poorman is an invalid and the children, when they are not in school, work at whatever they can for the neighbors by the day and they earn some wages. Mrs. Poorman is kept busy with the garden, the chickens and her housework, thus with occasional donations from the neighbors and from the church they manage to get along. We might do something for them. I'll call mama and ask her," said Aline, and she ran up the basement stairs and soon returned with her mother.

"Can't we give Mr. Poorman's something on Thanksgiving?" questioned Jay.

"Yes we can, I am glad you thought of it Jay," said she, "this is Monday evening, there are two days yet till Thanksgiving. Tomorow we will hunt up all our old clothes and see what we can do for them in that line, then when I am preparing our Thanksgiving dinner I will prepare an extra portion for them, and they shall have as good a dinner as we will have; when sermon, prayer and psalm are over Thanksgiving day seems incomplete without a good dinner."

"Mamma don't you think we ought to give them

some new clothes and not all old ones?" questioned Jay. "It is all right to give both, old and new clothes," answered she," there is your overcoat that you have outgrown, it looks almost as good as new, it will be a little large for Johnnie Poorman but that is all the better, it will give him room to grow, and Aline's blue coat and white hood and those little white mittens that she has outgrown look well, and we will give them to Helen. I have a pair of blankets and a comforter that I have stored away, I will give them. God has been very good to us and while he wants us to administer to the spiritual wants of the poor and unfortunate ones he also wants us to remember them in a substantial way. Be ready to help me tomorrow," said she. "I'll help," replied the four cousins in a chorus.

Children, if they possess good health will enjoy Thanksgiving day no matter who may miss receiving a portion of the ruling spirit of the day, they have no debts to pay, they do not have to watch the rise and fall of the market, they have no cares but that their parents can banish with a few loving words of assurance.

"When Mrs. Norton left the kitchen the children asked Nettie to tell them something more about Thanksgiving day.

"We will begin with Ralph," said she, "and each one may tell of one thing that happened since last Thanksgiving that they feel thankful for." "I am thankful," said Ralph, "that when Amos Hunter blamed me for taking his traps and I told him that I had not taken them nor even seen them and he wanted to fight with me I just turned around and went home and left him to fight alone. The next day he found his traps and he has treated me with kindness ever since."

"I am thankful," said Aline, "that when I accidentally broke Treva Long's Mary Ann dolly I gave her my Jane Ann, then mamma bought Sally Jane for me, and she is a nicer dolly than Jane Ann."

Jay had received a new overcoat and a muffler a few days before this, and some of the gladness they brought to him lingered in his mind and he said, "I am thankful for my new overcoat and muffler."

"I am glad you all have something for which you feel thankful," said Nettie, "one thing I am thankful for is that I realize that I have made mistakes in the past and that I can profit by them and do better in the future. There are so many things to be thankful for that I will not try to enumerate them," continued she, "but we can all be thankful to God who 'giveth naught but good,' he is always good to us."

Thoughts of the people who had never heard of Thanksgiving kept turning themselves in Jay's mind. "I wish we could tell them about Thaksgiving," said he. "We can do something to help send missionaries and Bibles to them and they will then learn about thanksgiving," answered Nettie.

"Well lets do it, you mean we can give money," said Jay. "That is what I mean, how much are you each willing to give?" she asked. "I have only a dime, but I'll give it," said Jay. "I will give a quarter," said Ralph, "I was sick Sunday and could not go to Sunday school, mamma had given me a nickel to give, I have that and I'll give it," said Aline. "I will give fifty cents," said Nettie and we have ninety cents in all. They are going to take up a collection for general missions at the church Thanksgiving day, shall we put this in the basket? All that are agreed say Aye." Every voice responded.

The evening after Thanksgiving day the four cousins again sat by the fireside. They were taking a retrospective view of their works of thanksgiving and they voted it a grand success.

"When we gave Mrs. Poorman that bundle her joy just melted into thanksgiving, didn't it, and I saw tears in her eyes," said Ralph. "Yes and the children were just as thankful," Jay replied. "I saw how thankful they were," said Nettie, "and I think that when the time comes that missionaries have carried the Bible to all people and all nations have accepted Christ, universal, heartfelt strains of joy will melt into thankfulness and there will reign such a grand Thanksgiving Day as the world has never seen before, but,

'We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe golden ears
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.'"

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

THE REAL MEANING OF THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING is of little value if our expressions of gratitude have no effect upon our own conduct. Appreciation of blessings is shown by acts rather than by words. If we regard citizenship as a priceless inheritance, we should resolve to transmit it, not only unimpaired but improved, to the next generation; if our educational system has been a boon to us, it should be extended and amplified for the benefit of posterity; if the resources of our country have a value beyond computation, it behooves us to see to it that these resources are not squandered, and that the bounties which the Creator intended for all shall not be monopolized by the cunning, the craft, and the avarice of a few; if our government gives to life, liberty, and prosperity greater protection than any other government grants, we can not excuse ourselves if we fail to preserve it, in all its purity, for our children and our children's children; if in our religion we find a consolation, a life-plan, and a moral uplift, we can not but earnestly desire—and embody the desire in deeds—that these shall be shared by those about us and by those also who, though separated from us by seas, are bound to us by that primal tie that links each human being to every other.

It is a cause for thanksgiving that we have so long enjoyed here the blessings of free government for which many are still contending with heroic effort and immense sacrifice, and with free speech, a free press, and freedom of conscience, we are in a position to maintain the liberties which have come down to us from the fathers.

The dual character of our government has played an important part in its perpetuity—a more important part than many suppose. Centralization is the greatest foe that popular government has to encounter, for it is supported by arguments that are plausible. "Can you not trust the people of the nation?" asks the friend of centralization. "Are they not the same individuals who make the laws in the various States?" Yes; but the government is best when it is nearest the people, and the people can act most intelligently upon the questions about which they are the best informed. The people, through the framers of our Constitution, wisely delegated to the federal government the powers necessary for the conduct of national affairs and, as wisely, reserved to the States and to themselves the right to control the affairs of the State and the community.

We can never be sufficiently thankful for the wisdom manifested by those who launched our nation upon its splendid career and laid the foundation for the success we have enjoyed. The governmental structure they framed will never be outgrown, for it is as well adapted to a nation of three hundred millions of people as it was to a nation of three millions—the general government welding the nation together into one harmonious whole, and the State and local governments guarding the home, the school, the property, the liberty, and the life of the citizen.

Among our special advantages may be mentioned our educational system. By the wisdom of our forefathers, provision was made for the teaching of every child born in our country. While our parochial schools and denominational colleges furnish instruction for those who desire to combine religious training with the elementary and higher branches of learning, the public schools bring education within the reach of all. One has only to compare the mental developments of our people with that of many of the peoples of Europe and of all the peoples of Asia and Africa to appreciate the intellectual superiority of our population. While everywhere an increasing interest is being taken in schools, the people of southern Europe are far behind us and those of the Orient immeasurably so. Though Japan has undergone an intellectual revolution in the last half-century, she still has considerable distance to travel before she catches up with us; in China the alphabet is so long and the written language so difficult to learn that but a small fraction of the people can be classed as literate.

It is an excellent preparation for Thanksgiving Day to travel through other countries and compare the school facilities with those of our own—the millions of children (yellow, white, brown and black) growing up with no thought of books—with the children of the United States, trooping to school, each assured of an opportunity to pursue his studies as far as he wills.

Another special advantage is found in our industrial development. The natural resources of the country are so diversified that one can consult his own tastes in choosing a vocation. We have every variety of soil and climate that the farmer could wish. The wheat-fields of the North, the cotton-fields of the South, and the corn-belt between the two and overlapping both—all these call for laborers, while the horticulturist has his choice between the fruits of the temperate zone and the fruits of the tropics.

Our manufacturing represents every industry, and our internal trade is so enormous that full play is given to the commercial instinct, while mechanical engineering is vying with the professions in attractiveness. Surely America illustrates what can be done when the ingenuity of man makes intelligent use of the generosity of the Creator.—*From "Why We Ought to Be Thankful," by William Jennings Bryan, in The Circle.*

VANITY.

CLEVELAND HOLLAR.

In vain, in vain I've looked around
To see what pleasure might be found,
In Fashion's domes, in seats of ease,
By Pride's swift stream, 'neath verdant trees.

I've looked to all that Fashion holds
Itself as dearer to than gold
But find not there the sure imprint
Of happiness and sweet content.

Amid her sick'ning, burning maze
I do not find Love's radiant blaze
Pouring forth upon life's scenes
Her soothing, quickening, flashing beams.

Why all this show? Why all this swell
Where pompous art and beauty dwell,
Without the joys of life beside
To test the vaunting of their pride?

Oh, man, 'tis vain that thou shouldst dream,
Of pleasures sweet by Life's cold stream,
Except on Life's grim battlement
You've won the peace of sweet content.

Hardin, Mo

LOVE'S BLESSING.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Who loves is loved,
Who blesses never fails
Of blessing, e'en the hundredfold,
Christ's promise, here prevails

A KIND man does not need to have his sympathies aroused before doing a kind thing. Any poor stick of a man can be kind then.

The Holy Spirit's Influence in Study

Richard Braunstein

Much admiration has been bestowed upon Mr. Pope's ideal man who "looks through nature up to nature's God." But truer far to man's own nature is the philosophy which begins with God and sees all things in the light of his thought and love. There never was a sadder mistake than that of the professed truth-seeker who starts with cold phenomena and law, and from these seeks to mount upward. All truth flows downward from him who is the Author and Source.

That such is the method assumed and taught in the divine Word is very plain. The counsel, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" knows no exceptions, but applies to all the possessions to which we may rightfully aspire. When the eye is single to see him first, then is given the assurance that "the whole body shall be full of light." The circumference of truth must have a center, and that center, the Scriptures teach, is God. And likewise, he that would wisely explore any of truth's domain must feel the impulse and possess the enlightenment of the Divine Spirit.

Now the same method finds its counterpart and correlative in the nature of man! What more common in our observation of human effort to gain knowledge than that the heart must lead the way for the intellect to follow? It is the law of success in study, the prerequisite of achievement. There was an Agassiz, a Newton, or Galileo who studied and toiled for truth's sake, whose heart did not furnish the master motive. Is there anything plainer then, than that he who would study nobly, he who would learn well, should submit, first of all, his heart to the inspiring touch of the Spirit of God? It is only then, in our work, that we rightly comprehend or put ourselves within reach of the true and highest motives. How different, for instance, must be the study of history to one who sees it only as a dry record of facts, of human events, strange, confused, mysterious, and to another who discerns in all the onmoving of a divine plan and can read God's handwriting on every page!

And what a transformation has science undergone when from the dead, cold phenomena of the atheist it has become, as to the Christian scholar, the *open face, the speaking tongue of God himself!* All the boasted knowledge of man has little meaning or worth till the eye of the heart is open to behold the seal of the author.

Here, in this philosophy of man, in the relation of heart to the intellect, is found the reason why the church of Christ has in every age, been foremost in sympathy and effort for the cause of learning. And this explains how it is that the careless, often indolent, youth when once touched by the fire of the Holy Ghost, becomes conscious for the first time of his true self, and realizes his power and his destiny. Who does not reckon in the circle of his acquaintances the young man or young woman whose conversion marked the beginning of the intellectual life? This, then, is the only true and adequate motive in the pursuit of knowledge, the consciousness of God in it all and the desire to better know him and to please him.

And think, too, under sway of this motive, what breadth of range is given to the student. From such a point of view there is nothing mean or insignificant in the universe. Science, history, philosophy, art, literature, all may be clothed with new dignity and become ministers of God to man. It is he who stands thus amid creation with the Heavenly Father at his side as interpreter and teacher, who is able to find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Moreover this is the same motive which yields the joy and delight of intellectual pursuit. It is the Christian student who is genuinely enthusiastic. The word enthusiasm means divine inspiration, and he who possesses that is beyond the reach of treadmill work or irksome task.

How very plain, then, if these things are so, becomes the privilege and the duty of all who are studying that they may possess the truth. With special fitness it seems to apply to the army of students in our theological schools. Working as they are, it is permitted that our Father works with them. A great and true soul may be fashioned anywhere if it only calls God to its help. And sometimes a single half-hour under the immediate divine tuition will do more for the awakening of our best nature and the development of our highest powers than whole years of mere training of the intellect.

WHENCE COMEST THOU?

GEORGE E. ROOP.

There are extant in the civilized world today, two principal theories explaining or attempting to explain, the origin of man.

In Genesis there is given us a complete and beautiful description of that most wonderful work, the creation of the earth and all that is upon it, and the elements that make it adapted to maintaining life. First created he light; then the earth and its vegetation, grasses, herbs, and trees; then the animals of the sea,

the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field; every living creature that moveth. And lastly, God formed man in his own image, of the dust of the earth. He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

But there are some who tell us that man was not thus created. They teach that the investigations of of science and the reasoning of philosophy have shown that man had a different origin. Into little particles of matter, life spontaneously entered, and they thus became living creatures. These began to develop, and they became more and more complex. This process of development, continued through long ages, has produced man. It is such philosophy that furnished Tom Payne, Voltaire, and Ingersoll a foundation on which to base their denials of the existence of a divine power. If this theory be true, man has no soul. For can the corruptible bring forth the incorruptible, is the temporal a progenitor of the eternal, can the finite produce the infinite?

But there is in man an intuitive knowledge, or an inherent germ of an idea that produces that knowledge, that this world is not the end of our existence. Even the savage, untouched by the teachings and influences of civilization and Christianity, believes, yea he knows, that there is a life beyond the grave. We see in its cradle a pure, innocent and helpless babe. He sees little and knows less of the world about him. But he grows, and his field of perception and knowledge widens. He passes successively the stages of frolicsome childhood, gay youth and finally faces the world a strong and vigorous man. He enters the arena, has his successes and his failures, plays his part in the battle of life. But while thus enrapt in his duties to be performed and his ideals to be attained, life's summer has past; the frosts of its autumn are settling on his furrowed brow; and soon the silvery head and tottering form of the once strong man fall into the grave. And does this end all? Would life be worth living if there were no happy existence for man beyond the veil?

The skeptic asks, "If God created the earth and man, who created God?" and no man can answer him. But, my friends, he has not proven that there is no creator; he has proven nothing. We ask him, "If there be no divine being the maker of all things, who created matter? Who made the earth and the planets, the sun, the moon, and the numberless stars, the machinery of the universe, if such we may call them? What omnipotent hand cast them into space with such force that they continue in their courses for ages with undiminished speed? What omniscient intellect calculated the places of their orbits and the rates of their speed so that they continue to revolve among and about each other in perfect harmony, and so regularly that the astronomer can predict to the exact minute every eclipse of the sun and the moon, and every transit of a planet, for years in advance?" Man may mould, hew, fashion, and change the materials with which he works. He may unite or separate chemicals and thus produce new combinations. But it is utterly beyond his power to create the minutest particle of matter, neither can he annihilate it. He is just as powerless to destroy that which has been created as to create.

At the surface of the earth the atmosphere exerts a pressure of sixteen pounds per square inch. But, as we go farther and farther from the earth, the air becomes less and less dense till a few miles out in space it ceases to exist and there is a perfect vacuum. And thus it is with our minds. We may partially understand many of the things about us, those things intended for our service and benefit, and over which God has given us dominion. But when we begin to reach out beyond the sphere of knowledge which our Creator has intended us to explore through our perceptive faculties and other mental powers, when we attempt to follow a course of investigation and reasoning like that pursued by the infidel in his efforts to explain the origin of things material and to disprove the existence of a divine power; our knowledge, like the atmosphere, becomes rarer and rarer as we leave the earthly and approach the heavenly, until we reach the limit dividing the finite from the infinite, when we are lost, hopelessly lost, entangled in the web of our own weaving. Man is but a microscopic speck compared with the planet on which he lives. The earth is only an atom in space. And yet little, insignificant man will assume to explain the origin of the universe by his own petty philosophies. But the human mind is utterly unable to comprehend the infinite, and the finite reasoning power cannot conceive of the beginning of beginnings. Since we must accept the fact of a first great cause about which we know nothing, is not our only logical conclusion the acceptance of the teachings of that book that is more widely circulated and read, and more generally recognized as authority than any other in the civilized world; that book that contains the best code of laws and the purest system of morals that our race has ever known? Men have hated it; they have burned it; they would fain have destroyed it from off the face of the earth. "But," says the poet, "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again." So that Bible has withstood the ravages of time and today stands as the rock of ages of our moral law. It is divine; it is eternal.

The skeptic and the evolutionist may now vaunt their learned philosophies and cast into the teeth of the Creator their denials of his existence and power. But verily I say unto you they shall believe and tremble when the last drop of the river of time shall have flowed into the boundless ocean of eternity; when all prophecy shall have become history; when the sun shall be darkened and the moon turned to blood; when

the stars of the firmament shall vanish and the Morning Star of Eternity shall appear unto whom the ransomed hosts of heaven shall sing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Union Bridge, Md.

IS CIVILIZATION REALLY TRAVELING WESTWARD?

It is many years since Bishop Berkeley prophesied that the course of empire lay westward, and that the civilization of the East would, in the judgment of history, be far outshone by the glories of the West. Unfortunately, the Bishop gave us no substantial facts wherewith to support his theory, and we are not aware that any person has forestalled the effort of M. Piobb, in *Le Monde Moderne* (Paris), to prove that to the West must accrue the heritage of the future's civilizing influences. Says he:

At first the centers of civilization were all situated in the north; subsequently they were to be found between the parallels 28° 40′ and 52° 31′ of latitude, a region in which the thermometric mean is never lower than 15° Centigrade. All centers of civilization are shown by history to have eclipsed each other in the degree of their progress and, at the same time, to have improved upon their geographical situation, a fact which leads us to note a phenomenon, likewise proven, that each center of civilization has but an ephemeral term of duration, and that when it has reached its maximum of civilization it falls into decay and disappears altogether, as in the great centers of Mesopotamian history. It must also be noted that when the people of the West were still little better than bushmen, the people of the East had built big cities and possessed a high type of progress and culture. At present, however, the Westerners are more advanced than they were formerly in arrear, while the people of the East have ceased to progress. Putting aside the fallacy that Asia Minor was the cradle of the human race, we find that civilization has moved upon the globe from east to west, in the direction opposite to that generally adopted by the celestial bodies of our system, and within a particular zone, of which the breadth does not exceed ten degrees.

There have been three halting-places along the line of progress, namely: Asia, the Mediterranean, and Western Europe. If the law which governs this movement is correct, then the fourth and next halting-place should be found somewhere in North America. Here, according to the French writer, are some of the historic world-centers:

China's greatest capital is Nankin, in 32° 5′ N. lat.; India's ancient capital was Lahore, 31° 50′; Babylon in Chaldea, 32° 30′; Memphis in Egypt, 30°; Athens, 37° 58′; Rome, 41° 6′; Paris, let us say the center of modern civilization, 48° 50′. These seven great cities have been the sources of culture and progress, and it is evident that they are situated on a line which rises and falls with almost mathematical precision. The most northerly point having been reached in Paris, the next fall, calculated by analogy, would be toward the equator, giving a line from New York (40° 42′ N. lat.), to San Francisco (37° 47′ N. lat.), with two cities similarly situated in many respects to Rome and Athens.

Taking the case of Egypt alone, though M. Piobb points his argument from others of the great cities, we find that Memphis had for its feeder Thebes, that she projected her secondary civilization toward the East, namely, that of the Hebrews, and her primary civilization toward Greece and Rome. According to M. Piobb, each civilization is awakened by the races situated to the east of it; it develops on the spot and creates its feeders, establishing, as it does so, several secondary cities in the East and arousing in the West the civilization that is to succeed it. The secondary cities in their turn project themselves toward the East, destroying the older civilizations and imposing their own. The ethnic phenomenon of the moment is the awakening by those twin-sisters, Paris and London, of the civilization of the West which will one day return upon them. In 1850, says M. Piobb, a Belgian scientific investigator, conceived a theory of the movement of civilization in direct harmony with terrestrial magnetism, a theory which was never followed up, but which is plausibly worked out, and affords the deepest interest to the student.—*Review of Reviews.*

LIFE'S CERTIFICATE.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

At the close of each school year our educational institutions give diplomas to those students who have creditably finished a prescribed course. Those who have done advanced work receive degrees, and anyone who has accomplished a feat of special merit may be the recipient of a medal. Either or all may be taken as a recognition of persisten effort, a training to fit the individual for a useful life.

It is a pleasure to receive from those in authority a token that the completion of a course has been satisfactory and that thorough work has been appreciated. While to be worthy of this token required discipline and close application, yet the winning of it is not as great a task as carrying out what it stands for. A diploma represents not so much work done as preparation for work to be done.

Every one recognizes the fact that the school of actual life presents greater problems than does the school of preparation for life. And as the latter certifies to the work of her students, the former also grants certificates to those who have passed under her tuition. This is not meant to include those who have managed merely to exist, but only those who have helped to solve the vital question of real living. That man who said, "God will not look me over for medals, degrees or diplomas, but for scars," uttered an eternal truth. These scars are the certificates

given by the school of life. The master will not be so much interested in the theory as in the practice. These scars are manifestations of personal contact with the living problems which confront humanity, and are as pearls of great price in the eyes of the great Examiner.

It will be a sad sight on examination day to find an individual with plenty of medals, degrees and diplomas, but not a single scar. That will be startling evidence of wasted opportunities and of powers not expended in an endeavor to uplift mankind. True it is that Jehovah sometimes takes more glory to himself by calling home one that has just prepared for service than by allotting to him years in which to serve. But God's ways are not man's ways. Real life is not found in selfishness. It consists in living for others, that they may be kept from the power of evil. The scars received in the conflict are the marks which identify him who would be his brother's keeper. The diploma and the scars go well together, But God can overlook the lack of the former in the presence of the latter.

After all, life here is a very practical matter. Those visionary people who live in an ethereal atmosphere contribute little toward the solution of the grave questions with which men must deal. By living apart from the activities of man they create for themselves a dream life wherein they may revel in mind fancies and vain imaginations. Too seldom does their influence tell for good in others. True worth is in being and doing. Man was created to work. His powers were endowed that he might think and act. Strength is imparted by that action which follows right thinking.

The winning of heaven, where true life is eternally perpetuated, is a conquest. Christ received scars in the work of making heaven possible to men. In the capture of Jericho, the last shout semed to bring victory, but each step before it was essential. In a similar way the daily living of life, working away moment by moment, notwithstanding buffeting by winds of adverse tendencies, will make the last great triumph possible. And it will be all the sweeter for the wounds received in achieving it. The more powerful the obstacle overcome, the more signal its downfall. When the victory is complete, the sting of the battle will have been forgotten. But it is the brave soldier that can successfully endure while the struggle is on. Entrance upon the arena of life's activity promises pain to the mind and throbs of the heart, but the scars will plead eloquently in the presence of the exacting Teacher. They are life's reward of merit.

Rocky Ford, Colorado.

Love is that which gives out so long as you continue to dispense it.

RAILWAY NEWS.

Just as the shipping industry of Great Britain exceeds that of any other nation, so the railway business of the United States exceeds that of any other nation and even that of all other nations combined. Our annual increase in mileage is 5,000, while the total mileage is 220,633 miles. 815,000,000 passengers travel on these roads annually and 1,610,000,000 tons of freight are carried. The passenger revenue is $520,000,000 while the freight is $1,650,000,000. Even the net profits are $790,000,000 each year. The rate of increase for last year was eleven per cent.

The system requires 55,439 locomotives 83,896 passenger cars, 12,295 baggage cars, and 1,979,667 freight cars. The capital stock is $7,106,000,000, the bonded debt, $7,851,000,000 and other liabilities which aggregate $17,534,000,000, while the cost of the roads is estimated at $12,719,000,000. The amount of mileage has doubled since 1881, while if the amount of double tracks be included the total mileage today is 307,000 miles or an increase of 270 per cent in twenty-five years. Last year the average dividend was 3.63 per cent, a decrease of .3 per cent from the previous year which may have come about by too much watered stock.

WHAT IS IN A TRADE?

A trade makes you independent.

A strong crutch upon which to lean.

It is a passport to all countries and climes.

A demand which passes current everywhere.

Something which can be carried in our heads and hands.

The only calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure.

The one thing which cannot be learned in an academy or college.

The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold.—*Outlook.*

WHO LIE AT REST.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Who lie at rest, while onward flows
The stream of petty ills and woes
That vexes us,—they quietly sleep,
Removed from disappointments deep,
Which come and round about them close,
Who grasp the thorn but not the rose,—
They do not feel the stings or blows,
Who lie at rest.

We think perhaps the spirit knows,
That on the grave a flower grows;
But why when o'er us memories creep
Should sadness move our hearts to weep?
Unless we've come to envy those
Who lie at rest.

They who put pleasure first are the last to find it.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE.

"Neither were thankful."—Rom. 1: 21.

Christmas had been a fixed day of devotion centuries before our nation was born, so that we get no credit in establishing that commendable holiday, but to establish a national holiday of thanksgiving to God Almighty, and to perpetuate it from year to year by appropriate religious services such as we have done is a deed born on American soil and supported by American approval.

Our Thanksgiving Day is an American institution wrung out of our people by the bitter external experiences of a cruel famine and war, and perpetuated by the inner spiritual life which we inherited from our early spiritual ancestry, and which still dominates the very fiber of American life when once the universal brotherhood is moved upon by the heartaches of others, or is touched by an intelligent appeal from our Chief Executive. May that spirit never leave us!

The Apostle Paul marks out in the verses surrounding the text quoted above, the successive steps from civilization to heathenism. An exposition of these few verses cannot fail to excite our interest and gain our assent to the truthfulness of his statement. "When they knew God," that is when a man or a race of men had risen above the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition and could comprehend the intelligent relation which exists between the Creator and the creature, then they became aware that a beneficent hand was feeding them each day and guarding their interests all the time. The mind which was once taught this great fact would naturally admit his dependence upon the infinite God and show his gratefulness for having a conscious part in the interesting drama of sustaining and perfecting the plans of an omnipotent God.

But contrary to all reason and expectation this enlightened being ruined his own opportunity and cursed his own existence by not being thankful—"neither were thankful," says Paul. Right here decay set in and heathenism began. The successive steps are truthfully given by Paul, for when man abused his greatest privilege, destroyed his perpetual resource of light and help, what else could he do than to degenerate just according to the picture which follows.

The Scripture says that instead of living as gods should live, that is godly, they limited their relations to self instead of becoming a vital part of the great world-power outside and around them. Man esteemed himself first, and worshipped self, that is thought of self first and all the time until he gloated over his privileges and worshipped his own abilities, because he forgot that his talent was a gift from another.

As soon as man ceased to look above to a source higher than self, he began to descend and decay in every department of his being. His first mark of degeneracy was in making a human form an object of worship. God's spiritual essence had been forgotten and he was now restricted to human form, which was only the first step in attributing an animal form to God which quickly followed. Birds, four-footed beasts and insects, is the order given.

Here is the picture today of the Hindoo worshipping millions of gods made in millions of animal forms such as the beetle, snail, snake, bird, ox, etc.

And the first loosening up which led to this fearful result was ingratitude. Never did the light of inspiration shine more glaringly through words of human speech than in this text, for when a man today fails purposely or through neglect, to attribute his existence to God and respond to him in filial affection he is doomed to eternal damnation sooner or later.

The human soul knows such realities as joy, knowledge, affection, future life, rational intelligence, superiority over lower creatures, a divine pedigree etc. While the experiences cannot be demonstrated on paper yet these principles spring eternal in the human breast and must have some perpetual source of inspiration or they would eventually die. That source is God, who works within and through us to do his good will and pleasure. When an intelligent being like man denies and throttles these soul longings, he becomes cruel and sooner or later devours his own self in his mad effort to satisfy the soul with food which it does not and cannot relish—that is, the worship of something, outside of the one spiritual Father of us all.

From one degree and effort to another he goes. He worships on his own level for awhile and then descends to the lower forms of brutes, insects and even inanimate objects.

Where did heathenism begin? With ungratefulness says the Bible. Do you now see the proportions which a national Thanksgiving Day sustains to our social and intellectual life? Deny man such privileges as this day affords and you turn him into the hog-pen at once. He retrogrades even beneath the brute until he is a hopeless slave.

For every mouthful of food, every inspiring thought, every improved opportunity for doing good, every anticipation of eternal joy, give thanks. Praise God every day for a sane mind, a world full of knowledge, home, friends, fellowship with saints on earth and an angelic host in heaven.

Note how natural this logic is. After a man loses respect for others and for his Creator what is there left to keep him from becoming a hard-hearted sinner? When a son forgets and abuses a father's love what element of manhood has he left that will keep him upright with others? He has no safeguard left and just so when a nation or individual cuts loose from God's love, they are then destined to drift downward with the stream until they strand and perish amid breakers of eternal perdition.



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NOVEMBER.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

The autumn winds are skurrying fast,
Thro' the woodland brown and sere;
And hosts of leaves like little brown birds
Are flitting thro' the air.

November's stormy days are here,
Far famed in song and story;
But we care not for days that are drear
As we wait for its days of glory.

'Tis a month that brings our festal day,
A day to memory dear;
Of childhood's happy golden time
And friends that were dear and near.

What memories bright can cluster round
Our cold Thanksgiving day
Of fathers strong and gentle mothers
And grandparents old and gray.

Wheeling, W. Va.

It costs something to tell the truth, but it costs a good deal more not to do it.

Thanksgiving Proclamation

Once again the season of the year has come when, in accordance with the custom of our forefathers for generations past, the President appoints a day as the especial occasion for all our people to give praise and thanksgiving to God.

During the last year we have been free from famine, from pestilence, from war. We are at peace with all the rest of mankind. Our national resources are at least as great as those of any other nation. We believe that in ability to develop and take advntage of these resources the average man of this nation stands at least as high as the average man of any other. Nowhere else in the world is there such an opportunity for a free people to develop to the fullest extent all its powers of body, of mind and of that which stands above both body and mind—character.

Much has been given us from on high and much will rightly be expected of us in return. Into our care the ten talents have been intrusted, and we are to be pardoned neither if we squander and waste them, nor yet if we hide them in a napkin, for they must be fruitful in our hands. Ever throughout the ages, at all times and among all peoples, prosperity has been fraught with danger, and it behooves us to beseech the Giver of All Things that we may not fall into love of ease and of luxury; that we may not lose our sense of moral responsibility; that we may not forget our duty to God and to our neighbor.

A great democracy like ours, a democracy based upon the principles of orderly liberality, can be perpetuated only if in the heart of ordinary citizens there dwells a keen sense of righteousness and justice. We should earnestly pray that this spirit of righteousness and justice may grow ever greater in the hearts of all of us, and that our souls may be inclined ever more both toward the virtues that tell for gentleness and tenderness for loving kindness and forbearance, one with another, and toward those no less necessary virtues that make for manliness and rugged hardihood—for without these qualities neither nation nor individual can rise to the level of greatness.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do set apart Thursday, the 28th day of November, as a day of general Thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and, in their homes or in their churches, meet devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given the strength so to order their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future.

By the President. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Elihu Root, Secretary of State.



Our First Thanksgiving Day

Children, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion,
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes, and friends, and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log-cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often, e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red-man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the springtime reached them,
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain:
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest-time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred and twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved, years, years ago,
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims,
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

—Youth's Companion, 1886.

A Golden Inheritance

Edgar Long

Life calls for action,
The path lies clear before me;
I will not swerve
Nor falter till the race is run.

THE possibilities of the twentieth century have never been equaled heretofore. Life now dawns upon humanity with a greater significance than at any other time in the history of the human race; for the race has advanced unceasingly. Man's sphere of action has enlarged; his appreciation and enjoyment have grown until now his activity is almost as varied as nature herself; until the forces of nature are his convenience and wealth; her wonders his delight; until his admiration for the beautiful in nature and in his fellowman is made subservient to his own happiness; and until his achievement has become the delight and utility of his contemporaries and succeeding generations.

Though the exact process by which this planet, as well as the universe, was formed is a mystery, the fact remains, nevertheless, that man could not conceive of conditions more favorable for the complete development and fullest enjoyment of man.

This planet, a meager, insignificant speck of God's vast universe,—this earth on which we exist—conceived in the Master Artificer's mind even ages before the cycle of time, as we know it, began, reached a partial consummation of its designer's plan, when after great periods of arrangement and rearrangement, its condition became favorable for the sustenance of the higher forms of animal life.

This stupendous work of nature's forces was crowned when into a piece of common earth God breathed the breath of life and "saw that it was good." A perfect man stepped forth into the vigor of

intelligent life, to utilize, at his Creator's command, the forces of this planet and develop this crude but wonderful earth into a beautiful abode for man.

That spark of heavenly fire breathed into the clay of earth awoke to live eternally; that spark, whence come all fires that glow in human hearts, awoke infinite possibilities not only for the individual but for the race; that spark is the golden inheritance of immortal beings robed in the dust of earth.

When that creation was completed, what harmony, what majesty, what cadence, what grandeur, what perfection prevailed in God's universe! Amid the Elysian splendors of his garden home, man the perfect creature dwelt, the lord of God's creation, supreme in brightest happiness. The grandeur and stupendous wonders of creation have lost none of their majesty. But alas! man brought into the symphony of heaven, through disobedience, the note that forever causes discord and mystery.

That discordant note remains through all the ages and its strains have multiplied and remultiplied in the harmony of the human soul, until those clouds of heavenly music, the tender love, unspotted purity and faultlessness of human hearts, should long ere this have faded away; leaving life with its eternal significance a blank, a blankness darker than the deepest midnight, but for the life of the Lamb of God "slain from the foundation of the world," who restored fallen man to the favor of his Creator.

Never in the history of the race have man's environments been so conducive to the highest possible development as now. Never has there been such a copious field for thought is ours today.

The brilliant intellect, the wonderful and complex mind of man with its three parts uniting to form a perfect whole, an intimation of the triune godhead which sways the multo-complex movements of this universe, constitute the glory of his existence.

Again the glory of life as it comes to us through the senses is as diverse and beautiful as we could desire. Go forth beneath the canopy of eternal blue and drink in the wonders nature has for her children. Every sort of beauty has been lavished upon our wonderful home: tints the most exquisite and delicate; forms the most gracefully wrought and beautiful; odors the most delicate and sweet; rains the most stirring and soothing; the serenity of sunset; the Elysian splendor of moonlight nights; the imposing grandeur of the forest primeval, the ocean, and the lake. Everything that could add to our enjoyment and brighten our lives, has been bestowed profusely.

Notwithstanding life is full of the beautiful and its pathway is lighted with hope,

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."
Though grief like joy should be.
"Majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

God has made me a part of his vast universe, to live, to love, to appreciate, to grow and to glorify him, my Creator. He has so constituted me that I am alive to the wonders, the possibilities and the significance of life. He has brightened my existence with loveliness, he has strewn my pathway with flowers; then,

"If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found."

My Creator has in this existence, though I have attained to heights undreamed, but intimated to me, the perfection that awaits me when my soul is freed from the dross of earth and is radiant with the beams of righteousness. He has implanted hope within my heart and though the future is full of mystery it is fuller of hope for,

"'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

Life is but a brief probation here and as I daily move about my little sphere I know that

"Here is the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

Then, crowning out existence with its beauties and possibilities, is the hope of immortality, of life beyond the vale, in an infinitely lovelier, brighter, holier realm, to dwell as reanimated, imperishable beings, in ever returning cycles of immortal youth, refulgent with the light of righteous perfection.

When the changing scenes are done we'll get the gold of our inheritance, of which we have had but the faintest glitter in this brief transition here, in the city that hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon for the Lamb of God is the light thereof. We'll go from earth with such a song at this:

"Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death where is thy sting?"

Union Bridge, Md.

SIMPLE language possesses a power unknown to the high sounding phrase often used in oratorical effort.

OUR eyes and ears are made to bring to the mind knowledge of the world without, and we sin if we do not put them to their proper use.

THE WELL-KNOWN BIBLE CLASS.

IRA P. DEAN.

There is a class of people, I am very frank to say;
Who claim they know the Bible and to study every day.
But when you ask a question or put them to a test,
You'll find their Bible knowledge is not the very best.

When they are weary of their work, and at the close of day;
There's trouble in New York they hear; what does the paper say?
And there it is, the paper says: A Great and Awful Crime!
They want to study in God's Word; but now they haven't time.

And when they've studied of some crime and think of what they heard,
They could sit down with perfect ease and tell you every word.
They never once will stop to think of just how this will look,
When they will plainly tell you, they love God's blessed book.

They study o'er a murder case and almost break their head
To find some simple reason for what a witness said;
But take them to the Bible and see how much they care,
And they will quote some Scripture verse, which really isn't there.

They study up such trouble and read it o'er and o'er,
Until the way they work their brains, you'd think they must be sore,
And when they're tired and s-l-e-e-p-y and say they're a-l-m-o-s-t dead,
They'll read one verse, from God's Great Book, before they go to bed.
And then lie down and calmly take their slumber, Oh so sweet!
But just to save their living soul, that verse they can't repeat.
They marked it well, with ink they say, so they could learn that part.
But never marked the murder piece because its in their heart.

Just ask them once to find Saint James and see what they will do.
They'll get the good Old Testament and hunt it through and through.
Now hear them name some Bible books, Saint Matthew, Mark and John.
And skip that blessed book Saint Luke which they should not have done.

Within their Bibles you will find that they have marked a place
Where it will plainly tell you that we are saved by Grace.
They claim it does not matter how much we pray or read;
For they have marked another verse; God will supply your need.

They say these things are in The Book, they read it every day;
And they will try to quote the verse and show you what they say.
So they will hunt their Bibles, to show you what is just.
And also hunt—a little cloth -to wipe—away—the –dust

They like to tell a story about a man named Paul,
They claim that with a sling-shot, he killed Goliath tall.
They also say that Peter once broke away from jail
And afterwards was shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale.

You see how they have mixed it, and yet they claim to know;
But any Bible student can see they're awful slow;
There are other things they claim to know; but little that they do,
And when you show them in God's Word, they say "That's something new."

But I am glad there is a class who study every word,
And when they tell the story, 'tis the sweetest ever heard,
They tell how John 3: 16 says that Jesus from above,
Was sent from heaven to us poor things, and it was all for love.

The other class you all know well, you find them everywhere,
They study o'er the paper; for the Bible they don't care.
So let us get to working and search in every nook
And show these careless people how to study God's Great Book.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

GRACE E. GNAGEY.

NATURE affords beauty for the eye and the ear, for the mind and the soul. It gives comfort to the weary and downcast. It cheers the lonely and is a tender sympathizer. The green fields, the flowers and trees, the valleys, the plains—yea and the many waters—each give us an inspiration as we reverently look upon them.

God's work cannot be surpassed by the hand of man. Let us take for example a common American landscape, green meadows with grazing cattle, frolicking lambs, well fenced and cultivated fields, babbling brooks or wide flowing rivers, humble churches with graceful elms surrounding them, all seen under bright skies and in good weather. All will acknowledge that there is much beauty in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Certainly not in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing and lines more graceful might be spread upon a board or a painter's pallet without exciting the least emotion in the mind, but the beauty lies in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imagination and affections; in the visible signs of comfort and cheerful enjoyment; in the simplicity with which it is contrasted with the guilt and fever of a city life; in the image of health and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye. "Rural life leads a man forth among scenes of nature, grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind; operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences."

Allow this quiet scene to be replaced by a western highland. Here we have lofty mountains, reefs of granite, snowy peaks, rocky and lonely recesses, high precipices, crystal lakes encircled by rocks and towering trees whose images may be seen in the sparkling

water, valleys which only eye can reach, and the mountain echo which repeats the roar of the cataract. To those who can interpret it this scene is more beautiful than the one with which it has been contrasted. Colors alone cannot create emotion. It is the power of a mightier hand than man's seen on every side, that gives it interest and beauty. The peaks above inspire the traveler with an ambition to reach their highest point and see the country beyond with nothing but the sky above him. A new sensation is aroused by the grandeur of the view from the summits. The massive peaks excite enthusiasm. One writer says the mountain climber who enters with sympathy into the life of the mountains gains a new understanding of the world he lives in. He may then appreciate the feeling of a guide in the Alps who once said to a traveler, "I like to be on a mountain; one has no evil thoughts there."

We seek God in nature. His handiwork is displayed in every leaf and flower, in every landscape and mountain, in every waterfall and rocky ledge. We look upon nature with awe and reverence and see his spirit there. When all human help is beyond our reach we find nature extending her sympathy.

Go with me to the caves. Is there any beauty in those deep caverns which have been so artistically fashioned by the hand of God?

Stand for a moment at the edge of that great sheet of salt water, clear and blue. Look out upon that broad expanse and watch the waves as they come rolling in and see them break as they reach the shore. Again, go with me to the beach at night and see the phosphorescence display caused by the little sparkling organisms. You can see them float in the water and as they come together they roll and toss with the waves and upon reaching the shore burst forth as great flames of fire.

Portions of this great sea bottom are covered with beautiful flowers and masses of various shades and colors. The coral reefs too—imagine them for a moment elevated above the water, or located on dry land that we might view them from all angles. O, the grandeur! And is not this sea bottom the home of the chambered nautilus? The animals of the sea have indeed a home which nature did not forget to beautify. And may we not burst forth in the words of the poet, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul."

God adorns the wayside and meadows, the hill slope and plain with a profusion of flowers, free alike to the rich and poor, the old and the young.

There is the beautiful water lily in its snowy whiteness, the emblem of purity. The violets with their delicate tints, and fragrance, appear in their modesty. If you wish to see the sunny disposition look at the pinks; and for the sentimental you have the white rose with its thick cluster of dainty petals. "But the soul of a true Christian appears like such a little wild flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully anl lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

The poets revelled in nature. Wordsworth is one of the world's most loving, penetrative, and thoughtful poets of the beauties with which God has adorned this world. For him nature possessed a soul. He was not like Tennyson who painted only the outward appearance of the flowers, the hills, and the clouds; but he found God in nature and communed with him there. Tennyson was the more purely descriptive poet. In his poems we find the moss, the palms, rosaries of scarlet thorn, willows, the wild marsh-marigold and many others. Erasmus, Darwin walks rather in a well kept garden than in the woods and fields. Milton used plants which were characteristic of Greece and Rome, —they are such as the asphodel, the olive, and the myrtle. Shakespeare seems to have loved the wayside flower. Lear introduces

> "The idle weeds that grow
> In life's sustaining field."

Cowper, Tompson, Burns, Scott, and Byron all have their floral allusions; but for frequency in mention Tennyson excels them all.

"The pastoral writers of other countries appear to have paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her, they have wooed her in her most secret haunts, they have watched her manliest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle in the grove, a diamond drop could not spatter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it had been noticed by those impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality."

The groves were God's first temples. In this grove is the majestic oak rising from the impurities of the earth straight and direct towards heaven, spreading its wings aloft in the pure air and glorious sunshine; it is an emblem of what a true noble man should be.

Man-made temples are for the wealthy. All may have access to God's temples. His beautiful sunshine, the pure air and that delightful June day is free to all.

> "No price is set on the lavish summer;
> June may be had by the poorest comer."

The sunshine which illumines the day puts life and vigor into every fiber of the body. Then notice the death bed of that day, *how beautiful*. As the sun sinks in the west with its colored hues painted on

the sky it only makes room for the cold round moon which shall pour its light upon the earth. Now is brought to your view

"Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

MARY C. STONER.

A STORY is told of a poor boy who lay dying in a lonely tent. A messenger of Salvation entered. Ere the last lingering rays of life's setting sun flickered and vanished behind the somber night of death, the notes of divine love fell upon the fearful heart. 'Twas the blessed story of Jesus, the story so old yet to him so new. A ray of hope had dawned for him, mingled with the joy of a Savior came the desire to know more of such a friend. His plea came so faintly, yet so earnest: "Tell it again, tell it again." To him it was the sweetest story he had ever heard, his heart yearned to know more.

The story of Jesus is still dear to those who trust him. Who cannot remember when in the dawn of childhood's peaceful morn we first heard this story of love! And did we not with faces beaming with delight look up into the eyes of that father or mother and say, "Tell me some more—tell it again"? Have you forgotten the impulse that story brought to your childish heart? Were you not filled with anxiety to know more of such a Savior, of such a Jesus? Then when years of manhood and womanhood came, when the Spirit led you to accept Jesus as a personal Savior, do you remember the deep desire to know more and more of his fulness, of his love? And, as the years of conflict and victory have come and gone, has the longing grown less? Ah, the soul baptized with the glory of redeeming grace cries out passionately, "Let me know more—more."

Within the bosom of the Christian believer the desire for heavenly wisdom is felt unceasingly. In such a measure as the desire is manifest, to that extent is development attained. When once the longing for heavenly knowledge grows less, when the heart yearnings have ceased to be so preceptible, then it is that we need an awakening, a new baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Although we may drink continually from the fount of divine blessings, though our cup of joy may be full to o'erflowing, yet beyond our capacity new truths, new blessings are in reserve. Though the hand of God may give to us the anguish of soul known only to those who have tasted the bitter cup of sorrow, yet there is beyond the solace and comfort realized, the abiding presence of the everlasting arms, of which we may still know more. Though we may grow strong through human weakness, though we may sit continually at the Master's feet in sweet communion, even though we have experienced "what is the breadth and length and height and known the love of God which passeth knowledge," may we not yet know more?

"For he shall do exceedingly abundantly above *all* that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us."

When the visions of glory have flooded the soul
And our Savior's own spirit shall have full control.
When all of the sweetness, of blessing, of love
Shall halo the chosen the ransomed above.
When praises of triumph ascend to God's throne;
When glories on glories, revealed and made known.
Ah then in the fullness of blessing supreme
We'll still be learning love's glorious theme.
And ere through the ages on ages to roll,
Unfolding in richness the joys of the soul.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

GRACE M. ZUMBRUN.

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine.
A man's a man for a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

A MAN is great as a man whatever his condition. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, his powers of knowing and modifying at will his own mental states and influencing the conduct of his fellow being, are glorious gifts and privileges.

The boundaries of race and even of belief have too often the limits of respect for persons or for opinion. The ancient world knew nothing of the law embracing everybody in a general way. The castes of India and the faith of Mohammedanism did not recognize the brotherhood of man. Today there still prevails to a great extent that tyranny of custom.

Cain and Abel belonged to different planes of life and we well know the result. Ever since that day the Cain and Abel struggle has gone on. The world is divided in classes, one ruling, the other ruled. Law may have the power to stay robbery and murder but it cannot wipe out the natural despotism and jealousy from a man's heart.

The highest aim of life is to possess a good character. A true character always acts rightly in secret or before men. "As daylight can be seen through small holes so little habits illustrate a person's character."

A man may have comparatively little culture, slender abilities and small means yet if his character is strong he can always command an influence in the workshops or senate.

Roosevelt's success as a public speaker is attributed not to his talents but his known integrity of character.

Riches do not always go hand in hand with gentlemanly qualities. The poor man with a rich spirit is far above the rich man with a poor spirit. The greatest millionaire with all his abundance of wealth has no more assurance of a better place or even a place at all in heaven than the poorest peasant. When he departs from this life he must leave behind all his earthly treasures. The past is as unalterable as the future is unknown. Science may invent many modes of illumination but these are worthless in comparison with the brilliant light which the sun pours out daily.

The common lessons of honesty, integrity and the application of the golden rule to everyday life, results in more good to the human family than the flash-light of special talent and renown given to the comparatively few.

There is a grandeur in the nature of all men. He is a great being indeed no matter what his position if he possesses the divine powers of the soul. You may clothe him in rags, may chain him in a dungeon, but still he remains a man for a' that. He may make no show in a splendid city but he will have another kind of dignity—one that is far worthier. "Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul."

The greatest man of all is he who resists temptations, who chooses the right and who bears his burden cheerfully.

Many men who live the humblest lives understand human nature far better than some of those who have traveled the whole world over. A man's place in life has nothing to do with his real greatness. There are more people who possess this true greatness whose names the world has never heard than those who have won world-wide fame.

Although Burns was a poor farmer and the son of a peasant yet more people visit his birthplace each year than go to see the home of Shakespeare. Why is it? Did not Shakespeare write greater poetry? Shakespeare is unsurpassed in painting human nature but Burns has touched more hearts with his "spark of Nature's fire."

"Then come let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
Its coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Union Bridge, Md.

Self-love sometimes borrows the face of honest zeal.

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunlight in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings, for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there:
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales.
Lest the dawn of coming morrow should be telling awful tales;
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it oft had done before.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw among the billows a huge vessel fall and rise;
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, on the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the center! oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is his haven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers, came the wreck, tossed by the waves,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save;
"Could we send him one short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no;
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe,
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
An "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus lover of my soul."
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."
"Leave, oh leave me not," the singer dropped at last into the sea,
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

—Selected.

THE TEACHER AND THE TEXT-BOOK.

W. CARL RARICK.

INSTRUCTION is one thing and education is another. Instruction may lead one to believe the right or it may cause one to believe the wrong. Education must prepare one to get on in the world and to help life forward. That is, it must make one behave properly as to the natural, institutional, ethical and spiritual laws. The man is not educated until he has these qualities.

This depends upon one's instructors or teachers and not upon the textbook. Ralph Waldo Emerson's daughter wrote to him from Mr. Agassiz's school to ask which of two studies he wished her to undertake in the next term. And this great leader said to her: "It does not so much matter what you study, as with whom you study."

As the child enters school he naturally looks to the teacher for a model, for all children are first unconscious imitators and then conscious imitators. Even grown people become more and more like the people with whom they associate, not only in habits but also in talk and character. Thus the teacher influences the pupil that he will cause him to think rightly or wrongly.

Every pupil will think as he reads, or, as we say he will read between the lines. Here is where the teacher should play his part, for every thought has its effect and will end in words and actions.

Suppose the pupil is reading, "The Great Stone Face." He may see in that the glory of Mr. Gathergold, or the power of General Blood-and-Thunder, or the pomp of Old Stony Phiz, and think that wealth or war or statesmanship are the highest ideals, failing to see that they all go down before the humble, yet great, life of the one who had modeled his life from divine thought, namely Earnest.

Again, suppose we are reading, "Tom Brown's School Days." We may see how Arthur is "made fun of" or sneered at, when he attempts to say his prayers, the first evening he is in school, and think that all right deeds are sneered at, but if we have the right kind of instruction we will see that this little deed influenced the whole school.

Many other instances might be spoken of in literature where the teacher must cause the pupil to read between the lines in such a way as will make him think and act rightly. But let us turn from literature to history.

In Profane History we get the plain facts of the past, which often seem very dry to most pupils. But it takes on a new feature when one is led to see that all history is based upon the Bible, and that all history even to this day, was foretold by Noah in Gen. 9: 26, 27. The pupil must see that the Hamitic race are descendants of Ham and that they did serve the Semitic race, the descendants of Shem, in a time of need. The descendants of Japheth mingled with the Semitic race and formed the Aryan race, which is the ruling race of the world.

A text-book may become very dry, for people of all ages and classes are seeking after things which have life, action and reality about them, but the same book may become living in the hands of a good teacher.

Even the Bible, or the Sunday-school lesson, may become disinteresting if not properly taught. We may read the mere fact side and fail to see what is back of and through it all. It must appear real, full of life and present action. This is why young members usually are better Sunday-school teachers than the aged. They are full of vigor and vim. And in the mind of the child the lesson appears to be real and living.

The pupil may study astronomy or biology and fail to see that the whole universe is ruled by system and hence by a God, but under the proper instruction, he will be led to see that nothing happens by chance. All is law.

Thus it is, all through school work. The teacher, and not the text-book is the main part. Mere facts are worth nothing unless the spiritual is brought along with them. Therefore, we should strive to maintain the church schools and to keep them strictly as church schools. The influence and instruction is worth more than all the book-knowledge. Of course, all schools have their good and poor teachers. But let us hope and work for the best, not only now but for all time. Let us be sure that we are copying after the proper kind of instruction.

Take as your model "The Great Text Book," the Bible, and "The Great Teacher," Christ Jesus.

Dunkirk, Indiana.



CREAM OF MAGAZINES

READJUSTMENT OF THE TARIFF CALLED FOR.

With the limited time at its disposal and in the distractions of the many other tasks which always confront it, Congress can not shape an acceptable tariff act without competent aid from the outside. To ask Congress, within the time allotted to it in any one session, to figure out the exact rate of duty which ought to be on each of the many hundreds of articles in the iron, steel, woolen, cotton, and the rest of the vast range of industries covered by our tariff schedules would be unjust to Congress, and would be doubly unjust to the manufacturers and the workers in those articles, and also to the consumers.

I want to say at the outset that I am opposed to tariff revision in the way that the revising has usually been done in the past. Business considerations should dictate the changes which are to be made in the tariff the next time and not the threats of the demagogues, the bulldozing of special interests, or the logrolling of the politicians.

Tariff readjustment is a better term than tariff revision to use in this particular exigency. When the people hear tariff revision mentioned, they think it means a change in all the duties in all the schedules, and that all the changes should be downward. No such sweeping transformation is needed, nor is it called for by any manufacturer.

Congress should pass a bill authorizing the appointment of a body of capable, level-headed men, representing both parties and all sections, to go over the tariff schedule by schedule, to hold meetings in the leading trade centers, calling in and getting the views of men prominent in all the great industries, and also getting the views of men who, while not identified with any of the industries, have studied them carefully and impartially, with the desire of promoting the best interests of the country as a whole.

This tariff commission, after making a thorough investigation of the whole question, visiting the chief business centers of the country in doing this work, should make a report, on which Congress, having the entire situation placed before it, could base its bill. This report should be ready to put in the hands of the Congress to be elected in 1908, when that Congress's political life begins in March, 1909.

In appointing a tariff commission President Arthur did the best he could but President Roosevelt can do better. He has a larger field to draw from. The subject is better understood now than it was a quarter of a century ago. He can appoint men whose character, ability, fairness, and public spirit will command the respect of Congress and the country.

The commission should be composed of men who have no financial interest in any industry which the tariff touches. They should be men who have made a profound study of economic and industrial questions, and who having no monetary connection with any activity affected in any way by any tariff schedule, can look at the question on all sides, and can look at it sanely and impartially. There are hundreds of such men in the United States. In its hearings in the various business centers, the commission can get the views of men of experience in all the great interests. It can thus learn what all the important industries ask, and is free to form its own judgment after it has heard everything worth hearing from them all.

Composed of men of that sort, the commission would hold a somewhat similar relation to Congress that a body of expert accountants bears to a corporation whose financial affairs have become tangled, and which wants to have its bookkeeping straightened out so that it can make a new start, and make the start on correct lines. Having no responsibility for the complications which called them in, and having no prejudices or prepossessions of any kind to impede them, the accountants' sole function would be to bring order out of the confusion, and they could be relied on to do their work with intelligence and scrupulous fairness. Their judgment would be accepted promptly and implicitly by the average board of directors.

Like the Interstate Commerce Commission, the tariff commission should be a permanent body. Permanence would enable it immediately to correct any mistakes which it might make in any duties. It would always keep in close touch with the situation. In these days, when the discovery of new sources of production and the invention of new appliances and methods are frequent, industry equips itself to win new markets, and thus business conditions change swiftly.—The Circle.

IDLENESS THE GERM OF CRIMINALITY.

In most of these cases of youthful depravity, the joy, beauty, utility, and glory of honest work, and the disgrace of indolence have never been impressed upon the offenders by home teaching. The boy who is brought up to look upon work as a blessing, and to think more of what he owes the world than of what the world owes him, will never find place in a felon's cell. "Teach the child to love his work," says the writer, "and he will understand it. Once he understands that meaning in its fullest grandeur, once he realizes the sweetness and glory of a well-loved task, the boy is safe; you need feel no concern as to his future; you have saved the boy from crime."

Idleness is the germ of criminality. It is the devil's workshop. Close it and you will close the prison doors to the great majority of young men who are daily donning prison stripes. Indolence, procrastination, shirking, half-work, are the stepping-stones to theft, which, beginning with an employer's time, leads to the purloining of things of more tangible value. The boy who is taught to recognize his obligation to the world of service for service, to give the best that is in him, and to give it first, has learned the meaning of "work," and is bound to attain success.—Review of Reviews.

SHORT CIRCUITING THE NERVES.

A London contemporary is responsible for the statement that a leading physician has devoted eighteen years of study to the above subject, and that his researches and experiments have been crowned with success. Reasoning from the well-known fact in electrical science, that the crossing of two electric wires will produce a short circuited current, or, in homely language, will prevent the current from reaching its intended destination, he conceived the idea of applying the principle to the nervous system. Since nervous impulse and electricity are closely allied, if not different modifications of the same force, the theory appeared to him quite reasonable. Pain, being the recognition by the brain of a message to the effect that a nerve terminal is being subjected to more or less prolonged irritation, the inference seemed perfectly obvious, that if the message could be prevented from reaching the brain, there would be no sensation of pain in the affected part. It is a well known fact, that if a sensory nerve be severed or destroyed, the part or parts supplied by that nerve, are totally deprived of sensation. The question then arose, how to prevent such a message from reaching the brain without injuring the agent of transmission—the nerve? Herein lies the secret of his discovery. He is claimed to have discovered a method of short circuiting the nerves, and has invented a peculiarly delicate apparatus for the purpose. It is an electrical appliance, employing only the very lightest current, and can be controlled in the most minute degree, by the operator. The modus operandi of the application is as follows, selecting a case of tooth-pulling as an example: An electrode is placed over the nerves near the temple, and a wire is attached to the instrument by which the tooth is to be extracted. By this means, a short circuit is formed through the tooth and face, and the message announcing nerve irritation is switched off from its purposed course, and fails to reach the brain. Hence, no sensation of pain is experienced; thereby robbing of its terrors, the much-dreaded operation of tooth-pulling. That at least, is the story as it reaches us, and we sincerely hope, for the sake of suffering humanity, that it is correct. It opens up wonderful possibilities when fully developed, for the inventor claims that it can be applied to other forms of surgery as well. Whenever death follows a capital operation, it is, in nine cases out of ten, due to shock, but with such a means at hand of eliminating pain, one of the gravest dangers in surgery would be overcome. Another serious risk in operations would also disappear, namely, death from narcosis, since anesthetic would be entirely unnecessary. The only element of danger we see in the matter, is the possibility, that with the removal of so many grave risks, the mania for cutting, that has developed so alarmingly of late, would be augmented. Still, despite this apprehension, we shall hope to see this invention that promises so much for humanity, developed to the utmost.—Health

GAS AND COKE FROM CRUDE OIL.

By a new chemical and mechanical process which has now reached a successful commercial stage, a perfect carbon coke may be derived from crude oil as a by-product, or perhaps we should say, as a co-product, in manufacturing an illuminating water gas from California mineral oil.

For some years Prof. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, inventor of the illuminating water gas system, by which process about 80 per cent of the gas consumed in the United States and Canada is now manufactured, has been working to perfect a system of manufacturing gas from crude oil alone, which would show a satisfactory commercial efficiency. Under modifications of the old system approximating this result, the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, and other towns of California are now being furnished with gas made wholly or in part from crude oil. In manufacturing gas from crude oil alone, there is produced a large amount of lampblack and tar, which have no marketable value in this part of the country. It is to be noted that these materials are separated in the Lowe process, in accordance with the chemical and physical laws governing the constitution and transformations of the crude oil, and are not due to any inherent imperfection in his gas-making system. The problem which Prof. Lowe undertook to solve, and which has engaged his attention for some years, was how to utilize the carbon in the lampblack, consisting of infinitely fine free particles, and in the tar which retained much of the useful gaseous elements. He proceeded to mix the lampblack and the tar in various proportions, until at length, upon placing this mixture in the reverberating ovens and subjecting it to a very high temperature, a large additional amount of gas was evolved and carried as before to the gasholder. But here a result was produced that was unexpected; the residuum was changed into an entirely new substance. In short, it was a true coke, of the highest grade, firm, hard, dense, of a silvery color—an ideal coke—with not more than a trace of sulphur or other impurities usually found in the article produced from coking coal.

The coking plant constructed by Prof. Lowe consists of a series of reverberating ovens connected with each other by flues arranged in a special manner, and connected at each end of the series with heating and superheating chambers of special design, and having boilers and stacks at both ends, the boilers being operated by the waste heat from the ovens. As the battery of ovens has super-heaters, stacks, and boilers at either end, the operator is enabled to work it first in one direction and then in the other, thus enhancing the efficiency and capacity of the apparatus, as the reverse blast is heated by the waste heat of the superheaters. The oil, injected into these ovens as a fine spray, soon reaches a temperature so high that the hydro-carbons of which it is composed are dissociated, and the resulting permanent gases are forced through the so-called washers (specially constructed tanks filled with water). Here the precipitated carbon is deposited in the form of lampblack, which is used in making some kinds of ink and is also the basis of certain lubricating compounds. The gases are then carried through the scrubber (a large vertical cylinder containing several chambers), which serves to eliminate all the tarry substances. These substances also have various uses, being a basis for the manufacture of the beautiful aniline dyes and other so-called "coal-tar products." The gas then passes through the condenser and the purifier, finally reaching the holder, whence it is pumped into the mains and distributed throughout the city under a uniform pressure.

But Prof. Lowe's experiments went further. He received a carload of slack non-coking coal from Tennessee and piled several sacks of it into one of his ovens, and subjected it to the high temperature his system produces. The slack coal was melted into a pasty compound, dissolved, vaporized, and its dissociated gases were carried forward as in the case of the crude oil, leaving a rich residuum in the ovens as before. This yielded a coke scarcely inferior to that derived from the best coking coal. It was evident that this process had opened up possibilities of new applications of the mechanical arts, and new and larger fields of utility in the industrial world.

One of the iron foundries in Los Angeles which uses Connellsville coke, recently made a melting of 5,500 pounds of iron with 700 pounds of the Lowe metallurgical coke, the melting stage being reached in 9 minutes, as against 13 to 15 minutes for eastern coke in the same cupolo. At the end of the melting there was no slag, but considerable of the coke was left, and used again the next day.—Scientific American.

WHAT IT COSTS TO CLOTHE A WOMAN OF THE SMART SET.

A woman who wishes the name of being well dressed, as fashion knows the term, must have at least five or six imported costumes; also an equal number of domestic afternoon and evening dresses and of tailor-made gowns. There must be an appropriate hat for every out-of-door gown; and these cost anywhere from $50 to $100 or $200 apiece. In summer, a fashionable woman must have forty or fifty lingerie gowns, ranging from the cobweb of lace to the simple mull, costing not more than $150. She must have morning gowns—she will pay $125 for a simple muslin with perhaps two yards of inexpensive lace on it. Half a dozen evening coats for winter, and an equal number of lace or silk for summer, are a matter of course. When the Irish lace crochet coats first became popular, one shop here sold 450 in a month, no one of them priced less than $200. And the accessories are in proportionate extravagance; for lingerie, handkerchiefs, scarves, and fans $5,000 or $6,000 a year is a conservative estimate.

Of the various costly accessories, a pair of gloves is worn but once; and delicate shoes, made of imported leather to match the tint of a fabric, suffer a similar eclipse after a début in a ball-room. For many women pride themselves on never wearing a cleaned garment. After a couple of wearings they will send an imported gown to a second-hand dealer, receiving a $100 bill for the creation that may have cost $800. The dealer sells it to an actress starting on her tour, to the society leader of a small town, or to a member of the demi-monde.

On the other hand, the woman who patronizes the cleaning establishments spends there from $1,500 to $1,800 a year. For when one pays $20 to have a lace gown cleaned after a single wearing; when gloves by the hundred and blouses fifty at a time are sent to be renovated, it does not take long to reach a sum that parallels the salary on which many a man supports a family.

Regarding the price of clothes, it is of course to Paris—the habitat of the dressmaker—that we must turn for comparisons. We soon find that in almost every instance prices are higher here in America than there, even when liberal allowances for the payment of customs duties are made. For instance, the French model gown sells for from one-third to two-thirds more in New York than in Paris. Indeed, the Parisian dressmaker demands a higher price from an American professional buyer than from an ordinary French customer. There is reason in this: the dressmaker knows perfectly well that the model will be copied hundreds of times in America—that Eldorado of careless luxury—by the buyer, who will reap tremendous harvests of profit with no very great outlay. For the model can be repeated in domestic materials; and it may even be sold again, when the exclusive dressmaker is through with it, to the wholesale dealer who will use it as a model for his ready-made stock.

Profiting by experience, and knowing the recklessness of rich Americans in the pursuit of what they want, most of the Parisian couturières, milliners, and makers of lingerie have arranged a special scale of prices, which affects not only the professional buyer, but the casual shopper as well. For example, a gown that a Frenchman may secure for $150, $175, or $200 may bring $300 from an American.

It is not only the high-priced dressmakers that one must consider in discussing the extravagance of American women. In New York City alone are 4,800 firms that manufacture ready-made garments for women. Many of these are designed from imported models. Sixteen hundred gowns a day have been sold in a shop that gets its supply from one of these places.

"You mean," I questioned, "that when we buy a $50 gown in a Sixth Avenue department store, we are really buying a French gown so far as essentials are concerned?"

"Certainly," said Coralie, "for there are only a few dressmakers in this country who are daring enough to originate. Manufacturers go abroad for models. Yet, on the other hand, the French often borrow from American customers their original ideas. Years ago when pretty Juliette Paquin appeared one famous day at Armenonville in a simple white linen suit with Eton jacket, distinct among the elaborate gowns that represented millions of dollars, she said frankly to her admirers that she had taken the idea from an American girl. It is not only our American dollars, but the clever caprices of American customers that have helped in making these establishments."—Gertrude Lynch, in the November Everybody's.

The second most popular author in America died last month, yet a very small per cent of readers will recognize her name. Next to E. P. Roe, Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes has been more widely read than any American writer. More than two million copies of her books have been sold, and in libaries it has been found necessary to keep as many as twenty sets of her books upon the shelves in order to meet the demand. She wrote moral stories of the type printed in paper covers. The first of her thirty-nine novels appeared in 1854, the last in 1905, when she was seventy-seven years old.

An exchange of professorship work has gone into effect between Berlin University of Germany and Yale and Harvard of America, the American educators beginning their work in Berlin the first of this month. The officials say that there is no diplomatic significance in the move, but that its scope is for the improvement of educational conditions in both countries.



Echoes from Everywhere

The buying of grain has begun again in the Northwest, and the banks expect to soon be able to cash all checks.

Five whaling ships returning from Alaska report the largest catch of years—thirty-six whales worth $360,000. They also have on board valuable furs.

The U. S. Government has sued the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads for violation of the safety appliance act. The chief complaint is of faulty coupling apparatus which requires men to go between cars to couple them.

Attorney-General Davidson filed suit against eleven subsidiary concerns of the Standard Oil Company for penalties aggregating $75,900,000, for alleged violations of the Anti-Trust law. Ouster from the State and a receiver of their properties are also asked for.

The national debt increased $1,177,822 during the month of October, according to a late treasury statement, giving the total indebtedness of the government as $879,176,630. The cash in the treasury amounts to $387,227,019, including the $150,000,000 gold reserve.

China, recognizing the influence wielded by the press, has decided to establish government organs throughout the empire to combat revolutionary tendencies and propaganda. This move illustrates the awakening here to the advanced and more effective methods of Western civilization.

"In God We Trust" is omitted from the new $10 gold piece just received from the Philadelphia mint. The new coin was designed by Augustus Saint Gaudens. This action is being severely rebuked all over the country. There seems to be no just reason for removing the words which have been used for several generations.

The growth of the foreign population in New York city is causing a gradual shifting of church conditions. According to a recent report of the American Bible Society compared with six years ago, in Manhattan there are three less Protestant churches, five more Roman Catholic churches, and 18 more Jewish synagogues.

It is roughly estimated that last winter's cut in Maine was about 800,000,000 feet of spruce and perhaps 100,000,000 feet of pine, most of the latter being in the southwestern part of the state, where a second growth of pine has now developed along the Saco in place of those first great pines which gave Maine the name of the Pine Tree state.

Two British freighters have been chartered in the London market for transporting Russian steel rails for use in the construction of extensions of one of the Harriman lines into Mexico. The contract for the rails was awarded to the Societe Metallurgique Russo-Belge, which operates steel works on the Black sea, and which underbid the United States Steel corporation.

Even so conservative a man as Andrew Carnegie, speaking in this connection recently observed: "Speculation is a parasite feeding on values and creating none. I think it about time we business men should decline to recognize men who make money without rendering some value, either in service or giving something in exchange or in manufacturing something."

With a cloud of revolution gathering against British rule in India, the legislative council took drastic action to halt sedition and insurrections. It adopted a bill forbidding free speech and empowering provincial Governors to prohibit public meetings of natives. All assemblages must first have the approval of the Governor, and any meeting held without authority will lead to wholesale arrests and imprisonment.

Professor Charles Cooley, head of the sociology department of the University of Michigan, in a lecture declared that the American type of professional politician was the most debased in the world. "The whole trouble with our present politicial system," he said, "Is not that we have the professional politician, but that he is a debased type of professional politician."

"Women are chiefly responsible for much that is bad in the literature of the present day. They write most of what is bad, and then read a good deal of it." The Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, of New York, made this statement during a discussion of "The Ethics of Present Day Fiction" at the Baptist congress in session here. Yellow journalism, yellow fiction, and yellow art were strongly condemned by the speakers.

The Ute Indians of the Cheyenne Reservation in South Dakota are very restless and have been making some threats; so much so that two train loads of U. S. Cavalry have been sent out to quiet them. It has been the policy of the Government to offer the Utes work whereby they might live. The Utes have refused and now see winter coming upon them with nothing to support them. They will require much attention all winter.

The anti-trust legislation of the Federal Government is bearing fruit in the East. The proposed merger of the so-called "Morse" lines of steamers will not materialize, principally on that account, and the offices of the Consolidated Steam Ship Co., in New York will be closed. The general offices of the Eastern Steam Ship Co., which company controls most of the steamers running out of Boston eastward, are reopened at Boston.

Use of slang by the public school teachers, of Oklahoma, in the school-rooms and in the presence of pupils is now forbidden by many boards of education in the new state. Complaints against teachers in the Lawton public schools having been filed with the board of education by parents who have been observant of evil results, caused the board to take cognizance of the fact that only pure English should be tolerated before the children in the school room.

A unique organization has been started in New York under the name of the North American Parents' Benevolent Association, incorporated under the state law. It costs a woman five dollars to join and the dues are two dollars a year, with assessments each time a member gives birth to a child. The association guarantees each woman $500 in cash for each living child born to her. The mother is made trustee to hold the cash for the baby.

The curious connection of the body and character is brought out by an account of a surgical operation on a boy's brain given by Dr. Bernhard Hollander in a lecture recently. A boy, sixteen years old, was a liar, a thief, a bully, and a destroyer of property and was without a sense of decency. He grew continuously more dangerous until he was arraigned in court for misdemeanor. Dr. Hollander suggested an operation. A strip of bone was removed from his skull and the boy's overpowering wickedness left him. The patient became a reformed character. He not only lost his immoral and indecent propensities, but showed a desire to please and help others.

Vivisection on a larger scale and by more scientific methods than ever have been practiced is being arranged for the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the organization created and endowed four years ago by John D. Rockefeller. The first step in the elaborate scheme had been taken in the purchase of a ninety-seven acre farm in New Jersey.

So broad have become the activities of the institute in medical research and so heavy has become its demand for animals that the animal dealers of Manhattan and the small boys who round up stray dogs and cats on the east side for vivisection purposes are unable to supply the demand at a reasonable cost to the institute.

Forty-nine railroads in the West have laid off 25,000 men on account of the present financial disturbance. Retrenchments are being made in every department of railroad work and orders for railway material are being countermanded.

The factories in Pittsburg are reported to have laid off 45,000 men in one week, while many city councils are stopping all public works. Hundreds of millions of dollars in public improvements have been withheld from public use during the past month.

Twelve million dollars will be paid in rent for a Long Acre Square corner, N. York City, owned by Mary A. Fitzgerald. On the site will be erected a twelve-story office building, theatre and restaurant. It is the southeast corner at Broadway and Forty-third street. It fronts 104.2½ feet on the main thoroughfare and 195 on the street. It was leased to Harry Levey, who signed contracts to hold the land for 105 years. He will pay $4,000,000 for the first forty-two years and $8,000,000 for the balance of the term.

Marriage is receiving a decided impetus in fashionable Hyde Park, Chicago,—with the assistance of the police of the Hyde Park police station. As a result of the police activity, which began when Inspector Hunt learned that the aristocratic prohibition suburb was honey-combed with establishments which were not strictly regular there have been some marked changes in the residences in question. In addition to the seventy-five happy homes which now boast marriage certificates, thirty-five "families" have moved out of the district, eighteen couples were married after arrest, and ten persons have been sent to the bridewell.

Recently the grand jury in Kansas City returned 149 indictments against persons charged with violating the state law which forbids labor on Sunday. The indictments are against eighty-eight persons, fourteen of whom are charged with selling intoxicants on Sunday. All the indicted persons will be arrested within forty-eight hours. Judge Wallace says the Sunday closing law will be enforced more rigidly. He alleges cigar stores, which have been allowed to sell candy, newspapers, and stationery, have been secretly selling cigars, and that they must remain closed.

Officials of the United States marine hospital service have been greatly interested and somewhat amused by a report recently received from Assistant Surgeon Eakins, stationed at Calcutta, India. The report refers to a discovery made in Ceylon of Sanscrit documents tending to show that as far back as 1,400 years ago it was known of men, that the mosquito transmitted the germs of fevers, including malaria. The proofs are sufficient to show that the authority unearthed and translated by direction of the governor of Ceylon is 1,400 years old.

According to a special telegram, since the first of the year 4,763 Chinese have arrived at the port of Salina Cruse, of this total two-thirds having the United States as their ultimate destination. A great many of these foreigners previously lived in the United States, and are laboring under the impression that they can get in again. Thousands of Japanese also come into the United States by way of Mexico. Both Japanese and Chinese buy tickets from points in Mexico to points in Canada and then drop off some place in the States.

Of the 33,000 men passed into Wandsworth (England) workhouse since 1886 by Dr. A. E. Dodson, there were only fifteen total abstainers. Of the fifteen, at least seven were mentally or physically unfit to maintain themselves. This makes the proportion of needy (able-bodied) drinkers to needy (able-bodied) abstainers practically 33,000 to eight, and affords new evidence for the old contention, "But for drink the workhouse might be closed." The proportion of the inmates brought by drink to the poorhouse of America would not be nearly so large, yet it is enormous.

"Keep your children out of the workshop as long as you can," urged State Factory Inspector Davies in an address at the Hebrew institute, New York City. He also condemned the practice of parents assisting the violators of the factory law by misrepresenting their children's ages. "During the last six months 11,682 permits have been granted to children of public school age to accept employment, and 2,002 have been given children from parochial schools," said Mr. Davies. "We find that among our foreign born citizens the Bohemians take 90 per cent of their children out of the school upon the age limit and before they have passed the sixth grade, the Italian 91 per cent, and Russian 74 per cent. Among the foreign born citizens who avail themselves of school privileges beyond the eighth grade we find the Swedes have 39 per cent, Irish 25 per cent, American 26 per cent, Polish 2 per cent, and Bohemian 9 per cent."

We give a list of labor-saving machines of recent make: Adding-machines, Addressing-machines, Automatic time stamps, Billing-machines, Bill-counting machines, Bookkeeping machines, Calculating-machines, Card systems, Cash-carrying machines, Cash registers, Change-giving machines, Counting-machines, Duplicate-machines, Envelope sealers, Envelope and letter-head combined, Filing Systems, Letter copyers, Loose-leaf systems, Mailing-machines, Mailing systems, Pencil-sharpeners, Self-filling ink-wells, Telephones, Time-recorders, Typewriters, Wage calculators.

Japan has very gracefully submitted to all of Uncle Sam's requirements concerning emigrants from that country to this. Secretary Taft seems to have acted as a soothing syrup to the Japanese people, for a few months ago they resented even to the threatening of war, the expulsion of some objectionable Japanese from the public schools in California.

The Central American Ministers at Washington recently got together in conference and came to amicable conclusions concerning some of the old troubles which have kept their respective countries in a continual turmoil for many years past.

The corn crop as given in the November report of the department makes a larger yield by 103,000,000 bushels than the trade expected from the October report on condition. The report has many striking features. It shows a shortage of 373,000,000 bushels from last year, and is the smallest in three years. The yield per acre of twenty-six bushels is 4.3 bushels short of last year. The quality is 82.8 per cent, compared with 89.9 per cent in 1906, and is the lowest in over four years.

A feature of the report on corn is the loss of 247,000,000 bushels in the seven surplus states that raise the commercial corn of the country. Changes from last month are striking. Illinois and Iowa show 24,000,000 bushels more, Ohio and Indiana 11,000,000 bushels more, Missouri is unchanged, Kansas cut down 10,000,000 bushels, and Nebraska 23,000,000 bushels. As compared with last year Iowa is short 82,000,000 bushels, Illinois 4,000,000 bushels, Nebraska is off 71,000,000 bushels, Ohio 28,000,000 bushels, Indiana 15,000,000 bushels, Kansas 40,000,000 bushels, and Missouri 7,000,000 bushels.

"Official or Independent Church Papers: Which?" was the topic discussed at a well-attended meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Ministers' organization. The trend of the argument was that the independent publications are needed in the realm of religion as well as in politics, finance—in every field.

The Rev. J. Wesley Johnston, of the New York East Conference, said the official papers of the Methodist Church have limited circulations because they publish "only that which pleases those who dictate their policy." He added that the cause of Christianity would be advanced if the Methodist General Conference chose the editors of the religious publications every few years, selected them for their fitness only and gave them a free hand to denounce wrong wherever they found it.

Give them the right to criticize only justly and you would see bishops' knees tremble and presiding elders coming forward to prayers."

The Rev. Dr. Hurlbut defended the conduct of the denominational papers, but even he appeared to think they might be improved.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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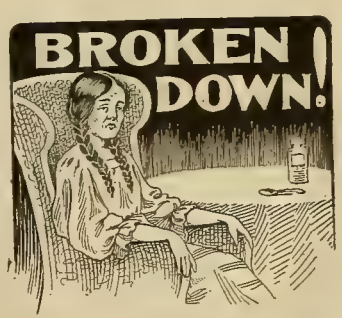
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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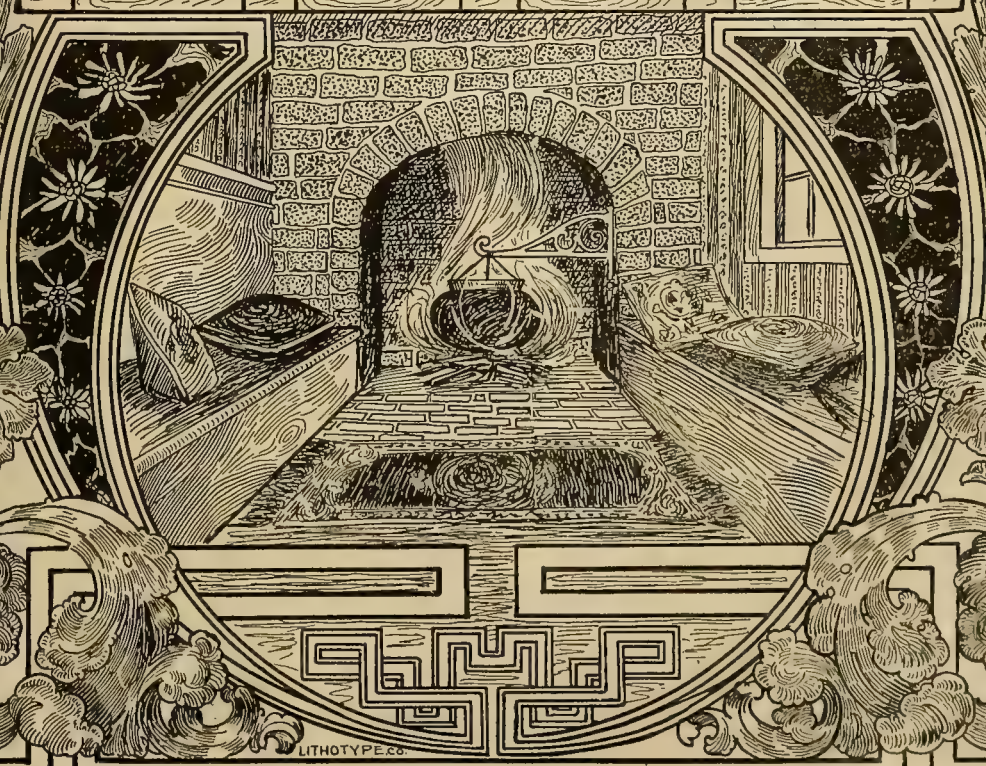
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

December 19, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 49. Vol. IX

APPLES

Do well in

BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA

and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



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*P. O.,*_____

We think it is a very handsome Present and a very useful one. Hope you will enjoy it. You can make several presents for the same penny. This way: Send a list of the names and addresses of the men to whom you want the presents sent. But, remember two things; one, your friends must be men; two, they must be heads of families. We will send as many as 10 presents to your friends, if those requirements are observed, FREE.

Address

"The WONDER OF THE WEST"

14 Central Arcade, Flood Bldg., San Francisco,

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Y. M. C. A., Elgin, Ill.

Good Cause For Joy

Mr. and Mrs. Stehsel, of Richardson, Kans., write a letter to Prof. Mueller, the celebrated doctor and specialist of Graz, Austria, telling him about a remedy which they obtained for their son and which cured him of an ailment which the noted specialist had declared incurable when they consulted him in Austria. A letter from them follows:

Richardson, Kans., July 28, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—May God bless you for your medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer.** Our son had suffered from epilepsy ever since his birth. We consulted among other doctors, the well-known Prof. Mueller of Graz, Austria, but to our sorrow he said there was no hope for him. That was in 1897. The following year, we immigrated to America and located in Kansas City, Mo. In 1900 we heard about your **Blood Vitalizer** through some friends. I said to my husband, "Let us try the **Blood Vitalizer** on our little Carl," but he said it would do no good and would simply be money thrown away.

I could not rest however, until I had tried it and so, unknown to my husband, I bought two large bottles and commenced to give it to our boy according to directions. We noticed an improvement in his condtion. The spells which he usually had daily came but once a week. This gave us hope. We continued with the **Blood Vitalizer** until he had taken nine bottles. The spells became less frequent until they ceased altogether and besides, his appearance improved so much. He was then nine years old, now he is soon seventeen and well and hearty. May God bless you a thousand time for it all.

I could not resist the temptation to write a letter to Prof. Mueller in Austria, telling him about the **Blood Vitalizer** and the cure it brought about, but I am informed the professor died some time ago. Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. George Stehsel.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

The Mother's Side of It.

Detroit, Mich., April 10, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I thank you very much for the kind way in which you answered my letter. I obtained your medicine of your agent on Benton St. I am taking my fourth bottle now. It seems to help me a great deal, but I believe it would help me still more if I did not have to be on my feet so much, but what can you do when you have babies to care for? We always keep the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house. Years ago, mother got it for my little sister, who was troubled with a skin disease. For seven years she had been treated by doctors to no avail. My mother had her take about five bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer,** and she has never been troubled with it since.

Kindly excuse my writing, as I am interrupted so often by my baby, who seems so cross today.

Yours respectfully,

248 Mullet St. Mrs. Harvey S. Fleming.

Getting Rosy-Cheeked.

Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 4, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—We have used a good deal of the **Blood Vitalizer** in our own family and found it a great help, especially for myself, as I was always weak and sickly.

But I must also mention the case of our little girl, now two years old. She was always delicate; did not seem to grow very fast, and what little she ate did not seem to agree with her. We tried everything that people recommended to us, but nothing did any good. Then we tried the **Blood Vitalizer.** Now she can eat and is getting stout, rosy-cheeked and hearty-looking. People are surprised when they see her. We do not want to be without the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house.

Yours very truly,

R. R. No. 2. Mrs. Annie G. Gerlach.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, of whose remarkable cures we are reading week after week, holds an unbroken record of success in the treatment of blood and constitutional ailments. It continues to be a puzzle to physicians and laity alike, how such a plain, mild, household remedy can produce such positive results. The secret of its success lies, however in this, that it goes right to the root of the trouble —the impurity in the blood. Unlike other ready prepared medicines, it is not to be had in drugstores. It can be obtained of local agents appointed in every community. If there is no agent in your neighborhood, write to the proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

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Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Over 3000 acres sold since Annual Meeting. Eld. A. W. Vaniman and three other Elders and a number of Brethren have purchased land and will locate there this fall and winter.

J. S. Kuns of Los Angeles is erecting a hotel and store building which will be completed before Oct. 15, 1907. Pierce Lumber Co. of Fresno have established a lumber yard at Raisin City.

Eld. A. W. Vaniman has located at **RAISIN CITY** and will be glad to give any desired information. For the present address him at Fresno, Cal. Bro. Vaniman is now building a residence, also a store room in which the postoffice will be located.

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RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad 14 miles from Fresno a city of 25,000.

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This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

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The soil is a rich, sandy loam, the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

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BY S. F. SANGER AND D. HAYS.

Anti-war history of the Brethren and Mennonites, the peace people of the South during the Civil War, 1861-1865.

From Preface of Book.

Upon the whole, the object in publshing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War, is threefold:

First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences, largely from the personal testimony of those who, through religious convictions, declined to bear arms against their fellowmen, believing that Christians should not take up the sword, but follow the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them in, and delivering them from, prison, as well as freeing them from military service during the remainder of the war from 1862 to 1865.

Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.

This is a book that every member of the Brethren church will want and ought to have. Very few of our people know what our forefathers during the Civil War had to endure. Neither do they know or realize how God in his infinite wisdom cared for and protected those who stood for the right tho' death stared them in the face.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want an active, live energetic agent in each congregation to sell this book. Liberal terms to agents.

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5. Six lots donated for German Baptist Brethren church. An opening for a good general store, lumber yard, blacksmith shop and other industries. No saloons, no pool rooms can be conducted on these lands.

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Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

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Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

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Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

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Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

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Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. IX. December 3, 1907. No. 49.

How We Think

H. M. Fogelsonger

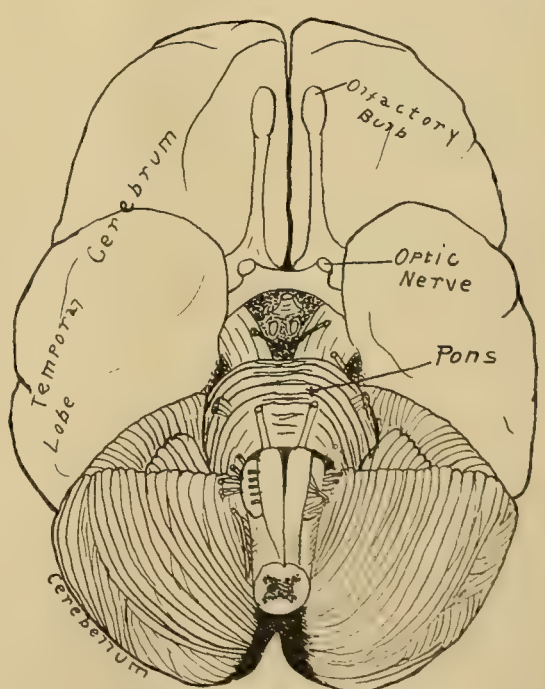
III. The Senses United.

In the last article we learned something about the windows of the mind, now let us get at the mind or brain itself. Several questions naturally arise, such as: What is it that sees, feels and hears? How do I remember? How do I reason? They are profound questions, and too profound for any radical solution.

First, the brain, like other parts of the body, is composed of cells, microscopic in size. Just as a piece of cloth is made up of many threads, or a pile of sand is composed of innumerable grains, so the human body is a combination of minute cells or portions of living matter. The shape and character of these cells vary greatly in the different parts of an organism so complex as we. If I had you, readers, in a laboratory and could show you some things with a microscope you would understand better what I am trying to say.

But you can take for granted that the brain is composed of minute cells, or units for the sake of simplicity. A brain cell is composed of a body or center with long growths on opposite sides. Generally speaking, at one side of the roundish cell body is a long fiber while at the opposite end are several shorter fibers or growths. Think of a spider having one real long leg and several shorter ones. The cell bodies are not round but are all shapes varying with their location and function. At the end of this one long fiber or axone is a brushlike growth. The small fibers opposite the long one are called dendrites. Perhaps an illustration will make it clear. Think of a radish as the cell body, its roots the dendrites and its stalk the axone. Now the cells are connected by the fibrils of the end brush of the axone making some kind of a union with the dendrites of another cell. This is speaking very broadly. In a more thorough study you will find that cells form connections in many ways.

Suppose an image of a horse falls upon the retina of the eye. There it is received by the nerve ending and the message, we may call it, is carried toward the brain. We need not trace it in detail through the different possible parts of the brain but think of the message as stirring up an excitation in a cell body, as running up an axone to the numerous branchings and then one of these branches connecting with one of the numerous branches of another cell and so on until the higher centers of the brain are reached. Certain nervous elements or cells that have been previously excited by images of horses are again excited and we say mentally, "I see a horse." But you know each cell has



The Brain From Beneath.

many branches so the image horse sends messages in all directions. It will excite motor nerve fibers that will make you turn your head or eyes to get a better view of the animal. Or one message will run out to a place which has been excited by the image of a particular horse and we say, "The horse resembles one I saw yesterday in town." Or a message stirs up certain centers that have had to do with your desiring a

special kind of horse and you say, "I wonder if I could buy him." Before you can speak about the horse a message must go over to nerve fibers that control your vocal organs. So this one image of a horse falling upon the retina sends many messages all over the brain by means of the numerous branchings of the nerve cells.

Is there a separate portion of the brain devoted to each sense? Yes, there is, but there are no sharp boundary lines between the areas. The sight area is in the back part of the head, hearing in the temporal region, taste and smell in the inner lower portion of the hemispheres and bodily sense areas are in the lateral portions of the cerebrum toward the rear. But there is no outside "bump" for each one of these areas. Nearly the whole brain is divided up into these sense areas and motor areas that have to do with controlling the muscles of our body. The front part where your forehead is and some other small areas, are not thus divided but are called association areas. These have to do with the higher functions of the brain. In races large frontal lobes accompany a higher state of civilization but we cannot apply this individually.

So you see messages are coming to the brain from all the senses and from all parts of the body and further connecting paths exist between all parts of the brain. Information from one sense is in that way combined with something else and we have an idea or, broadly speaking, knowledge. Do not think that I am advocating materialism. I am not teaching materialism, spiritualism or any other of those big "isms" that frighten the people. A spade is a spade and we need not call it anything else. Such questions as immortality do not belong to the province of psychology but I hope in later discussions to make myself clear on those points.

Suppose one sees an engine and hears it whistle at the same time. Afterward when only the whistle is heard an image of the engine will come up in the mind because connection has been made previously, in the brain, between the ear message and the eye message. A path once made is more easily gone over the second time. Here is the physical basis of habit. If nervous connections are made in the brain as a result of once using profane language when excited, you will more easily do the same thing under similar conditions the second time. A path once formed in the brain means a habit started. The oftener nervous connections are made, the easier and quicker they will be made afterward.

As yet we have not used the word memory but we have tried to explain its basis. Memory depends upon the fact that a connection once made between nervous elements leaves a tendency to be made over again. And any excitation of the brain changes it in some way. Every bit of new material we take in affects our former mental condition. It leaves its mark. Hence memory has no definite place but is located all over the brain. I remember I was in town yesterday because something has called it up, has made the proper connection between present thoughts and experiences yesterday in town. The visual image of a building makes you think of a building formerly seen because a message from each traveled over the same path. There was a common element. It may have been the shape of the roof, a door, or anything.

You see advertisements, in the paper, of men who claim to be memory trainers. Do not answer them. They are worthless. If you want to have a good memory use it. Be energetic and try to remember things you see. Make use of your experience and it will stay by you.

SOME EFFECTS OF OCCIDENTAL CIVILIZATION IN THE ORIENT.

ELIZABETH J. EASTON.

Miss Easton was born in Persia of American Parents. She has spent most of her life in Persia and has assisted in foreign mission work, but for some time she has been engaged in rescue work in New York. In 1905-6 she attended the New York School of Philanthropy. Since then she has had experience in state reformatory work and is at present doing welfare and protective work for women under the National Florence Crittenden Mission at the Jamestown Exposition.

[Copied from Charities.]

THE Scotchman who took the thistle seed to Australia little thought that this object of his patriotism would become a national pest. The foreigner who has carried this civilization of our pride to the East has also little thought that some of its ideas would spread like the thistle in a new soil. The consequences of the ideas are in many instances a peril to the future prosperity of the Orient and of the whole world. For as communication daily increases between different parts of the world it is drawn closer together, its interests become one.

Information from original sources in Persia impress the writer with the fact that the widespread evils we are trying to cope with here—for instance tuberculosis, child labor, intemperance and certain forms of immorality—are beginning to show themselves in the Orient in their occidental forms.

The reasonable time to attack these evils is when they first appear before they become deep rooted and acclimated. The strategic time to do constructive work is also the present. A few illustrations of both the evil and the good effects are given here in hope of hindering the evil and furthering the good. This is followed by an attempt to understand the oriental point of view and do it justice, to distinguish between the good and the evil where they are coupled together in certain tendencies of civilization, and to unite certain forces for good which have been used to counteract each other.

In Tabrie, Persia, the increase of pulmonary disease is alarming foreign physicians. This is due to the in-

troduction of western ways of living. Heretofore the housing problem has been a simple one. The adobe furnished material both cheap and convenient. Every family had its own little house and court. The door and hole in the roof were open at all seasons. Even during cold weather no attempt was made to heat rooms. An open fire, or what might be called a foot warmer—a pan of ashes containing a few red coals—was all.

To make a visit on a Persian midwinter, when the snow was falling was something like taking a sleigh-ride indoors. The doors and windows were wide open. Host and guest sat on cushions, a wool filled comforter tucked around them, with their feet toward the footwarmer. The family slept this way in winter. In warm weather they moved their bedding out of doors. More than this everyone was in bed at night. No boisterous crowds were found on the city streets—they were dark and deserted. No one sat up by artificial light or lay in bed when the sun was blazing in the sky. Planning the day in this way saves hurry and consequent worry. Now that the comparatively prosperous Armenians and Mohammedans are building houses like ours and trying to heat them with wood stoves and light them with lamps, a change is beginning to take place in all this. Fuel is scarce and expensive, so every crevice for fresh air has been closed lest any of the precious heat escape. The result as far as health is concerned has been just what might have been expected.

Life for these classes has become so much more of a burden than it used to be. Occidental complexity is taking the place of the simple life of the Orient.

Upon our return to Persia in 1896 after an absence of four years we noticed a remarkable change in the carpet industry in Tabriez. Formerly the carpets were made by women in the villages and furnished indoor work for the winter. But at this time we found that thousands of small boys were employed in the city shops for this purpose. The merchants said that the streets and the schools were emptied of children, and the natives called our attention to the fact that this work had a bad effect on the eyesight of the children and hindered their normal development.

Mohammedan prohibition practically prohibits in Persia. As a rule it is only wealthy Mohammedans, Christians and Jews, a small per cent, who drink at all. Even the brother-in-law of an influential foreign consul was obliged to close the brewery he had built eighty miles from the western border. Nearer the border the saloon, and its attendant evils, has now sprung up.

Among the rural Armenians and Nestorians (both Christian sects) marriage is early and general. Their standard of family purity at home is high, but when one of them goes abroad he is apt to succumb to hitherto unknown temptations and become a menace to society. One of them in this country recently remarked, "I am so delighted to think that I can be a good man even here." The secret of his success probably lies in the fact that the words good and godly are related in life as they are in the English language.

Sometimes it seems as if the native who goes abroad brings back the very worst things he can find. For instance, in one place the carrying on of the social evil for profit, we were told on good authority, was started by an Armenian who went to Europe and saw this business there. This man took his own daughters for the purpose and spread the evil beyond his own race.

Many years ago European ballet dancers visited Persia's capital. Their costume was copied by the leaders of society and was the prevailing style among well-to-do Mohammedan women for many years. Their modest dress worn for previous generations was discarded altogether, although they condemned themselves for it.

Numerous other instances might be cited from Persia to strengthen my point but space forbids. The fact is mentioned because it is particularly dangerous for us to generalize or make sweeping statements on the Orient based on isolated instances. Nevertheless in this case a general tendency in this direction is noticeable throughout the whole Orient. These straws show which way the wind blows from the west. For instance in Shanghai, so called progressive Chinamen proudly teach and display the coarsest fancy work made on foreign machines and so supplant the exquisite native handwork. Similar statements come from India. Child labor is reported from Egypt. The *N. Y. Sun* recently printed the following:

> There are two movements away from peace in the Chinese people themselves. The first is the anti-dynastic movement. The second is a general and intelligent anti-foreign movement. This differs from the old idea that foreigners are devils and have horns under their hair, and eat babies. It is a just feeling of resentment that the foreigners are exploiting and using China.

The forced introduction of opium into China and the international importation of measles into the islands of the Pacific by foreign traders are striking examples. Asia should be for Asiatics and for those who are a benefit to them.

Let us now turn to the benefits accruing to the Orient. An Armenian who visited Europe with introductions from Swedish missionaries made this candid remark that requires no comment: "Such homes as I saw," said he, "are the outer court of heaven." The foreigners he saw in Persia and abroad were a source of uplift to him and through him to his fellow countrymen. Another assured us in all earnestness and

sincerity that his experience with Americans in Persia was such that he thought that Americans were more than human. The devoted spirit in which some of them have worked in Persia is shown by their desire that the land where they labored should be their last resting place. Occidentals who go to the Orient simply for political or mercenary purposes often deteriorate rapidly. Those who go primarily to uplift the Oriental often find a field for work among their fellow Occidentals. In this way no doubt they have lessened the opprobrium on the "foreigners." Among political appointees there have been great exceptions to the above, men of high character, a credit to their race and religion, with an intelligent interest in the Orient. One of them, an Englishman, made the remark that he never believed the histories that we have of the Grecian conquest of Persia until he saw material proofs, for the reason that these histories are simply the Greek side of the story! we have not the Persian records. This shows the fairness of a man who was a foreigner. No wonder the Shah turned to him to settle questions raised as to the boundaries of Persia.

In India illustrations of both good and evil effects of foreign influence could be furnished on a large scale.

Missionary physicians stand high with the rank and file of the Orient. Their political sagacity is surprising when you consider that politics is not their profession. The confidence it has inspired has been and is constantly being used to good purpose. Many examples might be cited from Siam, Persia and other countries but one must suffice. It occurred in Oroomiah, Persia. Sheik Obdullah with his wild Koordish followers swooped down on that city ready to plunder and kill. The late Dr. Cochrane intervened. The result was that the city was saved and even in the unprotected villages the Koords behaved better than an equal number of disciplined European troops would have done. Ordinarily, a Koord thinks as little of cutting his enemy's child in two as he would of killing an animal.

Even the legal punishments in Persia have been cruel and there was no liberty of conscience until within a few years. A personal letter from Persia gives us in a sentence the gist of a movement that has aroused the wonder and interest of our day.

> The Moslems show a new awakening with aspirations after education and liberty. This is laid to the reflex influence of the Russo-Japanese war and the revolution in Russia. Persia was almost ready to drop into the hands of Russia. The example of the Japanese showed them what foreign education could do for an Oriental people and the example of Russia showed them by contrast the desirability of democracy. The result has been the Persian parliament, the Persian constitution, and leading Persians pressing into foreign schools.

A late letter brings news of stringent laws regulating the sale of staple foods. This is a matter of vital importance. Persia, it seems, is now grasping after things of solid worth. Too often in the past it has seized upon the tawdry toys of the West and paid dearly for them out of its exceedingly slender purse. One on the ground has well said:

> An intelligent and quickwitted people are struggling toward liberal government and free institutions. Unaided they are doomed to fall and stumble.

We hope this paper will be a first aid not to the injured, but to the one in danger, the one who is climbing upwards. Presenting certain apparent facts is the first step in solving a difficulty.

Further investigation and thought suggest the following steps. First, we must stop doing some of the things we are doing. We ought to put brakes on the car of civilization as it goes down hill in the Orient instead of calling out to the oriental to put on more speed. We should understand conditions of all classes in our own land before making suggestions to the oriental. We should not cast the burdens of civilization which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear on their necks in adition to their own peculiar burdens,—especially poverty. We should not expect the oriental to have our standard of cleanliness without our conveniences or our supply of water. We should not ask the Orient to accept without a question the cast-off social symtems of the Occident. We ought not to boast of foreign prosperity. Riches are not a sure sign of rectitude and real things. Are we quite sure that America is not a youth who is using a magnificent inheritance unwisely? We should not encourage commerce which drains these countries financially by making their imports exceed their exports.

On the other hand we should help the oriental to increase his powers of material production before we ask him to adopt our extravagant methods of consumption.

We should study the tangled economic, moral, and political problem that causes the awful stringency in the Persian bread market. Can science not aid us in the command, "Give ye them to eat," as it has in some instances done in making the lame to walk and the blind to see?

Training the body is of service in some direction. This point which is over-emphasized here is too much overlooked by the metaphysical oriental.

We should recognize the fact that the lack of material things has driven the oriental to become expert in metaphysical lines. No survey of the Orient is of value that does not treat of these.

Care is necessary when we strike at the root of superstition in the Orient lest we let the axe slip and sap the tree of spirituality instead. Orientals in this

country complain of our civilization having this effect. When it comes to the question of the free expression of that which is of deepest interest to every human soul, why should we let the oriental have a comparative monopoly of words and we think we have a monopoly of works? Why not both have words and works? Words are part of the life and power of a human being. When what you do tallies with what you say your words speak loud. They carry weight and make your works doubly effective. There must be a happy medium between the oriental fatalism and our habit of making mountains of difficulty out of every mole hill of inconvenience.

Why rob the oriental of respect for the aged when we teach him respect for woman and child? Of the three which is the most helpless? May not the child grow up to fight its own battles and the woman partially gain hers through cunning? After some serious disturbances in Tabriez which endangered the lives of Armenians, an Armenian woman said in substance, "We would not think of moving to Russia, the land where they disrespect the aged."

The matter of woman's inferiority in the Orient, true as it is, admits of certain classes of exceptions. One time we asked our servant to buy some dry goods in the great bazaars of Tabriez. He returned without them and gave us his reason and statement that half the shops were closed in deference to the death of the wife of Hadji Sheik, a leading merchant. Would we have difficulty in buying dry goods in Philadelphia if Mrs. Wanamaker should die? Was the most magnificent building in all the world not built in the Orient in memory of woman? I refer to the Taj Mahal.

Why should the nomad woman become so civilized that the processes of nature become pathological? Race suicide intentional, is unheard of amongst Persians.

Why should the Persian woman cease to have a waist like Venus de Milo when she gives up the blinding veil? This question was suggested by the remarks of a Persian lady. Persians are also shocked at our men's clothing which they consider entirely too tight fitting.

The sense of relationship and mutual interest between servant and master should be carefully conserved when a new system of industrial production is introduced.

At a dinner given by an Englishman, conversation turned on the Orientals. The host attacked them. One of the guests, who took their side, mentioned hospitality as a good feature of the Orient. "Hospitality," replied the host, "is a barbarian virtue." We condemn our best instincts and practices when we make such a statement. Why not take the benefit of the Oriental's experience and give him the benefit of ours? In short, why not adopt the good whether new or old, whether occidental or oriental, and reject evil of all kinds? Why should we make a fetish of the expression, "up to date," or the oriental of the expression, "the way our fathers did?" Was wisdom born in our day or will it die with us? Or did wisdom die with our fathers? Is not the wisdom of the present simply a link between the wisdom of the past and the wisdom of the future?

Neither we nor the oriental could cut down the tree of civilization if we would. On taking a larger view of it we would not do so if we could. But we can graft it and must prune its branches down well. The cruelty and injustice of Babylonian, Greek and Roman civilizations need have no place in our human nature. They can and are being grafted out. The reformatory system of the United States is one instance of this and the democratic ideal is another.

TWO THANKSGIVING PRAYERS.

The Victor.

Almighty God, who from Thy unthought height
Rulest the nations with unwearied might
And teachest human fingers noon and night
The warp of glory on the loom of fight,
Honor and Praise!

We thank Thee for the gift of battlefield
And for the memoried foe we made to yield,
For brightness of the garlands that did shield
Our brows before the envied wounds were healed.
Honor and Praise!

We thank Thee that elect of all are we,
The masters of the earth and subtle sea,
For mind that with invention sets men free
And with unstudied song gives wing to glee.
Honor and Praise!

The Seer.

Merciful Father of this orphaned earth,
We lift to Thee our souls of little worth
So precious to Thy love because of dearth,
Thy solemn charge to Nature's heedless mirth,
Lover of Man!

We bless Thee for the inlet to Thy grace
Whereby with secret wisdom seers may trace
The devious course of destinies at race
Where glories with their perils need must pace.
Lover of Man!

We thank Thee for unlidding of our eyes
That looked and learned the cheapness of sweet lies,
The treachery escaped with swift surmise,
The weakness guarded from too strong surprise.
Lover of Man!

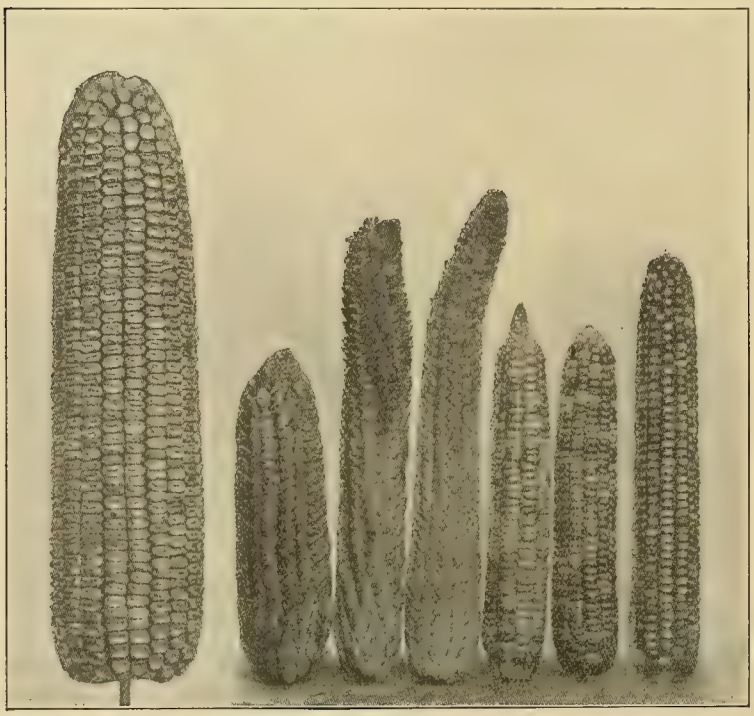
—Philip Becker Goetz in November Lippincott's

PLEASURE is like a bird that hops around you as you sit alone in the wood. Let it alone and it will come to your very hand; pursue it and it will fly from you.

How Iowa Helps the Farmer

Professors Curtiss and Holden, of Iowa Agricultural College, are enthusiasts on farm interests.

"It is customary to plant corn," says Holden "in hills three and a half feet apart each way, three kernels in a hill. Fair land will with ordinary care produce a good ear on at least two stalks in every hill, and should produce three ears. There are 3,556 hills to the acre, so there should be 10,668 stalks. One twelve-ounce ear to the hill makes thirty eight bushels an acre; an eight-ounce ear to the hill makes 25.5 bushels per acre. So you see two twelve-ounce ears would give seventy-six bushels to the acre, and if you add an eight-ounce nubbin there are over 100 bushels. Good corn-growers, who give proper care to the selection and testing of their seed, the preparation of the ground and the cultivation, will have a large percentage of sixteen-ounce ears, few small ones, and very few hills with less than two good ears. One hundred bushels per acre is neither impracticable nor difficult."



What Science Has Done for Corn.

WORTH TWELVE MILLIONS IN ONE YEAR.

The average yield of corn in Iowa for the ten years ending with 1906 was 31.5 bushels per acre. The highest was 40.3, in 1900, when the farm value was 27 cents per bushel. The lowest was twenty-nine bushels per acre, in 1897, when the value was only 17 cents. The yield in 1903, the last year before the seed-corn special trains, was thirty-one bushels. In 1904 it was thirty-six, in 1905 it was 37.2, and in 1906, when the farmers were getting the full benefit of what they had learned, it was forty-one bushels per acre. The State had 9,443,960 acres of corn that year, and it was worth 33 cents a bushel on the farm December 1. Suppose the gain creditable to the educational campaign to have been only four bushels per acre, the increase over the previous year, and we have a gain of 37,775,840 bushels, which at the current price of 33 cents was worth $12,345,027, or about 10 per cent of the value of the entire crop. Is it any wonder that the farmers of Iowa are grateful to the college at Ames, and especially to Professors Curtiss and Holden, and are ready to listen to what they and their associates may advise?

THE COLLEGE ITSELF, AND ITS METHODS.

During the last four years the Department of Animal Husbandry in the college at Ames has furnished thirty men to the faculties of twenty different agricultural colleges, and now has applicants from other States. The enrollment in the regular collegiate course in agriculture is larger than in any other agricultural college in the United States. The animal husbandry department has carried on extension work for several years on its own account.

The college is liberally supported by the State, and the last three splendid new buildings, just now being finished, cost over $1,000,000. An annual tax of a fifth of a mill is provided for new buildings. A correspondence school and a summer school are being planned, to further extend the usefulness of the insti-

tution. It is advertised by the results it shows and by the fame of its men. Dean Curtiss has been for years recognized as one of the most eminent authorities on live stock in America, and the feeding and breeding experiments he has carried on have been as notable in practical results as the corn experiments by Professor Holden.

"A farmer who has a $100,000 farm near a good town," said Professor Holden, "told the other day he was afraid to send his only son to the high school in town, because the teachers there were likely to lead the boy away from the farm and try to persuade him that he 'ought to be doing something better than farming.' I find many farmers have the same feeling toward the high schools. The teachers, having little interest in or knowledge of agriculture, constantly hold before the boys the attractions of other ways of living, and discourage them from following the business their fathers are soon going to be ready to turn over to them. The farmers are entitled to a fair showing of the dignity of agriculture and of the opportunities and demand for brains in the business. The elements of agriculture must be taught in the public schools, and it will soon be done. The sentiment for agricultural high schools is strong, and another Legislature will probably make some provision for them. Teachers must be prepared to lead the children with sympathy and understanding to a wider knowledge of the common things about them,—in short, to prepare them for life."

Domestic science is also being taught under the supervision of Miss Rausch who does much lecturing in the hamlets all over the state.

Sanitary improvements and various reforms follow her lectures invariably.

"Almost every day," said Miss Rausch, "women come to me and say that their lives would have been much easier and happier if they had learned some of these things at the beginning of their married life. They tell me they and their children are healthier since they learned to bake their bread thoroughly and chew their food well. This is one of the results of the bread-making contests we have had all over the State. Many women are eager to hear about the right foods for little children, and profit by what they learn. Even the older women resolve to begin doing their housework in the easier and better way. One woman seventy-six years old drove three miles and back every day for six days to attend the domestic-science course.

"I believe," Miss Rausch summed up her work, "that the day is coming, and very rapidly, too, when people will think that it is just as important for a girl to learn how to keep house intelligently, economically and healthfully as it is for a young man to prepare for his life work."

NEWSPAPERS AND MORALITY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

No nation on earth reads so many newspapers and is more influenced by newspaper reading than are the American people, and in comparison with all other influences that are at work to mold the moral and social character of our public, no other agency—not even the pulpit, perhaps—is so potent as is the press of the country. Almost every one reads, and while pretending largely to discredit, almost all confidently rely upon the statements and sentiments promulgated by their favorite periodicals.

How wisely the press is using this power can easily be judged by a perusal of many leading weeklies and dailies published in our great cities, those papers that enjoy the widest circulations. Although ostentatiously decrying evil and upholding the good, their columns are reeking with the filthy information and news raked as with a fine tooth comb from the daily villainies, domestic infelicities and bloody crimes of the whole country, dished up in all of the sensationalism with which talented writers can embellish the indecent and harrowing details of these occurrences.

We decry the literary character of the times of Ben Jonson, Burns and Shakespeare while feeding upon the deleterious matter daily set before us by these sensational journals of our day. The difference is that in those day the immoralities in the current reading were presented as a matter of course, as a part and parcel of social life while now they are tonged out to our inspection with a prudish air of disdain all the while that they are being artistically decorated into the most attractive style of reading, and conspicuously presented in the front pages of the newspapers, but the distinction that condemns the former method as immoral, and finds the latter to be a meritorous style of evil communication is not so easy to discern.

The latter is equally instructive in all of the devious ways of encompassing crime, and the subtle schemes of evading detection and punishment for the same. The mind of the reader is still further inflamed by constant rumination of such delectable morsels of iniquity, until from at first holding them in quasi condemnation, they become positive suggestions to similiar attempts.

It is said that famaliarity breeds contempt, but this kind of familiarity seems to breed contempt for the consequences of crime and immoralities, and for the extent and quality of that public virtue that is supposed to hold such things in abhorrence, while the extensive and intensive information now made possible by an enterprising press, instead of proving an admonition, is rather an incentive to wrong doing. The public mind, much of it already grown morbid by feeding on these things, is like the drunkard demanding more and more such news of still greater depravities to sat-

isfy, until many of this class of papers, to increase their sales display a character little if any behind that of the old Police News, which has long tabooed the mails for just such offenses to decency and good morals.

Bad as is the effect of this extravagant and picturesque delineation of crime, it is not the only pernicious influence of the popular newspaper shortcomings. While loudly denouncing political corruption and graft of the rival party and of interests in which they are in no wise involved or are not bribed to silence, we find them constantly upholding, hiding or excusing corruption in their own party or promoting all kinds of dishonest schemes to dupe and rob the people who confide in them, filling their columns with seductive advertisements calculated not only to rob the purse but also to rob the character of virtue and morality. Especially is this true of their relation with the liquor traffic, not only advertising its poisonous wares, but upholding and defending this outrageous and wasteful business by every sinister device and misleading sophistry. Pretending to champion and defend the homes of America, they inveigle these sophistries and allurements into them, encompassing too often their ruin and unhappiness.

It is thus, that the mercenary press, like Esau, has sold its birthright—the opportunity to be an unmixed blessing to humanity, for a mess of pottage—for gold, smelted in the fires of human lust, and coined from the bleeding hearts of the mothers, wives and children of the dramshop victims.

STANDARD OIL AND PUBLICITY.

The Standard Oil cases,—regardless of the question of monopolistic power and methods,—have brought to light a state of facts that can no longer be tolerated in this country. In very many respects the Standard Oil Company is a model institution. There is nothing slack or slovenly in the way in which its business of making, distributing, and selling its products is carried on. But its financial organization is not at all in keeping with the proper requirements of modern corporation laws. Disclosures made in the Government's suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey show that the central company controls a very large number of subsidiary corporations, some of which have done business ostensibly as independent and rival concerns, and that the whole system has been one adapted to the dodging of those proper responsibilities to the laws of the land and the community at large that every business corporation ought to face. It does not follow that this great organization should be broken up into seventy-five or a hundred smaller constituent companies. It would seem practically impossible to force the industries of the country back to an earlier stage of competitive strife. But a great national industry like that controlled by the Standard Oil Company must abandon the idea that it can carry on its business in the old-fashioned, secretive way that was permissible a generation ago.—*American Review of Reviews.*

BANKS THAT ARE TRUST COMPANIES.

In New York we have banks that are called banks and banks that are called trust companies, the difference lying in a more liberal attitude of the law toward the banks that are called trust companies. Many trust companies have been organized in the last twenty years, and some of them have had historic careers. One, called the State Trust Company, was founded in 1890 by Mr. Willis S. Paine, as a kind of collateral enterprise of the American Surety Company, of which Mr. Pain was a director. The business of the American Surety Company being chiefly to bond employés and to indemnify employers, the premiums from its policies constantly produced for it a considerable stream of ready money. Now to have ready money instead of credits to handle is a great thing in the Wall Street game. One that has control of the investing of much ready money can do well and lawfully although the money be not his. The gentlemen back of the American Surety Company thought it was a great deal better to invest the premium money than to have it in a bank subject to somebody else's investing. But the law rigidly restricts the investing of insurance funds by insurance companies. Hence the utility of a trust company that is really a branch of the insurance company but operates under another name—an advantage thoroughly appreciated by the big life-insurance companies in the palmy days before 1905.—*Charles Edward Russel, in the November Everybody's.*

JUST WHAT IS AN OBSESSION.

This word may be defined as *an insistent and compulsive thought, habit of mind, or tendency to action.* The person so burdened is said to be obsessed.

Few children are quite free from obsession. Some must step on stones; others must walk on, or avoid, cracks; some must ascend the stairs with the right foot first; many must kick posts or touch objects a certain number of times. Some must count the windows, pictures, and figures on the wall-paper; some must bite the nails or pull the eye-winkers.

Consider the nail-biter. It cannot be said that he toils not, but to what end? Merely to gratify an obsession. He nibbles a little here and a little there, he frowns, elevates his elbow, and inverts his finger to reach an otherwise inaccessible corner. Does he enjoy it? No, not exactly; but he would be miserable if he discontinued.

It is during childhood that we form most of the

automatic habits which are to save time and thought in later life, and it is not surprising that some foolish habits creep in. As a rule, children drop these tendencies at need, just as they drop the roles assumed in play, though they are sometimes so absorbing as to cause inconvenience. An interesting instance was that of the boy who had to touch every one wearing anything red. On one occasion his whole family lost their train because of the prevalence of this color among those waiting in the station. The longer these tendencies are retained in adult life, the greater the danger of their becoming coercive; and so far as the well-established case is concerned, the obsessive act must be performed, though the business, social, and political world would come to a stand-still.

A child who must kick posts is father to the man who cannot eat an egg which has been boiled either more or less than four minutes; who cannot work without absolute silence; who cannot sleep if steam-pipes crackle; and who must straighten out all the tangles of his life, past, present, and future, before he can close his eyes in slumber or take a vacation. The boy Carlyle, proud, shy, sensitive, and pugnacious, was father to the man who made war upon neighbors' poultry, and had a room, proof against sound, specially constructed for his literary labors.—*George Lincoln Walton, M. D. in Lippincott's.*

REAL ESTATE VALUATION.

Land.

B. E. NEGLY.

We are now realizing the best prices for farm lands that the western part of the United States has ever known and it is now, and has been for some years past, a question whether it is a good investment at current prices. We think it depends on what the individual wants with it. If for a home, we think it is, most assuredly, for even at the price of one hundred and fifty dollars per acre for good Illinois prairie land well improved, one can at the present prices of produce quite easily make an yearly gross income of sixteen dollars per acre—and take seven dollars off for labor and expense, leaves a net income of nine dollars per acre or six per cent.

A model farm of one hundred and sixty acres can be made to do very much better with very little more expense which would make it possible to make ten or twelve per cent on investment. When we take into calculation other business in cities and towns where the cost of rents and living are to be added to expense, we do not know of any business that equals the farmer's chances to make what we call a "sure thing." When we consider the benefits of the country life, it makes us wonder why so many young people do not aspire to get some of the land for a home which is yet within reach, but the time, in our opinion, will not be many years till all land will have appreciated to considerable above present quotations.

As for investment in farm real estate to rent, we are not so certain about the income. To rent on shares is a common way and the renter naturally must be classed as the hireling and it is a known fact that no man is supposed to labor and manage for another as he would for himself. The consequence is your expenses are greater and your income less.

The landlord has to keep a good set of buildings for the tenant that the man that owns and occupies his farm gets a benefit from, while the one that buys for investment gets but little. Experience has taught us that three and a half or four per cent is about all you can count on by the renting of land valued at one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. Farm mortgages are more desirable for various reasons—no trouble to look after and the rate is five and one-half to six per cent. So the man that buys farm land for investment has to depend on its going still on up or he certainly would be making a mistake in not choosing the mortgage. We believe this corn belt land has not reached the limit of value and it will not surprise us to see farms selling at an average of two hundred dollars per acre within five years from now.

263 W. Spruce St., Canton, Ill.

PAPER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The wasp was the first paper maker, and the material he uses is the same as we use today, namely vegetable fiber.

The ancient Egyptians used the papyrus plant from which our word *paper* is derived. The Greek word for the papyrus plant was *byblos,* from which our word *Bible* is taken.

The papyrus, once very abundant, has utterly vanished from the Lower Nile valley.

The prophet, Isaiah, in speaking of the woes to come upon Egypt says, "The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more." Isa. 19:7.

As to the process by which the ancients prepared paper, authorities differ, but it is sufficient for us to know that the records that they made have been preserved and translated for our information.

The invention of paper as we now know it, like many other inventions of doubtful origin, is attributed to the Chinese. Cotton was the material they used. The art spread to Persia and Arabia, and from there to Europe, the crusades probably being the prime factor in its introduction.

Late in the thirteenth century the first paper mill in Europe was built in Germany.

The first paper mill in America was built on the banks of a little stream, still known as Paper Mill Run, near Philadelphia, in 1690.

For several centuries all paper was made by hand, which was a slow process and produced an inferior grade of paper.

The rags were shredded and churned until reduced to a pulp, which was kept floating in a large vat from which it was dipped as needed.

A square dipper, called a mold was used to dip the pulp from the vat. It had a bottom of wire cloth, and was fitted with a thin frame called the "deckle," this frame being the size of a sheet of paper. A thin layer of pulp was dipped up, and made of uniform thickness by gently shaking, then the mold was turned over and the sheet placed on felt cloth. These felts were piled together and placed under a hand press to extract the water. The felts were then removed and the paper pressed and separated several times, after which the sheets were hung on lines to dry.

Paper intended for writing was dipped in a solution of glue and alum, pressed, and then dried for several days. Finally the sheets were passed between hot metal rollers highly polished or pressed between pasteboard and hot metallic plates.

With all the changes we now have, the process is yet the same, the difference being that machinery now does what was formerly done by hand.

Any vegetable fiber can be made into paper, the quality depending upon the material used.

Straw, hemp, jute, etc. when used alone make the coarse heavy wrapping paper, while cotton and linen make the best book and writing paper.

The best grades of paper are made entirely of rags, but most of the ordinary grades have a mixture of cheaper material. The best quality of paper is usually two parts cotton and one part linen, the pure linen being found only in bond paper and bank notes.

With increasing uses and decreasing supply of material the paper makers began to cast about for new sources.

The inner bark of the basswood had been used for a number of years, which led to the use of the wood itself and then to various species of wood.

The wood is either ground to pulp, or reduced to fiber by chemical action. Wood pulp alone has not enough fiber to stand the strain of the printing press, which led to the chemical process.

Nearly all paper used to print newspapers is principally wood paper, which may be told by the paper turning yellow when exposed to light.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

He scorned his own who felt another's woe.

Comment on Current Events

THE CRUISE OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET.

The proposed trip around the world by the Atlantic Fleet is another national diversion which costs money, and begets a martial spirit in the world at large, which seems to be totally uncalled for.

Could the $1,000,000 coal bill and other necessary expense which this cruise costs, be spent in equipping scientific institutions for the study of human diseases, in establishing self-supporting income from trades for our prisoners while in prison, who face an unfriendly world without money, or even a chance to earn any; in beautifying slum districts in our cities, in maintaining a peace bureau of literature and information; in rendering medical assistance to the injured and decrepit, and in establishing industrial schools in the midst of our cities, then both the nation and the world at large would receive an inspiration which would do more to maintain the peace of the world than all the fleets that were ever built.

The display of war materials and tactics begets that same feeling in others instead of cowing them, and as long as our brightest geniuses and largest appropriations are devoted to man-killing equipments, so long will somebody be hunting for somebody to kill.

It is all nonsense to talk about the war spirit being conquered by war, or disarmament being brought about by the display of heavy battle ships. There are places at home where all of this army expense could be spent in developing moral and intellectual strength in our citizenship, and after all the character of the rank and file of our nation is a better safeguard any time, than is the best drilled target shooter in the navy.

WHAT CAUSED OUR PANIC?

One day we were complimenting ourselves on the healthy, growing, prosperous conditions of farmer, laborer, merchant and financier; upon our unparalled heavy export trade, the high tide of cash in the United States Treasury, the rush orders which were being recorded in the industrial field, the heavy freight and passenger traffic, the remarkable amount of clearing house deals, the rapid flow of the largest volume of money which the nation has ever possessed, the high price for produce and the good wage for both skilled and unskilled labor. The next day a certain speculator in copper failed to get the metal cornered as he had planned, and was so cornered that he lost a few million dollars himself. This in turn brought a direct loss to those who had accepted his securities, and so on until within forty-eight hours there were several runs on New York City banks, and one failure after another occurred over the country, until neither corporate nor national aid could stem the tide.

What caused this sudden slump? The country did not get poor in two days' time, but a leakage was sprung which drained the banks of their necessary funds until they were as helpless as a man who has his jugular vein tapped.

Money is the blood of commerce, and when money is withdrawn and hoarded, it robs commerce of its life. That is just what has happened in the present crisis.

There is a scarcity of nothing in our land. The amount of money per capita is higher today than ever before in our history. Land is better improved and more productive and a larger acreage under cultivation, raw material is stored away to the fullest capacity in warehouses, public improvements were being pushed along by hundreds of millions of dollars in all the large cities, machinery, railroads, business buildings, and every phase of activity was furnishing the least friction with poverty which this country has ever known in times of peace.

The stampede came like the San Francisco earthquake, but could the hoarded gold all be placed back in circulation business would become normal again within thirty days because there is plenty of everything. True, indeed, is the fact, that the gigantic improvements and development of resources in the past few years has grown out of proportion to our increase of currency, but the present sudden shrinkage is unnatural, so that this disproportionate growth is not the direct cause of our panic.

But "hard times" is another question, and one much harder to diagnose than a panic. When crops fail, farms depreciate in value, labor cannot be found, merchants cannot sell new goods nor collect for old ones already sold; then, when jobbers and factories can find no market, and when our imports exceed our exports, and money is out of circulation and interest high, then comes "hard times."

The present panic is a step in that direction and may lead to hard times, but hard times is a backward condition of material prosperity, while a panic is merely an unsettled condition which may be caused by too much speculation or withdrawal of money from the natural channels of trade.

OUR WEAK MONETARY SYSTEM.

Why is there never a run on a postoffice to get money orders cashed? Because the government is behind that money order. Just so, when the government, instead of private parties, does the banking business of this country we will not need hear of bank failures, nor of depositors being robbed of their earnings by bank rascals.

Because most of our banking today has only individual responsibility behind it, panics come, banks fail and people start a stampede in the commercial world. When the government begins a postal savings bank, the laborer and the rich alike will deposit their earnings with Uncle Sam, because he is absolutely good for every dollar they entrust to his care. The immense amount of hardships caused each year by bank failures cannot be expressed. Homes are broken up, health destroyed, children denied adequate provision, people go mad; murder, suicide and violence become rampant, all because their finances were stolen by some private concern that was protected by statute. Fully 100,000 laborers are out of employment today and are on the verge of being frozen to death, or else starve before the winter is over, because of the insecurity of our banking system. And this condition will repeat itself every decade until the government takes charge of people's money, instead of allowing some unprincipled demagogue to polish up the front of some building, and place large bronze letters on the front corners calling the place a "bank," and inviting the innocent public to cast all their belongings into his coffers without interest, which the banker reloans at a high per cent, or else speculates on in wild-cat schemes.

The large percentage of bank failures conclusively proves the wrongness of its principles, which ought to be looked into at once. To illustrate a little further, let us ask, Why do bankers keep United States treasury notes and gold certificates separate as a special or private fund when panicky times are on? Just because such notes as are named above are government notes and always redeemable in gold at Washington, D. C., for their face value.

One thing that we need now is a larger proportion of government certificates in our volume of currency, and less of the national bank notes and other forms of currency which are good only while the corporation is solvent which issued them. When the government stands back of all our currency with one hundred cents on every dollar which the government allows to be issued there will be no need of excitement in times like this.

It looks like a burlesque on the confidence of hard-working people for the government to allow a few individuals to deposit $25,000 at Washington, and then issue notes which must be accepted as real money, when the same parties may not have one-tenth of the money to pay the depositors should they demand their money. No corporation is liable for more than double their capitalization, yet many a banking concern with $25,000 capital has a quarter million deposits, and these $250,000 can only draw on $50,000 according to law if the other securities of the bank are lost.

Could the poor people live such a parasitic life off of the rich for a while, the whole earth would resound with the pitiful groan which the rich would utter, and yet the rich continue to fleece the poor and receive government backing beside.

It seems reasonable enough that when the national government charters a bank and calls it a national bank so that it can issue money certificates, the same government which authorized such a concern ought to be made responsible for that concern. If every certificate of deposit given by a national bank was backed up by the government, then depositors could lose nothing, hence there would be no runs and panics and losses such as we have now. The government stands for what her agents do in other lines, then why not have her stand for what national banks do or else dispense with the name "national" and call them scavengers?

This could be easily done, for on the capital which national banks have deposited at Washington, in order to get their charters, the government receives $10,000,000 annual interest. It seems fair and perfectly right that this interest money ought to go into a sinking fund to protect the depositors when a national bank fails. Such a national guarantee would restore confidence in the banking business and stampedes would not occur for people's certificates would be perfectly good, whether in their own pocket or in a bank vault.

THERE is a little sod schoolhouse, 14 x 20, four miles north of Selkirk, in Wichita County, Kansas, that has been more to the people of that county than its outward appearance would indicate. The walls are tumbling down and the windows and doors are missing but what is left has been of much importance in its day. This little sod shanty has turned out twelve valuable teachers, five of them having gone to school and taught in this little structure. Two of the pupils from this schoolhouse have been county superintendents.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress.
Its departments are: Literary, Editorial, Home, Cream of Magazines, World News.
Its qualities are: Good Sentiment, Moral Convictions, Inspiration.
Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.
Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.
Its field is: The World.
Liberal commission given to agents. Sample copies are given upon request. When changing address give both old and new addresses.

Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE "DON'T YOU TELL IT" CLASS.

It is interesting and often amusing to note the amount and kind of matter that sails under the above banner. Very often you will find that the person who told you "all about it" and made you promise not to tell it, has told the same thing to every friend they have met for the past two weeks and has bound them all up with "don't you tell it."

Do you know, have you not really experienced it, that such a remark generally indicates mischief not far off, and often causes disruption between friends? For this reason we advocate the formation of a new class which the world needs, yes it needs them badly everywhere, and the Inglenook will become famous all over the world if we can set the drift just opposite to that indicated in the heading to this essay.

The class we want to form is a class who say, "Do tell it." Tell your friends only such things as are good enough to be repeated everywhere, and by everybody. Instead of developing a secretive disposition and a suspicious life by continually saying, "Dont you tell it," just reverse your thoughts, air them out in clear light of public confidence and begin to tell things worth repeating and then augment them by saying "Do tell it."

WHY DIDN'T THEY ANSWER?

Two months ago we went to the extra labor of writing a personal letter to each of our agents.

Up to the present writing not half of the agents have answered, although we requested definite information and enclosed a stamped envelope, which was already addressed to the Inglenook.

We do not regret that we wrote the letters, for many helpful greetings were returned to us, but we are wondering about the five hundred agents who did not reply, nor show enough interest in their neighbors to give us fifteen names to whom we offered to send free copies of the Inglenook.

Now, some of the agents were sick, some too busy, some absent, while others had various excuses which were legal, but those who, through lack of confidence in their neighbors and lack of interest in good literature, failed to report, ought to turn their agency for the Inglenook over to some one who can and will represent the Nook in their neighborhood.

We are giving such exceptionally good offers to secure subscriptions that we feel justified in urging a vigorous campaign.

If you can find another weekly magazine in the United States of equal rank with the Inglenook, that sells for one dollar per year we want to know its name.

You can see that the Inglenook will receive only half of its deserved growth this winter if only half of our agents work for it, so please brace up and get the Inglenook before the people. We have some free circulars for you to distribute if you want them. Let us know all about your work, for perhaps we can help you.

If any journals which we offer with the Inglenook for next year are unknown in your neighborhood, just drop a postal card to the publishers and they will send you a sample copy. Here are the addresses;

Northwestern Agriculturist, ...Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Prairie Farmer, ...Chicago, Illinois.
Practical Farmer, ...Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
World Today, ...Chicago, Illinois.
Health, ...Health Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

The farm papers are all weeklies and are as good as can be had anywhere.

The first one we give away up to December 20, 1907. no free papers after that. Fifty-two issues of the *Prairie-Farmer* will cost only twenty-five cents if taken with the Inglenook, while the *Practical Farmer* will cost but thirty-five cents for the year.

The *World Today* is a dollar-and-a-half magazine, known all over the United States, which we furnish with the Inglenook for only sixty cents in addition to the Inglenook.

Better offers than these cannot be found in the United States, so push your work and see who can send in the largest list of Inglenook subscribers by January first, nineteen hundred and eight. The Editor expects to find that list, and he may express his gratitude by mail or otherwise shortly thereafter. Our thanks are hereby tendered to every enthusiastic Inglenook agent, whether you send in only one or one hundred subscriptions. Let us make December a busy month. Other journals push their subscriptions vigorously during this month, even agents of trashy literature often put to shame those who claim to be interested in moral literature. See your duty, grasp the situation and make the effort; that is all anyone can do.

Patience and gentleness is power.

THE DEPTHS OF SOME FRIENDSHIPS.

GENUINE friendship is both rich and rare.

The soul will be happier and stronger just in proportion as it has shared somebody's friendship, but did you ever notice how flexible friendship is sometimes?

All at once some one begins to court you, flatter you, follow you and advertise your good qualities. Look out! Sometimes such persons are taking this course in order to use you, because you are the key to some door which they want opened.

Office seekers often resort to such trickery in order to get enough votes to elect them to some desired office.

But there is another counterfeit which we want to expose, and there is plenty of this kind extant all over the world. It is the kind of friendship which wealthy people profess for each other while prosperity lasts, but dies a sudden death the day you loose your footing in the financial world.

Have you never seen some good rich church people withdraw themselves from some former intimate associate after he had suffered financial reverses?

Such friendship, if it dare be called by that name, is of such a mercenary nature that it really brands the possessors of such a counterfeit character, hypocrites.

Let us not profess friendship at all until we can verify it under even adverse conditions, for it is a crime to have people delude themselves on false friendships.

WHAT OUR READERS CAN DO.

On another page will be found six blank coupons which you can sign and mail to your friends, with the request that they subscribe for the INGLENOOK. By this means we hope to receive a large number of new subscribers. It is so easily and cheaply done that no one should pass this offer by, and if any good results from it you will get cash pay for your kindness.

Sign the coupons today and mail them, then it will not be forgotten.

STIFFNESS.

THERE are two extreme dispositions that are below par with most people. The one which we have in mind just now we shall call the "stiff fellow." Just what there is about him that makes one think of him as being "stiff" we cannot tell, but nevertheless we cannot get rid of the conclusion that he is "stiff," just the same. He is unbending in his ways, invariable in his methods, unaffable in his social qualities and added to all of this is an unnatural and undeserved value pasted over his life and an egotistic dignity frozen to all of his demands and deeds.

We are not talking about the genius who generally lives in a world to himself, nor the man who arises to the dignity of the hour, but the unexplained and unappreciated style which some people have of making you feel disgusted with their stiffness in all they say or do.

This class is not the same as the cold, chilly characters, either, who want to be alone because they like themselves.

The "stiff" person says things the way some other supposed authority has said them, he works by rule, so that anything differing from his standard is wrong and without value. He is like clay which has been placed in a mold until it hardened, after which it is unchangeable.

The natural talent in such a person has been annihilated, He ceases to call into use his own individual judgment and see inherent value in a matter independent of the dogmatic conclusions of others.

One evidence of this stiffness is found in editorial work. It is considered bad taste for an editor to express his views under the pronoun "I." A long established rule has fixed the penalty to an editor who uses any less dignified pronoun than "We."

We confess this to be a "stiffness" that is sometimes galling to natural impulse, but it is only one of many and how to live in peace to self and others, without becoming stiff on one side and careless on the other, is a query that has remained unanswered for centuries past.

The nearest solution is found in the early part of this essay, which is to avoid either extreme, for if either extreme is to be condemned more than the other one it is carelessness of purpose and methods in life. We want reliable hearts, not infallible in judgment, information and execution, but that kind which always points toward the true goal just as the magnetic needle always swings toward the north pole.

GRANDMA NUMBER TWO.

DID you ever know a grandma who always had her pocket full of candy and her cupboard full of cookies?

Children learn to know her just as bees learn to know the sweet flower gardens.

Other people make cookies but grandma's cookies, while they are made of the same kind of flour and sugar, have some extra good taste to them that no other cookies have. It may be only the generous smile and the sweet spirit that accompanies the giving, but whatever it is, it makes grandma's cookies the best in the world.

And then her peppermint candy is different from what other people buy. Why, a whole meetinghouse full of crying babies can be hushed in a moment by one little red stick of peppermint candy which grandma had hidden away in her pocket for such emergencies.

But after all these sweet cookies and the red candy only indicate the sweet disposition and loving heart in the bosom of our grandmas. The cookies and candies would not be half so good if she was not so good herself. God be blessed for our dear old grandmothers.



A Golden Inheritance

Cleveland Hollar

Look, ye who point the finger of scorn,
But you shall not see the brilliant morn,
That beams ahead at the portals of time,
And awaits your fool in Providence's line.

Through the mists of folly you cannot see.
Your eyes are bedimmed as your lives shall be.
You cannot distinguish 'twixt the disguise
Of a flippant fool and the garb of the wise.

Just because others reproach his name
Ye also mock, deride and blame;
But them praise with shout and song,
And you will be in the midst of the throng.

A delusive phantom supreme dost reign
O'er your flippant hearts and your careless brains,
Till you of all your glory are shorn
And it by him you mocked be worn.

Hardin, Mo.

The Moral Influence of the Daily Paper in the Home

Ida M. Helm

Close at hand lie treasures untold that we may have if we prepare our minds to receive them, and diligently search for them in the right place. There are many good books and good papers where they may be found, rich gems of wisdom and knowledge.

From the cradle to the grave, men and women are continually learning, the mind is ever absorbing the nourishment that it receives through its senses and the kind of nourishment that is necessary, for the development of a pure, healthy, noble character is not found in the daily newspapers They come to our homes filled with trash and accounts of crimes that are to the mind the most unhealthy food, and reading them rouses the imagination for more of the same kind of reading. As the body grows and develops on the nourishment that it receives so the mind grows and develops on the food that is given to it. The mind that is continually filled with the trashy stuff, that is nourished with the unsound reading that is found in the "Dailies," wil develop character that delights in excitement and crimes Like begets like.

If parents see their children in company with questionable companions they quickly devise means by which their children shall have more desirable company, yet they may sit for hours reading accounts of thefts, divorces, scandals, murders and all the mean things that the sinful world can conjure up and no attention is paid to it. Yet the lessons that they teach are infinitely worse than young boys and girls can teach them. I read an account not long ago, of a boy who placed an obstruction on the railroad track and wrecked a train, and when he was brought to trial it was found that he had been reading the daily papers, and he said that he committed the deed in order to raise an excitement and see what a wreck looked like.

The other day a young girl in Ohio was found back of her father's barn with a gag in her mouth, her clothes torn and her hair disheveled. She said that a terrible man had gagged her, beaten her and left her in the sorry condition in which she was found. A posse went in pursuit of the miscreant but they returned without finding him, then the girl confessed that she had placed the gag in her mouth, torn her clothes and taken her hair down and told a frightful story in order to see how the people would act when pursuing a criminal, like she had read about in the daily papers.

These are both cases in real life, where the child mind was being poisoned by reading such vile stuff, daily papers, those breeders of crime. Both these cases are the natural offspring of the influence of the daily papers. What they had read had become a part of themselves and the little souls that with the right kind of reading matter would have been expanding, growing strong and enriched and fitted for the high service that the Master requires of them, had been given such reading matter that their souls were being

dwarfed and deformed and they were passing into a degenerate state.

People are made weaker or stronger by the atmosphere in which they live. In good books and papers are recorded the best thoughts of the good and great minds of all ages and by reading them a share of their purity and wisdom is communicated to the reader. How much better it is to invest a few dollars in subscriptions for good papers and in buying good books that enlighten the mind and ennoble the character, than to subscribe for a daily paper that tarnishes the mind and lowers the character with the reading. Why do people want to pay for all the "Blood and thunder" news in the country when they can never bring value for the money expended, but it will bring vile, depraved reading that cannot help sullying the character.

Never a day should be allowed to pass without reading a chapter or two from the Bible, and we will receive help and strength from its pure, elevating pages and like the Master we will grow in the wisdom and knowledge of our God. The Bible is the best guide we can find for this life and it is the passport to immortal life. If the mailman hands us a daily paper it will come handy to light the kitchen fire, but they are not fit to read.

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

VI. Benjamin Franklin.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. His father, Josiah Franklin, came from England in 1682, and was a tallow-chandler and soap-maker. Franklin was the youngest son and fifteenth child in a family of seventeen children, and was the only one to become famous. He tired of his father's business and determined to go to sea, and to check this his father apprenticed him to his brother James, who was a printer. This suited him immensely as he had learned to read almost as soon as he could walk, and read everything he could get hold of. He was especially pleased with Plutarch's "Lives," Cotton Mather's "Essays to do good," "Pilgrim's Progress," and another book, "Essay on Projects." He exchanged books he had thoroughly digested for historical works.

By the time he was seventeen he had completely mastered the printing business, and had learned to write quite well, some pieces printed anonymously having been highly praised by critics in his hearing without knowing him to be the author. He schooled himself in composition by taking some carefully read topic and writing it in his own language, working it over and over till it was satisfactory. His brother was unkind to him, so he finally left Boston unknown to everyone and shipped to New York City, from whence he went partly by water and partly by land to Philadelphia. His future wife, Deborah Read, stood at the door of her father's house and laughed at the awkward young fellow who ambled by, munching a roll.

He secured work and went to England soon to get a printing outfit of his own, but failing to receive the assistance he expected, was obliged to remain in England a year working at his trade. He returned to Philadelphia in 1726, and in 1728 began publishing the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* now and for many years the famous *Saturday Evening Post.* In 1732 he began publishing "Poor Richard's Almanac" which for years was the vehicle of all sorts of useful information of the genial "Richard Saunders."

He became a public character, and still found time to carry on scientific investigations. He was Deputy Postmaster General of the Colonies in 1753; in 1754 proposed a form of union of the colonies, parts of which actually were incorporated in the union a quarter of a century, nearly, afterward. In 1757 he was sent to England to labor against the unjust taxes levied on the colonies, and was sent again in 1764, appearing before the House of Commons in 1766 on the matter. He returned to Philadelphia in May, 1775, and was a member of the Congress that passed the Declaration of Independence and was one of the committee of five appointed to prepare that document. He then was sent to France to secure the aid of that country in the Revolutionary War and in 1778 was successful in his labors. He was a member of the Peace Commission at the close of the war, and returned to Philadelphia in 1785. In 1787 he was a member of the convention that produced the Constitution of the United States. He died April 17, 1790.

Franklin was the author of numerous essays on moral, religious, scientific, philosophical, and political subjects, but is well-known by his "Autobiography." But he was more of a philanthropist and statesman than an author. He founded the Philadelphia Library. He edited the best newspaper in the colonies, and exemplified the value of advertising. He established the postoffice system of America. He caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted, and kept clean. He founded the University of Pennsylvania in 1749, and declared the study of French, Spanish and German to be more practical and beneficial than that of Greek and Latin. He aided greatly in founding the Pennsylvania Hospital. He founded the American Philosophical Society. He invented the Franklin stove. He organized the first fire department. He was successful in removing the old evil of smoky chimneys, and was the first effective promulgator of the gospel of ventilation. He made important discoveries in electricity. He commanded and led troops from Philadelphia to fight marauding bands of Indians.

More than any other man he was instrumental in

the repeal of the stamp act, and more than any other man he educated the colonies up to Independence. He discovered the temperature of the gulf stream and that northwest storms began in the southwest. He first directed attention to building ships in water-tight compartments. While in France he repeatedly saved the alliance from destruction. He labored for the abolition of slavery and to help those emancipated.

Worthy of mention: Philip Freneau, poetry; John Fiske, history; C. C. Felton, Greek history; Kate Field, art and literature; Timothy Flint, history; W. H. Furness, theology; James T. Fields, poems and sketches; Dr. J. W. Francis, medical; Wilson Flagg, nature.

Bryan, Ohio.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT ENLARGED.

SINCE we are offering a first-class weekly farm journal free for all next year to every one who subscribes for the *Inglenook* before December 20, 1907, we do not see any necessity to continue The Rural Life in the *Inglenook*.

That department was composed of notes on farm topics, and now instead of these notes we intend to give our farmer readers a twenty-four page farm paper each week in which they will find much more matter that we could give on four pages in the *Inglenook*.

The Home department will now be enlarged by occupying the pages which were formerly given to the Rural Life, and we want this enlarged department to ring clear and loud on all the issues that center in family life as lived in the United States. Kitchen arrangements and conveniences, wall decorations, floor coverings, cellar sanitation, bed room sanitation, cooking, serving meals, laundry notes, companionship in the home, home dress-making, hired help, mothers' health, moral instruction, childrens' dress, their conduct, training and education, home reading, poultry raising, gardening, shrubbery, yard fences, laws, entertainments for children, expense accounts, and a thousand questions of this nature will cheer the readers when they read of some other person's experiences.

Whoever contributes to the strength of home life by word or deed does the mightiest act of his life, because the home is the bulwark of both Church and State.

We trust to our intelligent sisters and mothers to make this department equal to the best home magazine that is published at any price. We do not mean to display fancy dress patterns, nor portray life as it is lived by fashionable people in New York and Paris. We want the plain, hard sense that is found in the kitchen, the wash tub, the garden etc.—just real life, that is all. There are very few *Inglenook* readers who live in luxury and idleness, and we want to reflect the life that we are living now and then strive toward higher ideals every day.

ARE YOU ONE OF OUR FOLKS?

THEN fix a shelf in the wood shed or cellar way to hold the kerosene can and lamps. Have a five-gallon can with a metal tap at the bottom so that the lamps can be held under the tap and easily and quickly filled. Make the shelf about four feet high, so that the good wife won't have to stoop. The shelf should be wide enough and long enough easily to accommodate all the lamps and lanterns so that they may be moved about while cleaning them. Such conveniences lighten the housework.

THE Maine Farmer declares that the day has gone by for questioning the reliability of the tuberculin test, for the cases in which reaction fails to take place are so rare as to count for nothing. The dairyman who fails to be warned by the earliest suspicion of tuberculosis is simply laying up trouble for himself.

THE Farmer, of St. Paul, states that Minnesota has paid out $23,143.49 in the last six months in reimbursement to owners of diseased cows and horses. By and by, farmers and state will learn that the ounce of prevention is better than the pound of cure, and tuberculosis and glanders will disappear.

THIS is the way it strikes the New York Farmer: "Farmers today should be receiving fifty to a hundred per cent more for their products than they are receiving. The cost of production is at its highest notch." There is no question that in the matter of prices the farmer is now getting the worst of the bargain. A strong pull, a long pull and a pull altogether is the remedy for this state of affairs.

THE Prairie Farmer insists that too much stress has been laid upon the importance of providing the foreigner with work when he lands in this country, and not enough upon the need of informing him as to the kind of work he is wanted to perform. This latter is highly important. If the immigrants could be selected in their own countries with a view to their fitness for various kinds of work, and then directed to localities where those particular branches are carried on, there would not be near so many greenhorn misfits.

THE farmer is only incidentally interested in the violent fluctuations in stocks which occur periodically and which are brought about for speculative purposes. There are other and larger questions affecting agriculture than the operations of the stock gamblers. The help problem, the question of transportation and the extension of our export trade are concerns of real importance.

Cheer Up

Grace Gnagey

"Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart and brain but will lift sooner for a person of determined cheerfulness."

Is there anything in this world that you dislike so much as a gloomy face? On the other hand is there anything that gives you so much pleasure as a cheery one? Why this difference in people? Why is it so much easier for some people to be cheerful than others? Some people seem to have been born cheerful, while others have cultivated it. But the one who has learned to be cheerful over the struggles of life sheds a warmer and a brighter ray of light than the one who was born cheerful. 'Tis true we sometimes meet people who may have some reason for looking downcast. But have you ever met a long-faced person and upon asking why he was so sad the answer was "I do not know." Some people have gotten into the habit of being gloomy and never stop to think that they owe a smile to those about them.

I once asked a friend how he could always be so cheerful. The answer was—"I did not come to it by nature—I have been ground to it. I have met with a great many difficulties in life,—I overcame them as stepping stones to a higher life." May you and I do the same? Yes, emphatically yes!

Many people suffer physical ailment today because of a great amount of worrying they did in early life. There is nothing that takes one down the hill of life so rapidly as worry. Then why not cheer up? Joy and hope are the best tonics in the world. Drain upon them often and bounteously and you will be able to cheer up.

Do you sit down and mope over trivial things that come to you daily? If you do, stop it. You cannot afford to worry over little things. Sooner or later troubles and sorrows come to the most of us, and if we learn early in life to take cheerfully the little trials we will be stronger to meet the real troubles when they come. Horace says: "The mind that is cheerful at present will have no solicitude for the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a smile."

Have you a right to pout because you are not as favorably situated as other young people you know? Around us every day we see those who have greater opportunities than we. We see those who have all the money heart could wish for, those who know not what it means to earn a cent. Are they the cheeriest? Have you not noticed that the happiest people are those who work the hardest? Have you not noticed in school that the happiest students often are those who make their own way through school—those who work the hardest for their education? The reason that some people have not learned to appreciate their blessings is that they never knew what it was to be without them.

You can form the habit of looking on the bright side of life as well as the reverse. Why not form the habit of being pleased with small things rather than great ones? We are all common people and only meet with common things, and unless we form the habit of gathering happiness from trivial joys we will never be happy. Some people have only eyes for the unpleasant. They remember only the unpleasant experiences they have ever had. They keep on their heart's walls the pictures of all their vanished joys and faded hopes, and on the other hand they forget all their blessings. They have no memory for the beautiful, the things of gladness. He who would be of good cheer must break this habit and must train himself to see the beautiful things and be blind to the disagreeable. The truth is, there are in life a thousand pleasant things—favors, joys, comforts, things to cheer to one unpleasant thing—one real cause for unhappiness. It is a shame then to let the one trifle mar all of life's happiness, to let the one small cloud darken the whole world, to let the one sharp word drown out all the pleasant ones, or to allow one little mistake to spoil your whole life. Why not use these occasional discordant notes as stepping stones to a brighter and a cheerier life?

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while is the man that will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Look about you and see the cheerfulness in the animals and in nature. Can you not see cheerfulness in the grasshopper's leap, the lamb's frisk, the bird's song; and in the merry streamlet as you watch it, flowing on over pebbles down the hill and through the valleys, turning now to the left and then to the right, and in it you see reflected the trees, flowers and shrubbery which seems to nod to it as it cheerily passes by? You may say, "O, yes that does look cheerful but to me life is so monotonous." Listen. Does not that streamlet flow on and on just the same day after day? It too might say "I am tired of this daily routine," but does it? You may watch that stream each day for a year and it will flow along just as cheerily the last day as the first. Then may we not learn a lesson from this? The flowers too as you pass

them by, smile at you, and the birds never tire of warbling their sweet notes.

Addison says, "What sunshine is to the flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable."

Carlyle says, "O, give us the man who sings at his work." Many a task would be easier, many a burden lighter if we could form the habit of singing as we work.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining. I wish that every one could get in the habit of looking for the silver lining and when you find it continue to look at it. It will help you over many hard places.

"Get all the good there is today,
Don't fret about tomorrow;
There's trouble 'round us all the time,
What need is there to borrow?
The wise man gets what joy he can,
And leaves the fool his folly.
He knows too much to waste his life,
In gloom and melancholy.
Look on the bright side every time,
Don't waste your days repining.
When any cloud looks dark and dull,
Turn out the silver lining.
Be wise! Be cheerful, bright and glad.
Leave to the fool his folly;
And let your motto be: "Cheer up!"
Your rule of life: "Be jolly!"

Mt. Morris, Ill.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE celebration of a Thanksgiving Day in our country has a long and curious history. Days of thanksgiving were known to the Israelites and are mentioned throughout the Bible. Though rare, they are not unknown in England, as for example, in the year 1872, a day of thanks was appointed for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever. But we are, at the present writing interested in the national observance of Thanksgiving Day in our own country. The honor of being the originator of the day, is given to Governor Bradford, of the Massachusetts colony, who in gratitude for a large and plentiful harvest, after a period of great depression, set aside a day for prayer and thanks.

So, after a time it became the custom for the governors of the various states to decide whether there should be a Thanksgiving Day, and when that day should be. But at the last, Mrs. Sarah T. Hale, by writing to all the governors, succeeded in obtaining from practically all of them the promise to observe Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday of November. But even yet the people expressed no very widespread sentiment regarding the day, and so it was not until after the battle of Gettysburg, that Mrs. Hale, by writing to President Lincoln, attained her great object. Enclosing in her letter a copy of Washington's proclamation, issued from New York, she suggested that he, too, proclaim a National Thanksgiving, and accordingly, in July of 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation, "for the observance of Thursday, August 6th, as a day for the nation to proclaim its thanks, praise and prayer." Ever since then the Presidents have appointed the last Thursday of November as the national day for thanksgiving, thus exchanging the old and variable custom for one truly national.

In the time of Governor Bradford, as now, the day had its threefold character—sportive, festive and religious. In the sportive way, there was always the turkey raffle, when the butcher was enabled to rid himself of his toughest fowl; and the shooting match, when the farmers tried their skill in bringing down chickens and turkeys from a long distance. But it was the religious feature of the day that we must admire most. The old colonials found plenty to be thankful for if their barns and cellars were filled with the fruits of the year, and if they had the bare necessities of life to keep themselves through the winter. It was a day on which they not alone felt grateful, but gathered together in the old country meetinghouse to say so. The services being over they hurried to their rude cabins of logs to enjoy the feast of the year.

Probably of the many things that the Americans of today have inherited from these sturdy and brave colonists, few are so grand and important as the public, formal and stated expression of gratitude to the Almighty for the blessings—the very great blessings, he has given them—peace and plenty, a fertile continent, freedom of thought and action, popular government, the open door of schools and of colleges, public libraries, the free opportunities for free men and the recognition of the great truths of religion.

It is the one religious festival of all the year that appeals to, and is for all the people. Christmas and Easter are for Christians alone, but Thanksgiving Day is a day whereon all the people of whatever faith lay down their work and thank their God, after their own rites.

Yes, but although this nation's Thanksgiving is indeed a beautiful sentiment, yet it is one as empty as the churches are on Thanksgiving Day. The holy day has become chiefly a holiday. The playing of public games, the theater, the feast—these are our Thanksgiving liturgy. But where, does one ask, is the religious part of the day? There are some—many—who do not know what the day means, and they do not take the trouble to teach their children.

Thanksgiving Day reminds one very much of a heathenish institution, and it is growing to be more so, year by year. It cannot be that this nation is not thankful for the many and great blessings which they enjoy. There is not one of us, who cannot be thankful for *something*. We cannot with justice say that

our nation is not a thankful nation, but rather that the people fail to say so. But still does it not seem that something is decidedly wrong, if not at least one day, or half a day, or even a few hours of the whole year, cannot be devoted to giving thanks to God? Let us remember the words of President Lincoln's proclamation, and make Thanksgiving Day what it should be, "a day for national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, then the games, then the feast and the merrymaking —for merrymaking can only come from a thankful heart.

GOLDEN LEAVES.

EMMA HORNING.

Happy childhood as it played
In the autumn's sylvan shade,
Watched each butterfly and bee,
Clapped its hands and laughed with glee,
Made little beds of autumn leaves,
As they fell from towering trees,
With showers of falling leaves it played
In many a silent, sunny glade,
While the golden
leaves were
falling.

O the dreamy hours of youth,
When fancy seems more fair than truth!
Dreaming on gold leaves he lies,
Gazing upward to the skies.
He is a noble prince, and bold,
Seeking for the castle old;
Seeking for the princess fair;
Sleeping in her beauty there,
While the golden
leaves were
falling.

"These are the emblems of my aim—
The smiles of fortune gold and fame,"
Says manhood, as he walks 'neath trees;
Dropping wealth which autumn frees.
"Ah, were these but fame and gold,
Which I at my feet behold,
But each rustle, as I tread,
Echoes back some fair hope fled,
While the golden
leaves are
falling."
Sunset with its golden light,
Touched a head all silvery white,
As he sat beneath fall's gold,
Thinking thoughts that ne'er grow old;
Dreaming dreams of Glory's shore,
His reward when toil is o'er,
Life was more than golden store,
Autumn's glory was heaven's shore,
While the golden
leaves were
falling.

Fruita, Colo.

Boast not of thy merits, the humble and wise
With modesty's cloak their virtues disguise;
And like the sweet blossoms embowered in green,
Their fragrance exhales ere their beauty is seen.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

NETTIE O. ENGLAR.

SOONER or later we must all step forth into the the ranks assigned us in the great battle of life which is being waged from the beginning of our existence to its close; why not go while it is called today? "For the years go out and the years come in, regardless of those who may lose or win, of those who may work or play;" and if we be not prompt to take our places, others may usurp them and we be left behind to mourn our folly in not boldly and voluntarily taking part in the inevitable conflict.

We as classmates have our battles to fight, temptations to overcome, and so many crosses to endure, "that, at length, the burden seems greater than our strength can bear, heavy as the weight of dreams, pressing on us everywhere; "but if we look upward and watch and wait and pray, God will help us bear them, and, in his own good time, recompense us for all suffering. Let us put on the armor of faith, the breastplate of truth, and choose Christ for our commander; we will then be "In the world's broad field of battle," heroes and heroines in the strife.

What does it matter if, after an unusually long and severe combat, we lie wounded and bleeeding in the ranks, if we have vanquished the enemy? What does it matter if the thorns pierce us, and we become foot-sore and weary? Our brave Captain has endured far greater pain, mortification and distress than we have ever known; and shall the servant murmur at what the Master silently and patiently has undergone?

If into each life some rain did not fall, if some shadows did not darken our paths, we would be in danger of forgetting the Creator, in the enjoyments of the created; so God employs these means to draw us gently away from the sweet enticements of the earth, and direct our thoughts to Heaven, where sorrow and death cannot enter and where there are no more trials and tears, hopes and fears.

Were there no clouds we would not enjoy the sunshine; were there no battles to fight, we would not feel the quiet joy that steals into our hearts after witnessing an old Apollyon, in the form of some besetting sin or evil habit, struggling desperately, finding himself defeated, spread his wings, and soar away forever. How many of our comrades have we seen who, dying early in the conflict, could truly say, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; while, we, lingering on until the noon is past, bear the heat and burden of the day.

But we all have this divine promise, "The greater the cross, the brighter the crown."

Union Bridge, Md.

NOW AND THEN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

In the latter days it shall come to pass,
When the toil of the weaver is ended,
That the warp of life with its silken threads
Of inwrought truth shall be blended.

That the visible robe that enwraps the soul,
Shall glisten with light and beauty,
As the threads of the Christ-life shall bind the work,
In the fabric of holy duty.

Ah! then shall the weaver find recompense
For the toil that often seemed hopeless,
When he sees in the pattern the Master's "Well done."
And recalls the sure promise of "Doubtless."

Oh! blessed the souls that the shuttle flung,
As the Spirit directed its flight,
They shall shine as the firmament shineth by day;
As the stars forever by night.

FORETHOUGHT ON THE FARM.

JOHN HECKMAN.

NEARLY the entire States of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas, Indiana, and much of Nebraska, Iowa and Michigan, and parts of other apple bearing states are almost without apples this year. The ordinary orchard in the neighborhood of the writer is as bare of apples as the forest trees; the most entire failure in the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant.

The cause is attributed to a continued period of beautiful warm weather in the month of February followed by a severe freezing. The theory of it is that the warm weather pushed the fruit buds forward only to be frozen later. The farther south the farther forward were the fruit buds and the more complete was the disaster. In the more southern latitudes the fruit was already set but was wholly destroyed. In this latitude the buds of the apple and plum had not unfolded at the time of the freeze, but they were far enough advanced to be destroyed.

One hundred miles to the north of this, being in latitude slightly above 44, and from there on north to Lake Superior, I found every apple and plum tree loaded with very perfect apples and plums. When told that Illinois had no apples at all, these people were very much surprised and elated to learn that Wisconsin, a second-rate fruit country, had an abundance of fruit, when Illinois and other states, generally considered to be first-rate fruit countries, had so little or none.

The reason that they in the North had fruit and we farther south had none is an interesting one. While the warm rays of the sun in the months of February and March were thawing the ground and starting vegetation in the Southland it was spending its force in the snowbanks of the Northland. The ground had not thawed nor had vegetation started when the severe cold in the latter part of March came and the fruit buds escaped being frozen.

But did no one have apples in this country where generally they were frozen? Yes. And this is the most interesting of it all. Mr. William Sanford, of Polo, Ill., has a small orchard not far from the town of Polo which has borne a good crop of apples. While others were enjoying the warm days and fine weather of February and March he was doing some hard thinking as to what was the most likely thing to follow such weather. He was expecting to see one extreme follow another. He put a heavy mulch over the ground under the apple trees before the frost came out and thus prevented the ground from thawing and the apple trees from pushing forward their buds. When nature got to playing with extremes he stepped in and prevented her from destroying his apple crop. The most of us are mere creatures of circumstances. Mr. Sanford made a circumstance. And it is paying him well. He has apples in plenty and other people go without or pay the price.

Polo, Ill.

COUNTRY LIFE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Let other feet tread the dusty street
Where trucks and street cars roll
With jarring sound, and where the air
Is full of dust and coal.
But give to me a country home,
Where sun and air are free.
A cottage with an open hearth
Is good enough for me.

When fields are green, a lovelier scene,
No place on earth I know,
Than in the fields and wooded dells,
Where many flowers blow.
The violets and mignonettes
Are nodding to the pinks,
And to her cousins in the fields,
The pansy slyly winks.

So tell me not of a fairer spot,
And tempt me not to roam,
For me there is no place so fair
As in my country home.
"God made the country, man the town,"
Is true as true can be.
A seat before the ingle bright,
Is good enough for me.

Mulberry Grove, Illinois.

THE FLAVOR IN BUTTER.

PURE butter—that is, pure butter fat—has no "high flavor." It has a very faint flavor, if any at all. Butter contains some casein and whey, and they impart to it some of their distinctive flavor, but even these substances if clean have no "high flavor." It is morally certain that any very pronounced flavor in butter indicates the presence of some nonbutter matter. The real flavor of milk, cream and pure, fresh butter is very faint, says the *Farmers' Advocate,* so faint that the majority of persons are not able to preceive it.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

THE QUESTION OF PURE MILK.

When the Second International Pure Milk Congress, at Brussels, on September 12-16, 1907, recommended the universal pasteurization of milk as the best immediate means of improving the milk supply, the pasteurized-milk movement Nathan Straus inaugurated in New York City more than fifteen years ago became a world policy. Delegates from thirty-one nations gave indorsement to the plan. The donation by Mr. Straus of a complete pasteurization plant to the City of Brussels, made at the conclusion of the conference, is the latest forward movement in the pure-milk campaign in European cities.

Following this international action comes the report of the results of the work of thirty-five experts selected by the milk conference held in Washington, some months ago. This report recommends the grading of milk into three classes,—certified, inspected, and pasteurized. Certified milk is from inspected dairies, from cows proved free from disease; this milk is to be frequently analyzed, to contain not more than 10,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter, and to be not more than twelve hours old when delivered to the consumer. Such milk is to be sold raw, and labeled "certified." Milk not quite up to these requirements is included in the same grade, but is to be marked "inspected."

Second-grade milk is that not produced under the conditions named, which must be pasteurized and sold under the pasteurized label. The third grade consists of milk of unknown origin, to be classified and pasteurized at central pasteurization plants under the personal supervision of officers of boards of health.

While these are, as yet, merely suggestions, their importance is shown by the fact that the Secretary of Agriculture co-operated with the milk experts, that by direction of the President the Agricultural Department is investigating the milk question, that it is probable the Congress will be asked to pass a Pure-Milk law largely along the lines of the experts' recommendations. A vigorous pure-milk campaign seems foreshadowed. These things lend additional importance to the giant fact that 4,000,000 persons are engaged in furnishing 80,000,000 inhabitants of the United States with milk. Not all these sell milk to the consumer, but a number slightly in excess of that given represents the actual army of individuals involved in the industry's operation.

The most successful experiment in the purification of milk sold to the public has been accomplished at Rochester, N. Y. Here precedent and fear of consequences were ignored, and the city itself went into the milk business in July and August, after inaugurating a safeguard system that is a model in its way. Just how great the real effect upon the mortality record of Rochester the municipal milk experiment has had is not known, although figures have freely been given. That it reduced the infant death rate at least 40 per cent is undoubtedly true.

This was accomplished neither by the pasteurization nor the sterilization of milk, but by guarding the milk from the time it left the cow until it reached the consumer, by preventing the fluid from encountering anything that was unsterile. Every receptacle utilized was actually, not theoretically, sterilized. Some of this milk, refrigerated at a moderate temperature, keeps pure and sweet ten days, without difficulty. With pasteurized milk this would be impossible.

Rochester has had much in its favor in carrying on its pure-milk campaign. Its sources of supply are comparatively near at hand. Its force of inspectors, none too large, is sufficient to carry on an inspection of dairy, milk station, and other utensils that really accomplishes its purpose.

The story of the milk bottle and its equipment reveals an interesting situation. Its construction for one company that uses 5,000,000 bottles annually keeps eight glass factories busy, most of them the year through. Inasmuch as 100,000,000 bottles are used yearly, the milk bottle's importance to the American glass trade is clear, because a large part of this stock has to be replaced every twelfth month. A milk bottle contains twenty-seven ounces of glass, and has a capacity of thirty-two ounces.

The paper cap that is part of the milk bottle's equipment is made by machinery, each machine turning out from 400,000 to 600,000 a day. One man manages five machines. Each milk bottle is filled on an average once in four days. Thus each one of the 100,000,000 bottles receives a fresh cap every time it is used, which will average seven times a month.

Sixty per cent of the milk bottles in use are equipped with a tin cap or clamp, as well as the paper cap. A dozen factories are busy each year producing them.

Completely furnished, the wholesale cost of the milk bottle is five cents. It forms a component part of three trades. It furnishes employment to thousands of workmen in the trades into which it enters.

The wooden cases in which milk bottles are transported are so widely used that their construction is almost an industry in itself. Thousands of freight cars are needed in the daily transportation of the milk, for the milk trade knows no day of rest. In New York City, where the trade is highly organized, the rail receipts in 1906 exceeded 10,000,000 forty-quart cans. These were brought by fifteen different railroads from five States, many traveling 300 miles in transit.

One of the most notable changes that altered conditions have caused is seen in the character of the dairy herds. When butter instead of milk was king of the dairy, every dairyman sought to grade his herd into rich milkers,—that is, cows partly thoroughbred, whose milk was above the average in fats. Jerseys were the favorites because of the exceeding richness of their yield. Today, in sections of the country where market milk is a leading product, the native is the most valued dairy cow. A native may be called a mongrel cow, in the best sense of the term. A good specimen has large feed capacity, without tendency toward beef. The feed capacity is an essential, because milk cannot be manufactured without material therefor. One indication of the growth of the dairy industry is the 50,000 increase in the number of dairy cattle in Iowa during 1906. Most of these are natives, although there is also a mixture of good grades,—half thoroughbreds.

The milk industry is perhaps the only industry in the United States which represents investment exceeding $500,000,000 that is not controlled from a central source. Its very nature renders such control impossible. At the same time no industry is more vital in its influence upon the nation's health. This fact is evidenced by the investigation of the milk question being conducted by the Government which may and is likely to extend over many months. It is believed that when Congress passes a Pure-Milk law it will be sufficiently drastic in its provisions to prove a material aid in hastening the day when pure milk will be a matter of course rather than a matter of conscience.—Charles Culver Johnson, in the American Review of Reviews.

A CITY GOVERNMENT THAT WORKS FOR GOOD.

After the terrible flood those men of Galveston who loved their town saw at once that in the stupendous work that lay before them the old plan would not do; it was, of course, unwieldy, bungling, inefficient, good for nothing but a means of furnishing certain spoils in the old game of party politics. And so, face to face at last with verities, they set to work to frame a new government. Now that the exigencies of parties and privilege no longer controlled, now that they were dealing with a city problem with reference solely to the city itself, they were not long in discovering what they could do without—they learned the folly of having boards, and ward boundaries; they saw that the division of a city into wards is a most artificial thing, without reason for its being. Cities have no such natural divisions; citizens are not citizens of a ward, but of a city, and such divisions are good for nothing but the uses of party machines and the big public-service corporations they invariably represent. So they did away with wards and boards of aldermen and other clumsy and inefficient bodies, and finally evolved the commission plan, under which the people elect four commissioners, in whom are centered the legislative, administrative, and executive powers of the city. It seems that they had their invariable difficulty with the Legislature; for, as originally drawn, the plan proposed that two of the commissioners should be appointed by the Governor.

The Galveston plan is simple. Four commissioners are elected. In these are centered all the powers—they are mayor, council, and all the boards put together. They are

responsible to the people, and to the people alone. Among these the administrative work is distributed. One of them, Mr. H. P. Landes, is president of the board, and is, in a sense, the mayor; another has charge of the streets and public properties; another has control of finances and revenue; and the fourth of water-works and sewerage. This division has worked well, and under it Galveston is accomplishing its mighty task. It has grown to be a city honestly and capably governed, and the "plan" has attracted the attention everywhere of men and women interested in problems of city government.

When America was organized, the city was left out. The framers of the Constitution, who were the organizers, did the best they could and wondrous well; but the modern city with its modern problems had not been dreamed of. Thus it happens that today the city is but an arm of the State; legally it has no powers that are not granted to it by the State Legislature; hence it is ruled by the State Legislature. And as there are generally about two countrymen to one city man in every State Legislature, it follows that the cities are, in reality, governed by men from the country; that is, cities are governed by men who know nothing about cities and care nothing for them—men who view the city possibly with contempt, certainly with suspicion and distrust.

That something is the matter with the city has been the verdict of most men. There has been a pessimism almost enthusiastic about the city, and many cries for reform. Most men who class themselves with what is naively called the better element have declared for "reform;" but the tremendous difficulty is to agree on what "reform" is. All men, for instance, say that cities should be "run" without graft, and most men really believe it. All men say that city government should be economically administered; that city business should be conducted as any private business is conducted. But beyond this, differences begin; and many who clamor the most loudly for reform clamor still more loudly against it, when they see it. We may say, however, that everybody is for reform, provided it is proposed to reform somebody else. No man favors a reform that reforms him; he longs to cling to his darling vices, and yet usually the more vices he has himself, and the more private they are, the more insistent is he in reforming the manners and the morals of others. There are yet others who, lacking vices, make a very vice of reform itself and become meddlesome, burdensome, veritable nuisances. The most intemperate thing, for instance, I ever read was a platform adopted by the professed temperance people of Illinois. And many will recall that Huckleberry Finn, when the Widow Douglass would not let him smoke, remarked, "And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right; she done that herself."

Whenever the people of a city try to do anything for themselves, they find the charter in the way; they find that the charter was not made for many, but the few; not for a democracy, but for an oligarchy—an oligarchy formed by a union of greedy politicians and greedy plutocrats. And this is what Galveston found.

But it is evident that in municipal government Galveston and Des Moines and Cleveland have pointed the way. What they have done, all cities can do and will do. For one city is all cities; they are all alike in essentials, just as people are; they have their individualities, and their special needs and little differences; but, in the large sense, they are all alike.

And so we may say that, so far as charters and paper laws go, the way to municipal reform lies along these lines:

1. A charter that provides simply and directly for a few responsible officials, with a mayor and a small legislative or councilmanic board chosen from the city at large without reference to wards.

2. Non-partisan nominations and elections.

3. The initiative and the referendum, including the submission of all franchises to the people.

4. The recall.

5. The merit system for all employees other than heads of departments; and, most important of all,

6. Home rule on all subjects of purely local nature, the right of taxation, and the police power so far as purely local.

With such a charter a city would be free to realize itself; it would be a city for the people; it would be a city in which each man would have a chance to develop his own life and powers; it would be a city in which, above all, Special Privilege, the great foe to equality and brotherhood, would be abolished. It would be, in a word, a democratic—an American—city. Of course, the law is not all; it is not even first. Good and wise people can get along better with bad laws than bad people can get along under good and wise laws. The people are everything. As Walt Whitman says: "The greatest city is that which has the greatest men and women. It may be but a few ragged huts; it is still the greatest city in the whole world." But with the people themselves in power and the right law, the American city will speedily become the ideal city of which men have dreamed since time began.—The Circle.

LONELINESS OF A GREAT CITY.

If you live in a large city you are lost. You are swallowed up by the ocean of people around you. You go down into the deep and that's the last of you, except perhaps an occasional bubble that may come to the surface near where you were last seen. There are so many people you can't escape drowning. You can't make friendships as you do in a smaller place, where the individual isn't entirely effaced by the mass. Society is not what it is in the smaller place, where the human element enters in altogether. In the larger place your comings and goings are not noted by your friends even, and never by the newspapers, unless you are one of the high financiers or packinghouse bunch. The births and weddings in your family are of no more interest outside your own flat than are the wreaths of smoke curling up into the empyrean; no merry crowd of interested neighbors with their warm congratulations. The deaths bring little sympathy from the rumbling, rattling world outside; no sorrowing acquaintances who have stood by you through the long sickness; there is little or none of that evidence of loving kindness that comes from neighbors and real friends in a small city or town, where the dollar mark is not written so large and so indelibly on everything. It is a paradoxical law that where there are so many people there are fewer friends, and when you diminish the number to a frontier community where neighbors are miles apart, your friends are ready to take their lives in their hands for you.—Judge.

Art is long, life short; judgment difficult, occasion transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished, his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but the part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former has no secrets and no force; the instruction he can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts rightly; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whosoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens up the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown and approaches more and more to being a master.—Goethe.

Stephen R. Moore, dean of the Kankakee County, Ill., bar and its most picturesque character, filed a bill in the County Court asking for an injunction to prevent the authorities of the public schools of that city from permitting the playing of the game by the pupils.

The application starts out: "Bill for an injunction to restrain prize fighting in the public schools."

Mr. Moore says in his bill that the purpose of the public schools is to provide education, and he asserts that the laws for the establishment of the schools do not confer authority upon the teachers or superintendent to provide for courses in prize fighting.

Mr. Smith, the bill says, has organized a team in the high school "that travels from place to place in the State of Illinois and engages in contests of prize fighting with scholars of other schools." It is asserted that "these persons engaged in prize fighting attempt to hide from the public the true character of the contests they wage, and call them 'football.'"

Attention is called to the fact that during the present football season there have been eight fatalities and many injuries as a result of playing the game.

The inventory of one term in Ohio shows: six broken noses, four broken legs, eight dislocated bones, twelve broken fingers.

Mr. Moore says that in "civilized warfare" if a general in the army should permit the infliction of such great injuries on the soldiers under his command as were sustained by these "prize fighters" in Lima he would be court-martialed and shot. He says the game brutalizes the young men engaged in it, takes much time from their studies, teaches them to be profane, and is "demoralizing, degrading, un-American, un-Christian and uncivilized."

Moreover, he says, Mr. Smith and Mr. Tracy do not extend the privileges of prize fighting to the whole school, but select certain members, "and if the business could be justified in anywise it couldn't be justified when applied to one portion of the persons attending the school."



Echoes from Everywhere

It is estimated that the coming crop of oranges and lemons in Southern California will net the growers $25,000,000. The walnut growers received $700,000 for their crop.

A committee of alumni and students of Harvard University of Cambridge, Mass., is making arrangements to properly observe the 300th anniversary of the birth of John Harvard.

Hawaii's sugar crop for 1907 is the largest in the history of the islands. It amounts to 420,000 tons. Next year's crop promises to reach 575,000 tons. This large increase is due to the extension of acreage by irrigation.

Scarcity of currency has made it incumbent upon the United States Steel corporation to notify its companies to pay only 25 per cent of employees' wages in cash, the rest in certified checks. The weekly pay roll amounts to $3,000,000.

The census report shows that one woman in five is engaged in gainful occupation that takes her away from her home. Over five millions of women and two millions of children work long hours in the mills, mines and factories in free America.

All previous records have been broken so far this year in transatlantic travel, both going and coming. About 2,000,000 persons have crossed the Atlantic during the past 10 months, and about 1,450,000 of them, mostly immigrants, have come from Europe to America.

The American Humane Society held a three days' meeting in Boston last week. Among the questions discussed were the schooling and labor conditions of children, and the more humane killing of animals for food. Henry Bergh of New York, the apostle and pioneer of the humane reform, advocated electrocution.

The United States customs officials have united with the representatives of the Canadian government in a systematic search for smugglers. The contraband trade has been carried on extensively of late, chiefly with liquors, and the smugglers have been almost always successful in getting their goods across the line unchallenged.

While the apple crop of the country at large is smaller than usual, that of Northern New England is large and of excellent quality. Maine apples are being shipped west, a very unusual occurrence. Maine's principal crop, potatoes, is not up to the average, either in quantity or quality. The early cold weather and heavy fall rains having interfered with the harvesting.

Four new bird and animal reserves have been created by the president. One is in Oregon and the other three in Washington state. In California one of the national forests has been increased by 87,000 acres, and orders have been signed which add nearly 500,000 more acres to the Stanislaus and Lassen Peak national forests in the same state. The addition to the Stanislaus is 55 miles long and includes the famous Calaveras grove of big trees.

A French journal, Le Petit Parisien, declared that American girls who had married abroad, mostly for foreign titles, had carried with them to Europe the astonishing sum of $900,000,000. The Paris writer did not associate this rather startling statement with the reports of "tight money" in America, yet on this side of the Atlantic the fact that hundreds of millions have gone out of the country with the title hunters may well occasion a little financial as well as social speculation. Upward of 400 American girls have married in Europe within comparatively recent years. A local newspaper prints today the present names of 359 American women who have married titles.

In one of its "Bulletins" the International Reform Bureau calls attention to new "Sunday Laws" which have been enacted in China and France. China had closed its schools on First days, and its public offices everywhere, in order to bring itself in harmony with Western civilization. France, trying the "holiday Sunday," and finding it a veritable work day, has lined up with the other nations of western Europe in attempting to make it a day of rest.

The United States Government and private parties are doing an immense amount of harbor improvement at Long Beach, San Pedro and Wilmington, California. The Government has built a breakwater 9,000 feet long at San Pedro, making an outer harbor of 350 acres. The inner harbor is over two miles in length. At Long Beach private parties are building a fine harbor by removing millions of cubic feet of earth. At Wilmington the harbor is being deepened by dredging.

The decrease in birds in the United States is costing the country more than $800,000,000 a year, according to the statement made by President William Dutcher of the National Association of Audubon societies, at the annual meeting of the association here. "If a million or more dollars are lost through the management of a bank or other fiduciary institution," he said, "It creates a wave of protest throughout the entire country, yet a yearly loss equal to the entire capitalization of the national banks of the country creates no comment whatever, simply because the public does not realize what is going on."

As soon as the buildings are completed the farm will be stocked with animals of all the kinds needed for vivisection purposes. There is to be a monkey house that will contain more monkeys than any zoo. Special attention, in fact, is to be paid to the raising of monkeys because of their peculiar relationship to man and their consequent high value for research purposes. The dog kennels will be extensive and will accommodate hundreds of dogs. There will be pens for sheep and goats, the latter especially playing an important part in the work of the institute on account of the uses to which goat serum is being put.

France, following the example of Japan, is fitting out an exhibition ship in order that French industry and commerce may have new fields. In the vessel will be found all the French products suitable for export trade. The expenses of the ship are met by the merchants and manufacturers who have goods on exhibition. Experienced commercial travelers will have charge of the exhibition. As far as possible, each salesman will be expected to speak two languages fluently. Orders for goods will be taken and forwarded direct to the business houses in France. A liberal commission will be paid on all orders thus secured. Should the experiment prove successful, other ships will be fitted up. The fact that the experiment will be made by more than one nation suggests that it is worth the serious consideration of American exporters.

Traffic on the East Indian railway is rapidly becoming paralyzed by a strike. The trouble originated with the European engineers. Great numbers of natives have joined the movement. The most important section of the road is tied up and 6,000 passengers are stranded at Asansol, where the strikers are threatening violence. The strikers complain of overwork and poor pay. The strike at the present time is especially serious in view of the famine conditions.

Government ownership of telephones and telegraphs was considered at the thirty-first annual convention of the Knights of Labor. Resolutions for this purpose were referred to a committee. The committee on the general master workman's annual report recommended congressional legislation for a federal court of arbitration of labor and capital disputes. The convention also considered propositions looking to the employment of a national organizer to visit the larger cities and towns with the object of building up the order throughout the country.

Here is a bit of Japanese instruction to school children: "Be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious; as friends, true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectul faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the constitution and preserve the laws; should emergency arise offer yourselves courageously to the state, and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our imperial throne, coeval with heaven and earth."

The agricultural department is now devoting a good deal of time to the subject of deserted farms. New England has many of these. Eastern cities especially are beginning to feel this loss in cultivable soil in the increased cost of living. This cost is going up, while the number of acres of land to support the population is decreasing almost as rapidly. Virginia is one of the greatest sufferers from wornout soil, and there, too, abandoned farms are frequently seen. In New York the number of farms has decreased 14,000 in less than ten years, and the decreased value of farm property is estimated at more than $100,000,000. The agricultural department is seeking to interest the country in the reclamation of these tracts and wishes to secure an appropriation for the purpose.

More patents were issued during 1906 and more money collected by the United States Patent Office than in any single year previous, with the exception of 1905, since the establishment of the Patent Office in 1836. It is shown that the receipts reached a total of $1,790,921.38 for the twelve months, while the expenditures of the office were $1,554,891.20, making a net gain for the year of $236,030.18. The Patent Office is one of the very few self-supporting departments of the government. The amount of the patent fund to the credit of the office in the United States Treasury is now $6,427,021.86. During the past year there were 56,482 applications for patents for inventions, designs, and reissues, and a total of 31,965 patents were issued. The residents of New York State submitted 4,642. Eight Cubans secured patents. The total from 1836 to 1907 is 840,533.

Henry George Jr., in advocating postal savings banks, said recently: "The two fundamental, primary factors in production are the natural factor, land, and the human factor, labor; and whatever touches either of these goes to the seat of business activity, because it reaches the foundation of all production. The currency panic was only the small thing at the top that snapped general credit. How prevent these depressions? By preventing land speculation. How prevent land speculation? By taxation. Lift all the tax burdens from labor and the fruits of production and pile them on land values regardless of improvements—on ground or economic rent. That would destroy land speculation—kill land monopoly. The price of land would not then mount to eat out industrial prosperity; and an industrial depression in what should be a country of plenty for all would thenceforward be a thing of the past."

The board of education in New York City has not only barred all Christmas exercises for this year in which there is any mention of Christ, the birth of Christ or the Star of Bethlehem, but has issued the order to throw out of the schools forty-seven text books in which any reference to the Christian religion is made. The committee on elementary schools, which reported in favor of the elimination of sectarian references in song books, is headed by Abraham Stern, a lawyer of 31 Nassau street. Mr. Stern said today that his committee, which had taken up the protests of Jewish parents, had been asked to eliminate all characteristic Christian hymns, all references to Christ, the Trinity and the cross, the birth of Christ, the use of all pictures of a religious character and also any reference to Santa Claus or St. Nicholas in Christmas celebrations. How far yet to atheism?

In order to make room for the approach to the new Manhattan Bridge, nearly 1,000 families have been ordered to vacate their homes. This great improvement piercing the lower east side means not only the migration of 5,000 people but a radical change in the character of the neighborhood. In widening the Delancey street approach to the Williamsburg Bridge, parts of a dozen blocks were swept clean, and over 8,000 persons were unhoused. The Pennsylvania terminal involved the razing of the blocks bounded by Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets and Seventh and Ninth avenues. About 400 houses were torn down and 10,000 persons forced to seek shelter elsewhere. In preparing for the new Grand Central terminal 5,000 persons were compelled to find homes in other parts of the city. Earlier there was the Mulberry Park improvement, which disposed of some of the worst tenements on the lower east side and caused the displacement of 10,000 people. Most of the small parks opened in Manhattan have resulted in a considerable shifting of population. Altogether probably 60,000 persons have been turned adrift because of these improvements. It would be difficult to trace accurately the course of their moving. Many followed the Subway to the Bronx; there was a large overflow across the East River to Williamsburg and Brownsville from the lower east side.

On appointing a committee to investigate the recent upheavel in financial matters Governor Hughes, of New York, said:

"In view of recent events it has seemed to me desirable that information and recommendations should be received from men who, by virtue of long experience and expert knowledge, are in a position to judge of the measures which may be desirable to safeguard the interests of our citizens by promoting the security of financial institutions organized under the laws of the state, and by preventing to the fullest extent possible the recurrence of disturbances such as we have lately witnessed.

"I therefore request you, whom I have selected (without thought of disparaging the qualifications of others) as representative men, having expert familiarity with these matters, to act as a committee for the purpose of collecting facts, receiving suggestions, and expressing the views which, after due reflection, you may entertain with reference to the following question:

"What, if any, changes are advisable in the laws of the state relating to the incorporation, conduct of business, and supervision of banks and trust companies?

"I do not suggest any particular method of procedure on your part, being content to leave that to your judgment?"

"Hayseed and coal tar dye are being sold for pure strawberry jam, glucose is being sold for honey, roasted beans are being mixed with coffee, sawdust is being put into breakfast foods." So said Dr. Wiley, United States chemist in an address, in which he defended his crusade for pure food. "I have no desire to injure any one's business," he said, "nor have I any objection to foods being sold under their proper names, but I do object to manufacturers deceiving the public. If they want to go ahead putting hayseed in preserves, let their labels say so. That is the mandate of the pure food law, and every dealer who violates it will go to prison sooner or later. Already many of the worst offenders have reformed, and in the drug business every one of the great manufacturers is doing his utmost to comply with the law."

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—Bartholmew in Minneapolis Journal.

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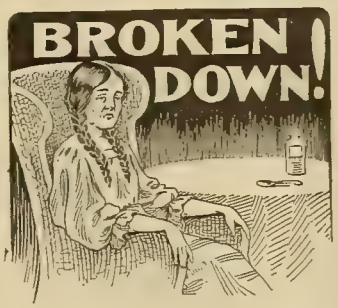
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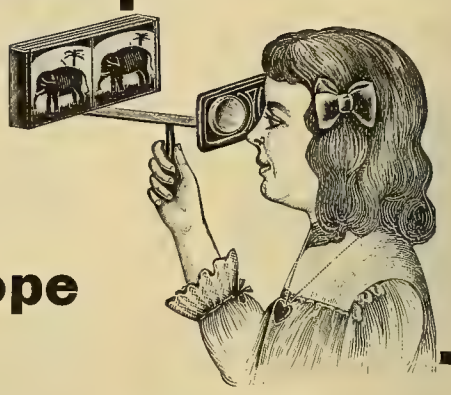
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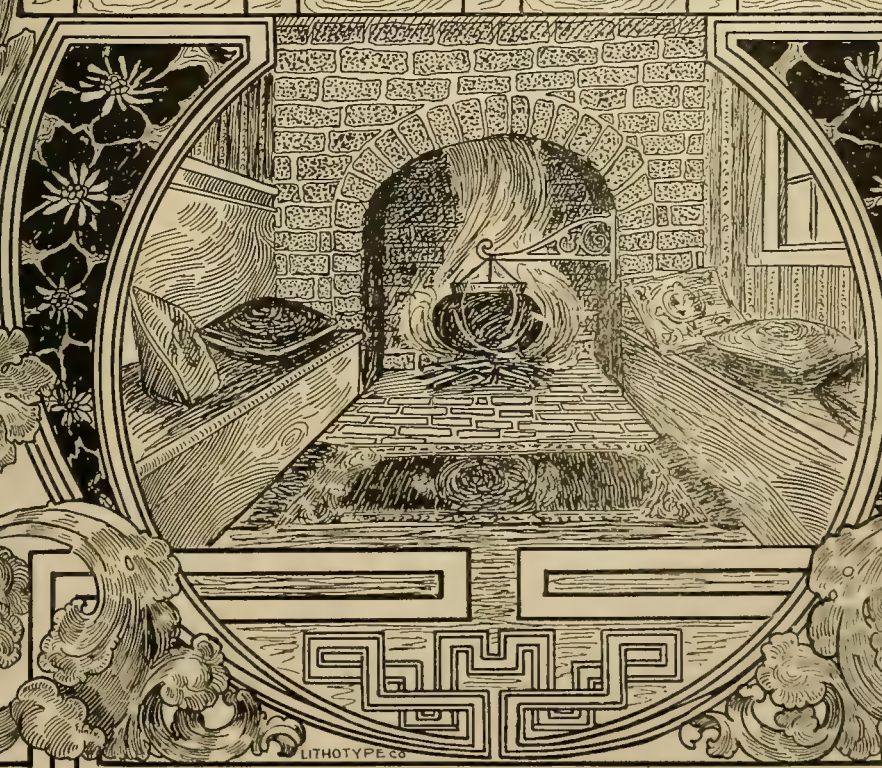
Elgin, Illinois

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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December 10, 1907. Price, $1.00 Per Annum. No. 50. Vol. IX.

APPLES

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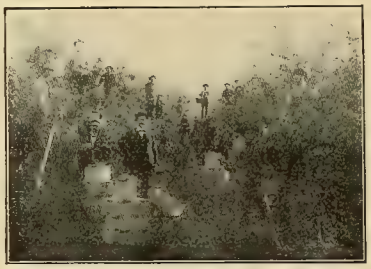
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He Waited One Year to Write This Letter

Macdoel, California, November 21, 1907

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Bro: As I have been living in Butte Valley a little over one year I take the privilege of writing you a letter and telling you how I see things here and what I have learned. I have written nothing heretofore for publication and am not writing these lines expressively for that purpose, but just simply write you that possibly they may strengthen your faith in Butte Valley.

I have been over every part of the Valley from north to south and from east to west, and the longer I ame here the more I become enthused over the outlook for success. I have written many letters to individuals, answering their questions to the best of my knowledge, and always tried to give the facts in a conservative way.

For grain raising, our valley is fine. I had about sixty-five acres in wheat and oats. The wheat was estimated to make a yield of thirty bushels per acre the oats from forty to sixty bushels, and both would have been of the best quality if it had been allowed to mature. I cut both oats and wheat for hay, as we shall need lots of hay for our horses as we want to clear all the brush off our land and put it in crop next year.

The fruit business is in its infancy, yet we have seen some very fine specimens of apples, peaches and pears, grown along the outer edges of the valley, where it is colder and more liable to frost than out in the valley. Think of Bellflower apples measuring fourteen to fifteen inches in circumference, and as fine specimens of Spitzenberg, Winesap and a few varieties, the names of which I have not learned, as I never saw them before. Then there were pears that simply could not be surpassed either in size, shape or flavor. I saw only one peach tree. The tree was a fine specimen, very large, and with all the fruit it could bear up and mature. And then, to cap the climax and make us exclaim, "What next?" was when Brethren M. D. Early and J. W. Maust came home from Sam's Neck last week and said that on the Deeter ranch they saw an almond tree full or ripe almonds. They brought a branch of the tree, full of almonds, along with them so you see they had the goods to show and we had to believe it.

Mr. Deeter bought the tree for a peach tree and thought that was what it was until the squirrels began carrying off the fruit, and upon investigation he found them to be almonds.

One thing about fruit grown here is that it is finely colored and of excellent flavor. Then when it comes to raising potatoes, the world can't beat us for flavor, size or yield. The largest potatoes are not hollow or black inside, like potatoes grown in the East, but are sound all through. It was said that we could not raise them either, but we did, and next year many more will be raised out in the valley.

About water and health it is needless to write, as you know all about that and if you can't sleep soundly come to Butte Valley and when you retire for the night you can sleep and can't help it.

We expect to dedicate the church about the first of the year if all goes well.

The grading on the railroad is all completed from the mountain to Macdoel, and ready to lay steel, but there is some work to be done yet north of Bray, but we hope to have the road through by Christmas at least.

Land is rapidly raising in value. Last week A. B. Campbell was offered $50 per acre for his eighty acres. This offer was not a bluff either. The party who offered it meant business, as he wanted it for a home. People who live here do not want to sell out, and are looking forward to the time when their homes in Butte Valley will be second to none.

There is one class of people we do not encourage to buy here and that is the speculators, as they do us no good and generally are a detriment to a community unless they improve their land. So far, most of the land has been sold to parties who expect to make it their future home.

It is impossible for the sawmills to saw lumber fast enough to meet the demand, so there has been a few carloads shipped in from Weed and Klamath Falls. You can conclude from this about how busy people are here. This is a poor place for an idle man as he will find very little company and so looks for birds of like feather somewhere else.

The weather has been fine for work all fall. The mountains are covered with snow for the last few days, but no snow in the valley yet.

I will conclude by saying that the year we have been in Butte Valley we have more than met our expectations, outside of being disappointed in getting the railroad as soon as we expected.

Yours Fraternally,

H. F. Maust.



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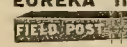
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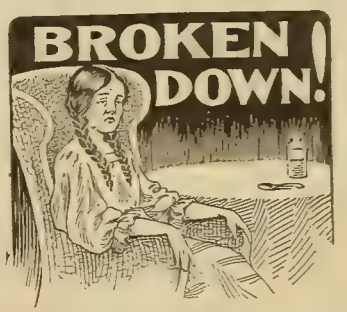
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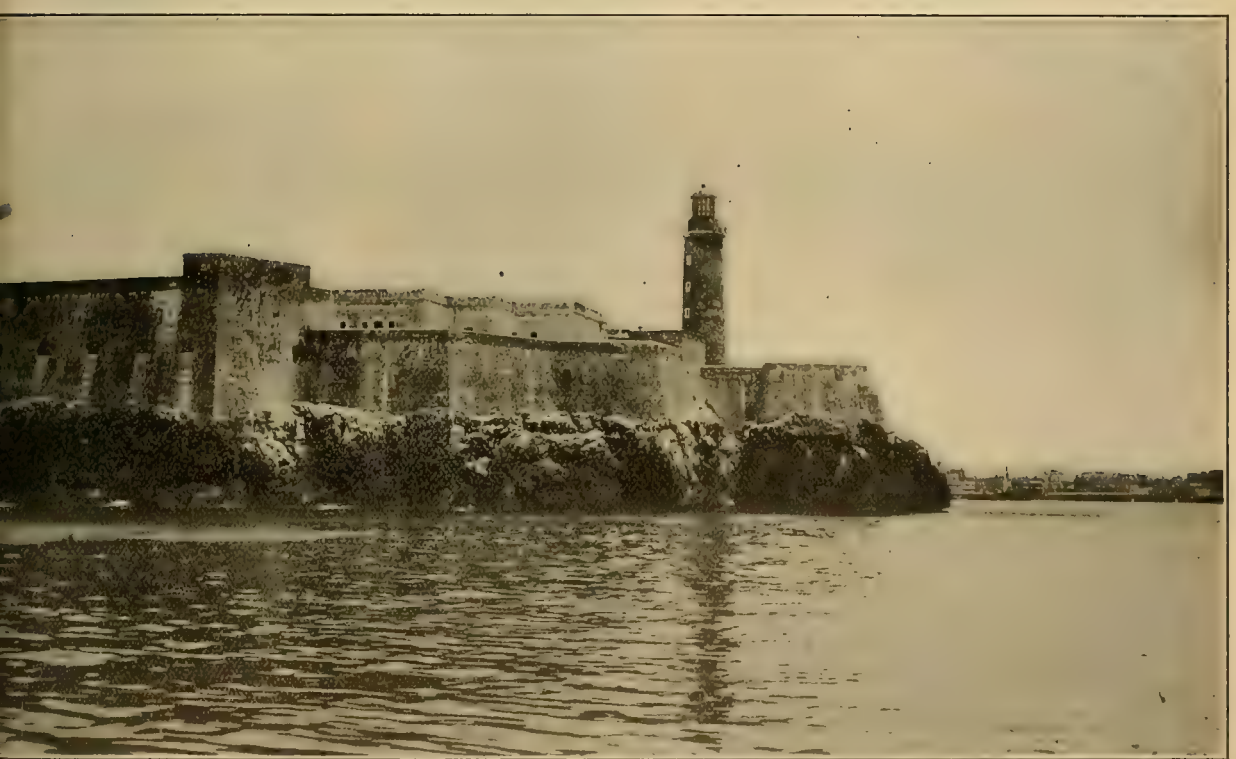
THE INGLENOOK

Vol. IX. December 10, 1907. No. 50.

In Havana

Grant Mahan

THE little that was said some weeks ago about the city did not tell much; and nothing that I might write would give a very good idea of the city. We do not see alike, and a description which one of us gives of a place is very different from that given by another. What strikes me does not strike you, and *vice versa*. To see what struck me most and what remains with me longest we must go some distance away from the island and be steaming toward it. For a time we will see some low mountains: then there will come into view a city. Right ahead there is a dark mass, and as we draw nearer we begin to make out the various objects that go to make up the mass. And then Morro Castle stands out from its darker background. Pictures rarely reveal to us objects just as they are; and so it is in this case. The reality does not come up to what the picture has caused us to expect. In a way the castle is imposing. Yet when you get close to it and see how the masonry of it is cracked, you cannot help feeling that it would not take an extraordinary bombardment to tumble it into the water. However, we hope it may never be bombarded, but that it may stand many years.



Morro Castle. Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.

One view of it cannot help but impress him who

sees, and that is the one he gets when sailing out of the port at night. The gleams from the lighthouse can be seen for several miles, and it is good to look back and see light. There is something about a lighthouse which always gives me a pleasant feeling; and I never see one without the words of the song coming to my mind:

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From his lighthouse evermore;
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore."

What a faithful man the keeper of a lighthouse must be! And how often the lower lights—your light and my light—grow dim, and the light is darkness.

But in and around Havana are many interesting places and objects. For him who likes that sort of thing there is a trip to the old fort at the entrance to the harbor. The prisons are shown, and also the rooms in which, and the instruments by which men and women were tortured to death in inhuman ways. It reminds one of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. And indeed much of the time that Spain controlled this land so rich in possibilities, the atrocities of the Dark Ages were all too common. The ride across the bay will delight you, especially if it is taken early in the morning.

Then there are rides to be taken on the street cars. Much of the time you are in narrow streets; but if you go right you will get out along the water and breathe in the air which is nowhere else so good. The market early in the morning is well worth a visit. There you will see fruits and vegetables of which you have never even heard. Or if you want to see fine goods displayed, go down to Obispo street. Many beautiful objects are on sale; but it is an expensive place to buy. There are several small parks, but none which suited us quite so well as those we have in the States. There is much business carried on in Havana; but the city is far from being Chicago or New York. Under better government it could become a greater city, and contain more that is noteworthy. By wandering through the streets one will see much that is entirely new to him, which must be seen to be appreciated.

A place which anyone intending to spend some time in Cuba should visit—but which for want of time we did not—is the experimental station. More progress will be made in a few years in learning what will thrive best here than has been made in a good many decades. What is done here now is almost marvelous, but it will be far surpassed by what is done within a short time. But yesterday I went through a small experimental farm, and I was surprised and greatly pleased by what I saw. It would be impossible to tell it all, and the INGLENOOK readers might set me down for a land agent if I were to try; so I forbear. Come and see; but don't come expecting to find the comforts and luxuries of home, for if you do you will be sorely disappointed. This is a very new section of country, and we are glad for the things we need. Most people here believe that the coming months will improve conditions wonderfully. Time will tell. We believe as the majority.

Omaja, Cuba.

A DREAM.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Beneath the veil of sleep, one lovely night,
I was conducted to the realms of light
By one whose voice was music to the ear,
Whose raiment was like angels' white and clear.

A beauteous circle met my wondering eyes,
But soon a sound, far distant, seemed to rise,
And ere I knew, I heard a deep-toned bell,
And loudly, clearly, did its message swell.

One word it spoke—but one—yet awful, sweet!
The heavenly courts intoned its import deep,
"Watch," chimed the bell, the message seemed for me,
"Watch," for ye know not when thy time will be.

It was the heavenly timepiece, I was told,
Striking the hour of one with tongue of gold,
I hid the solemn watchword in my heart,
And pledged to God it never should depart.

Time passed away, and soon an hour rolled by,
Then from the bell tower, oh, so tenderly,
The Savior's words, a couplet precious, came,
'Twas "Follow Me!" it rang in measures plain.

Once more the message of the bell I heard,
Once more my soul by loving music stirred;
This time, the hour of three was softly chimed,
And from it came the words of old, sublime.

"Faith, Hope, Charity," it seemed to say,
And angels' voices echoed far away.
"But greatest, and the best of all the three,—
The fair and lovely grace of charity."

* * * * * * * * *

The dream has gone!—but ah! those tunes remain,
In memory's golden casket graven plain,
These lessons three, are traced with "finest gold."
In deeds of righteousness their word unfold.

Had I remained until the close of day,
I might have learned what more the bell would say,
"Sufficient for that day," the lessons three.
And pure the Gospel truth they brought to me.

To "watch" with eyes made pure by truth and love,
To "follow Christ" in righteousness above;
The lesson of true charity to learn,
Shall be henceforth my first, my great concern.

THE summer vacation is for the body, not for the soul. The man who wants to lay aside his religion for a little relaxation is laboring under a misapprehention. He has nothing to lay aside but a cloak.

HE is a poor soldier who never advances without waiting to see what his comrades are going to do.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

O. H. Kimmel

Who has not read at least one of Dunbar's songs? And have we not read of the life of this young man whose brilliant light shone out in the headlands for a short stretch of years, and then went out; went out only as the life ebbed away and left a vacancy in the home, but the light of his works still shine with the brightness of the day star.

Born of slave parents who had not a drop of white blood coursing in their veins, he met the misfortune of poverty early, worked his way through school and helping to support his widowed mother as he wrought his way along. The vacation days gave him opportunity, as elevator boy, to write verses between turns, or read something substantial. While he was elevator boy he privately published "Oak and Ivy" a pamphlet of poetry and sold these copies to the business men in the block in which he worked in Dayton, Ohio.



Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Since that day he has written much, and his productions have had a wider sale than any other books of verse of the present day except the works of Riley and Field. The father escaped from slavery over the underground railroad into Canada, and later became a union soldier. After the war, he learned to read, being self-tutored, and also picked up the plasterer's trade at which he worked. The mother being freed from a wealthy and intelligent family in Kentucky, after the war went to Dayton where she met and married Joshua Dunbar, this being her second marriage. To this union one child, Paul Lawrence, was born, in June, 1872.

The mother is a very intelligent woman and had an impassioned fondness for poetry. Remembering her cultured and educated master in Kentucky, she became ambitious that her boy should become educated and cultured; so she encouraged him to secure an education and to write poetry, and her encouragement inspired him as only a mother's confidence and enthusiasm can inspire. And he is indebted to her for much of the material for the stories, traditions, consistencies and inconsistencies, the spirit, and the true inside knowledge of negro life, for at their home it was the practice to sit by the fire and relate the stories, traditions and vicissitudes of *ante bellum* and *bellum* days. In his subsequent writings, these stories or traditions or events are woven into verse and given to the wide world.

The father's death in Paul's twelfth year brought the sorrow and hardships upon the family, which occasioned his desperate struggle for schooling and livelihood in the years that followed, and but for the inspiration of the zelaous and confident mother and the beautiful home life that she provided for the boy, he might have failed. This woman, being a perfect type of the old southern negro mammy, was the one patient, wise and helpful mother that could pilot her boy through the vicissitudes of privation and sorrow into the highway of success.

When his second publication "Majors and Minors," was published, early in his twenties and public recognition of this publication through *Harper's Weekly* came to the young man, the mother's heart leaped with joy, and she saw the ideal son exemplified in flesh and blood. Later, she almost looked upon him as a spiritual son, for she felt that to her, a negro slave, it was too great a tribute to her to have given birth to a son who could move the world and inspire his race as no other man has done.

The "Lyrics of Lowly Life" which was really a

revised edition of "Oak and Ivy," and "Majors and Minors" won for him general recognition. The inspiration that comes to his race from this man's life can hardly be estimated. An old negro, after finishing reading the "Lyrics of Lowly Life" was heard to say, "Praise de Lawd—Dunbah is black." A young negress after hearing his poems read at a Chautauqua assembly said, "I shall never again be sorry that I am colored." He believed in his race and was ambitious for its unfolding itself into better things. He says no word to strengthen or revive race prejudice, and he tells no man that he is black. He holds before the public that strange somewhat joyousness, yet melancholy so characteristic of his race, yet he is usually humorous in his writings. Response comes, we know not how, for no appeal has been made and nothing has been asked. He has told us nothing new, but in telling the old he has caught us in his grasp. He relates the tales of negro life from the inside and treats it in a manner that no white man can. The appeal to his race comes from the inside of the race line and is responded to as a call from home. When he says:

"Be proud, my Race, in mind and soul;
Thy name is written on Glory's scroll—
In characters of fire.
* * * * * * * *
No other race, or white or black
When bound as thou wert to the rack,
So seldom stooped to grieving;
No other race, when free again,
Forgot the past, and proved them men;
As noble in forgiving."

Whether he wrote in a joyous strain, or in a melancholy strain, whether he wrote of the greater things or the more common-place things of life, his writings have aroused those feelings in natures which usually respond to aptness, spontaneity and freshness. In his, "How Lucy Backslid," "Little Brown Baby," "When de Co'n Pone's Hot," "Time to Tinker Roun'," etc., we find the common-place things exalted until the homely things typify contentment and satisfaction.

The last few years of his life were filled with suffering and pain. He saw the writing on the scroll and knew that his physicial condition was hopeless, yet he gave not of this to the world, for only joy and inspiration and sunshine came from him to the last. He sung—

"Though I moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning and sing with the lark."

He always cherished Kentucky, the early home of his mother. The acquaintance he had with her old home through the stories she told, infused him with admiration for the place. After visiting there, he wrote:—

"I be'n down in ole Kentucky
Fur a week er two, an' say,
'Twuz ez hard ez breakin' oxen
Fur to tear myse'f away.
Allus argerin' 'bout frien'ships
An' yer hospitality—
Y' ain't no right to talk about it,
'Till you be'n down there to see."

The general character of the poet, and the general trend of his writings can best be given, perhaps by scanning his works and making miscellaneous selections. The following are collected in this wise:

In "Ships That Pass in the Night" he cries:

"O Earth, O Sky, O Ocean, both surpassing,
O heart of mine, O soul that dreads the dark!
Is there no hope for me? Is there no way
That I may sight and check that speeding bark,
Which out of sight and sound is passing, passing?"

In "The Deserted Plantation" he exclaims:

"Oh, de grubbin'-hoe's a-rustin' in de co'nah,
An' de plow's a-tumblin' down in de fiel',
While de whippo'will's a-wailin' lak a mounah
When his stubbo'n hea't is tryin' ha'd to yiel'.

"In de furrers whah de co'n was allus wavin',
Now de weeds is growin' green an' rank an' tall;
An' de swallers roun' de whole place is a bravin'
Lak dey thought deir folks had allus owned it all."

In "When Malindy Sings" he says:

"She jes' spreads her mouf an hollahs,
'Come to Jesus,' twell you hyeah;
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a drawin' neah;

Den she tu'ns to 'Rock of Ages,'
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' your teahs a drappin'
When Malindy sings."

In "Signs of the Times" he sings and utters warning.

"Air a-gittin' cool an' coolah,
Frost a-commin' in de night,
Hicka' nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
Possum keepin' out o' sight.
Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nya'd,
Nary steps so proud ez his;
Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
Yo' do' know whut time it is.
* * * * * * * * *
Look hyeah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin',
You ain' luned de sense ob feah,
You ol' fool, yo' naik's in danger,
Do' you know Thanksgibbin's hyeah?"

He gives some good homely philosophy in "Accountability."

"Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbit's."

He pictures his race, its hindrances and its desires in "We Wear the Mask."

"We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh, the clay is vile

Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask!"

One of the most beautiful and exquisite expressions is in "Dawn":—

"An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it dawn."

His humor is complete and the pictures are real. In the last stanza of "When a Feller's Itchin' to be Spanked" he says—

"Ol' folks know 'most ever'thing 'bout the world, I guess,
Grandma does, we wish she knowed thes a little less,
But I allus kind o' think it 'ud be as well
Ef they wouldn't allus have to up and tell;
We kids wish 'at they'd thes wait,
It's coming—soon or late,
When a feller's itching to be spanked."

The above shows the real negro, but the great success of this author seems to have been his ability to paint the joy and hope, the despair and consolation and the thought and aspiration of his race.

"With huskin' bees in Harvest time, an' dances later on,
An' singin' school, an' taffy-pulls, an' fun from night till dawn.
Revivals come in winter time, baptizin's in the spring"—

seems to give vent to the vivid feelings of the race.

His lightheartedness is seen in so many of his poems. In the following:

"Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go
Jes a rattlin' down creation,
Lak an' ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a spinnin'
Lak a pickaninny's top.
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twell it seems about to stop,
An' you feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot"

lightheartedness, childish anticipation, youthful vigor and joy are expressed all in one great whirl.

His favorite poem, "The Poet and His Song," was written in his early days before he had attained any notoriety and it clung to him throughout his brief life.

"A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing.
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest,
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As night the shepherd herds his stars,
I sing my song and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still with faith unfaltering,
I live, and laugh, and love and sing.
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song and all is well."

He showed also the homely philosophy of the old negro. He said:

"'Taint no use a goin' now 'ez sho's yo' bo'n,
A-squeakin' of yo' whistle 'g'inst a great big ho'n."

and in Advice:—

"Des you grab yo' bootstraps,
Hol' yo' body down,
Stop a tinkin' cuss-wo'ds,
Chase away de frown,
Knock de haid o' worry.
'Twell dey ain' none lef'."

He knew not doubt and hopelessness in any walk in life, nor in any contact with his fellow-man. Rays of light spring out to guide one in every needed path and love and hope were always crowded.

In "Life" he says,—

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in;
A pint of joy and a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans grow double;
And that is life.
A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warn and the tears to refresh us;

And joys are sweeter when cares came after,
And a moan is the best of foils for laughter;
And that is life."

In "Compensation" he perhaps showed his deepest philosophy and his truest self. It was written only a short time before he died. He knew that his life was rapidly ebbing away. He saw that he must lie down and resign himself to the common fate of all men, before life had well begun. His aspirations and hopes had not begun to be realized. Yet in this unfinished field he pushed his unfinished work aside and wrote,

"Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion,
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I had loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy,
Offers the boon of Death."

After this, in the words of his mother, he "became a child again," and she remained at his bedside until the end came. He was in the Dayton home which competency from his works had enabled him to own. The income from the increasing sales of his works are to keep the mother in comfort. But the works themselves are to inspire and pilot his race until they have the ideals and conditions that will make them a greater people. Thus, though only thirty-three years old he goes over to the ages, to be remembered, and praised, until the end of time.

In his brief life he has added another round to the

American ladder of literary fame, and his works are crowned as the greatest of his race. In the brief time from 1896 when he gained recognition, until his death, he has accomplished all this. Indeed should he not be an inspiration to his race?

East St. Louis, Ill.

"BEYOND THE YEARS."

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Beyond the years the answer lies,
Beyond where brood the grieving skies
And night drops tears.
Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise
And doff its fears,
And carping Sorrow pines and dies—
Beyond the years.

Beyond the years the prayer for rest
Shall beat no more within the breast;
The darkness clears,
And Morn perched on the mountain's crest,
Her form uprears—
The day that is to come is best,
Beyond the years.

Beyond the years the soul shall find,
That endless peace for which it pined,
For light appears,
And to the eyes that still were blind
With blood and tears,
Their sight shall come all unconfined.
Beyond the years.

HOW WE THINK.

H. M. FOGELSONGER.

4.—Attention.

Older psychologists divided the mind up into several faculties. They gave one the impression that the mind acted very much like an organized manufacturing plant which has a separate department for each kind of work. Recent investigations in psychology and nervous anatomy have shown that here is no separate location for Memory, Reason, Feeling, Emotion, etc.; nor are these separate and distinct faculties.

Attention is a common word. We hear it used in many ways. Such expressions as, "Hold your attention," "I did not attend to what he said," are very familiar. A common school maxim is, "Interest first and then you will have attention." What is this which we call attention and which we treat as something partly separate from ourselves? Is it a thing in itself? No, it is a characteristic of the mind.

Attention depends upon two things—(1) Our past experience, (2) Our present mood. We may define Attention as the power over our present experience exerted by our past training in conjunction with our present mood. Here is a personal illustration: I walk into a library to read, with my mind in good condition for study, and pick up such a magazine as the Mind, Monist or Journal of Philosophy, passing by the Century, Munsey, and others. I do so because for several years I have been interested in subjects of a philosophical and religious nature. Or again I enter the library feeling tired and select a magazine containing short stories of a lively human nature because of my present desire for recreation and my past interest in the study of human life. So we attend to a thing, both because of our past training and our present mood. Remember, Attention is not something apart and separate from the individual as we so often use the word. As we shall learn later Attention is very closely allied to the Will.

An artist attends to the beautiful and artistic side of life because his entire past training forces him to do so. If he is in church the beautiful and significant part of the services will be the most prominent to him. When in the country he will see foundations or elements for future paintings. But suppose he meets with an accident and has a limb broken; then his whole attention will be on the broken limb. The latter is an extreme case of present mood affecting Attention. You can find examples in your own life to show that Attention is dependent upon those two conditions—past experience and present mood.

You can easily see how our perception depends upon the Attention, remembering now that past experience enters into Attention. When we are children we look upon a grocery store as a place in which to buy candy because eating sweet things is then a prominent part of our life. When grown up we think of the grocery as a place in which to buy and sell the necessaries of life, because we then have life's responsibilities upon us. In the same way our ideas of things are changing from day to day. Our entire past life form a screen through which we see things and this past life is the basis of our Attention. If our life is spent on the farm we will be continually noticing things that pertain to agriculture. Why? Because we naturally attend to these things and leave others go unnoticed.

How many things do you think you can attend to at one time? Two, three or four? No, the fact of the matter is you can attend to only one thing at a time. One thing only can be at the apex of your Attention. This has been proven by well regulated experiments. It is true that you can do more than one thing at a time but your Attention jumps from one to the other. Most people can read and hear a conversation but your reading will be in jerks and your listening will not be continuous. The center of your Attention will be changing quickly back and forth. From the fact that we can count four or five objects at once, some have said that we can attend to as many objects at once. But the truth is we attend to the four or five as one. Put four dots on a piece of paper and try to count them by looking at them only an instant. As a rule you will count them by what is called a memory after-image, dividing them in twos. So it seems evi-

dent enough that we can attend to only one thing at a time.

Further, only changing objects can hold our Attention. We cannot attend to a thing very long that does not change. We soon become fatigued. Also, our Attention runs in waves. Did you ever watch a very small star, one that is so faint that you can hardly see it? If you did you noticed that it would disappear at intervals. No matter how much you fixed your Attention upon it the light would go, then come again. Your eyes did not become fatigued because they are used to light all day long, so the cause must lie in the central nervous system.

There are several interesting phenomena concerning Attention. If you center your mind upon a particular part of your skin it will seem to grow warmer and numerous pains will be felt. Think that a certain tooth will ache and keep on thinking and it will soon ache. More than one explanation has been given for the above but they are too complex to bother with now.

Whenever the Attention is centered upon a certain action or reaction we can perform it much quicker. When you are ready for a foot race and are waiting for the signal your whole anatomy concerned is wound up and ready. The neeessary nervous connections are all made between cell and cell so that when the signal is heard you are all ready. Were you not thus prepared it would take much longer to start.

It is difficult for some persons to center their Attention upon anything in particular and most of us would be glad if we could "control our Attention better. Of course, we have certain hereditary tendencies for which we are not responsible whether they are good or bad. But these tendencies are in our control and we are responsible for the results. As a rule a person who leads a changeful life has difficulty in centering his Attention. One time he will think only of raising hogs, the next day he will be a sheep specialist and soon all his thoughts will be about fat cattle. The past life of such a man is too scattered to center his Attention on anything. The only cure for such a man is for him to find a hobby or to find new things in old subjects instead of hunting for new subjects.

Our Attention will take care of itself if we lead the right kind of a life. We should have something definite to do and keep on doing it until we cannot work any more. New things will be appearing continually so that our attention will not lag and the older we grow the less our mind will jump from subject to subject. But our Attention will not be centered unless we widen our experience. If our experience is not wide we cannot read new things into our old lines of thought. There is a great danger in becoming mentally dwarfed. Then people call us one-sided and cranky. Also our intellectual foundation is secure and our Attention is in constant danger of being carried off on a new subject.

I know an old man who has run an elevator for twelve or fifteen years. He talks elevator, thinks elevator, and knows nothing but elevator and, to tell the truth, very little of that. Outside of his elevator cage he is lost and his Attention is carried away by everything out of the ordinary. His thoughts are not governed by a well rounded past life. Such people are easy prey to patent medicine swindlers and religious enthusiasts.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar.

Spencer died in want.

Cervantes died in hunger.

Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave.

Dryden lived in poverty and distress.

Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.

Butler lived a life of penury and died poor.

Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.

Plutus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.

Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all.

Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.

Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.

Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely and through hunger.

Chattetson, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen.

Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.

Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

DREAMY AUTUMN.

EMMA HORNING.

The glorious golden days have come,
With skies so dreamy clear,
With tinted leaves, and golden sheaves,
The fairest of the year.

When silence reigns supreme o'er all
And not a zephyr sighs,
Down floats the fairest leaf of all
And to some nook it hies.

But when a breeze shakes all the trees
Down falls a golden shower,
Which rushes, dashes, right and left,
To seek some shady bower.

How glorious to lie and dream
On autumn's golden bed,
While slowly, one by one leaves fall
From shady bowers o'er head.

Fruita, Colo.

The Richardson Shock Loader

Paul Mohler

THE farmers and threshermen of Towner County, North Dakota are very much interested in a new labor-saving device that promises to relieve a very grievous condition with which they have been forced to struggle for some time.

Of recent years, it has been very hard to secure a sufficient number of laborers to thresh the grain crops during the limited time at the disposal of the threshermen. As a consequence, threshermen have run expensive machines with very unsatisfactory crews working at very high wages. The farmers also complain that the men leave a great deal of scattered grain in the fields. There seems to be no prospect of an increase in the labor supply for the present, so that new methods of handling the crop have been eagerly sought.



The Richardson Shock Loader.

To fill this long felt want, the Richardson Bundle and Shock Loader was put on the market two years ago. A number of the machines were shipped to Cando by Mr. Alex. Currie, one of the stock-holders of the company, who owns a large farm east of Cando.

The machine did not at that time prove to be practicable; but last year, a much improved machine was thoroughly tried on Mr. Currie's farm, to the satisfaction of the company. This year, three machines, still further improved, were used throughout the season near Cando, which proved entirely successful. The machines were viewed by a number of farmers and capitalists from the Red River Valley and Minneapolis, as well as of Towner County. Those who saw the machine at work all agreed that it not only saved labor but saved grain as well.

The machine consists simply of two elevators resembling the oldfashioned straw carrier of a threshing machine, mounted on wheels so that the lower elevator picks the grain off the ground and carries it to the second, which, running at right angles to the first, delivers the grain into a bundle wagon, traveling alongside the loader. The elevator belts are, of course, link-belts, and the slats are steel blades so arranged as to catch everything lying on the ground. The machine is drawn by four horses, two traveling on each side of the row of shocks down which the machine is driven, the motive power for the elevators being furnished by two large drivewheels. Where the shock rows are straight, and the grain fair, this machine will load bundle wagons at the rate of one in two minutes, all day long, putting thirty-five twelve-bundle shocks into each wagon. It also picks up all the loose grain scattered around and between the shocks better than the most careful hand worker can do it with a fork. This saves ten or twelve dollars worth of grain in a day's threshing. It also saves the thresherman twenty-five dollars in wages and board of men and teams, as with seven men and eight teams and a bundle loader, one thresher can do as much work as he can with twelve bundle teams and twelve men without the loader. Besides, it is often easier to secure machines than to secure and keep laboring men.

One day recently, it was the writer's privilege to see the machine at work on Mr. Currie's farm. Flax was the crop being threshed. The flax was lying in bunches nicely rowed. The loader was a quarter of a mile from the threshing machine, an immense Geiser rig. One man drove and managed the loader. Six bundle wagons hauled the flax. The bundle racks were on low wagons—basket racks built large with a seat in front for the driver, who has no time to load his flax. As the machine passed down the rows of flax, the bunches were picked up and passed up the elevator without being disturbed—no spreading of bunches or threshing of grain. The stubble, after the machine passed over it, was as clean as if raked with a garden rake. The wagons passed quickly and regularly from one machine to the other; the thresher never stopped, but the bundle loader did—to wait for wagons. I never before saw such easy work with a thresher.

On our way back to Cando, we passed through one of the largest farms in the county and saw them threshing by the old system—each driver loading his

own wagon by hand and driving to the machine in his turn. It is needless to say that it looked very much behind the times.

Next year, the manufacturers will have all they can do to fill the demand for bundle loaders, where they are now known. With the completion of a successful shocking device, the wheat farmer of the Northwest will once more breathe easy.

Cando, North Dakota.

HIGHEST OBSERVATORY ON EARTH.

No one need to be reminded that the mere ascent of Mont Blanc is a serious physical feat for a strong man in prime condition, with steady head, and provided with trustworthy ropes and first-class guides and porters. The tremendous crest is swept by fierce blizzards even in midsummer; and no man has yet fathomed the eternal ice and snow on that bald dome. Moreover, the mountain has cost hundreds of climbers their lives. I mention these points to emphasize the astonishing feat of carrying up all the necessary building material for a fully equipped astronomical and meteorological observatory, and then erecting this on the summit, nearly sixteen thousand feet above sea level. Surely here is a romance of enthusiastic science!

The idea was due to Dr. J. Janssen, of Paris, director of the observatory at Meudon and president of the French Academy of Sciences. He made many ascents to carry on spectroscopic observations, and many times nearly lost his life on the way. On one occasion an immense ice mass fell from a towering serac, missed the old scientist by a foot, and then went crashing into a fathomless crevasse in the glacier.

"I think," he said, "it will be of the first importance for astronomy, physics, and meteorology that an observatory should be erected on the summit of Mont Blanc. I know it is a difficult undertaking, but I think our engineers can solve the problem whenever we wish."

Funds were soon forthcoming. Prince Roland Bonaparte, Baron Adolphe de Rothschild, and the President of France himself supported Janssen. A preliminary survey, however, showed no visible rock on the storm swept dome; whereupon it was calmly proposed to build upon the snow. This idea was received with almost universal incredulity. Those best acquainted with the glaciers of the mighty peak thought it altogether impossible to establish a building on the summit, since the immense thickness of the snowy crust would prevent foundations from ever being obtained on solid rock.

But soon the great engineer Eiffel, of tower fame, came on the scene and said he was ready to construct an observatory on the very apex of Mont Blanc, provided a rock foundation could be found not more than fifty feet below the snow's surface. Eiffel further said that he would pay for all the preliminary operations. Now it happens that rocks do outcrop on three different sides of the summit, no great distance below it. Eiffel instructed M. X. Imfeld, a well-known Swiss surveyor and the latter soon had a horizontal gallery driven into the snow forty-nine feet below the summit, and on the French side. Imfeld also employed as director of the workmen Frédéric Payot, one of the ablest and most experienced of all the Chamonix guides (he had then made over a hundred ascents).

A wooden hut that could be taken to pieces and transported easily was made below in the famous climbing village, and this was to form the entrance to the tunnel, as well as a protection for the men. It was erected, all its sections numbered, then taken down again, weighed, and divided into loads. These were distributed among the most skilful and robust of all the mountain porters—men not likely to suffer from giddiness or mountain sickness.

Imfeld kept an interesting diary of the strange ascent of that house. On August 15 the last section reached the summit. A postion for the tunnel's mouth was determined, and the workmen began to clear away snow and blast the ice to erect the hut. All had a pretty bad time, however. The men struck for thirty francs a day, chiefly because they suffered badly from frostbite. The tunnel advanced only five or six yards a day. Sometimes the furious winds blew the workmen over ice precipices, and they would have been dashed to pieces had they not been carefully roped together. Five days later while they were resting on the Petit Plateau, an ice avalanche fell from the Dôme du Gouter and killed three men. The rest gradually deserted through mountain sickness, or because no resident doctor was maintained. Later on Dr. Jacottet, of Chamonix, volunteered his services gratuitously. This unfortunate man suddenly became ill and died in delirium at the summit. The transport of his body down into the valley is as dramatic a tale as one may find, even in all the annals of Mont Blanc.

Finally, after the gallery had been driven ninety-six feet without finding anything more rocky than a prune stone, Eiffel retired from the undertaking. Dr. Janssen, however, had the gallery carried on by Payot another seventy-five feet, and then he too abandoned the quest, and decided after all to build on snow.

But the question was, Would the observatory in such case sink or swim? An interesting experiment to answer this was carried out at Meudon. A column of lead weighing seven hundred and ninety-two pounds, but only one foot in diameter, was placed on piled up snow brought to the density of that on Mont Blanc's crest. The lead sank less than one inch, and thereupon Dr. Janssen decided to go ahead.

The little building that acted as a pioneer was six feet high, and to the doctor's bewilderment it showed signs of subsidence after two seasons. He was not dismayed, however, and the construction of the observatory proper, partly of iron and partly of wood, went forward at Meudon, near Paris. The following year it was constructed, and then taken to pieces and forwarded to Chamonix. Here a big caravan was fitted out under the trusty Frédéric Payot, and by the end of the season one-quarter of the material had been advanced to a little patch of rock, the Petits Rochers Rouges, seven hundred and fifty feet below the summit. The early part of the following season was occupied in digging out the most advanced camp, then buried under thirty-five feet of snow. At last, however, the material was hauled to the summit dome by little windlasses, and was swiftly erected by men who had thoroughly rehearsed the work down in the valley.

A couple of days of hard work inside rendered the little building habitable, and then Doctor Janssen himself descended with an energy, courage and tenacity, altogether amazing considering he was a man of seventy and so badly lame that he could walk only with difficulty on level ground. On three separate occasions the dauntless scientist was hauled to the summit in a sledge. And in places he was put carefully in a sling and hauled up terrific rock walls and ice pinnacles by means of the windlasses.

The principal instrument used in the Janssen observatory is called a meteorograph, which was constructed by Richard, of Paris, at a cost of thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. It registers barometric pressure, maximum and minimum temperatures, the direction and force of the wind, and so on. It is most ingeniously put in movement by a weight of two hundred pounds, which descends about twenty feet and is calculated to keep everything going for eight months—the length of time which it is contemplated it may sometimes be left to itself.

Until this establishment was completed, the lowest winter temperature of Mont Blanc was unknown. It was found, however, that the mercury descended to forty-five degrees below zero at least. A big telescope was sent up a few seasons ago; and now very valuable work is being done for France, Switzerland, and Italy, all of which nations are directly interested in the maintenance of the world's highest observatory.—*Selected.*

NEWSPAPERS.

Attorney General Bonaparte recently expressed the following mature judgment on newspapers and their mission:

"In a popular government, a healthy public is not merely the ally of all really useful and sensible reformers; in such a government it is the indispensible instrument through and by which all really useful and sensible reforms are brought about and made lasting.

"It is important that we bear in mind what is meant by 'public' when we speak of 'public opinion.' It amounts, in fact, to a sort of composite photograph made up of all individual opinions. It is not the opinion of any one class; is not the opinion of East or West, North or South. It is not the opinion expressed by American newspapers or any other class of professed public commentators and critics, unless these really express what the average American citizen really thinks.

"A free press is a perpetual petition. It is, or it should be always telling the government what the people think. It must be noted, however, that the power of the press in this regard arises from the fact that it speaks, or is believed to speak, what everybody is saying at the time. As soon as a paper is recognized as somebody's 'organ,' as expressing the views and wishes of any particular man or set of men, its healthful influence as a newspaper is gone.

"In my judgment this is a matter of very serious and urgent concern to the American people today. Certain of our newspapers are now firmly and widely believed to be owned by well known 'interests'; in other words, by wealthy men engaged in far reaching enterprises. This belief as to such ownership makes them really 'trade organs' with little more influence than the papers published avowedly as such.

"What is even more unfortunate, it leads to very general suspicion that other papers may be secretly in the same situation. A newspaper under suspicion is almost as maimed, for healthy influence, as if the suspicion had been proved well founded.

"There is one thing which the newspapers must do if they would be an agency for good, and that is to think and tell the truth. The first duty of the press is to hold up before the people a faithful mirror; if it display distorted pictures, it fatally betrays its trust. No worthy end was ever accomplished through deception, whether of ourselves or others. If we are threatened by overshadowing dangers, to escape them we must first see them and see them as they are. Americans can say with confidence: 'We will know the truth and the truth shall make us free.'"

HOW WE LIVE.

Pierced by the Pin Trust,
Chilled by the Ice Trust,
Roasted by the Coal Trust,
Soaked by the Soap Trust,
Doped by the Drug Trust,
Wrapped by the Paper Trust,
Bullied by the Beef Trust,
Lighted by the Oil Trust,
Squeezed by the Corset Trust,
Soured by the Pickle Trust.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Comment on Current Events

RACE TROUBLES.

The last ten years has brought more racial feeling to the surface than the modern world had experienced in one hundred years before. And this feeling is not the old warrior's desire to extinguish his rival, but it has taken on the more civilized type of separateness or class feeling.

The negro is not as welcome a citizen now in this country, so far as fellowship is concerned, as he was soon after the Civil War. He had a more hearty welcome then in church, school, state and society than he has now. The strange part is, that this is true among his northern benefactors. They have reacted against the negro.

Another instance of race feeling is found in Germany's remark a few years ago, when she startled the world by characterizing the Japanese as "the yellow peril," referring to her hornetlike fighting qualities probably first, but also implying a belittling personal status of the Japanese as well. Both the United States and Canada have raised their hands against the Chinese and Japanese in recent years, as being undesirable citizens although they are intelligent, peaceable, industrious and moral.

On the other hand, the American, German and French are despised by the Arab, the Chinese and other less civilized people. It looks as though if any one race could catch the other races out in the desert alone, they would slay them and bury them deep in the sand, as Moses did the Egyptian in olden times, in order that the one race might dominate the earth.

We are not speaking of commercial differences and questions of state between nations, such as occasioned the Boer War, but the inborn feeling of difference and superiority which thrills **you** when **you** meet or deal with a person of **another race.**

But a way, in fact the way, through this animal revulsion is clearly seen. The intermingling of the nations in conferences, in commerce, in universities, in missions, and in state dealings, will sooner or later remove racial animosities, and people will be given a standing according to their merit and not according to their pedigree or color. When this comes to pass the affairs of this earth will become a front yard social, in which good feeling and mutual helpfulness will have supplanted the present ill will due to where you were born and the amount of pigment in the skin. Brains and hearts will rule then as they were designed to do long ago.

OUR NATIONAL CASH.

It is estimated that the volume of business carried on each year in the United States is fifty times as much in value as we have money. Or in other words every dollar must be turned fifty times a year in order to keep business going.

No doubt that is true, but deduct the reserve funds in the United States treasury and bank vaults which never see daylight, the silent amounts in our pocketbooks, penny banks, slot machines, secret purses, etc., and we presume that one-fifth of the nation's money is silent or latent.

This brings out the interesting question which becomes a personal one also, as to a man's right to hoard money. After all, money seems to be more of a public commodity than a private asset. We may have some just claim on the nation's money, but only in proportion to our labor and assets. The use of the money belongs to the public, the hoarding of it is a questionable right.

PRESIDENTIAL ROSES.

Mr. Bryan said one year ago that he would not announce himself then as a candidate for the presidency, because he would have to sit quiet and smile sweet smiles at the public for two full years before he could be elected, and he knew very well the facts in the case when he made his statement.

Just now there are numerous fragrant faces over the United States that indicate the use of presidential tonics. Hughes, Cannon, Roosevelt, Cortelyou, Fairbanks, and Taft are named on one side. We express no preference for any one of them, but if reports are true we do object to having a man rule a nation of 90,000,000 people, who is noted for his profane language, when others of equal ability are free from such blame. Mr. Cannon is said to even exhibit pride in the fluency of his profanity. While we would be glad to see the Illinois statesman sit as President, yet we deem it our duty to record this public disapproval of him, because the government can be run just as well without the use of any questionable character.

What we have said of Mr. Cannon, we would say of any Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist or Socialist. We stand for cleanliness, sobriety, morality and not for partisanship or politics.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

At present there is little change in the money market. Over 300,000 laborers are said to be out of employment. Some business concerns are retrenching, while possibly an equal number are resuming work. It is said that as many as 70,000 foreigners, who are out of employment, left New York for Europe in one week, taking with them over $3,000,000.

The most hopeful expect several months to elapse before a normal industrial and financial condition is witnessed, if it comes at all until an adjustment of values is made all over the United States and in nearly every trade. There was evidently too much booming by inflation, although real conditions were good and promising.

The selling of Panama bonds, legislation by Congress and the marketing of western crops will help restore the circulation of money to some extent in a short time, but the prophet has not yet arisen who can see the end of the present collapse, for people are scared.



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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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THE PAUPERISM OF WEALTH.

Some people seem to think that money is the chief comfort in life. Money, like other powers, has its benefits, but when we make a catalogue of all the good things in life which money cannot buy, and also note the tendency which money has to kill these good things, then we must admit that wealth can be a pauperism of the first magnitude. The recent scandals in the court family of Germany, together with the increasing number of wealthy homes in this country who have family troubles, brings this subject to our minds with renewed force.

Palaces are not a guarantee of happiness, nor are social functions in fashionable society the source of real enjoyment, for the people who partake most of these luxuries become slaves to customs, habits and masters which rule the social world with a baneful eye and execute their wrath with an iron hand.

Man has a social nature which calls for friendship, peace of mind, justice, equity, and communion with the human family, in addition to the desire for wealth which the flesh craves.

Indeed, life, both its inner fulness and its external use to others, is not limited nor estimated by the amount of gold which it can earn, because wealthy men have not been the chief benefactors of the race, but those noble souls who have contributed sentiment to our lives are the ones who bestow the richest legacies to posterity, and as a rule these have been very poor in a financial way.

The beacon lights of history, both sacred and secular, whose names live and whose characters are revered, without exception, have been those whose kind deeds and helpful doctrines find lodgement in our hearts.

Is it a question any more, or is it forever settled, that wealth causes more human ills than it cures? Well such a question ought to be settled very easily, for, *wealth* makes paupers, both of its possessors and those from whom it is obtained. Only two years ago a New York money king was told by his medical attendant that he had better complete all of his financial deals. The rich man said, "If I am dying I want Rev. ———." The preacher came and the millionaire asked him to sing, "Come Ye Sinners Poor and Needy." The rich man was in such deep poverty that he needed assistance from another who did not possess much gold.

No, money cannot buy talent, innocence, character, achievement, a sweet disposition, loving children, a remembrance of a gracious life, nor a ray of hope when the shady curtains of mortality enclose the sick couch. Such is the pauperism of wealth, for the human soul has capacities and experiences of such priceless value and such intense yearnings that gold becomes repulsive when offered as a substitute for real soul food. Our generation needs to readjust its balances and decrees concerning the comparative values of good sentiment and gold.

WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE?

A farmer buys a horse for seventy-five dollars, and then sells him the next day for one hundred and fifty dollars, which was the real worth of the horse as reckoned by his ability. How does that deal differ from Jay Gould's deal when he bought a railroad for $18,000,000 and then sold $80,000,000 worth of stock in the same road because the earnings of the road paid a fair dividend on that amount of capital?

Is the dividend basis, or the earning capacity of a business, the correct basis upon which to base financial values? Suppose a merchant has fifty thousand dollars invested in a business which nets him ten thousand dollars annually, has he the moral right to sell one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of stock and put one hundred and ten thousands dollars of the stockholders money in his pocket because the business would still pay good dividends to the stockholders on the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar basis? Do not the farmers do this same thing when they value their farms according to their earning capacity?

Suppose a farmer talks and writes in favor of withholding crops from the market in order to advance their price, how does this differ from the Wall Street broker who tries to advance prices in order to inflate his own pocketbook?

In short when and where does an effort to make money grade into speculation, and speculation into gambling, and gambling into ruination? In conclusion the Inglenook asks for a list of enterprises in which a Christian man can engage without either being compelled to lie and cheat for his employer, or partaking of some dishonest or misleading scheme to compete with the world at large if conducting a business of his own.

Is it not, after all, the same spirit that urges a man on to accumulate wealth whether he is worth one thousand dolars or ten million? The buying, or dealing for gain alone is the same in a dollar as it is in a million dollar transaction. This same trait is manifest when school boys trade marbles. The quality remains the same until he scales the heights of Wall Street and has the word "gambler" associated with his name. Is this only a difference in degree and not in kind?

Take notice now that we are not talking about the man who labors to make a living. This is a moral duty of everybody, but the accumulation of wealth and the desire for more, is the point we want discussed by somebody.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ONE of our friends, who believes in furnishing wholesome reading for the home, sent in twenty-seven yearly subscriptions to the INGLENOOK last week—all paid for out of his own pocket-book.

We recommend that more of our friends give the INGLENOOK as a Christmas present this year to one or more of your friends. This will be furnishing a helpful present and one which will be a weekly reminder of affection for the entire year.

THE AGE OF EXPANSION.

ONLY four generations ago we were a tiny nation, barely able to stand alone, while today our interests are world-wide and our influence has increased several thicknesses all over the civilized world, and can be seen by these three facts:

1. It was the suggestion from the United States that brought the Russo-Japanese War to an amicable settlement a few years ago.

2. It was the example of the United States that kept China from being plundered and parceled out among the savage European nations.

3. It was the executive of the United States that brought the second Peace Conference into existence.

Our colonies now bring us into direct contact with the distant Orient while our social and national institutions are studied and imitated in every land where the modern awakening has been realized. Democracy, free schools, religious liberty and individual rights are spreading over the world like wild fire on a dry prairie.

Last century was an era of nationalism, but this century is to be international, in a general way, for all the leading nations, and cosmopolitan for our own nation. Our exports go into all the ports of the world. Our engineers contract immense works on every continent. Our literature is translated into every tongue.

On the other hand, our nation attracts scholars, scientists and statesmen from every country under the sun. Our universities enroll students from every zone. Our newspapers are printed in all the leading tongues. Communication from the United States to the farthest ports by cable and by wireless telegraphy aggregate hundreds of thousands of words every day. Kings, emperors and presidents have daily conferences with our chief executive, and last of all, and the greatest, is the spread of the American sentiment of justice and democracy over the world.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT is Tammany Hall and how did it receive its name?
2. Who founded Boston, Massachusetts?
3. How is Alaska governed?
4. Do Alaskan citizens vote in our national elections?
5. Would a person born in Alaska or Porto Rico or any other colony of the United States be eligible to the presidency of the United States?
6. When was slavery prohibited in Ohio?
7. Give the dates of the abolition of slavery in each state?
8. Which was the first and which was the last state to give up slavery?
9. What explorer first visited Wisconsin?
10. When was the United States debt the highest?
11. What bunch of national appropriations received the largest amount of money?
12. Did Kentucky secede from the Union?

Answers need not be sent in to the INGLENOOK, but if you find a question you cannot answer, you may request an answer through the INGLENOOK.

CANAL digging at Panama is by no means a dead issue, judging from the annual report of the isthmian canal commission. The report shows that nearly $80,000,000 has been appropriated for canal construction, and of this amount nearly $50,000,000 was expended up to the close of the last fiscal year. In these figures, however, are not included the $40,000,000 paid to the French canal company when it relinquished all its rights to the canal property, and the $10,000,000 paid to Panama for the right of way.

The expenditures up to the date named include about $40,000,000 for construction and engineering work, more than $5,000,000 for sanitation, and $2,000,000 for civil government expenses. During the fiscal year 1907, 20,000 men went the isthmus of Panama in connection with canal construction work. They went from the United States, Europe and the West Indies. The skillful force at the end of the fiscal year 1906, approximately 2,500 men, had grown to 4,400 by the end of the following fiscal year. The total force of skilled and unskilled laborers of the isthmian canal commission and the Panama railroad on June 30 last was about 30,000.



Vagabonds

Mary C. Stoner

As the summer sun slowly vanished behind its curtain of gray, a radiant glory filled earth and sky. As phalanx upon phalanx of beauty gave to the evening breeze the quietness of repose and solemn grandeur, as the heart was flooded with the awe-inspiring thoughts of evening meditation, there came from his unknown wanderings a lonely vagabond, worn from three-score years of aimless plodding. His step was faltering, the once youthful brow wore a look that told of sorrows long endured,the silver locks bore the trace of unbidden cares, which stealing softly, came like the frosts and snows of many winters. Although life was well-night spent for him, yet, in the sunset hours of evening he knew not where he was going, had before him no definite aim. He stood still, gazing, as it were, into the unknown future. The world was beautiful, so beautiful, yet to him so cold, so void of joy and comfort.

He had now one more chance of decision ere the cheerless night came upon his unsheltered head. With the pale wan face lifted, the dim eye filled with unutterable longing he looks far and long. He gazes first backward o'er the path so lately traveled. He sees transfigured by the magic wand of undying memory the past, the days of vigorous youth and manhood. Time in its kindly touchings has removed the cruel thorn pricks, and now the sweet perfume, like a halo of divine glory overshadows his soul in the benediction of the unforgotten past. He pauses, he dare not go backward. So with renewed determination his eye turned northward, with the thought of decision he ponders long and carefully, just a little way farther and all seems shrouded in weird mystery. The future gives no promise of aid, of comfort, his being is filled with dark forebodings. With a shudder he turns. Before him the beauties of the evening, softened by the gentle touch of twilight, lend to him the fancy of joys unutterable.

With a bound his heart leaps forward, he would travel toward the land of the setting sun, but a moments hesitation, swiftly the evening splendors which now lend enchantment shall be enveloped in the darkness and gloom of midnight. Cheerless! cheerless! Which shall lend aid to the way-weary feet?

Southward turns the longing eye. In the distance, dim with shadows rising over the verdant hills, comes the view of a far-off city. A sense of bitter loneliness must have pervaded the heart that was hidden beneath the worn and tattered garments, as he slowly chose the road leading to the many homes in distance, yet, among them all there was no happy fireside, no fond welcome for him.

This is not a picture of the imagination, but a real story of a real vagabond. There are many classes of vagabonds today, many who do not wear the unsightly rags of the idle wanderer, many who do not belong to the stronger class of sturdy manhood, but within the confines of the weaker sex are those who aimlessly waste the moments and mar the possibilities of beautiful true womanhood.

In the world of business, intellect and spirituality, we find the men and women who helplessly cling to the stronger lives, dependent upon them for their very existence, willing to take the trophies of honest unrelenting toil for the benefit of their own unfruitful, repelling lives.

The man in business who willingly accepts more for his work than he knows he justly deserves, the man who can depend upon another life for his maintenance is a business vagabond, a parasite, a man with no manly character, a man that does the world no good but much harm.

There are loving parents, who are sacrificing their very life blood in order to educate their sons and daughters. Among these very boys and girls are the intellectual vagabonds. They enjoy the rewarded efforts of the faithful student. They are willing to spend their study period in any kind of amusement, depending upon a stronger for the lessons which they may drink in. These very vagabonds have within them the possibilities of noble manhood, but for the lack of a determined will and tenacious struggle they destroy the divinely given powers which could change the life from one of purposeless inactivity to that of powerful usefulness. The young man or woman who has no

definite aim in life is approaching dangerously near the life of an intellectual vagabond

There is still another and larger class of vagabonds, we find them daily. They have taken shelter and are resting securely within the realm of the Christian church. Because the joys of pardon have illumined the lives of the true disciples, the spiritual parasite may imbibe a degree of the same joy, may find comfort in the delusion that he is experiencing the same communion and divine fellowship as his companions. This is a falsehood, a gross deception.

When the bright tinted glories of sunset and the calm breezes of evening waft softly o'er the earth, when the vagabond, weary without toiling, feels the approach of death's cold night, then on life's highway as he pauses, all seems cheerless and forsaken. Although he may choose the path that leads to the Holy City of God, within its beauteous walls he has no home, no abiding place, no kind welcome, no greeting of love. So as the deepening shadows gather, the approach of night stealing down o'er the soul with the anguish of unspeakable desolation, the vagabond, forlorn and deserted, is left unsheltered and forgotten, alone in the desolate hopeless night.

North Manchester, Ind.

STARTLING NEWS.

Miss Johnson, a reform worker of world-wide experience, recently stirred Chicago people by such disclosures as follows: She charges that Chicago is the clearing-house center of the white slave traffic, which covers not only the United States, but which sells unfortunate girls to Panama and the harems of Turkey and Egypt.

Miss Johnson is on her way to Washington to present proofs of these charges to President Roosevelt and to enlist his aid in the battle against this traffic. She declares that the President has it in his power to put an end to it and that she is confident he will do so when he learns of the terrible extent of the traffic in women which centers in Chicago and has its chief outlet in the Panama canal zone.

Miss Johnson told of instance after instance in which she had traced the work of these agents and had learned how they had beguiled girls from innocent homes to lives of shame.

She alleged that the white slave traffickers found their victims more often through the "little ads" of the Chicago newspapers than through any other one source.

One girl, she said, whom she met in Buda-Pesth had answered a "help wanted" advertisement in a Chicago newspaper and came from Toronto in answer to it. She was told that her work would be teaching in a foreign mission school and was sent to New York. From New York, she was sent to Paris, and from there she was forwarded to Vienna, and there for the first time she discovered what was expected of her. Eluding the agents of the syndicate, she escaped and fled with the little money that she had left to Buda-Pesth. There she was followed by a man who tried to persuade her to return, and, failing to do so, advised her to kill herself. She was compelled to leave the hotel at which she was stopping and was brought to Miss Johnson, who rescued the homeless girl.

The next day while they were walking down the street a man brushed up against the girl and thrust a paper in her hand on which was written: "Surrender or kill yourself." The girl was assisted to London by Miss Johnson, and she learned that the white slave syndicate still followed her, and that at last the persecuted girl fugitive did kill herself.

Another instance she named was of a little girl who had become separated from her parents in a railway station in Chicago and had been taken by a women, who eventually had the girl sent to Egypt. There Miss Johnson found her and all the evidence of a white slave syndicate which she is trying to locate in Chicago.

"In Egypt I met a Chicago woman, who admitted to me that she was paid $750 a year to procure girls for harems," said Miss Johnson. "She said that she imported them from all parts of the world. There were many girls from Chicago.

"You people who are here know little of the immense traffic being carried on in this business. Girls are shipped from Chicago to all parts of the world. Yes, even in Egypt we find them in the harems.

"It is no haphazard work, but the work of syndicates. In vain we have tried to trace and unravel the head sources of these companies, or this company. I say company because it is so world-wide that it may be all one giant organization. It is doing terrible work at all events.

"It advertises in the newspapers for teachers in foreign lands, and girls by the score answer. The work is made to look attractive, and before girls know what is to become of them they are in a foreign land, homeless and at the mercy of the traffickers.

"I will tell you of one girl who answered an 'ad' in a Chicago newspaper from Toronto, Canada. She was to go to work in a Presbyterian mission in Egypt. She was served with a ticket to New York. From there she sailed to Paris. She was still undeceived at Paris, and from there she was forwarded to Vienna, and there her duties were made plain. She was without money, without friends, and it seemed as though there was nothing for her to do but to yield, just as hundreds of others had done. But she did not. She took what little money she had left and fled to Buda-Pesth. There I took her in charge and assisted her to return to London.

"In the Panama canal zone the slave traffic is hor-

rible. I have been there for several months, and am here now to see if I cannot have it stopped."

Judge Fred L. Fake, chairman of the meeting, told of numerous instances where it had appeared that a white slave syndicate was doing business in Chicago.

"There was one instance," he said, "where an innocent little girl working in the basement of one of our big department stores was approached by a fashionably dressed woman and offered a nice position at $4 a day. She was young, and bewildered by the offer, which she accepted. She was detected leaving the store by one of the special officers, and the woman who accompanied her was arrested. We gave the woman a year in the house of correction. It was the best we could do under the law."

Shouts of "She ought to be hanged!" followed the Judge's account.

Judge Newcomer also recited a number of cases in which it appeared that the white slave syndicate was doing a thriving business in Chicago. The prescribed district and vice segregation were assailed as untenable.

"A law was passed not long ago in California making it a crime to be connected in any way with the traffic in girls," said the Rev. D. A. Bell, "and a millionaire who owned the building wherein a certain woman had reformed and had decided to go out of business rented it again for the same purpose for which it had been used. He was convicted of being a party to the business and was sent out on the road to work with a chain gang. That is the kind of law we need for Illinois. We want to make the millionaires suffer for their share in this hellish traffic."

HOW THE TURKEY WAS NAMED.

The original name of the Turkey was Oocoocoo, by which it was known by the native Cherokee Indians. It is supposed that our Pilgrim Fathers, roaming through the woods in search of game for their first Thanksgiving spread, heard the Oocoocoo calling in the familiar tones of our domesticated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk." These first Yankee huntsmen, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real song immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day. Much more beautiful and musical was the Indian name "Oo-coo-coo," the notes peculiar to the flock when sunning themselves in perfect content on the river benches.

VANITY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

One may soon see the pernicious effects of great vices, while some that are more alluring in the beginning and more gradual in their development, are none the less deadly in their effects. Among the vices of a more progressive nature we may class pride and vanity. They will certainly undermine the foundation of character and prosperity, in persons, neighborhoods, states and empires, as dissension and quarreling will produce war, and war will produce ruin and desolation.

Some begin quite early in life to put on airs that are vain and lofty, and to cherish a desire for finery and display. Such soon form a love for exhibiting personal appearance, mingling for vain parade with the multitude, squandering time, poring over foolish, romantic reading, and thus acquiring taste for immoral exhibitions. Pride soon lifts them above those around them, and their minds are on the stretch for new worldly notions and exciting adventures. They incline to follow every passion which they imagine will yield pleasure and vain, short-lived enjoyment.

Business employment is to them a burden, useful study a hateful task, and the real duties of life a punishment inflicted by Providence. If such will not be reclaimed, mark their course to the end. As time rolls on you will see such, having built the foundation of their characters on everything frivolous, uncertain and vain; the superstructure is sure to be composed of grosser vices, debasing sins, which must inevitably result in degradation and misery.

On the other hand, observe those who early begin and diligently pursue the opposite course. Their deportment even in childhood associates with it the budding of something steady, decisive and regular. They are easily satisfied with life's most simple gifts. They soon begin to discriminate between the real and useful, and the vain and useless, they are easily guided into useful studies, profitable reading and reasonable recreation. Their time is soon employed in laboring to become useful members of society. They learn to esteem lightly ostentatious display, and all vain parade.

Many youths, before arriving at the age of fifteen years, show great judgment in selecting substantial studies, and in their early preparation for the useful pursuits of life. Whether such turn their attention to worldly, moral or spiritual matters, they commonly move ahead in useful stations, in the places of trust they fill. They are honored in life, and their removal from earth often produces mourning and regret; while the passing away of a superficial class of useless beings is generally considered a blessing to the race.

KEEPING HONEY.

Do not store the honey in a cold place, if you want it to keep nicely. Honey kept in a cold place is very apt to "granulate," or "turn into sugar." Old honey is especially apt to do this. To dissolve the sugar, place the honey in a vessel and set the vessel into a pan of boiling water, and let the honey get thoroughly hot. Then pour into the proper vessels and keep in a quite warm place.

The Heart of the Vision

Richard Braunstein

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Prov. 29: 18.

PROVERBS are born of the storm and stress of human history. They are the evolution of a people's experience; not the handiwork of thought, but the children of the soul. There is blood in them.

This proverb is born of Israel's experience and leads into the heart of her history: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." This old Hebrew history is built on visions; out of what the seers saw. Abraham, Jacob, Moses and Isaiah were men of visions. They saw, and because they saw they built. The building power is always born of visions. Through them the nerve of heaven is brought to bear upon the facts of the earth.

The old Hebrew world with its life, legislation, and literature was born of visions. The patterns Moses saw in the mount were not like the patterns we mark around. They were visions of truth, glimpses of God and the soul, afterward expressed in candlesticks, draperies, and altars, till the whole temple throbbed with the presence of the living God.

The poets were seers. They saw beyond. They had such visions of God as threw all nature into his ministry. The heavens declared his glory, the day was full of his speech, and the night shone with his knowledge. The trees of the field clapped their hands and the mountains and hills broke forth into singing at his approach. All nature was touched and tinged by the presence of God.

The prophets were moral and spiritual seers. They *saw,* saw visions of a new world, a new age, a new man, a Godman with bleeding hands and breaking heart they built with the rough material at their feet. To them the times, the nation, all history was the great work-field of God, and the true mission of man to toil by his side.

In all this the nation was struggling through her visions into fellowship with God. Seeing beyond is always looking Godward, striving unto his presence. And when there is no vision, when we fail to look beyond, the fellowship is lost and the people perish; for we live by the fellowship of God.

And there were times when there were no visions. Men saw the temple and the furniture, but nothing beyond. They heard no voice, felt no great emotions. Temple-treaders, Isaiah called them; not listeners, not worshipers, but treaders. Good treaders, but souls are not grown in a religious treadmill. It takes visions. Life forever seeks the open sky, the larger range, the fellowship of God.

And there were times when the singers were dumb; for men saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing to sing about. The earth was a plow-field for the farmer, a pasture for the shepherd, and a quarry for the builder. Good times for grain and cattle and building, but not for men. *It takes visions* to make men. You can make no patriots, no true statesmen, no real prophets, without visions. There is always danger when we grow prosperous—when the world about us becomes too thick and gross of tongue to speak the speech of God; *when the poets fail us.*

And there were times when the prophets had no visions from the Lord. Knowledge had increased, things amassed, the people multiplied. Knowledge and things and people: and people and things and knowledge, how shall they be set to the music to divine progress? What is lacking? The vision, the idea, the creative force of heaven. Nations are not built from the bottom up, but from the top down; not up from the rocks, but down from the constitution, the idea, the *vision.* There is no art by which men and money and intellect can be shaped into a church. It can only be "built of heaven to God." And the lesson of all lessons to be learned is that men can never be built up from the earth, though we command the powers of heredity and influences of environment. He must be built not toward the Godman, but out of the Godman, inheriting his mastery. Divine progress not in knowledge and things and people, but in the mastery of the soul. Master souls are always the need of the age—masters of what we know, making every thought throb with the life of God; masters of what we have, winging every dollar with the pinions of love; masters of what we are, waking the cold marble of our humanity into living statues of Christhood.

But to reach the full meaning of this thought we need to carry our study another step, to analyze the old Hebrew vision. Whence its great value? Why do we brush aside the visions of other peoples and hold that these Hebrew visions are the very foundations of life? If we answer that they are supernatural, even this is no final answer. The word must be exchanged for another greater and more vital, just as supernatural but more practical and powerful.

If we examine one of these visions we shall find that the essential feature is not the lamp, the ladder, nor the bush. These are more or less indifferent to the essential fact. The essential fact is that a divine Person is talking with a human being. The personal is the real supernatural.

Personality is the greatest, the most real, most practical word yet born into the knowledge of man. The

real God must be personal; for only a person can speak, and a God who cannot speak for himself is no God.

Sometimes we speak of God and shape him by our definitions. This is the God of our books, and he can take excellent care of our books. But the God who takes care of me must speak for himself, must have no sponsor. He must speak for himself to me, if he mold me into his own likeness.

Also the true practical God must be personal. There is nothing on earth so practical as personal force. We sometimes say of a man that he knows enough, or he is good enough, but he can't do it. He lacks that something we call *personal force;* that something that makes things go; that something that does all the originating, the creative work in among the things of earth; that something that finds for its largest, highest, holiest field of operation not things but *men.* When the one perfect personality of all history was here on earth it was found that the supreme art of his life was to reproduce himself in others, to lift men to the level of God.

Now, at the heart of the Hebrew vision there was a personal God brooding over humanity, as the eagle broods over her young. The eagle broods over, stirs up, and thrusts forth her young that they may become like herself. So God broods over, stirs up, and thrusts out his men that they may become like himself.

"We go to prove our soul." A personal God hovers around the soul as a mother hovers around her child. They tell me that the child reared in an incubator lacks the personal qualities and development of the child who has been under the personal care of a mother. Personality is born of personality. We love him because he first loved us. The sequence is not of logic but of life. Said a kindergarten teacher who has under her a class of institutional children: "Oh those institutional children! They are like sticks, so dull, so unresponsive, so meaningless. I would rather have the dirtiest street child that has been evoked and evolved by a mother's care."

Personal development is born of a brooding personality. Deeper than the genius of a people, than all her inherited traits; deeper than her environment, whether of nature, history, or literature, is the force of a personal God in evoking and evolving personal life in men; drawing them out and up into self mastery; breathing into them a keener sensitiveness, alive and responsive to every human voice, flooding them with a richness and fullness of life that is forever breaking its boundaries and sweeping into the future with immortal forecasts. It is this exhaustless wealth of personal life that puts the world forever under tribute to man.

"All instincts immature
All purposes insure
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This was I worth to God."

Now let this idea of personality be carried into our life more definitely. It is often and truly said that the great proof of the inspiration of the Bible is that it inspires. Yet, like most epigrams, the phrase will bear some qualification. There are other books that inspire us. They inspire us with great thoughts, with true morals, with artistic fervor. But at the heart of the Bible there is something more than morals, truth, or beauty. There is divine personality. The inspiration of the Bible is more than the inspiration of the true, the good, or the beautiful; it is the inspiration of personality. It is more than an inspirational power, it is a redeeming power. It redeems us not simply to the true, the beautiful, and the good; it redeems us from self-centered individualities into living, loving, God-centered personalities. It transforms us from a whirlpool into a fountain.

Personality is not only the last word to be said about God, it is the last word to be said about us. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." This is the goal, the perfect person. The goal is not doctrinal but personal. And as we rise more and more toward the supreme goal we shall rise in power. What kind of power? Personal power. What is the Holy Spirit but the personal force of God? And it is for this we perish. It is this personal force, this Holy Spirit, whereof our nerves are scant.

Our lives are made up of so many strange, incongruous fragments. We gather ourselves in from the four corners of the world. George Mac Donald's catechism of babyhood is not astray, after all:

"Where did you come from baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through."

So we pick up along the way. We are not a chip off the old block, as we used to say. We are chips off a good many blocks. Some are old and some are new; some of the streets, and some of the schools; some of the market and some of the home.

And the real problem of life is to achieve personal unity, to find the spiritual bond that will bind all the fragments into one magnificent and masterly whole. Personalize every chip. Make every part throb with personal force.

There are two movements in life: one the gathering in, the individualizing; the other the sending out, the personalizing. What comes in never comes back the same: what comes in as earth, air, sun, and dew re-

turns in leaf, bud, and blossoms. So into our life come the fragments to be sent back again, but never the same. They are to be personalized, tinged by the soul, sent back throbbing with personal force, with the Spirit of God.

Our life is gathered into the individual to be returned again in the universal, in the gospel for all men. Here is a pansy, gathering itself into certain colors and forms. What does it return? Not its individuality, not its colors, not its form; but something more common, and yet more precious; beauty and fragrance, a gospel for all men. And here is a young man fresh from the schools with his medal, his diploma, his degree. What can he do with them? Can he take the medal and pierce it through and through with his personal force till he has personalized it?—transmuted it into coin that enriches the souls of men? Can he rise to the level of a prince and strew his way with the largess of personal powers?

Then what of his diploma, this dusty old parchment! Can he take this document and make it live again, as the genius takes some ancient tale and breathes into it new life—weaves his personality through and through it till it throbs with an undying power? Can he take this dry parchment and weave his personality through and through it—*make it tell the great story of the cross?*

Then he has been graduated to a certain degree. He has been graduated, now as he steps down into the world what is to be his graduation power, his personal force? Will he be able to graduate bootblacks, newsboys, and street arabs into manhood? Will he have the power to graduate the hopeless into hope, the weak into strength, the foolish into wisdom, and the bad into good?

What is this personal force? This is the supreme question of life, that which makes the difference between success and failure. This is the supreme factor in the nation's life, that by which she rises into divine vigor. This is the supreme factor in human history, that by which she climbs the rugged heights of progress.

The woman of Samaria came to the well a mere drawer of water. She went out of the presence of Christ an exhaustless fountain springing up into everlasting life. It is on the flood tide of personalities that history is lifted through the ages.

A SWEET-SCENTED PILLOW.

One Christmas gift for a city girl is a pillow made of bay-leaves and sweet-fern. The cover is of white linen with embroidered wreath and monogram in one corner and the ruffle hemstitched. The cover has buttons and buttonholes on one end so it can be easily removed and laundered.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the morn,
Hundreds of lambs in the crimson clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over."

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BY G. FEGLEY.

VII. W. L. Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805. His father was from New Brunskick, a sea captain, and of literary taste and ability. His mother was a very religious woman and he inherited characteristic traits from both parents. In 1814 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Lynn, but was taken back to Newburyport upon his mother finding that he did not like the trade. He then went to school; working and choring to pay his board. In 1818 he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but this also was distasteful to him, and in the same year was apprenticed to the printer of the Newburyport *Herald.* This suited him immensely, and he soon mastered every detail of the business.

At the age of sixteen he wrote anonymously for the paper, and taking courage from their reception, began writing anti-slavery articles under the name "Anstides" for the Salem Gazette. He became editor of the Herald in 1824, and in 1826 became proprietor of the Newburyport Free Press, putting his editorials in type without writing them out. This paper was not successful, and he went to Boston, and in 1827 became editor of the National Philanthropist. With a friend, in 1828, he became publisher of the Bennington, Vt., Journal of the Times. With Benjamin Lundy, he in 1829 associated himself with editorial control of the Baltimore, Md., Genius of Universal Emancipation. For his anti-slavery views expressed in this paper he was imprisoned for libel and had his fine paid by a New York merchant, Arthur Tappan. Next he prepared a series of abolition speeches which he delivered in New York and other places.

January 1, 1831, he published at Boston the first number of the Liberator, and remained its editor for thirty-five years, when slavery was abolished in the United States. For several years nearly every mail brought him threatening and abusive letters. Even the legislature of Georgia offered a reward of $5000. to anyone who could bring him to conviction according to the laws of that state. In 1835 an infuriated mob of pro-slaveryites dragged him through the streets of Boston with a rope tied around his body. The South constantly appealed to the mayor to suppress his paper.

He cared nothing about party lines, he was after the abolition of slavery, Constitution or no Constitution. He visited England in 1833, preaching abolition to all kinds of audiences, and on his return organized the American Anti-Slavery Society, and became its president. In 1846 and 1848 he again visited England in its interests. Wendell Philips, one of America's greatest orators, became full of zeal for the anti-slavery cause when he saw the Boston mob dragging Garrison through the streets. The more opposition he had, the harder Garrison worked for his one insistent idea, and in 1865, after slavery was totally abolished, his friends presented him with a purse of $30,000. as a memorial of his services. In 1867 he again visited England and publicly was complimented by the Duke of Argyll and the Hon. John Bright for his great services. He died at New York, May 24, 1879. A volume of his poems was published in 1847, and selections from his writings and speeches in 1852.

Worthy of mention—Horace Greely, history and politics; R. W. Gilder, poetry; U. S. Grant, memoirs; Asa Gray, botany; J. R. Gilmore, novels; Mrs. Caroline Gilman, poems and tales; H. D. Gilpin, law and biography; Park Godwin, biography and history; E. L. Godkin, travels; John B. Gough, temperance; Hannah F. Gould, poetry; Rufus W. Griswold, literature; Charles E. A. Gayarre, Louisiana; J. P. Gordy, psychology.

Bryan, Ohio.

MODERN SLAVERY.

A. C. WINE.

In this fair land of ours there is a power greater than the courts, greater than legislatures, superior to arbitration, and beyond the control of any governmental power now existing.

Industrial history having reached cutthroat competition, it passed into the period of the most soulless of corporations. They are known as "trusts."

Their monopolizing systems are moving on at an unchecked speed. They are destined to become the master of the food and clothing supply of all the world. They regulate the price of every head of cattle that is bought, and of every pound of beef that is sold. They dictate the price of all products from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They fix the transportation rates of all the fruit, beef, poultry, vegetables, dairy products and cereal crops that are shipped to any part of the United States.

The trusts are compelling the railroads to pay them three-fourths of a cent for every mile their refrigerator cars are hauled. They compel them to collect an enormous sum for icing cars. All this money is collected for the selfish interest of the Trusts. It is a great injustice that is being thrust upon the people of our land. It is sapping the very life from the farmer, merchant and laborer. It causes the rich to become richer and the poor to become poorer.

The trusts affect all produce from the farm to the table, from the factory to the consumer, and take tribute all the way.

The trusts receive twenty-five million dollars each year in rebates from the railroads. The government has declared this unlawful, but it continues still.

Every movement of the trusts infringes upon the national or state laws. But in the face of all this they stand in bold defiance against any movement the Government may make to destroy their monopoly.

Never in the history of the world did one man conceive a commercial empire so dazzling. Never before did one man control the food supply of one hundred million people.

In 1904 the beef trust alone caused a loss of $12,500,000 to the farmers, forty banks to close and to write above the doors "Failure caused by the Beef Trust." And not less than a half-dozen bank officers committed suicide. All this loss was inflicted upon the people in the small state of Iowa.

The operation of the trusts has caused farmers, stockmen, merchants and bankers to fail utterly, has precipitated strikes, and annihilated industries. Is this complying with the world's Golden Rule, "The greatest good for the greatest number"? Every man, woman, and child living is a slave to the trusts of America.

All of us are aware of the fact that something has been affecting the price of our household provisions. Believe me it is none other than the trusts, that are holding us in bondage and taking a recompense of all that we have so nobly earned by the energy exerted under a hard taskmaster.

One of the most important reasons why the trusts should be annihilated is for the protection of our health. We are allowing them to feed us prepared food, made from diseased cattle, that is not fit for the lowest class of foreigners to eat, much less should the highest class of civilization submit to it.

Can we expect justice, when the United States Senate is composed of trust sympathizers?

Unless something is done before the next presidential campaign, there will be one of the greatest political revolutions this world has ever known.

May some one among the master minds of knowledge be wise enough, with God's help to steer the ship of financial justice safely through the rising tidal wave of trusts into the clear waters of fraternalism, beyond.

Union Bridge, Md.

Man achieves big things by patiently attending to the little details.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

LOCKJAW AND HYDROPHOBIA.

The fearful tetanus, or lockjaw, was ascribed in all the books when I was a student to puncture or irritation of a nerve, and both hands and feet were sometimes cut off to stop the irritation going up the nerve to the spine. Now we know that it is due to a fatal poison in the blood, which acts like strychnia, though more painfully, and which is produced by a bacillus lodged in a punctured wound made by some stick, nail, or pistol wad on which this evil bacillus happened to be. It is a soil bacillus and swarms in rich garden earth, particularly where guano or fish manure is used. All wounds, therefore, into which earth has entered should be promptly cauterized.

Hydrophobia also presents another illustration of what modern science can do. A recent remarkable discovery by Dr. Ira Van Giesen, of the Laboratory of the New York Board of Health, makes it possible now to determine in a few minutes what used to take weeks to decide. As dogs are so generally shot if they bite people in the streets, it then becomes an anxious question whether the dog was mad or not. Formerly, to settle this question, rabbits were inoculated with the saliva or blood of the suspected dog, to see if it gave them the disease. But it might be necessary to wait a month to be sure on this point. But Dr. Van Giesen has discovered that a slice of a mad dog's brain shows an appearance in the brain-cells never found except in rabies. If this is found, the serum treatment initiated by the illustrious Pasteur should be commenced at once, because it very rarely fails to prevent the development of this dreadful malady if begun in time.

To impress upon his youthful mind the importance of guarding against infections, the medical student at the laoratory is given this object-lesson: Two test-tubes, nearly filled with a clear meat broth and then closed at the top with a cotton plug, are given to him, with directions to wash his hands with soap and water and clean his nails with a brush as thoroughly as he can for some ten minutes. After he thinks that his hands have become altogether clean, he removes the plug from one of the test-tubes and barely touches with a finger-tip its contained broth, after which he restores the cotton plug and puts both tubes away on a shelf for twenty-four hours. What he will see then is that the broth in the test-tube which received his supposedly pure touch is turbid from the presence of millions of microbes, while the other tube remains perfectly clear.

Some years ago Dr. Herman Knapp, the distinguished oculist of New York, in order to remove the incredulity of some medical men on this subject, presented at the Academy of Medicine six rabbits on which he had performed the operation of extracting the lens of the eye, as is done for patients with cataract. Three of the rabbits had their lenses removed by instruments taken bright and clean from his operating-case; the other three had their lenses dug out with an ordinary carpet tack. The result was that the three rabbits that were operated on with his usual instruments for the purpose had lost their eyes by purulent ulceration, while the eyes of the three on which the carpet tack was used had healed perfectly. The explanation was that the carpet tack was first sterilized by passing it through the flame of an alcohol lamp, while the instruments were used directly from their velvet-lined case.

When I came to New York, no surgeon dared to operate for appendicitis, because to open the abdomen then meant almost certain death, and as for opening the skull to extract a brain tumor, none but a lunatic would have thought of such a thing! Appendicitis occurred in those days as often as now, but the patients were left to die with what was then called peritonitis, for which only opium in heroic doses was given. At present, whenever the symptoms of peritonitis develop, something in the nature of a surgical accident within the abdominal cavity is suspected. If nothing else will explain the matter, an exploratory operation opening this once sacred cavity is gone through with, quite unconcernedly, because if need be the surgeon is ready then to sew up a hole in the stomach caused by an ulcer, or to resect a yard of the intestine. As to that big bag, the peritoneum —which, if its folds were all opened out, would be four times the extent of the skin—if he finds that pus-making microbes have got into its cavity, he will then flood it with gallons of water, sterilized by being well boiled.

Though the reader can now imagine what unnumbered lives have been saved by this vigilance against infection by inoculation, the triumphs by the same means of what is called conservative surgery are no less complete. Limbs or other parts terribly injured in railroad accidents, or in machine shops, or in war, which formerly would have been dealt with by immediate amputation, are now preserved to their owners almost as a matter of course. And all on principles of disinfection of such wide application that every specialist in affections of the eye, ear, nose, throat, etc., has now to be a diligent student of bacteriology.

The term "infectious" should be applied to all diseases caused by the entrance into the body of their specific microorganisms. A brief and easily remembered classification of these diseases might be formulated as follows: Those which are communicated from the sick to the healthy directly. That is, simple proximity is sufficient to convey the disease. To this class only should the term "contagious" be applied. Those which are communicated from the sick to the healthy indirectly, that is, by some intermediate carrier of the infection, and not by simple proximity. These diseases, therefore, are not "contagious," and those sick with them can be personally attended without danger.

Now, every infection can be communicated by injection into a vein, and some of the contagious diseases, like smallpox and scarlet fever, may be carried by clothes, or even by letter, from one person to another. The term "contagious" need not be objected to because, strictly speaking, it defines the mode of communication to be by personal contact. This probably is not the actual mode in the majority of cases, but the explanatory term "proximity" is amply sufficient; and, moreover, points out the only adequate means of prevention, namely, quarantine. The practical question, then, becomes how long the quarantining of the sick should be continued, and this can be settled only according to the particular infection itself. The chief members of this class are: smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, influenza, typhus (not typhoid) fever, the bubonic plague, mumps, besides some other minor contagious complaints.

It is with the mode of propagation of those diseases which are communicated by some intermediary carrier, that the public needs the most instruction. The chief members of this class are typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, and tuberculosis. None of them is contagious—the person sick with them may be attended all through the illness by physicians, nurses, or friends, without their contracting the disease. And yet no person ever has any one of these affections without having got it from some one who who has it.

The scene at an operating-table in one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old holy priests of Solomon's Temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while every one about the table has gone through as many ablutions as befits the occasion of a bloody sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate Goddess of Cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything—towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments, and what not, while the floor itself is made of glass or glazed tiles, rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till he has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his own fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound, he would be ejected instanter for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.

The results of this vigilant war against microbes are simply marvelous, and can be fully appreciated only by those who, like myself, can remember the surgery of former days in hospital wards and on the battle-field.—Dr. William Hanna Thompson, in the November Everybody's.

THE NEW ORDER.

Modern methods in empire-building have caused vast changes in Texas during the past two years. The biggest cattle ranches in the State have been cut up and sold, or are being sold, and hundreds of comparatively big ones which remain are being surveyed and staked. The farmer is coming, and the day of the long-horn is past. In place of the

lean-flanked steer is found the complacent white-face, round and comely and sleek; in place of the belted, ammunition-weighted cowboy, the bland German farmer who raises Bermuda onions on the shores of the Rio Grande. A recent journey from Amarillo to El Paso, from El Paso to Nueces Bay, did not discover a man who wore his weapon in sight.

The whole Southwest is changing fast. In the Panhandle, the cattleman has given place to the cattle raiser (a significant distinction in Texas), and in the southwest gulf-coast country the truck gardener has pushed him out of the plan entirely, or driven him, by virtue of example, to put his hand to the plow. In Texas a "truck patch" is any kind of a farm not devoted to cotton. It may comprise five acres or five thousand, but unless it grows cotton it is a truck patch, just the same.

Sugar-making appears to be one of the destined large industries of this prolific state. The lower valley of the Rio Grande, for a distance of 100 miles inland from the gulf, is said by sugar-cane experts to be the most favorable spot in the United States for the cultivation of that plant. Owing to its extreme southern latitude, 400 miles south of the Louisiana cane-fields, the crop may develop fully without danger of frost. Planters in the lower Rio Grande valley give their cane a full twelve months to mature, against eight or ten in Louisiana, where frost is always a menace later than October. The combined richness of the Texas soil, unequaled even in Cuba, and favorable climatic conditions, place the yield of this region above that of Hawaii. A planting of cane "joints" will yield in Texas profitably for eight years, against three years, at the extreme, in other cane-growing sections of the United States.

Texas has great plans for coming into the sugar market of the United States, and coming in strong. Great plantation companies are being organized, and the most extensive irrigation works on this continent are under process of construction in the Rio Grande valley. Refineries are springing up there, and the companies building them are offering every inducement and assistance to industrious men of small means to come in and begin producing cane. The poor mans' chance lies down there today on the Texas frontier.

Land hunger laid its grip on the nation about three years ago, and for two years it has been acute. Its first symptoms were apparent in the jostling rush into the opened Indian lands of the Northwest, where the rule was ten candidates for every quarter-section the government had to parcel out. This seemed to bring the people to a realization of the situation, of the undeniable fact that public lands worth having were practically all entered, that cheap tracts were disappearing like snow before a chinook.

There are several potent factors to be considered as leading up to this situation, to this growing scarcity, this unprecedented demand. Foreign immigration, indirectly, has a bearing, but only in so far as it crowds the industrial marts of the East and pushes American-born men—who find it harder and harder, more painful, more degrading, to adjust their ideas of manhood and freedom to the ever-growing exactions of capital—out into the open; out into the promise of a chance at life where it is not all give on their side and all take on that of the other man. But as for the foreign-born taking away the American's birthright of land, it hasn't come to that to any great extent. Government figures show that out of the total of 1,100,735 immigrants who entered our ports in the year ending June 30, 1906, only four per cent found their way into the Southwest. Ninety per cent of them remained in the East that is, east of the Alleghanies, crowding just that many others a little farther along toward the fringe of the West. As for the Southwest, it would welcome any kind of a foreigner, save a yellow-tinted one, who would turn his hand to the soil.

In the production of cotton, Oklahoma ranks sixth among the states. In 1906 it produced one million bales, and this year will probably bring it up to fourth place.

Oklahoma very nearly overlooked cotton, too. The Northern men who came in with the rush didn't think of it as a cotton country, didn't think of it as much of anything, in fact, when they saw the red soil, red as a clay bank where a log pile has been burned. It remained for a band of obscure Georgia negroes, in dire misfortune, to discover its cotton qualities and give it one of its chief sources of wealth.

It was along about 1890 that a negro, E. P. McCabe, ex-auditor of Kansas, with two associates, acquired 320 acres of land near Guthrie, laid out a town site, and induced some 2,000 negroes from the South to settle there. But the town, having nothing to support it, was a failure; the inhabitants were scattered. Still, a few remained, some of them even acquiring land which the white man had passed over as worthless. One day in the fall of 1892, a committee of these negroes visited Guthrie and laid before the business men of that city a wonderful story of cotton. Recognizing in the black-jack soil a close similarity to that of the Georgia cotton lands, some of them had planted a few seeds, which, somehow, had clung to their effects when they migrated to the new country. The result had been a prolific yield of extra-fine cotton, and the committee had come to Guthrie to solicit aid in sending South for seed enough to plant crops the following spring.

No one knew about cotton in Oklahoma, and for a long time no one would listen to them. But at length they found a man who was interested. He drew others in, a carload of seed was bought and distributed among the negroes, and in the spring of 1893 the first cotton crop was planted in Oklahoma.—G. W. Ogden, in Everybody's.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

Of yore the educator was wont to look at the work-a-day world from afar, and somewhat askance. At college he had passed from the student's desk to tutoring, from tutoring to a professor's chair. He was accustomed to regard men and things chiefly as depicted in books, tabulated in statistics, or reported in the proceedings of legislatures and courts. How the college looked from the outside, wherein it failed to prepare its graduates for the toil and tug of actual life, he knew not. And thus usually the college staffs of a generation ago were leaven indeed, but leaven that kept to its own corner, secluded from the lump. In contrast to these aloof educators of times past are thousands of teachers throughout the technical and agricultural schools of America today. They stand for a revolution profoundly affecting all other schools. Not many years ago all boys were educated as if to become clerks, or pass to the professions of law, the ministry, or medicine. But most boys must earn their bread at farming or railroading, in the factory or workshop; why not, therefore, begin at school to teach how these life tasks may be performed faithfully and well? And why not, also, bring out the significance of these tasks, involving as they do principles of the highest importance and interest?

Everywhere these gardens prove with what delight and profit children may begin at school the work of later life, how principles of unending interest may be unfolded in simple tasks of sowing and pruning, hoeing and reaping. Here, harking back to noteworthy experiments, selected seeds are sown, with the striking contrast between their harvests and the crops reaped from ordinary seeds. Not less instructive is it to compare two plots planted with potatoes, one sprayed against blight, the other neglected and so only producing a few under-sized tubers. In the course of four years a special area, of, say, twenty-five square yards, is cropped the first year with wheat, the second with clover, the third with grass for pasture, and the fourth with a cultivated crop as Indian corn or potatoes. All to illustrate the profit of a rotation which in four years works much less exhaustion to the soil, yields larger crops, and leaves the land freer from weeds, than if only grain had been sown year after year. These simple lessons form what Dr. Robertson calls the tripod of good farming: (1) sowing selected seed on prepared soil; (2) protecting crops against insects and fungous diseases; (3) a rotation of crops adapted to the soil and to the markets. At Tryon School Garden, Prince Edward Island, the children reaped 32 per cent more wheat from a plot sown with selected seed than was borne on an adjoining plot sown with unselected seed. When barley followed clover it yielded 17 per cent more than when barley followed a cereal without clover stubble having been plowed in. As remarkable as these results in crops are the effects on the young sowers and reapers themselves. Uniform examinations for entrance to high schools are held throughout Ontario in July. In 1906 in Carleton County from schools without gardens 49 per cent of the candidates were successful; from five Macdonald schools where all candidates had been school gardeners for three consecutive years, 71 per cent were admitted, mostly with high standing. As in all such education it was shown that when part of a school-day is given to toil with the hands, at the bench and out of doors, the book work at the desk takes on a fresh meaning, and inspires a new zest.—American Review of Reviews.

The decline, for various causes, of the apprenticeship system, has naturally led to the encouragement of manual training schools, which aim to carry on the education of the head and the hand together. As a result of this wise coordination, the better equipped of these schools are turning out intelligent artisans who are making their mark in the various industries. Manual training is also taught in many city and town public schools, and doubtless in time it will be a part of the public school system everywhere. If farmers' boys may be taught the use of tools and the girls the mysteries of housekeeping, dressmaking and millinery simultaneously with the mastery of the three R's, a great gain will have been made. Farmers would no longer suffer vexation and delay by reason of inability to get urgently needed repairs made, and farmers' wives and daughters would no longer be obliged to engage dressmakers a year in advance and to undergo all the disappointments which such delays naturally entail. Farm life would not only become more attractive in consequence, but the boys and girls, by having more varied interests, and those calling for the exercise of unusual skill and thought, would be rendered more happy and contented.



Echoes from Everywhere

EDUCATIONAL.

"Too much idealism and too little common sense from individual teachers of our children; that is just what is the matter with our public school system," was the challenge of Dr. Rufus A. White to Superintendent of Schools Cooley at the session of the school management committee of the board of education in Chicago.

"For instance, we give to thousands of boys and girls who are soon to go from the schoolroom to active business life, an education such as might fit them for a literary career, but insures to them no knowledge of the things they will need to know immediately they have begun working for their living," continued Dr. White.

"It is little short of a crime to teach a boy a vocabulary suited to a literary man, and turn him into a business office unable to spell the commonest terms used by business men."

Out of 420,000 Massachusetts school children examined, 95,000, or over 22 per cent, are suffering from defective vision, while from 40,000 to 50,000 need immediate care by specialists, stated Dr. Geo. H. Martin, secretary of the State board of education.

The first exercises in observance of the 300th anniversary of the birth of John Harvard, founder of the university bearing his name was held in the Fogg Museum, Nov. 14. A lecture upon "John Harvard in England" was delivered by Dr. James K. Hosmer.

The bureau of insular affairs has received a cablegram from the Governor General of the Philippine Islands indicating that probably three hundred teachers will be required in June.

These teachers will be selected from among those passing either the teachers' or assistants' examinations which are held semi-annually by the United States Civil Service Commission.

REFORM.

The first National Pure Beverage Exposition will open in the Chicago Coliseum on December 10 and various and fancy brands of "liquor" will be displayed to the public. The exposition will not, however, have everything its own way, for the Women's and the Young Peoples Christian Temperance Unions propose to run a rival exposition in a near-by building and every advertising scheme of the liquor promoters will be met by the temperance workers. Magazines and pamphlets on temperance will be distributed at the very doors of the liquor show and determined foes of the saloon and all it stands for will be on hand at all times to offset the claims by the liquor element. The "dry" exposition will be in force just as long as the "wet" show continues.

The British government has yielded to the teetotalers and intends to try to make the English people sober by act of parliament. The liberal party has often promised to deal with the drink question. It finds that it cannot back out of it.

Evidence against 139 Chicago saloons, showing that they were open on Sunday, was procured by 150 private detectives, acting for the Chicago Law and Order League. Four saloons were selected in each of the thirty-five wards.

A council of Jewish women are circulating this letter to the large dailies of our cities:

We beg to call your attention to an effort being made by us to secure a higher moral tone in the general contents of the public press. We recognize the great educational power of the free press in a free country, and we are convinced that the value of the press would be greatly enhanced by the exclusion of a large amount of matter which at present finds its way into print.

It is a fact which all will recognize that the preponderance of personal and social scandal appearing in the papers would lead one to believe that this kind of news is of greater interest to the reading public. The manner in which most of this matter appears is demoralizing and injurious to the moral and intellectual welfare of those who read it, especially to the youth of our country.

We believe that without infringing upon the full liberty of the press, it is possible to restrict the amount of this obnoxious news, as well as change the manner in which this is treated. With this end in view, the Council of Jewish Women, at the meeting of its Executive Committee, sitting in Norfolk, Va., Nov. 7, 1907, adopted the following resolution:

"Be it resolved, that we vigorously deprecate the publication of such details or trials as are a menace to public morals, and also that we ask all public spirited persons to refuse support to those journals that in the daily publishing of this and other objectionable and sensational material, do ignore their high privileges; and that we oppose this evil in practical ways, and especially in the line of developing public opinion to appreciate its danger. We earnestly appeal to editors to aid us in this effort."

We aim to secure the coöperation of all persons and organizations working for the education and moral welfare of the people. It is important that we arouse a strong, public sentiment in accord with our plea, and we appeal to you to use your influence, personally or collectively, through the summer assembly, the convention, the magazine, the lecture platform, the press, the pulpit, the club meeting or any other agency at your command to accomplish this object.

Will you kindly advise me of whatever action you take and give publicity to it?

If you are interested, an expression of your views on the subject will be much appreciated. Sincerely yours,

Cornelia Kahn, Chairman.

NATIONAL.

The Grant memorial which is to be erected in Washington is to be one of the most imposing of the many products of the skill of sculptor and architect that are seen in the national capital. The work is the product of the joint labors of H. M. Shrady, sculptor, and E. P. Casey, architect. It is a single composition of three pieces on a terrace 250 feet by 40. The central figure is an equestrian statue of Grant. At one end is a group of artilley going into action and at the other a body of cavalry riding to a charge.

Congress has ordered that this work be placed at the foot of the capitol in the botanic gardens; but a good deal of opposition has been expressed because to locate it here would necessitate the cutting away of some historic old trees. The President temporarily restrained the officials from cutting down the trees, but the memorial will be erected in Washington, whether in this place or not.

General Allen, chief signal officer of the War Department, said recently that he expected to make publication of specifications for dirigible balloons for the use of the United States government

When the specifications are put out bids will be invited from every one who thinks he has an airship of that sort. The competition will be open to everyone.

After the department has secured the best gas balloon it may ask for bids on the other kind.

Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, declared before a large audience at Cooper Union in New York, recently that the United States Supreme Court, without any warrant under the Constitution, is really governing the country by amending the laws of Congress to suit itself.

To remedy this great evil, as he characterized it, Justice Clark proposed that the Legislatures of two thirds of the States of the Union call upon Congress to summon a National Constitutional Convention to amend the Federal Constitution and conform it more to the spirit of the times.

CHURCH.

The plan of federation of our American Protestant churches, recommended by the Inter-Church Conference in 1905, provided that, when two-thirds of the constituent denominations had taken favorable action it should at once become operative. Such action has now been taken, and the first meeting of the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America" will be held in December, 1908. There will be not less than thirty denominations taking part, with over 17,000,000 members. All great moral and religious questions will come within the range of its concern.

GENERAL.

At least a hundred kleptomaniacs are known to New York department stores. Most of the managers admit that kleptomania is a disease, to be dealt with as such. There is a certain grim humor, affording food for thought, in the fact that two of the worst offenders belong to the families of high insurance officials and another is the wife of a bank cashier! There is one pitiful case of a woman whose daughter, a child of ten, always acompanies her and promptly informs some one in authority when her mother enters a store.

The number of vehicles that passed a point on Fifth avenue near Fifty-eighth street in twenty-four hours was 10,379, of which 7,010 were drawn by horses and 3,309 were automobiles. And all this change has arisen, practically, in five years.

The new custom house at Galveston, Texas, is completed at a cost of $14,000,000. Her export and import trade exceeds $1,000,000,000 annually, being second to New York City.

Miss Annie Gosling, superintendent of the District Nurses' Association of Liverpool, England, speaks thus regarding poverty in America and England:

There is nothing in this country to compare with London's Whitechapel. It is awful. I have seen hundreds of children born in the most abject poverty, a grain sack on the floor for a bed, without a stitch of clothing provided for their entrance into the world, to say nothing of the absence of food and medical care.

This is hardly more saddening than her further statement:

But we are improving on the other side. Our titled women of wealth, numbers of them, are joining the active campaign.

FOREIGN.

It will be very funny if the agitation against the dramatic censorship leads to the institution of a censorship of novels. Bram Stoker, who may be remembered as Henry Irving's business man during his American tours, has created something like alarm among literary people by advocating such an office. Stoker speaks, of course, with the certainty of one who has had experience both as regards stage plays and novels, but in reality his remarks at the authors' Club have only been waged for some time past.

Ten thousand warriors of the Benis Nassen tribe of Arabs made a desperate attack on the French troops in Algiers last week. After a fierce and prolonged battle they were beaten off, leaving 1,200 of their dead on the field.

The route of the Arabs was completed by a vigorous shelling by the artillery. The French loss was eight killed.

The Arabs were not discouraged by this severe repulse, but reformed their forces and in addition directed their efforts to rousing other tribes.

German temperance people petitioned the Prussian Government to run special cars reserved for sober people on Saturday and Sunday night trains. There are times and places, where such cars might be useful here.

ECONOMY.

One million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold is lying at Summit, on Thompson pass, on its way from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Seattle. Several armed guards are watching the gold day and night. Of this amount $450,000 is in dust and the rest in bricks. It is the largest shipment ever send out over the trail from Fairbanks.

Fully $100,000,000 of foreign gold has been imported into the United States during the past thirty days, in order to keep finances going. People are hoarding what gold they can get, which keeps the money markets unsettled.

In 1906, 10,618 persons were killed and 97,706 injured by the railroads of the United States, as against 6,335 killed and 29,027 injured in 1890. During our war with Spain our total lossess in killed and wounded amounted to less than 500—or, to be exact, 290 killed and 65 wounded. During the war between Japan and Russia, the Japanese casualties on land amounted to 153,652. Yet railroad casualties in the United States in a single year were 108,324. That is a disgraceful exhibit for the United States, and goes to show that we set a low estimate upon the value of human life.

Trade between the United States and Latin American countries aggregated more than $600,000,000 during the past year. This is more than twice as much as the trade figures of ten years ago. The trade increase may be traced principally to the influence of the Pan-American Exposition which was held in Buffalo in 1901. All Latin-American countries were represented, many of them having extremely fine exhibits.

Alaska is so far off from us that we do not as a rule, pay enough attention to it to know what its size is. The Fairbanks Daily News says of it: Drawn to the exact scale, Alaska, if placed on top of the United States, would reach from Savannah, Ga., to Los Angeles, and from Mexico to Canada, and its range of climate and physical conditions are even greater. The strip of mainland and islands fronting the Pacific ocean are as warm in winter as Kansas. The Arctic coast is colder than Duluth which part you refer to as carefully as you would in speaking of a place in the United States, bearing in mind that it is as important as it is to let one know whether you mean Illinois or Georgia, Minnesota or Texas.

SOCIAL.

"We have the worst record for divorces of any nation upon earth. In twenty years we have in the United States divorced 328,000 couples, thus affecting the destinies of 656,000 married persons and thousands of children. This is on an average of 16,000 couples yearly. In ten years Chicago has divorced 16,388 couples.

As a result of his having lately become an honorary member of the Mothers' Club, President Roosevelt has invited the International Congress of Mothers to hold their 1908 meeting in the White House. It will be open March 10, and will close March 17. The President will open the congress with an address.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—Brethren to locate in Shelby Co., Mo. Land reasonable. No commission. N. C. Folger, Cherry Box. Mo. J. A. Lapp, Leonard, Mo.

WHY NOT EARN

one or more of these

VALUABLE PREMIUMS

On the following pages we describe some very desirable premiums to be given to our subscribers for securing new subscriptions in households where the Inglenook is not already taken.

These, however, are subject to the following conditions:

1. They are made to Inglenook subscribers only, that is, to receive a premium one must pay for one full year's subscription himself.

2. A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers and introduces the Inglenook to a household where it has not been received in the past year.

3. A premium cannot be given to any one for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself he can receive a premium for every other new yearly subscription he may send us under these conditions.

4. When we say new subscription we mean one full year's subscription at full price, $1.00.

5. Premiums cannot be allowed for subscriptions to reading rooms, libraries and other public institutions.

6. Transferring the subscription from one member of a household to another is considered a renewal.

7. If one member of a household is a subscriber for the Inglenook, any member of that household may work for a premium, but when such a worker writes us, the name printed on the margin or wrapper of paper coming to the household must be mentioned.

8. Our premium offer will stand good until April 1, 1908.

9. Don't hold subscriptions. Send them to us promptly accompanied with the money, and if you are going to work for a club we will give you credit and the premium may be selected any time before April 1, 1908.

10. If you want to work for a premium be sure your own subscription is paid in advance.

11. Two new subscriptions for six months at 50 cents each will be counted as one subscription on premium.

12. If you do not want any of these premiums in pay for securing new subscriptions to the Inglenook, we will extend the time of your subscription three months for each new yearly subscription sent us, by you.

13. The subscription price of the Inglenook is $1.00 a year in advance.

14. Send money by postoffice money order, express money order, bank draft, or registered letter at our risk, otherwise it will be at the risk of the sender. Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for subscriptions.

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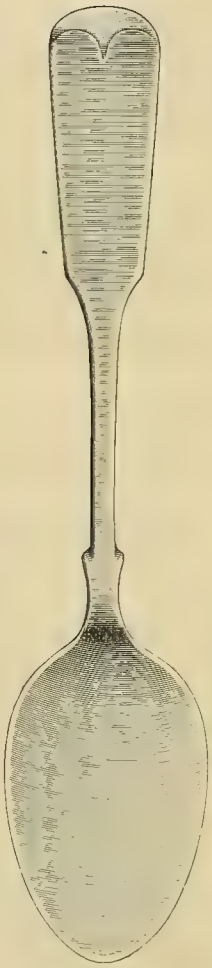
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PREMIUM LIST



3. **One Set Table Spoons.** Heavy German silver, tipped pattern. No plating. Splendid value. Catalog price, $2.00

For Two New Subscriptions and 10c postage.



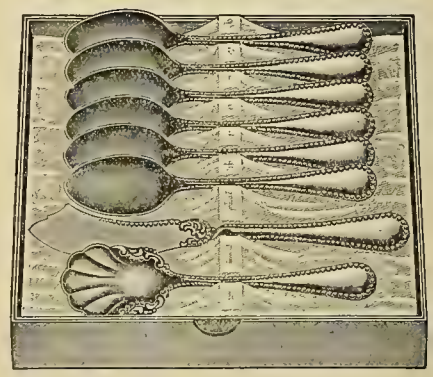
2. **Six German silver teaspoons.** Tipped pattern. Heavy weight. Will wear a lifetime. Catalog price, $1.00.

For One New Subscription and 5c postage.



1. **Butter Knife and Sugar Shell.** Solid nickel silver through and through. Fancy embossed pattern. In silk-lined box. Catalog price, $1.00.

For One New Subscription.



4. **Eight-piece Set.** In silk-lined box, containing six teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Solid nickel silver. No plating. Catalog price, $2.20.

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5. **Gravy Ladle.** Shell pattern, celebrated Wm. A. Rogers 1881 brand. Catalog price, $1.50.

For Two New Subscriptions.

6. **Ladies' Hand Bag.** Sea lion embossed, riveted metal frame, spring clasp, gun metal and nickel, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 5 x 8½. Value, $1.00.

For Two New Subscriptions.



7. Best Alarm Clock, with the Gilbert patent detachable one day alarm. Height, 6⅛ inches. 4½ in. Arabic Dial. Catalog price, $2.00.

For Four New Subscriptions.

8. Ladies' Hand Bag. Imitation horn-back alligator, brown, tan or gray. Ball catch, metal frame, gilt finish, round bottom, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 4½ x 8¾ inches. Value, $2.00.

For Four New Subscriptions.

9. One Dozen Tablespoons. Celebrated Wm. A. Rogers quality. Heavy weight, nickel silver, will not wear off. Catalog price, $4.00.

For Five New Subscriptions.



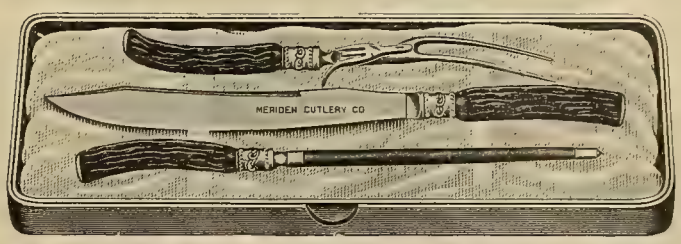
10. Trio Silver Set, consisting of 1 gravy ladle, 1 cold meat fork, and 1 berry spoon. Beautiful design, solid nickel silver. Each piece boxed separately. Catalog price, $3.50.

For Five New Subscriptions.



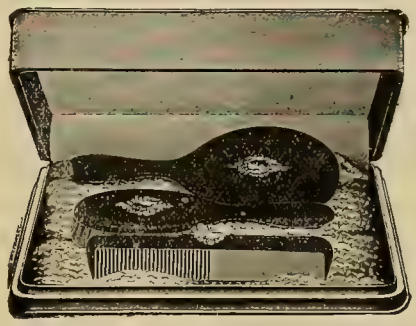
11. Set Knives and Forks. Solid nickel silver, through and through. Shell pattern, highly finished. Catalog price, $7.20.

For Eight New Subscriptions.



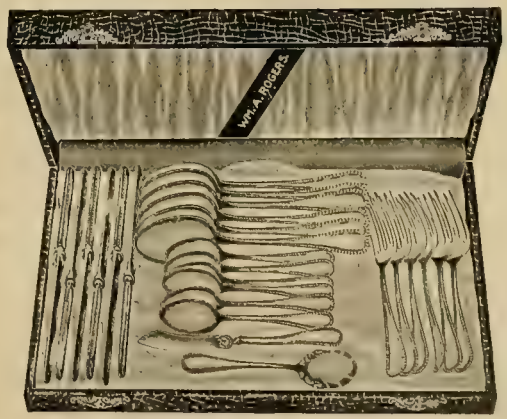
12. Three Piece Carving Set. 9-inch blade, sterling silver ferrules, genuine stag handles, in silk-lined box. Value, $4.00.

For Eight New Subscriptions.



13. Toilet Set. Genuine ebony, sterling silver mounted comb, brush and mirror, in silk-lined white leatherette case. Size, 11 x 10 x 2½ in. Value, $5.25.

For Ten New Subscriptions.



14. Twenty-six Piece Combination Set. Each piece guaranteed solid nickel silver. Will wear a lifetime. Highly finished. Set consists of 6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 6 medium forks, 6 plain handle nickel silver knives, sugar shell and butter knife. In maroon colored leatherette case.

For Twelve New Subscriptions.

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Olive Branch of Peace

Valuable Contribution.

Dear Brother Hays: I have ordered a copy of your book, "The Olive Branch," and have read it with exceeding interest. It is a valuable piece of contribution, not only to the history of the Valley of Virginia, but also to the history of the Brethren Church and other peace loving societies of God's people. Especially is it valuable as a clear and full statement to the world of what the world is coming more and more to recognize as just, reasonable, and desirable—Peace, and the spirit of Christian peace. I pray and believe that by means of this book, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Yours fraternally,
John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

This book contains 232 pages, has a number of illustrations and is well bound in cloth.

Price prepaid, ...75 cents

AGENTS WANTED.

We want an active agent in each congregation to push the sale of this valuable book. It should be in the hands of all of our people. If there is not an agent pushing the sale of this book in your congregation, and you could spare some time for this work, write us for terms. **Do it now.**

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HIS LIFE

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Yours sincerely,
W. H. Stephens,
Poona, India.

Sept. 20, 1907.

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THE INGLENOOK



The Singer Building, New York City. The Tallest Building in the World. (See Pages 1201-1204.)

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 17, 1907. Price, $1.00 Per Annum. No. 51. Vol. IX.

APPLES

Do well in

BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA

and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about $1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

In BUTTE VALLEY

Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley they are FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

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Washington, Oregon
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A striking feature of the Union Pacific passenger trains is the tourist service. The tourist sleepers are identical with the standard sleepers, with the exception that their furnishings are not on so grand a scale, but the accommodations are equally good and are sold at HALF THE PRICE of the standard. The seats are upholstered, and at night the berths are hung with heavy curtains. Each car is accompanied by a uniformed porter whose duties are the same as those upon the Pullman Palace Sleepers.

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Dining Rooms and Lunch Counters are located at convenient points along the line, and all through trains which do not carry dining cars are scheduled to stop at these points. Well prepared meals of the best quality are properly served at popular prices. Full time is allowed for meals.

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Farming Lands in California Can Be Bought from $30.00 to $40.00 per Acre

Printed Matter FREE.
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Omaha, Nebraska.

FROM
BUTTE VALLEY

Mr. Saul and family and Mr. Burkett and family arrived the first of the week from Washington. Mr Saul will open his Meat Market at once on Railroad Ave. West.

Mr. J. C. Funderburgh has completed taking the census for school children in the new district Macdoel and has found about 80 children of school age.

Prof. Foster, formerly of Chicago, has been looking over the Valley with a view of organizing an orchestra and teaching regular classes in Violin and Piano work.

D. M. Glick, who has spent the last ten months traveling through Europe and the Bible Lands, returned to the Valley on the 14th and is making arrangements to improve his farm. Mr. Glick will give a lecture on the Bible Lands Sunday night.

A pleasing as well as a profitable discovery was made one day last week in the finding of a nice tree loaded with Almonds. The tree was on the Deeter Ranch and heretofore was supposed to be a peech tree but this fall the discovery was made when Mr. Deeter saw the squirrels carrying his green peaches to the woods.



Mr. McDoel addressing the Brethren after the Morning Services in Butte Valley, on a recent visit.

Mr. J. C. Funderburgh has just returned from a several days trip to Yreka in the interests of the Valley.

Mr. J. I. Huffman and John Huffman, of Waverly, Washington arrived at Macdoel Thursday and are looking over the Valley. Mr J. I. Huffman will locate in the Valley in the Spring.

The musical talent of the Valley meet each Tuesday evening of the week for Piano, Violin and Mandolin practice.

Mr. Burt Lombard, Mr. N. R. Graves and Mr. E. C. Wheden with their families are moving to their farms about 1½ miles South of Macdoel.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,

14 FLOOD BUILDING,

SAN FRANCISCO, - - CALIFORNIA

Good Cause For Joy

Mr. and Mrs. Stehsel, of Richardson, Kans., write a letter to Prof. Mueller, the celebrated doctor and specialist of Graz, Austria, telling him about a remedy which they obtained for their son and which cured him of an ailment which the noted specialist had declared incurable when they consulted him in Austria. A letter from them follows:

Richardson, Kans., July 28, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—May God bless you for your medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer.** Our son had suffered from epilepsy ever since his birth. We consulted among other doctors, the well-known Prof. Mueller of Graz, Austria, but to our sorrow he said there was no hope for him. That was in 1897. The following year, we immigrated to America and located in Kansas City, Mo. In 1900 we heard about your **Blood Vitalizer** through some friends. I said to my husband, "Let us try the **Blood Vitalizer** on our little Carl," but he said it would do no good and would simply be money thrown away.

I could not rest however, until I had tried it and so, unknown to my husband, I bought two large bottles and commenced to give it to our boy according to directions. We noticed an improvement in his condtion. The spells which he usually had daily came but once a week. This gave us hope. We continued with the **Blood Vitalizer** until he had taken nine bottles. The spells became less frequent until they ceased altogether and besides, his appearance improved so much. He was then nine years old, now he is soon seventeen and well and hearty. May God bless you a thousand time for it all.

I could not resist the temptation to write a letter to Prof. Mueller in Austria, telling him about the **Blood Vitalizer** and the cure it brought about, but I am informed the professor died some time ago. Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. George Stehsel.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

The Mother's Side of It.

Detroit, Mich., April 10, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I thank you very much for the kind way in which you answered my letter. I obtained your medicine of your agent on Benton St. I am taking my fourth bottle now. It seems to help me a great deal, but I believe it would help me still more if I did not have to be on my feet so much, but what can you do when you have babies to care for? We always keep the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house. Years ago, mother got it for my little sister, who was troubled with a skin disease. For seven years she had been treated by doctors to no avail. My mother had her take about five bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer,** and she has never been troubled with it since.

Kindly excuse my writing, as I am interrupted so often by my baby, who seems so cross today.

Yours respectfully,

248 Mullet St. Mrs. Harvey S. Fleming.

Getting Rosy-Cheeked.

Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 4, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—We have used a good deal of the **Blood Vitalizer** in our own family and found it a great help, especially for myself, as I was always weak and sickly.

But I must also mention the case of our little girl, now two years old. She was always delicate; did not seem to grow very fast, and what little she ate did not seem to agree with her. We tried everything that people recommended to us, but nothing did any good. Then we tried the **Blood Vitalizer.** Now she can eat and is getting stout, rosy-cheeked and hearty-looking. People are surprised when they see her. We do not want to be without the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house.

Yours very truly,

R. R. No. 2. Mrs. Annie G. Gerlach.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, of whose remarkable cures we are reading week after week, holds an unbroken record of success in the treatment of blood and constitutional ailments. It continues to be a puzzle to physicians and laity alike, how such a plain, mild, household remedy can produce such positive results. The secret of its success lies, however in this, that it goes right to the root of the trouble —the impurity in the blood. Unlike other ready prepared medicines, it is not to be had in drugstores. It can be obtained of local agents appointed in every community. If there is no agent in your neighborhood, write to the proprietors,

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BABY POWDER



CORRECTS all Irregularities of the STOMACH and BOWELS in INFANTS and CHILDREN

Such as indigestion, bloating, vomiting, wind colic, sour stomach, diarrhœa, green discharges, constipation, and all troubles that arise from these causes and that lead to cholera infantum. It tones, strengthens, and invigorates the stomach and bowels so that the child can digest and assimilate its food. It is a companion preparation to our **Sovereign Balm of Life** for **expectant mothers.** Those who have used it for their little ones say it is fine. It is free from all opiates, and just the thing to have on hand when any irregularities are observed. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Ask your druggist or order direct from

(MENTION THIS PAPER.) D. B. SENGER & Co., Franklin Grove, Ill.

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It is extra-ordinary in its helps.

The best matter on the different lines of teaching is given on each lesson.

It is broad and far reaching in its presentation of the lessons.

ONE OF MANY

It is getting to be a common remark that the "Monthly" is the best help for Sunday school teachers of any grade that we have examined. —Grace Hileman Miller, Lordsburg, Calif.

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By D. D. Culler

In this book the author discusses some of the most important problems of public speaking. A few of the subjects discussed are:

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Style in Discourse, etc., etc.

The book will be found very helpful to all public speakers or any one interested in this line of work.

Price to Ministers of Brethren church, prepaid, ...12 cents
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Having secured a large lot of beautiful cards at a bargain price, we offer them to you at a very low rate. These cards are especially adapted to Sunday school use. The designs are entirely different from anything we have ever offered and we are sure that they will please. All we ask of you is to order one pack. That will insure future orders.

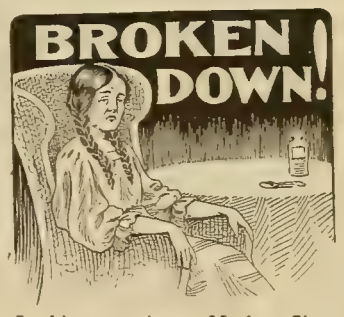
Size of cards, 3½ x 4¼.

Scriptural Texts in colors.

Twelve designs and 50 cards to pack.

Price, only 25 cents.

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Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Adress

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.

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1908

Use a postal card which will cost you one cent and ask for our new Book, Bible and Text Card catalogue. FREE.

Send Now

While you are at it send the names and addresses of a half dozen of your friends who would be interested in this catalogue. Thanks in advance.

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R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

Possibilities of IDAHO

Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize $1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from $2.00 to $3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Imigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. IX. December 17, 1907. No. 51.

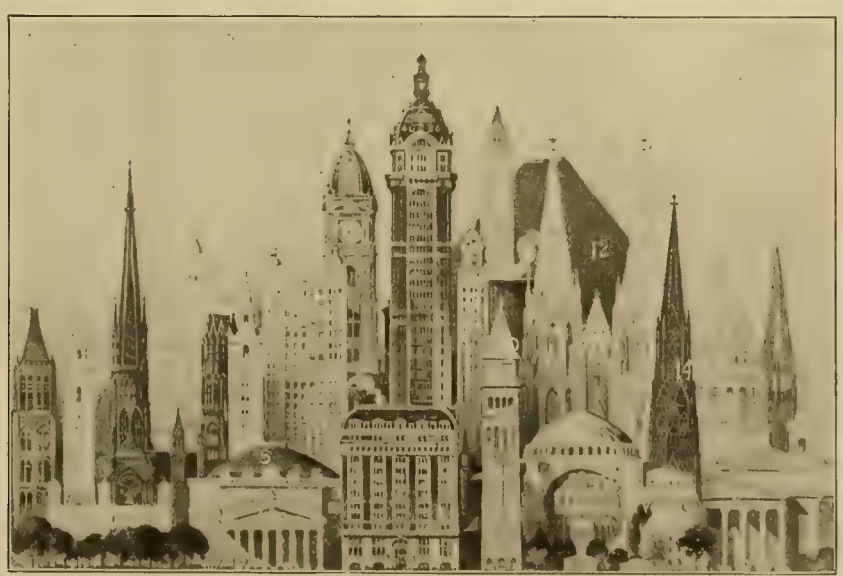
The Singer Building

Elizabeth Howe

THE sky line of lower New York has undergone many changes during recent years by the erection of so many "sky-scraper" buildings. At present it is making another noticeable change. For the Singer Manufacturing Company, makers of the world famous "Singer." sewing machine, there is now being erected at 149 Broadway, corner of Liberty Street, a structure that when completed in April 1908 will overtop every building of the empire city. It will be not only the cloud piercing point of the sky-line of Manhattan, but it will exceed in altitude any other building in exist ence.

It stands in the heart of the financial district of New York City. It is convenient to Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, the Sub-Treasury and the principal banking institutions. It is near the Custom House, the Commercial Exchange, the General Post Office and the principal law courts and is surrounded by the principal engineerng and railroad interests and the headquarters of the leading industrial corporations. It is but a short distance from the centers of the dry goods, leather, rubber and paper trades and is immediately located on, or readily accessible from the principal subways, tunnels, bridges, ferries, elevated and surface railroads.

On a ground area of 24,000 square feet, the Singer building will have a total area of 411,333 square feet (9.44 acres). These figures alone furnish one of the most impressive reasons for the erection of such immense structures. The tremendous cost of the land in this part of the city, nearly a thousand dollars per square foot, would render the erection of a low structure impracticable form a financial standpoint. Only the "sky scraper," costly as it may be to erect, can



No. 1. Madison Square Garden, New York City, 305 feet.
No. 2. Cathedral, Rouen, France, 190 feet.
No. 3. St. Peter's Rome, 100 feet.
No. 5. The Pantheon, Rome, 150 feet.
No. 6. Philadelphia City Hall, 537 feet.
No. 7. Singer Building, 612 feet. The total height of foundation and flagpole, 835 feet.
No. 8. Washington Monument, 555 feet.
No. 11. Cathedral, Cologne, 516 feet
No. 12. Pyramid, Egypt, 485 feet.
No. 14. St. Stephen's Vienna, 450 feet.
No. 15. Cathedral, Salisbury, 400 feet.
No. 16. St. Isaac's, St Petersburg, 365 feet.

prove remunerative as an investment. Small offices in this part of New York rent from one hundred to two hundred dollars a month, according to the modern conveniences of the building.

The Singer is built upon caissons of solid concrete, sunk to bed rock ninety feet below the street level. The sub-structure is one with the superstructure. To make this clearer, imagine thirty-four of these caissons, solid masses of concrete, systematically arranged in an area covering about nine thousand (9000) square feet. Upon these caissons was placed a grid-iron of steel girders, so that the enormous weight of the tower proper, having a ground area of forty-two hundred (4200) square feet and forty-seven stories in height, is distributed with mathematical uniformity over a bearing surface so large that the rock foundation carried a weight of only a twenty (20) story building. Huge steel and timber structures were sunk and the excavations of the earth, rock etc., were effected by an army of men who toil under air pressure, working day and night.

Upon these concrete masses rest the steel columns, thirty-six (36) in number, that support the entire superstructure. They extend to the thirty-sixth floor above which the framework is continued by twelve (12) intermediate columns continued to the forty-third (43) floor also by the radial steel ribs of the four story dome. The latter is surmounted by a lantern sixteen feet square at the base and sixty feet high, terminating in a domed roof.

Owing to the great depth to which the foundations are carried, special care was required in waterproofing. The bases of the steel columns, all the exterior walls, and the entire sub-basement floor including foundation of engines, space under safety deposit vaults, elevator pits, sidewalks, etc., are waterproofed with layers of "Hidrex felt" cemented together with a hot compound.

The building is fourty-nine (49) stories high, (47 stories from the sidewalk) or 742 feet from basement floor to top of flagstaff and 835 feet in total height from foundation. The original building was only eleven stories high. It was necessary to add three stories to attain the required symmetry. The roof and two upper stories were carefully removed, each piece numbered. The intermediate portion was supplied, and the two upper stories replaced in their original form; thus the main portion of the buildng rises to a height of fourteen stories.

The offices are arranged on all four sides of the building. The elevators, lavatories, stairways and corriders are grouped in the center. This insures ample light, proper ventilation, economizes space and in case of fire in any of the suites, makes it readily accessible for the firemen.

The sash and doors being of metal and the floors of cement and marble, there is absolutely nothing combustible in the building except the furnishings, papers, etc., the tenants may have in their offices. The staircases and elevators being in separate and completely enclosed shafts, cannot act as flues to carry the flames from one part of the building to another. A high pressure fire service has been installed, while in the basement there is a finely equipped safe-deposit vault for the safe keeping of the tenants' valuables. The tower is located at the extreme northwest corner of the building, thus insuring to the thirty-three floors above the fourteen story main structure a perfect quiet, such as can be obtained only in a location as far remote from the noise of street traffic and at such a height above all the neighboring buildings. The tower shows on each side an immense bay window, extending from the fourteenth floor to the thirty-fourth story, each capped with an arch supporting a semicircular balcony for observation purposes. The roof is of slate in its natural tint and of copper of which metal the great lantern over all is constructed.

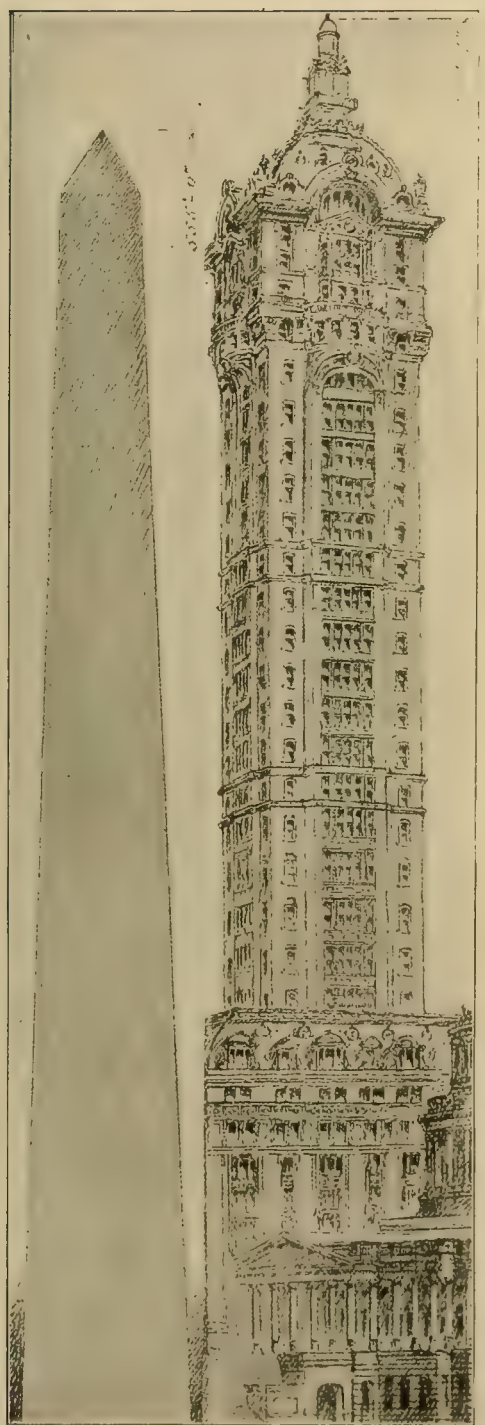
In the basement of the Singer building is an installation of five Babcock and Wilcox boilers, aggregating 1925 horsepower for heating and for power purposes. There are seven steam engines, five large dynamos, thirty-two pumps, two air compressors, an ice plant and a vast number of accessories essential to good service and perfect safety.

This building embodies the ingenuity and the artistic sense of one of the leading architects of America. It is of the modern French school of architecture and presents an unusually rich design.

The materials of the facades are pressed brick and Indiana limestone. The entrance will be one of the most striking in the city. The main hallway on the ground floor is to be finished in Pavonazzo marble, combined with marbles of other colors and trimmings of light bronze. The ceiling is planned to represent a series of shallow domes, ornamented in relief and finished in ivory and gold. The entrance doors, elevator doors. balustrades and stairways are finished in solid bronze in original handsome designs.

There never was a business building erected in which such lavish provision has been made for the comfort of the occupants. No expense has been spared in providing for the comfort and safety of tenants. In each office, hot, cold and iced water will be furnished. All the water will be filtered. that for drinking, twice, and it will be cooled by means of artifical ice made on the premises with the aid of a 20 ton ice-making plant. In every office will be an individual suction air brush, connected with the vacuum cleaning system, by means of which dust may be removed from one's hat and clothing. The attendance throughout the building, including the cleansing at night of all offices, will be complete.

Every floor of the building will be readily and quickly accessible by means of sixteen newly designed elec-



The Singer Building and Washington's Monument.

tric traction elevators, each having a speed of 600 feet per minute and of the safest type known to the best engineers of the day. These will be under the charge of experienced attendants and a competent "starter" who is at all times in absolute control of the movements of each car. Each car is equipped with a telephone to enable the operator in case of necessity to communicate directly with the chief engineer. Four express elevators will make no stop below floor fourteen and a special express elevator will run to floor forty-one, the observation floor. This floor, with 1600 square feet of space, communicates directly with balconies on each side of the tower for observation purposes. From the thirty-third to the thirty-ninth floor a shuttle elevator will be operated. The doors of all the elevators will be operated pneumatically.

This building will possibly hold ten thousand people comfortably. Sufficient electricity to illuminate a small city will be furnished. The electric equipment for power and light being separate and distinct, uniform and reliable light is assured. The lighting system, exclusive of the tower exterior illumination, will include 15,000 incandescent lamps. From the roof of the main building, search lights of the U. S. naval standard will be directed against the face of three sides of the tower, making it visible at night in bold relief, for over twenty miles, and owing to its position, one more will be added to the many interesting landmarks that greet the visitor to the new world. The lantern crowning the tower will contain a powerful search light, the rays of which may be seen from a distance of sixty to seventy-five miles. Cunningly concealed incandescent lamps will complete the exterior illumination of the tower.

Traffic on Broadway is sometimes completely blocked by masses of people watching the painters at work on the flag staff. At the height of over 800 feet it is said a spy glass was necessary to distinguish the man from a fly. The staff or pole, over sixty feet high, is climbed by means of straps or ropes. The pole tapering toward the top, the ropes are so adjusted that they cannot slide down. For giving the pole five coats of paint and surrounding it with a copper ball, it is said that the workman received a good margin over one thousand dollars.

A tenant of the Singer Building, in addition to the unusual advantages which will be afforded from a business standpoint, will enjoy the distinction of having an office in a building which, to say the least, has already established for itself an international reputation.

Strangers in the city can easily find the Singer Building because it will always be a crowning landmark, and so well known in lower Manhattan that no address other than the "Singer Building" will be necessary for its occupants.

Engineering Data.

Weight of tower (tons),	18,365
Weight of steel in entire building (tons),	9,200
Number of steam engines,	5
Number of auxiliary engines,	4
Number of steam boilers,	5

Number of steam pumps,	28
Number of dynamos,	5
Number of elevators,	16
Number of electric motors (from 3 to 75 H. P.),	33
Number of air compressors,	2
Number of electric pumps,	4
Length of steam and water piping (miles),	15
Number of incandescent lamps,	15,000

Architectural Data.

Floor space in entire building (acres),	9½
Floor space per floor in the main building (square feet),	20,000
Rentable area per floor in the tower (square feet),	3,300
Number of offices per floor in the tower,	16
Number of offices per floor in the main building,	40
Number of inside rooms in the tower,	None
Number of vacuum cleaner attachments,	552
Number of lavatories,	600
Number of toilets,	74
Number of coupon rooms adjacent to main safe deposit vaults,	30
Number of individual security vaults and coupon rooms,	8
Safe deposit boxes,	8 000
Total height from foundation (feet),	835
Height from basement floor to top of flagstaff (feet),	742
Height from sidewalk to top of lantern (feet),	612
Number of stories,	49

[The American Surety Building was the first twenty-story building in New York City. At that time people believed that it would never be surpassed, but since then there has been a steady advance in the height of buildings, until the Singer Building now towers over any other building in New York or the world, and the end is not yet, for the Metropolitan Life Building is being raised to forty-eight stories, whereas the Singer Building is only forty-seven after counting in the dome. Besides these two highest buildings there are in New York City two 26-story buildings, three 25-story buildings, two 23-story buildings, four 22-story buildings, and nine 20-story buildings. Of buildings having between ten and twenty stories there are now in the city 516. The questions of light, noise, health, fire and storm present themselves afresh every time a new skyscraper is talked of. Of course, in these tall buildings, combustible matter is not used at all, even the doors and window frames and floors are made of cement, marble, steel and such other material as is not affected by heat. This is necessary because sufficient power cannot be found to force large quantities of water seven hundred feet high in case the high towers should ever need the aid of the fire department.]

5901 3rd. Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW WE THINK.

H. M. FOGELSONGER.

5. Judgment and Reason.

MANY readers will immediately ask why judgment and reason should be united thus as a title. I do not refer to the technical judgment because this is not a technical article. If you ever study logic you will find a special use for the word judgment. Here I refer to the everyday word in such expressions as, "He has good judgment." To some people the word judgment means more than the word reason. Then there are many contests held at fairs and carnivals in which the judgment is taxed, so you see the word is of wide significance. In the popular sense judgment expresses part of what reason does but not all, and to understand it we must understand the reasoning processes.

A study of reason raises some very deep questions and one is very likely to become onesided and narrow in theory. You see it is the case of mind studying itself. Many people whom we ought to call intellectual cowards, because they could do otherwise than they do, rid themselves of the problem by saying that the reason is an extra faculty that God has placed in the soul of man and that we are forever unable to know anything about it. Similarly many people push everything mysterious and unknowable off into one place and call it God. God is everything both known and unknown and there is no danger of our ever knowing too much so long as we dedicate our knowledge to the Father of All.

Reason is a form of mental activity and the best way for us to study it is to analyze the process involved. Here is a common statement, "That colt will make a good driver." How does the speaker know that the colt will make a good driving horse? Has some spirit within the man volunteered the information? Or is there a standard of truth by which the statement can be measured? Let us lay aside all prejudice and consider the conditions as given. The man who made the statement must have known the qualities of a good driving horse, how these will appear in a colt, and he must have had a proper view of the colt in question. In the study of memory we found out how an image calls into consciousness former experiences. In our present problem memory is involved. The man had seen sereval horses which were good drivers and more than that he had seen them as colts. These former experiences were brought back by the present sensations and the man put into words the conclusion, "The colt will make a good driver."

An important fact about the above illustration is that the man had a general meaning or concept for a driving horse. This meaning was formed of a cluster of attributes, not all having been found in one horse but in many horses. One good driving horse may have some bad qualities but it would have one or many chief characteristics that determined it as a driver. These chief characteristics of several horses go to make up the concept, good driving horse.

For a moment think of the object "house," not of any particular one of course. What kind of an image have you? Perhaps it will be a sort of irregular general outline of a house with one or two doors and an indefinitely shaped roof. Now think of a particular house and notice how quickly the image changes into one of definite outline and color. You see we have a general concept for a house containing only those things that are common to all houses, viz. roof, contents, corners, angles, and doors and windows somewhere. Then we have general meanings or concepts for brick houses, frame houses, two-story houses, cottages, convenient houses, old-fashioned houses and so on. Whenever we see a house for the first time it falls under one or more classes. If we say a house is beautiful we mean that it agrees with our idea of a beautiful house. Something about the house has brought into consciousness our meaning for a beautiful house.

Another way of stating the problem is thus: We pick out a certain thing in an object by which we recognize it. We know a house is beautiful because a common element of the house reaches over into our concept, beautiful house. That common element is a kind of tag by which we name the house. Other elements for the time being are passed by. This particular element is a connecting link between the object and concept. In olden times cities were walled in and people entered through the gates. The gates were not the cities but were essential parts of them. Just so one house does not make our concept, beautiful house, but it is only an essential part of the concept and is a kind of gateway by which the concept is called into consciousness. The essential parts of many objects go to make up a concept.

Sometimes our reasoning processes are halted, figuratively speaking. Suppose a beggar comes to our door whose every appearance indicates a professional hobo. Now there are two trains of thought in conflict, each tries to overcome the other. They may be stated as follows: (1) Able-bodied, young, professional tramp, can work for a living, work plentiful, feeding increases his laziness. I ought not to give him anything. (2) Looks like a professional tramp but I may be mistaken. He may have a good excuse for begging. The Bible says we should give to the poor. I ought to feed him. The image tramp stirs up those two trains of association. If we seldom give to tramps only the first would come into consciousness and if we always give, the last train only would appear. But in this case suppose there is a conflict within us and we hesitate. Whether we give to the tramp or not will depend upon which side has the more associations or which has been made the stronger by past life. While we are hesitating we may see a whiskey bottle in his pocket and at once we decide not to give. The above example is very complex but you see what is involved when we reason. Some things about the tramp would arouse one concept while other things would arouse the opposite concept and each concept has its attendant responses or actions.

Reasoning depends chiefly upon the way in which associations are made or what particular mental activity is excited by another. There must be some connection or relation between certain ideas or actions. When a speaker is introducing or defending a theory he must find some connection between his argument and the knowledge already possessed by his hearers. Once he has a connection or train of thought started in the minds of his hearers the argument is half won.

To have good reasoning power one must have many concepts or meanings at hand. Knowledge well classified or systematized is easily handled. If we have no concept "useful" we do not know when a thing is useful. And for concepts to be valuable they must contain essential qualities. A while ago we considered the concept "house." The more houses we see the richer in meaning will the concepts be. But seeing is not all. We should make it a habit to pick out essential or significant qualities. Our attention ought to be centered on the important things. The successful statesman looks beneath the surface to find the underlying movements that control nations. Such men have reasoning powers well developed. If we habitually see, hear, and read things carelessly we can never become good reasoners. Our knowledge must be clear-cut and well systemized. So you see in reasoning as well as in attention a wide experience is an important factor.

DAMMING THE COLORADO RIVER.

Far out in the West, in a small section of country tucked away along the boundary-line between California, Arizona, and Mexico, there was fought, during the past year, a decisive battle between nature and man. Nature was represented in this tremendous struggle by the unruly Colorado river; man by the untiring engineers of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The *casus belli* was the lawless and vigorously exprest desire of the Colorado to give up its old course, through which for centuries uncounted it has flowed to the Pacific Ocean, in order to pour its waters into the vast sun-baked plain known as the Salton Sink. Through the folly of man, a part of the Colorado was enabled to do this a few years ago. This pioneer stream washed out a new course, which appeared so tempting to the adventurous river that last winter it burst the banks which had controlled it for ages, and, filled with the lust of discovery, poured all its waters through the break, destroying thousands of acres of prosperous farm-land in its wild course, and leaving the lands lying along its old river-bed dry, desolate, and ruined.

Pouring steadily into the Salton Sink, which is far below the level of the sea, the mischievous Colorado at once began to create a lake. This lake, growing larger day by day, soon began to do its full share in the engulfing of farm-lands in its vicinity. More and more water flowed into it from the new Colorado; more and more did it overlap its banks, and push itself victoriously into the heart of the fertile regions around it. Reclaimed but a few years before from the desert, these smiling lands were now threatened with submersion in the smooth, shining waters of the Salton Sea.

Man, in a moment of foolhardiness, had given Nature a chance which she knew but too well how to use. Little more than a decade before he had tapped the bank of the Colorado, turning a part of its waters through a canal, into the desert lands lying about the gloomy Salton Sink. As if touched by the wand of a magician, thousands upon thousands of greenclad acres sprang into being. Thousands of settlers poured from



A Big Undertaking.

all parts of the surrounding country into this golden land of promise, which the sun-baked plains and the life-giving waters of the Colorado had suddenly brought. Towns—Mexicala, Calepico, Imperial, Silsbee—built by these settlers, prospered and grew. The desert had been regenerated. Its forbidding expanse had been changed into the green and friendly Imperial Valley.

The men who had rubbed the Aladdin's lamp, which charmed the fertile Imperial Valley into being, intoxicated with their success, thought of nothing but filling their pockets with money by the sale of the green fields which their life-giving canal had created. Instead of caring for this canal properly, they turned their whole attention to "booming" their smiling valley. And while they sang its praises in the towns and cities of the surrounding States, the evil genii of the Colorado were busily at work on a scheme of summary revenge.

Silently and surely they began to silt up the canal. Soon a mere weak stream of water trickled through it. Absorbed in their money-getting operations, the men who had dug the canal had failed to provide dredging machinery to counteract this silting-up. The settlers of Imperial Valley were in despair. They saw their recently acquired lands parched with thirst, their new homes threatened with ruin. Finally they appealed to the men who had dug the canal. Unless immediate and effective steps were taken, declared the settlers, there would not be sufficient water flowing through the canal for their winter grain crop. That meant utter ruin.

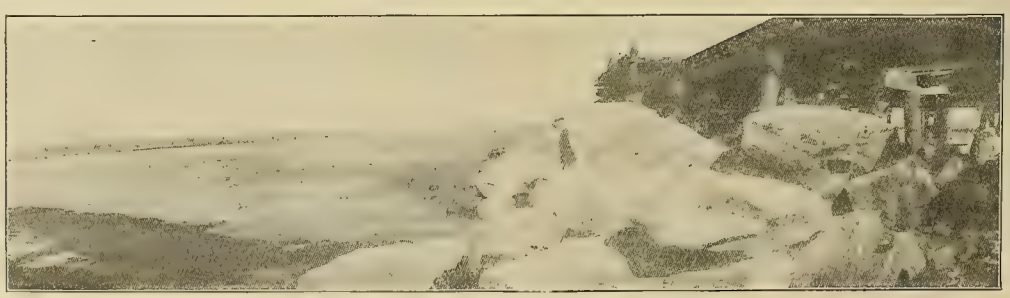
Rudely awakened from their land-selling dreams, the men who were responsible turned at once to the task of forestalling the evil genii of the Colorado. Two courses only were open: to let the lands of the Imperial Valley revert to the desert wastes from which they had sprung, or to connect that part of the canal which was not silted up with the Colorado by tapping the bank of the latter at a point below the silted-up portion of the canal.

They chose the latter course. Sufficient funds were on hand to tap the river-bank, and make the cut—a mere 3,300 feet in length—to that part of the canal which was not silted up.

The money did not suffice, however, for the installation of a controlling-gate at the new break in the Colorado's bank. But the men took the chance, and grimly the river genii must have smiled as they saw the waters of the fretful stream beckoned aside into the heart of the Imperial Valley through this new doorway without a lock.

The Imperial Valley was saved. The rush of water through the Lower Mexican Heading, as the new cut was named, put new life into the parched fields and dispirited farmers. This was in July, 1904. For the proper controlling of the river at the new cut in its banks, before the advent of the autumn floods, the engineers trusted to luck.

Autumn came, and with it the floods. Sweeping sullenly toward the Pacific, the swollen waters of the Colorado reached the Lower Mexican Heading. No controlling-gate was there to withstand the mighty rush of water.



Could Not Have Been Done 100 Years Ago.

At last the great river's chance of revenge had come. Abandoning its old-time bed, a part of the stream poured exultingly through the break, through the weak, narrow cut, through the defenseless Imperial Valley into the Salton Sink, sweeping all before it in its tumultuous course.

The settlers of the valley were now appalled. Again they begged piteously for help. But those who had foolishly tampered with the quiet Colorado of summer could do nothing to check the raging Colorado of winter.

Finding no hope in that quarter, the inhabitants of Imperial Valley appealed to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, whose tracks had been flooded for some distance by the sudden change in the direction of the Colorado's flow.

The railroad company lost no time in answering the appeal. Its first attempt to dam the Colorado at Lower Mexican Heading proved futile. The river burst through all restraining bonds, and continued to dash itself into the valley, eroding and washing away farm after farm in its wanton course. The railroad company tried again. A dam of woven wire-cable mats was thrown across the break. Again the river hurled itself through. More and more farms in the valley disappeared before the encroachments of the water. And ever greater and greater grew the lake forming in the Salton Sink.

At last, in November of last year, one of the worst floods ever known in the region brought matters to a terrible crisis. Dashing aside all attempts at opposition, the entire flow of the Colorado turned from its course at at fatal break in its bank at Lower Mexican Heading, and emptied its waters into the Salton Sea, sowing desolation everywhere along the banks of its new course. Desperate attempts by the Southern Pacific to prevent the coming disaster were in vain. Early the next month the situation was worse than ever before. Imperial Valley seemed doomed to annihilation. Farms—whole towns, even—were abandoned one after another to ruin. And the Salton Sea, hungrily licking up the waters which the Colorado was pouring into it, spread itself over an ever-increasing area, swelling to a size rivaling that of the Great Lakes themselves.

So serious was the situation now that it had not only become a subject of international negotations—the break having occurred on Mexican territory, just across the boundary-line—but it inspired, on January 12 of the present year, a special Presidential message to Congress, in which President Roosevelt brought the matter before the country's legislators in these words:

"If the river is not put back and permanently maintained in its proper bed, the progressive back-cuttings in the course of one or two years will extend up-stream to Yuma, and finally to the Luguna Dam, now being built by the Government, thus wiping out millions of dollars of property belonging to the Government and to citizens. Continuing farther, it will deprive all the valley lands along the Colorado River of the possibility of obtaining the necessary supply of water by gravity canals. The great Yuma Bridge will go out, and approximately, 700,000 acres of land as fertile as the Nile Valley will be left in a desert condition.

"If the break in the Colorado is not permanently controlled, the financial loss to the United States will be great. The entire irrigable area which will either be submerged or deprived of water in the Imperial Valley and along the Colorado River is capable of adding to the permanent population of Arizona and California at least 350,000 people, and probably 500,000. Much of the land will be worth from $50 to $1,500 per acre to individual owners, or a total of from $350,000,000 to $700,000,000.

"At the present moment there seems to be only one agency equal to the task of controlling the river; namely, the Southern Pacific Company, with its transportation facilities, its equipment, and control of the California Development Company and subsidiary companies. The need of railroad facilities and equipment, and the international complications are such that the officers of the United States, even with unlimited funds, could not carry on the work with the celerity required.

"But one practicable course is now open for consideration. The Southern Pacific Company must continue its work to close the break and restore the river to its proper channel. The United States can then take charge, making the protective works permanent and providing for their maintenance.

"If Congress does not give authority and make adequate provision to take up this work in the way suggested, it must be inferred that it acquiesces in the abandonment of the work at Luguna and of all future attempts to utilize the valuable public domain in this part of the country."

At the same time that he was preparing his message to Congress, President Roosevelt conducted an active correspondence with E. H. Harriman, whom, in his capacity of head of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the President exhorted to curb the unruly Colorado at the point where it was washing away its banks in its grim mission of bringing the fertile Imperial Valley back to its former condition of arid desert land.

Mr. Harriman promptly took command of the forces of man against nature. With feverish energy, the Southern Pacific Company's laborers set to work to repair the Lower Mexican Heading break. Twenty-four hours at a stretch they worked. Every freight-car for miles around was prest into service, hurried to the scene, and pushed back and forth, dumping loads of rock and gravel into the stream. Passenger-trains, even, were help up time and again, while en-

gineers borrowed their locomotives for help in the struggle.

In fifteen days from the time that the work had begun, the break had been closed and the Colorado hurled back into its proper channel. Seventy-seven thousand cubic yards of rock, gravel and clay had man expended in the fight. With this he patched up a break which the steady onslaught of the river had opened to a width of 1,100 feet in the soft earth banks. The fight was won.

Day by day swarms of workmen are making the great dam stronger and higher. One hundred and forty thousand cubic yards of material, eighty thousand of which will be solid rock, will be used to withstand future onsalughts of the river. The great wall, when completed, will be sixty-five feet high, ten feet of which will be above the level of the water. And the Colorado, as it laps this unyielding barrier, must realize that its destructive wanderings are over for all time.—*The Circle.*

THE CHICKADEE—A MERRY LITTLE BIRD.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

The snowflakes are drifting, 'round windows and door;
The chilly winds whistle, "Remember the poor";
Remember the birds, too, out on yonder tree;
I hear one just singing a "Chick-a-dee-dee."

If you do not know the Chickadee's song or the singer, you should try to make the acquaintance of both at the earliest opportunity. The Chickadee is the guiding spirit of the little coterie of birds which I have named "our winter friends." It is the most cheerful little feathered being that can be found in our winter woods. It is the herald and at the same time the general that ushers this little band into our orchard each year. One chilly evening last autumn I went to the orchard to see if the Chickadees had arrived. Standing under a tree listening I heard a faint "chick." The note was repeated several times when a pair of Chickadees flew into the branches directly over my head. Soon another pair came, all apparently very busy getting their suppers, but in reality satisfying their curiosity as to my presence under the tree.

Such chattering and fluttering and chirping as these birds keep up, when in flocks they feed on the tiny seeds of the hemlock trees. They will hang upside down on the very tips of the twigs and sing their sweet, homely little song over and over by way of adding festivity to the occasion. Commend me to any creature which will be so merry over so scant a meal, and even leave off eating to entertain the company.

The Chickadee is a first cousin of the tufted titmouse, and is sometimes called the black-capped titmouse. The Chippewa Indians called it "Kitch-i-Kitch-i-ga-ne-sho." It is the smallest of our winter birds and one of the most useful. The full-grown bird measures five inches in length, with an extent of wings of seven and one-half inches. The male and female wear the same colors, and are clad in fluffy gray suits with black caps and cravats. The sides of the head are white; the back is an ash gray; under parts whitish tinged with brown on the sides. Some of the tail feathers are margined with white; and the upper outer portion of the wings and tail are brown.

The range of the Chickadee is a wide one. It is found from North Carolina to Ontario and Labrador. These birds are permanent residents in the northern part of the United States, are hardy, restless little creatures, industrious and breed almost to the southern limit of their range. When nesting in May they retire to the densest forests in the locality, and seem the very opposite of the confiding little birds of the winter. They are so shy that it is often a difficult matter to locate their nests. The nest is made in a hole, which may be one made by themselves, a deserted woodpecker's nest, or a natural cavity. It is usually not more than ten feet from the ground, and is frequently made in a stump. When the cavity for the nest is made by the Chickadees themselves, it must be in soft wood, as the bill of these birds is not strong enough to work in solid wood. The nest is constructed of moss, feathers, wool or fur, and lined with hair. Often two broods are reared in one season.

Birds, as well as other animals, have ways of expressing their feelings by their actions. The twinkle of a bird's eyes is very expressive, and you can tell at a glance by a bird's conduct whether or not it is alarmed at your presence, or whether it is engaged in a frolic, or watching the movements of a wily foe.

One morning last winter I watched a Jay having the time of his life with a pair of Chickadees. The fun, however, was all on the side of the Jay. I had hung up a piece of suet for the birds, and very early the next morning the Jay came and ate his breakfast, and retired to a tree around the corner of the house. The Chickadees soon came for their meal when immediately back came the Jay fluttering and scolding at such a rate that the smaller birds were frightened away. The Jay retired again, and the Chickadees returned. The Jay repeated the performance seven times when I thought it time to cut his fun short and let the Chickadees have their breakfast.

The Chickadee is not classed as a song bird, yet its spring note of "phoe-be," and from a distant tree, made sweeter by the distance, "phoe-be" "phoe-be," is one of our sweetest bird notes. R. H. Metcalf gives what he calls the Chickadee's mourning song of three syllables:—"poor bird-ie" "poor bird-ie" uttered in very paintive tones. Then there are the Chickadee calls which give the name, and the soft crooning song of "day-day-day."

We are evidently doing ourselves and our neighbors good service when we encourage these birds to come about our gardens and orchards. The winter food

of the Chickadees is almost wholly of injurious insects and their eggs. In winter they spend the daylight hours in searching the trunks and branches of trees for insects.

Spiceland, Indiana.

ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

VII. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"AMONG the passengers in the ship which brought Winthrop and Dudley to the New World was William Hawthorne, the ancestor of the novelist." One of his sons, John Hawthorne, was a judge at the Trials of the witches in Salem in 1691. Daniel Hawthorne, grandson of this old witch judge became a sea-captain, and his third son, Nathaniel, was father of the subject of our sketch, and who was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. The captain died at Surinman, Dutch Guiana, in 1808, and the little boy was kept in rather strict seclusion by his mother, a beautiful dignified woman, who, when he was about twelve years old, moved to his uncle's place near Lake Sebago, Maine. His father had been a quiet melancholy man, for a seaman, and Nathaniel must have inherited these traits, for he amused himself hugely, hunting, walking, and skating, often skating alone until midnight. Of course he read a great deal and was delighted with Froissart's "Chronicles," "The Newgate Calendar," and "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and "Mandeville" by William Godwin, and was especially pleased with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The first book bought with his own money was Spencer's "Faerie Queen." He went to school to a private instructor, and likely read more than he studied.

Finally he went to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, where he was a classmate of Longfellow, and became a "chum" of Franklin Pierce. He graduated in 1825 and went home to his mother and two sisters where for twelve years he was almost a hermit. He read, and studied, and wrote, only walking out at night. Sometimes in the summer he would take an excursion into the New Hampshire woods. During this time he wrote a great deal, but only forty-five stories remain. In 1828 he published an anonymous novel, "Fanshawe," that was a failure. He wrote for various periodicals, and in 1837 eighteen of these stories were published in "Twice-Told-Tales." Then came "Grandfather's Chair," "Famous Old People," "The Liberty Tree," all in 1841, and in 1842 an edition of "Twice-Told-Tales" including twenty-one additional stories; also the same year "Biographical Stories for Children."

In 1841 he took an interest in the famous communistic society of "Brookfarm" at West Roxbury, with George Ripley and others, and in July, 1842, was married to Miss Sophia Peabody, and settled in Concord. In the same room in which Emerson wrote "Nature," he wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." He was Surveyor of Customs for the Port of Salem from 1846 to 1849, and in this time wrote "The Scarlet Letter," published in 1850, "which forever settled the question of his success and his great talents." From 1850 to 1851 he lived at Lenox in the Berkshire Hills, and wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." Then he moved to West Newton, where he wrote "The Blithedale Romance." In 1852 he bought a house in Concord and had only gotten well settled till his friend, Franklin Pierce, now President, appointed him consul at Liverpool. He remained there till September, 1857. At Manchester he became acquainted with Tennyson. Then he went to Italy for two years, and wrote "The Marble Faun." He returned to England, and finally to his home in 1860. In 1864 while traveling for his health, he stopped at Plymouth, N. H., with his friend Pierce, and was found dead in his bed in the morning, May 18, 1864.

"Hawthorne's stories generally have some mystery in them which he keeps on hinting at and never tells plainly; but his great power is that he shows us right down into the human heart and conscience. There is nearly always some character suffering agonies of conscience; for he shows the dreadful consequences of sin as few others can. This makes his book sad, though there is a kind humor running through their pages." There is the shadow of some crime, sometimes a crime committed by ancestors, not by the characters themselves. The term "Literary artist" belongs to him as to no other author. He took the leisure and infinite labor to correct polish and repolish. Other books of his are "The Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "Our Old Home," and after his death his widow published four or five others, among them notebooks of travel. Many of his stories were especially written for children, yet are very readable to grown people as well, and are read and re-read.

Worthy of mention: Dr. O. W. Holmes, poetry, essays, novels, medical; Julian Hawthorne (the son), stories; Dr. J. G. Holland, poetry and novels; Hon. John Hay, poetry; E. E. Hale, history and novels; Bret Harte, stories; Lafcadio Hearn, Japan; T. W. Higginson, essays and history; W. D. Howells, novels; B. A. Hinedale, education; W. T. Harris, education.

Bryan, Ohio.

A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme.

Knicker: I save twenty cents every time I shave myself.

Mrs. Knicker: Then why don't you shave five times a day and save more?

She Misunderstood.

Mrs. Hyflier: Have you any recommendations from your last place?

The Cook: Yis, mum; Oi hov some shpoons an' tablelinen an' silverware.

SOMETIME.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Sometime, when all my weary tasks are done,
And life's hard lessons learned,
When ceased the tired walks from sun to sun,—
When rest is fairly earned;
When all the crosses have been carried through
Temptations met, and passed;
I think there will be something sweet and true
To bless me at the last.

And if through all the darkly curtained days
Of years which follow Time,
I can look up, and see the golden rays
Of God's love-light sublime;
If I can drink life's bitter wine, and still
Taste his sweet love divine,
I think that I may know that 'tis his will
To test this faith of mine.

But if my heart complains, because its tasks
Do all so hard appear,
And in unreconciled impatience asks
Why life is so severe;
And if it murmurs that it cannot learn
The lesson it most needs,
I think there will be one for me, more stern
To translate into deeds.

Then let me lowly live, and faithful keep
God's counsels as I go,
Rememb'ring there's a harvest yet to reap
From seeds which now I sow.
And if, with holy courage, for truth's sake,
My soul through trial stands,—
I think it will be something sweet to take
A blessing from God's hands.

ARMY NOTES.

THE coast artillery service of the United States is to be put on a war footing, if the present plans of the War Department are carried out.

In his annual report, to be submitted to Congress at its convening in December, Secretary Taft will ask for $5,525,920 for construction and other work in the service during 1909.

This construction work is to provide in part for shelter for the coast artillery troops for which it is necessary to erect thirty-six company barracks, six band barracks, 178 sets of officers' quarters, and 218 sets of noncommissioned staff officers' quarters.

To Be Put on War Footing.

In accordance with the decision of Secretary Taft last November a concentration scheme is being worked out in the coast artillery service by which some of the seventy-eight separate forts where modern coast defenses are installed or in process of installation are to be completely manned and the remainder placed in the hands of caretakers. Thirty-two of the principal forts were selected as main posts, having as nearly as practicable garrisons of 100 per cent of a full manning detail, the remaining forts being regarded as subposts, which are to be left to such caretaking detachments as are necessary for the proper care and preservation of the defenses. First it is proposed in furtherance of the concentration scheme to construct at the main posts along the frontier the necessary barracks and quarters for accommodating the increment to the coast artillery provided for by Congress, and to follow this with the construction at those main posts of the barracks and quarters necessary for the accommodation of the troops now at the subposts.

The posts at which work is to be done, and the appropriations asked, include the following: Andrews, Mass., $124,000; Baker, Cal., $185,000; Caswell, N. C., $109,000; Dade, Fla., $106,000; Dupont, Del., $90,000; Greble, R. I., $153,000; Hamilton, N. Y., $189,000; H. G. Wright, New York, $336,000; Howard, Md., $141,000; Monroe, Va., $211,000; Morgan, Ala., $181,000; Rodman, Mass., $107,000; San Jacinto, Texas, $391,000; Screven, Ga., $153,000; new post near Fort Stark, N. M., $359,000; Stevens, Ore., $107,000; Strong, Mass., $143,000; Taylor, Fla., $306,000; Terry, N. Y., $313,000; Totten, N. Y., $162,000; Ward, Wash., $334,000; Williams, Maine, $209,000; Winfield Scott, Cal., $392,000, and a second new post near Fort Stark, N. H., $117,000.

SILENT NIGHT.

ARTIE GARVEY.

Oh, silent night all stars,
Oh, like the palest gem, yet all spars,
Not like the bright and sunny day,
That spreads its voice all the way,
Not like a wild and bounding sea,
That is so reckless, seems to me:
But like a mild and quiet maid,
Who nothing says but words quite staid;
Who sheds her beams of love
Like a cooing bright-eyed dove.
Oh, night, Oh, night!
I love the dark and silent night;
Because of the sars that shine so bright,
Because of the moon that a watch doth keep
O'er all good people, who are asleep.

You say, O moon, you cannot see
Why, I think you look at me,
In such a smiling way?
It is your nature:
God made you so.
God made the wind, that it should blow;
He made the sun that it should shine,
To light this dark, dark world of yours and mine.
Oh, moon to you I solemnly say,
"Shine on in your own, mysterious way,
And light the night,
As you were made to do,
Although the sun doth outshine you."

Leeton, Mo.

SPEAKING about difficult jobs, did you ever have to pay your summer's ice bill after you had fired up the furnace?

Comment on Current Events

THE NEED OF MORE PURE FOOD LAWS.

No. 1.

It is a great luxury, indeed, to have food from all parts of the world on our tables, but we doubt the propriety of trying to have too much at the risk of getting that which is unfit to be used.

In this article we call attention to some general practices at this season of the year which are unsanitary and should be remedied. For illustration we shall refer to some things in each article which we have looked into personally. During the winter months, jackrabbits are killed by the carloads in Kansas and other western states, and shipped as far east as New York City, where they are considered a great delicacy by the wealthy class. The fact is that the jackrabbits are not fit to eat by the time they leave Kansas, saying nothing of the time in transit, and the week or longer which butchers keep them hanging in New York City before they are sold. Here is a picture of the business as it is actually carried on year after year.

A gang of men and boys, with dogs and guns, drive over the prairie in wagons, killing and wounding jackrabbits and cottontails. The rabbits that are killed are not bled, but are thrown on a heap in the wagon and hauled around all day. The next day they may be taken to McPherson and sold, as this is a central market for surrounding counties, or a second or third day's hunt may be carried out and then the whole bunch of rabbits taken in at one time. Boys often keep dead rabbits for several days before they get to town, but the rabbits are sold just the same when the boys finally get to market.

If several such bunches of rabbits come into McPherson on a certain day, so much the better, for they will likely make enough freight to warrant a shipment at once, but generally the rabbit butcher will not ship until he has a few tons of dead rabbits, so as to save expense. Rabbits are shipped from several surrounding counties to McPherson, so that at best the butcher's rabbits have been dead anywhere from one day to one week or longer before he ships them.

In shipping they are packed in barrels, or wrapped in gunny sacks. The next day after leaving McPherson they are hanging in the butcher shops of Kansas City ready for a buyer, their entrails, head, hide and bloody wounds are all together just as they were shot ten days ago. In two days more the rabbits are in New York City ready to be dressed and feasted over, in some mansion. (The jackrabbit butcher at McPherson says that he does not sell a half dozen jackrabbits a year to his townspeople, because they know how the business is handled.)

The butcher in New York City, keeps the whole rabbit intact, just as they were received, until the last rabbit is sold. It may be two weeks after their arrival, which would make at least three weeks from the time the rabbit is killed in Kansas until it is eaten. How can anybody believe that such meat is fit to eat? Could it be frozen all the time it would not be so bad, but central Kansas is a warm country and the rabbits do not see much freezing until they reach Chicago.

This is a small matter when compared with the eating of other meats, yet the writer has seen six tons of jackrabbits shipped at one time from one station in Kansas, all billed to Chicago. Counting fifty such shippers, and counting ten shipments each during the winter months, and you have 5,000,000 pounds of such meat eaten in our eastern cities. The fact is that twice that amount is eaten, but this is enough to show carelessness in selecting wholesome food.

The jackrabbit trade is used as one example. Other illustrations will follow, showing the filth in some foods found closer home.

WHAT THE HAGUE CONCLUDED.

THE Peace Conference agreed upon thirteen conventions which "will be open to the plenipotentiaries to sign until June 30, 1908." These conventions follow:

1. The peaceful regulation of international conflicts.
2. Providing for an international prize court.
3. Regulating the rights and duties of neutrals on land.
4. Regulating the rights and duties of neutrals at sea.
5. Covering the laying of submarine mines.
6. The bombardment of towns from the sea.
7. The matter of the collection of contractual debts.
8. The transformation of merchantmen into warships.
9. The treatment of captured crews.
10. The inviolability of fishing boats.
11. The inviolability of the postal service.
12. The application of the Geneva Convention and the Red Cross to sea warfare, and,
13. The laws and customs regulating land warfare

It is understood that the initiative in summoning the next congress is to come from the Russian Czar, who summoned the first one eight years ago.

The two monster battleships authorized by Congress will cost twenty million dollars, and each of them will surpass in tonnage the much-vaunted "Dreadnought" of the British navy. The new ships will be 510 feet long, 27 feet draft, 2,300 tons coal capacity, 21 knots speed and 20,000 tons displacement. The "Dreadnought" is 500 feet long, has a displacement of 18,000 tons, and a speed of about 21 knots.

The largest ships of the American navy at present are those of the "Louisiana" type. The newest of these, the "Minnesota," was delivered to the government at the Norfolk Navy Yard on February 27th, after having demonstrated an average speed of 18.851 knots in a remarkable acceptance trial in a heavy gale. She is the fastest battleship in the American navy. The displacement of the "Minnesota" is 17,650 tons. She is surpassed in size and armament not only by the "Dreadnought," but by the new Japanese battleship "Satsuma." At the present time Japan owns the largest battleship afloat, for the "Satsuma" is a 19,200 ton ship.

A SOUL without reflection to ruin runs.



My credit is gone but my looks are promising.

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Its field is: The World.

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SPECIAL ARTICLES.

On another page will be found an accurate description of the Singer Building in New York City. The writer lives there and got her information from the contractors and overseers of the work, so that the description can be relied upon as being accurate, if any of the readers want to compare the Singer building with other large buildings which may appear later.

Many newspaper accounts of this work have been mere guess work, written without ever seeing the building, as is often the case with much current literature. We congratulate our readers on this authentic article and the pictures which in themselves are worth keeping.

Next week we will give the fullest account of the balloon and air ship which has been given yet in any magazine. It will be fully illustrated, and the various principles used in aërial navagation will be found in this article. Those who are watching the rapid progress made in navagating the air will find valuable information in the article on balloons next week.

Just as rapidly as it is possible we intend to introduce new and valuable matter to our readers so that we expect next year to be one of expansion for the Inglenoook.

The issue containing the balloon matter ought to sell like hot cakes for five cents each. We will have a few extra printed, feeling sure that many people would be glad for all the information given and the eight illustrations which accompany the article.

Agents ought to have a few samples of that issue so as to show people what they can expect for next year.

TOO LATE.

Several good Thanksgiving articles came in too late to be published. We are sorry to disappoint people after they took enough interest to offer their assistance, but after the forms for an issue are all set we cannot admit anything after that. But some of the articles did not get here until November 25, the day the Thanksgiving Inglenook should be in your home. We want all manuscript, except news, to be in about three weeks before it is expected to be published.

ROOSEVELT'S DEFENSE.

President Roosevelt has given the following explanation for removing "In God We Trust" from our coins:

"When the question of the new coinage came up we looked into the law and found there was no warrant therein for putting 'In God We Trust' on the coins. As the custom, although without legal warrant, had grown up, however, I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved of its being on the coinage. But as I did not approve of it, I did not direct that it should again be put on. Of course, the matter of the law is absolutely in the hands of Congress, and any direction of Congress in the matter will be immediately obeyed. At present, as I have said, there is no warrant in law for the inscription.

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence, which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps or in advertisements.

"As regards its use on the coinage we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins, or show any signs of its having appealed to any high emotion in him, but I have literally hundreds of times heard it used as an occasion of, and incitement to, the sneering ridicule which it is above all things undesirable that so beautiful and exalted a phrase would excite. For example, throughout the long contest extending over several decades on the free coinage question, the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jest and ridicule; and this was unavoidable. Every one must remember

the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God We Trust for the Eight Cents,' 'In God We Trust for the Short Weight,' 'In God We Trust for the Thirty-seven Cents We do not Pay,' and so forth and so forth.

"Surely I am well within bounds when I say that a use of the phrase which invites constant levity of this type is most undesirable. If Congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question, the direction will be immediately put into effect; but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken."

While many see the stealth of atheism in the removal of an old motto from our coins yet not one ought to question the President's motives after reading his defense although it will not sound well in history to read that Roosevelt took God's name off our coins.

A HISTORICAL QUIZ.

1. In what capacity did Abraham Lincoln serve in the Black Hawk War?

2. What was the first state to ratify the federal constitution? (Should this question have been introduced by "what" or "which"? The authority we use begins with "what.")

3. When and why was New Jersey separated from New York and whence its name?

4. Did the people of Tennessee ever attempt to establish an independent government of their own?

5. Was Illinois ever a French possession?

6. Where did the state of Arkansas get its name?

7. What civil office did Andrew Jackson hold before he became President?

9. When was the territory including Oregon ceded to the United States, and what inducements did the government offer to draw immigration to the Northwest?

10. What is the origin of the word "Iowa"?

11. Was the State of Illinois ever on the verge of bankruptcy?

12. What steamship first crossed the Atlantic?

Send no answers to the Editor. He is busy today hunting up about three hundred more questions for you.

ONE VIEW.

A writer from Egypt gives this dramatic procedure of English civilizing agencies:

1. The missionary.
2. Whiskey.
3. Guns.
4. Newspaper.
5. Cricket and football.
6. Death of the last aborigine.
7. Band plays "Rule Britannia."

FINANCIAL REVIEW

H. P. ALBAUGH.

Conditions in the financial realm have been most perplexing for a number of weeks. Suddenly the attention of the public was called to a money shortage and a general disposition to covet and hide away the medium of exchange was manifested everywhere.

This taking place at the season of the year when the crops were being moved forced conditions from bad to worse, and in less than a fortnight the whole country was panic stricken. Thanks to the conservatism of the public press, and the reassurance of the so-called "Captains of Finance," which made people willing to stand still and await developments, during the past month the tide has been turning and the wheels of progress are again moving forward.

Many causes are assigned for the shortage of ready cash in the country, but the following five seem most likely:

1. Overcapitalization of corporations and speculation in stocks of such companies. 2. The ease with which money could be borrowed from the banks by using as collateral security the shares in these heavily "watered" corporations. 3. Fast and high living, especially along the line of investments in expensive clothing, furs, hats, jewelry, silverware, cut glass and such articles as not only call for large sums of real money but take it entirely out of the country. 4. Pleasure seeking both at home and abroad, especially investments in automobiles, pleasure crafts, summer cottages and foreign travel. In thousands of instances these things have been provided with borrowed capital, or by straining credit to the breaking point, thus switching from the main circulation track millions of dollars monthly.

5. Low standards of integrity which have prevailed in the commercial world during the last generation. Unscrupulous and arrogant men in charge of the people's money must sooner or later bring a harvest of disaster and the calling for the same standard of conduct in business as in private life, the same care in handling a public trust as a private one has been no small factor in starting the recent "flurry."

May we hope for the day ere long when modesty, moderation, conservatism, the simple life and civic righteousness shall prevail? Each individual can count one on this program and all true reforms must be brought about through the multiplicity of units.

Chicago, Ill.

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.



Angel Admonitions

Richard Seidel

Be true thyself, if thou would'st teach
The striving ones to love thee;
Be true, thy gentle words shall reach
The heavenly realms above thee.

For angels pause to catch the sound
Of words so blessed and tender,
And bear the news to earth around,
Christ reigns in regal splendor.

A Woman's Heritages

Flora E. Teague

Every woman ought to be well-born. If she is not, sin lieth at some one's door. By the term well-born we mean born well physically, mentally, spiritually. It ought also to include born into a home where the parents are comfortably enough circumstanced to properly care for and shelter their little ones. Under these conditions our little girl is well prepared to enter upon her heritage of young womanhood.

Every young grl ought to be well taught regarding her physical organism, the mysteries of life, the preservation of her health for her own sake as well as for that of future generations.

If through timidity, thoughtlessness, or indifference on the part of the mother, our little girl is left to gain this knowledge from bitter experience, pain, sorrow, or vile associates, disastrous, indeed, may be the results. If health is lacking in the physical make-up, the mental and spiritual part of her nature will be more or less dwarfed. No condemnation, it seems to me, is too severe for the mother who fails to convey to her daughter the best instruction she can give along the lines enumerated above. Because of failure in this duty thousands of daughters today are suffering from ill health; many are living lives of shame; others are in insane asylums; and still others are filling premature graves.

If our young lady's entrance into life is good and her teaching wise, she is now well prepared to enter into her other heritages—wifehood and motherhood. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that the highest and best sphere for every healthy woman is wifehood and motherhood.

Should she become a bride and later on a prospective mother, our daughter is still not safe. Ere she feels her firstborn's breath, many things may intervene to injure her health, for her make-up is indeed, a most wonderful piece of organism. Many of her component parts, peculiar to her sex alone, are so exceedingly fine and delicate that the most tender care and skillful handling are required.

Frequently blunders on the part of those who assisted her in her trying ordeal have brought days of suffering and anguish to our young mother. She goes about her daily toil probably sick in body and mind, dragging out a miserable existence. Again she becomes nervous, irritable, hysterical. The happiness in the once pleasant home is on the wane. The husband sometimes becomes unsympathetic and morose. The breach grows wider and probably ends in the divorce courts. Who knows but that the ills and aches of many wives and mothers have as much to do with divorce courts as any other one cause? If a physician is consulted, nine times out of ten, he finds an excuse for an "operation." It fills his pocketbook, gratifies his desire for experimenting in delicate lines, and many poor women submit or do not object to being robbed of the most precious and sacred function God has bestowed upon them—femininity.

Oh, Surgery, what wrongs are done in thy name! Cutting, murderng, and robbing women of their priceless God-given heritage! Why do we women submit to it? Why do we not demand of the medical fraternity other and less drastic measures than the knife? Remedies that will restore women well and whole. There are such, and doubtless, others could be found did we but demand them. No woman who has been deprived of a portion of her organs peculiar to herself is ever a normal and complete woman afterwards, even though she may regain comparatively good health. On the other hand, many poor creatures afterwards drag out a miserable existence, more or less a burden to themselves and to those about them.

It is high time, methinks, to call a halt and demand remedies that will heal and completely restore. Men would. Why do we women not the same?

Lordsburg, Cal.

"P" IS FOR PLENTY. (My Thanksgiving Game.)

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

Such a full Thanksgiving Day!
Guess what all I've stowed away!
First a tender Pullet browned,
With the heart in gravy drowned;
Then a sweet Potatoe fried,
And a slice of Panhaas wide;
Then some Parsnips dressed with cream,
And big Pancakes—like a dream!
Pigs' feet then, without a bone,
And a square of yellow Pone;
Then some Perch—not much of that,
More of Partridge, nice and fat;
Then the Picalilli came,
And the Pilaff—what a name!
Then Preserves went on my bread,
Down the same red lane it fled.
Potpie was the next, I think,
Postum then I had to drink;
Tender Peas then came along,
Pickled beets with Pepper strong;
Then Poached eggs, of dainty hue,
And Popovers followed too;
Then a thin Puree of beans,
Parsley, and some other greens.
Then Potato chips a few,
And some Pie-plant in a stew;
Then some California Prunes,
Most as big as table-spoons;
Next some Plums in marmalade
On a light cream Puff I laid;
Some Panada, just a touch,
And some Porridge, but not much.
Pudding was the next to pass,
And some Pop poured in a glass;
Oysters Panned I wanted some,
And of Pigeon, just a crumb;
Chicken Patties were all right,
And the spiced Pears a delight;
Planked shad was a dish quite new,
Pork chops must be tasted too.
Peaches were the next in line,
With Potato salad fine;
Then a Pumpkin baked and hot,
And of Pepper-nuts a lot;
Curry Powder, mixed with rice,
And Pomegranates,—very nice;
Then the mince Pie—yes, I guess!
And the Pound cake, more or less;
Some Pistachio nuts (I'm told),
And Pineapple sherbet cold.
Then I had a Parker roll,
And some fruit Punch in a bowl;
Popcorn burst to snowy white,
Peanut taffy,—good? You're right!
Then there was no other course;
I could eat no more perforce;
So, to show I saw the hint,
Last I took a Peppermint!

Huntingdon, Pa.

THE game of football has been somewhat improved by the new rules extorted last year from its creators and managers by the pressure of public opinion. Under the new rules, the game is more visible than before to both officials and spectators, and it is livelier and therefore more interesting to watch. It gives appropriate opportunities to several kinds of natural athlete; and it affords fewer opportunities for foul play and brutality, whether deliberate and planned or sudden and accidental, than the game under the former rules afforded. This improvement was mainly due to the "neutral zone" between the opposing rush-lines, and to the requirement that ten yards instead of five be made in three downs. Many injuries were caused before the neutral zone was established, by the rush of the backs into a solid mass of men. It is a moving line into which the backs now plunge. The ten-yard rule made much less profitable the "bucking" of the line. There was more kicking, and fewer violent impacts of masses of men. Hence the diminution in the number of injuries. The open plays did not cause any increase in either the number or the severity of injuries received. The spirit of the game, however, remains essentially the same. It is properly described by the adjective "fierce"—a term which is commonly applied to the game by its advocates. It therefore remains an undesirable game for gentlemen to play or for multitudes of spectators to watch. No game is fit for college uses in which men are often so knocked or crushed into insensibility or immobility that it is a question whether by the application of water and stimulants they can be brought to and enabled to go on playing. No game is fit for college uses in which recklessness in causing or suffering serious bodily injuries promotes efficiency, and so is taught and held up for admiration. An extreme recklessness remains a grave objection to the game of football, and it also makes basket-ball and hockey, as developed in recent years, undesirable games.—*Pres. Elliot, of Harvard University.*

HOPE ON! HOPE ON!

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Should we despair e'en though the present
Seems the fiercest fight of life?
The future, with its fairest treasures,
May crown our efforts in the strife.

What if today be fraught with sorrow;
Dark and heavier than the past?
Brighter may beam the glad tomorrow,
With not one cloud to overcast.

Remember, 'tis night's darkest hour
That welcomes in the happy morn;
And where the cross seems to be heaviest,
The best and richest gifts are borne.

Let us then, be up and doing;
Faint not in the glorious strife;
"Onward, onward still pursuing!"
Be the watchword of our life.

Some Remarks on Supporting the Church

Richard Braunstein

Someone has said that conduct of any nature is based upon principle. We are not so sure about that; but we are sure that it should be. One important difference between the child and the man is that the child does what he is told to do, and taught to do, merely because he is told and taught; the real emergence from childhood begins when we act in a given way because we ourselves have seen a reason why that course of procedure is right, or appropriate.

Let me quote a familiar example. It is our relation with the government. Very early we are taught, or discover that there are certain things that we are forbidden to do because a very strong influence, or power which is called the government has decided that is unwholesome to have such things done. Therefore we begin by keeping the laws of the country because they are the laws of the country. Later on we learn that these same laws are made by the people, and we infer that there are reasons why they should be made. This fact explains why it is that very often people of a country oppose the laws of the land. Students of history will recall the fact that our fathers here in the earlier days, the days of the colonies, opposed various taxations which they believed to be unjust. All obedience to the government must ultimately be justified by the reasons upon which it is based.

Let us look for a moment at our philanthropies, and our relations to the same. Here we find that the same law is necessary; that conduct must rest upon principle. Why do we give, or withhold giving in the case of the tramp at our door, or the Salvation Army around the corner; in the matter of missions, whether they be foreign or domestic? A child gives because he is asked to, and may be found giving as readily to the tramp who will use his gain in expenditure for drink or some other folly, as to some most worthy causes. There are people, it is sad to relate, who give because like the child, they are asked to give; because it is more pleasant to give than to refuse; who know not that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Such a basis is not a satisfactory one upon which to act. We must discover the principle upon which our action must rest, whether we give or withhold.

The reasons for not being perfectly satisfied with ourselves until we have discovered such principles are worthy of our attention. There are many reasons, but a few will suffice. The first one is that we are enabled to be consistent. We must be consistent, and by so being we are logical. The alternatives to principles, as the guide of conduct, are caprice and custom. We may do wonderful things from mere caprice; from a generosity of mood that is then upon us. Someone asks us to do this or that or the other thing and we do it. Why? Because we were approached while being in a genial mood. But some other time we do not feel in such a mood and we are asked to do, or give something. The result is opposite. The insecurity of our behavior when thus decided must be very evident. We are all creatures of moods, and we are very apt to make our decisions according to our moods rather than to our principles. Nothing that stands in the way of our characters must be allowed to be ruled by our moods.

Again, another reason. *Custom* for instance. Many people go to church, because it is the custom, and because this custom is established in our civilization, and yet, here, too, we see the insecurity of the conduct.

It is very unsatisfactory for thinking people to be treated or to treat themselves as unthinking beings. This is another reason why we should act on principle. Why should I do this? Simply because I am in the humor for it; because it has always been done; my fathers thought it wise to do it? But I must know why; because another has done a thing does not mean that I should do the same. One of the greatest joys in this life is the fact that we possess a will-power. This joy is heightened by the fact that we can use it; that we control it. If I live by mere whims or follow the thought of another's mind, I am dishonoring myself.

Simple and obvious as this truth seems to us when thus treated by itself, we seem to lose our grasp of it, as we make practical applications to specific forms of conduct. A very practical problem which confronts us is: How much shall one do towards supporting the church? One is to deny the usefulness and influence of the church in a community and refuse to contribute toward its means of support. That is an honorable position to assume. If one believes that on the whole the church does harm and no good, brings bane and no blessing, it is his duty to refuse to support it, for then he will show that he has the courage of his convictions and is acting on a principle—logical and consistent. Such a person will of course be careful not to go to a minister to be married, and to have the undertaker conduct his funerals, and he will deny to his children the privileges and advantages to be derived in a Sunday school.

There is another side, an attitude less honorable; it is to recognize the worth of the church, to take advantage of it so far as he needs its help in order to be married respectfully and be buried decently—like a Christian but not as a Christian—and to have his children get the benefits of the Sunday school, but to give nothing, or as near nothing as he can, to maintain

it. This is unprincipled shirking, but there are many who are unprincipled shirkers.

There is another attribute. It is to recognize the church and its influence on the community and individual, and the individual responsibility rests upon each one to maintain it to the extent of his ability. If we cannot give money we can give ourselves.

We can be one of three things: unbelievers, shirkers, or faithful supporters. What is our personal share in this matter? We need, in short, to discover the basic principle upon which our conduct at this point can rest. It will assist us to find this principle if we first survey the facts which the principle must be broad enough to cover. The examination of two will suffice for the scope of this article.

First: the works of the church definite; it is a concrete affair. It has from one point of view a substance precisely as our homes or our offices or stores have, and the same laws and rules govern all. A ton of coal will not burn longer in a church furnace than at home, office or store. Things wear out as well as elsewhere. The price of gas is the same. There are bills to be paid for, expenses to be met. Among other things, labor, if it is in any manner professional, has to be paid for. Most ministers devoutly wish this particular law could stand suspended in their cases, if they could live without houses and food and books and physicians, it would make the ministry more attractive because the matter of church finances is quite too personal in the life of the minister not to seem disagreeable to him. But as things are at present, it is as necessary for him to have a suitable return for his labor as for any other worker.

Second: the support of the church belongs to the community, for the individual has a right to choose which of the churches of the community he wishes to stand by and lend assistance. But he must believe in their work, and it remains a point of honor for him to see that he has a rightful share in maintaining them.

We should support the church according to the importance of the work it is doing and according to our personal ability judged intelligently and conscientiously.

Churches, as a rule are known to be in want; this is a disgrace. There are many methods resorted to, to make this matter right. The methods are not always right. There are petty economies that churches often have to practice. These methods do not reflect on the church, but the community. Sometimes there are too many churches, and then there should be enough Christian wisdom to reduce the number to the proper needs. However, there is no excuse for the beggarly way in which churches are treated. There are annual deficits, hand to mouth conditions, failure to keep church edifices and grounds in repair. This all reveals a lack of honor, lack of Christian duty, and lukewarmness. The expenses should be kept down to the lowest point consistent with the honor of the work. The salaries of the ministers should be, as they are, lower than the same abilities would command elsewhere. We do not want our ministers to be constrained by high pecuniary reward. It would be dangerous to make the work of the ministry on the mendicant basis. When a minister travels, he ought to be able to pay his fare like other men, because a minister of the Gospel is a man, in spite of the efforts of a good many people to make him otherwise. When he needs a doctor he ought to be able to pay that doctor his fees. The honor of the church demands all this.

Again, things relative to church support should be judged intelligently. That means that we take the trouble to inquire into the exact needs of the work, as it ought to be done in a given locality, the amount of money needed, etc. It is not acting intelligently by giving a hundred dollars a week, or ten cents a week, without considering as accurately as we can all the facts. This is a good system. Let facts be announced, or posted in the church, for example:

We need so many people to give ten dollars a Sunday; we have of this number so many; we need so many to give five dollars a Sunday and we have so many." Thus the scale is carried down until the whole situation can be studied out by every one who wants to help in a rational way. The writer does not approve of the pledging system.

We need to judge conscientiously, and that is perhaps difficult. Of course we should have as much satisfaction in giving one dollar as someone else has in giving a one thousand, if we have the spirit which the Master discerned in the widow casting in the two mites. But it will be a matter of conscience that there is some ratio between our other appropriations and that for the work of our church.

It has been shown by statistics that eleven million dollars a year, and over, is spent for chewing-gum. Think it over. Is it right? We do not think that it is. The writer, by the way, has also seen some of this gum being chewed in church! The contribution boxes contain pennies, and lots of them too. I once had the pleasure of counting a collection in which there were three hundred pennies! These pennies were for the most part contributed by young people who think nothing of spending from fifteen to seventy-five cents a week upon the merest trifles. Of course we must put something in the basket. It is held in front of us, and it would be embarrassing to not notice it. People are looking at us. So we put in a penny. At any rate those people who notice us do not notice what we give! A button, given in this spirit would answer the same purpose. There is far too little effort conscientiously to establish a fitting ratio between our style of living, our savings, our indulgences on the one hand and our support of the church and benevolences on the other.

The problem is not one of church administration but one of personal conduct. It affects the dignity and honor of the church, and affects the dignity and honor of the individual. The church will be supported some way, it will continue if need be, to make up by various forms of begging, fairs, entertainments and bazaars, though the Master's voice is ringing in our ears "Make not of my Father's house a place of merchandise!" What will be the effect on us if we give only fitfully, only in order to have a sort of respectable standing with our fellow-men?

I can find no more fitting phrase with which to close my remarks than those immortal words of St. Paul: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

GEORGE E. ROOP.

THERE are but few words in the English language so commonly and so erroneously used as the word "Education." It is derived from the Latin preposition "ex," meaning "out," and the verb "duco," I *lead* or *draw*. Hence, instead of the mere stuffing process which it is so universally taken to represent, its primary and fundamental meaning is, to draw out the qualities, capacities, and possibilities within a man. Education must have a basis upon which to stand. This basis is knowledge. All knowledge, in turn, rests upon *truth* as its foundation. Real education is inseparable from truth; truth is thought, word and action. We know of but one impossibility for the divine power. "It is impossible," says Holy Writ, "for God to lie." The omniscient and omnipotent Creator and ruler of the universe himself is *truth*. Truth is the cornerstone of life. But as a house is far from being complete when only the foundation is laid, so is education unfinished till a superstructure has been built upon its foundation. The seeds of knowledge may be sown, but unless they bring forth a harvest of intellectual, moral and spiritual development, there is no true education.

Persons of different positions in life have various aims in securing an education. Probably more than three fourths of those who strive for the higher degrees of learning do so for financial considerations. Is this the true ideal of education? Surely this aim is not wholly an ignoble one, but pecuniary results are neither the only nor the principal blessings to be sought from education.

There is another class who value education chiefly because it will better prepare them for entering society, and will enable them to ascend the dizzy heights of social rank. It is desirable that all should be prepared for associating with their fellow-men, for man is a social being, and to enjoy the blessings of society one must be prepared to fill an honorable place therein. But in and of itself, this ability to occupy a lofty social position is an almost insignificant part of the real purpose of education. It is incomplete, it is narrow, it is selfish. The Fourth of July skyrocket flashing toward the heavens, and shining in most brilliant hues, attracts and holds the attention of all in sight, so that even the stars of the firmament are forgotten, eclipsed by its glory. But shortly it bursts into atoms, its light is extinguished, it is gone and forever forgotten.

But they who seek an education to develop their talents so that they may secure the greatest happiness for themselves and be a benefit to the race at large, will fill honored graves, their light will not be extinguished; but like the stars of the Pleiades, they will rise again on the great judgment morn, to shine more brightly than ever before.

The ideal purpose of a true education is not wealth, not social rank; but a strong and noble character, an honorable and successful life, a happy, peaceful death, and a glorious existence of useful service in the external world.

Union Bridge, Md.

THE SWEET AFTERWHILE.

God has never promised our pathway
Shall be free from toil and care,
But he promises every burden
He will help his children bear,
After the parting, the greeting,
After the tears, the smile,
After the watching and waiting
Comes the sweet afterwhile.

After the toil and riot
By which our souls are pressed,
Then comes the calm and quiet,
Then comes untroubled rest:
Out from the heavenly meadows
Is bending the rainbow of hope,
Even till death's dark shadows
Slant down life's western slope.

Dear heart, let us ever remember
Though sorrowful be the day,
The Father, whose love is so tender,
Shall wipe every tear away.
After the bitter, comes sweetness,
After the tear, the smile,
God has promised in full completeness
A beautiful afterwhile.

—Selected by E. C. Witter.

STATUES IN THE WORLD'S STUDIO.

LOTTIE A. OBERLIN.

IN memory's beautiful gardens, in the pleasant fields of the imagination, surge the swelling tides of thought as they ebb and flow in beauty on the azure plains of the future. How many youthful dreams of greatness, of the construction of permanent statues in the world's studio, have thus been cherished!

The statues may not all show equal brilliancy, and though many are not ornamented with the dainty style of the Corinthian architecture, they may be more durable than the brightest, highest, or most stately.

Was Napoleon's eventful life a statue in the world's studio? It was, and one of the most brilliant, but the ignoble traits of character possessed by him, have caused it to be less renowned, until at last it shall crumble to dust.

From east to west and from north to south, statues are bing sculptured, raised, and placed in this studio. Millions have died that Cæsar might become great, but now his illustrious name is almost forgotten. His statue was brilliant in the world of fame, but not durable.

Think for a moment of the masses who have been influenced for good by Shakespeare's dramas. Many a poor wayfaring soul has been cheered and comforted after a day's weary toil, in reading "The Tempest" or "Lear."

The curriculum of life does not consist alone in the most daring deeds performed by our heroes of ages past, the most lifelike sculpture, the greatest masterpiece of nature's paintings, nor the most famous novel ever written, but with all of these, can be placed among the highest, the lowly life-work of a patient, devoted mother. How many hearts throb faster at the sound of that precious word; what memories of home, joy and all that life is worth, cluster round that one small word—"mother!"

In the springtime of life, we see a noble youth of about sixteen summers, lingering in the doorway of a little cottage, saying a fond farewell to his mother, who in tears, saying that last "Good-bye," so earnestly trusts God that her boy may be successful in the vast arena of life, wherein he is ready to step.

In later years after she had so patiently toiled with her own hands, that he, the joy and pride of her heart, should become a great and good man, she was richly rewarded to see him filling one of the highest positions of life in the Kingdom.

She had taught him in childhood, while rambling over the meadows, fragrant with blossoms of the early springtime, listening to the joyous songs of the birds, to admire nature in all her sublime grandeur. Thus unconsciously he learned to love the beautiful which was the foundation of his success.

That mother's life-work fills one of the most prominent places as a statue in the world's studio. Many lives fill such places, few ever thought of, only those who have achieved greatness in the eyes of the listless world.

These statues are not carved without incessant toil and labor, for many difficulties arise which must be surmounted. The greatest benefactors of mankind have prosecuted their work amid the frowns and intense opposition of the multitudes. It is only after they are dead that we appreciate their work, and then to atone for neglect, or even opposition, we commemorate their life-work by great monuments, never thinking of the statues they have placed in the great studio.

Socrates, one of the wisest and noblest men of his time, after a long career of service in denouncing the wrong of his age, and trying to improve the morals of his people, was condemned to death and obliged to drink poison; but his statue remains.

"True greatness does not consist in wealth, nor in social position nor in what men say or think of us, but in greatness of the soul."

An African prince who was sent on an embassy with costly presents for Queen Victoria, preferred a modest request that England's beloved sovereign would tell him the secret of England's success. Her majesty did not show the embassador her diamonds, her precious jewels and her ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, said, "Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's success." This one chip was chiseled from the marble in Queen Victoria's statue, which stands as one of the most distinguished.

Are you carving a statue which shall be placed among the first in the large, free, open gallery? Are you dreaming of noble things to be done by and by? If so, do it now; youth is the time to begin. Many men permit their lives to slip away with their large purposes unaccomplished and their smaller intentions unrealized, simply because they never transform the "about to be" into the "being." To carve a substantial statue you must "do noble things, not dream of doing them all day long." By so doing you shall, chip by chip, chisel the dull, bare marble until it shall assume a life-like attitude, and then, little by little, you shall place it beside the most renowned, for as your life has been, so will your statue be. Set your heart aright, your ambition high, so that your statue may assume a luster as brilliant as the brightest stars in their constellations in the dark blue heavens.

Union Bridge, Md.

DR. FRANTZ HARTMAN alone has collected particulars of some 700 cases of premature burial and of narrow escapes from it, some of which, he tells, occurred in his own neighborhood. He mentions the case of the celebrated actress, Mlle. Rachel, who "died" in Paris, but, coming suddenly to life after the operation for embalmment had been begun, died in reality ten hours afterwards from the injuries that had been inflicted upon her.

IMPRUDENCE makes her home with fools, but one is liable to stumble on her most anywhere.

SHOULD SOME REFERENCE TO GOD BE PLACED ON OUR COINS?

B. F. STOVER.

MANY persons are foolishly fretting themselves at present about the elimination of the motto, "In God We Trust," from our various coins. Does the motto state the truth? Many things are said and written as to God and his wishes, that are almost blasphemous and this motto is one of them. In all ages men have tried to hide behind the "Supreme Deity" in oppressing their fellow-man. Professed followers of the "man of peace" have caused the shedding of human blood in his name. Today we have large bodies of men armed for wholesale murder, and great ships of war plow the ocean to destroy other Christian nations. A few years ago quite an agitation was being made to have the word "God" inserted in the constitution of the United States. It matters little as to the word "God" in the constitution, so long as the constitution, itself, is in accord with his spirit, which will be the case as soon as we make our laws just and execute them fairly. All such contentions sound like hypocritical lip service,—like the Pharisee praying on the street corners.

When we shall have arrived at the point where we have less evil uses for our coins, it will be ample time then to put the word "God" upon them. Think for one moment of these coins being used fraudulently and for authority to deal out damnation across the bar, and in the gambling hole, which cause all manner of crimes, and the profits thereof being shared by a Christian nation!

Much has been said about "tainted money." Let us hope that the filthy taint did not touch the part of the coin where the word "God" was. These coins are found in pockets with a bottle of whiskey or a dirty plug of tobacco, and are used in all kinds of fraud and gambling.

When just and righteous laws are made and enforced then will the spirit of the Deity so envelop our coins that his blessing will flow to all mankind.

Linton, Ind.

TRUTH.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

TRUTH is one of the attributes of God; as God is love, so God is truth. God desires in each man truth. The heart is to be the seat of truth, and all conditions are to be the essence of truth. The spirit is to manifest the truth and the words and actions are to illustrate truth. The entire man is to be the very impersonation of truth. His moral integrity is to be as solid and firm as the rocks. He is to follow after righteousness; not from feeling, not from a social influence, not from the hope of a temporal gain, but from principles; from true consciousness that it is like God, and for the good of self and the good of the world.

Inward truth stands opposed to inward falsity. The former makes a good character, while the latter is sure to make a bad one. It matters not what is the reputation of a man, nor his honors; his manners, nor how winning his ways, nor however charming his conversation, if his inmost soul is not wedded to the eternal principle of right, and every fiber of his moral nature saturated with devotion to the truth. It is the heart right in the sight of God, as it is cleanness to the soul and soundness of moral vitality, it is wholeness of spiritual health, it is truth, appropriated, experienced, lived. Truth must be ever accepted as the one great requisite to moral power.

God cannot accept a false heart. He may overrule the work of a hypocrite to the good of others but he will not make hypocrisy, holiness, nor falsehood truth. Everything about inward falsity is weak and weakening, it tends to dissolution and death. The truth is life. Crushed to earth it will rise again, but falsehood is death. Expose the victim of it and he will wither like a plant plucked up by the roots.

Truth enthroned is a kingdom of righteousness that can never be shaken, and that opens toward heaven. Falsehood crowned, is an empire of darkness that trembles every moment on the verge of perdition. Christ is the truth and all who wish to come to the truth must first come to Christ and if we are of the truth, then we are of Christ. If not inwardly true, we are not of Christ and our hope of heaven will become as castles in the air. Get right, be right, know the truth, be the truth. Have every thought, impulse, desire, motive and decision conform to the law of truth.

YESTERDAY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

He was our friend. Now he is dead and still.
At morn he came with helpful hands to fill
Our need. All opulent his midday grace,
Still near at eve he stood with loyal face.
Ah soon we found we had not prized our friend.
How struggling in the brief hours to make amend,
We heard not the dread presence at our door;
Aghast we turned to find our friend no more!

NOEL.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Star-dust and vaporous light,—
The mist of worlds unborn;
A shuddering in the awful night,
Of winds that bring the morn.

Now comes the dawn; the circling earth;
Creatures that fly and crawl;
And man, that last, imperial birth:
And Christ, the flower of all.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

THE RECENT PANIC AND ITS CAUSE.

From the point of view of the man in the street the most interesting article in the December Everybody's is a discussion of "What Caused the Panic," by Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, James J. Hill, Stuyvesant Fish, Byron W. Holt, editor of Moody's Magazine, W. G. Sumner, and Thomas W. Lawson. The opinions of these experts differ on some points, but all agree that the present crisis has been widely anticipated for many months. Mr. Gage thinks that the crisis is due primarily to a weak currency system, but he also believes that the recent wars, natural disasters, and vastly augmented building enterprises have been serious contributory causes. Mr. Gage says in part:

"A modest estimate of the destruction wrought by the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and the war betweeen Russia and Japan is $3,000,000,000, and to this should be added at least $500,000,000 of property swallowed up in the San Francisco and the Chilean earthquakes of last year. All this vast sum, if not destroyed, would have been avilable for useful works of value to man. During the past few years, also, there has been an unprecedented activity in the creation of works ministering to human needs. The construction of railways, electric-lighting plants, cotton-mills, steamships, etc., in the past six years has used up no less than $5,000,000,000. Capital thus transferred and fixed in permanent form has been gradually furnised by those who possessed it, and in place of it the possessors have been supplied with securities, such as stocks and bonds, from which they might expect to draw an income an indefinite future.

"The creation of these vast works has been justified by the needs of a progressive civilization, but that does not nullify the fact that capital once transferred to the creation of railroads and similar enterprises no longer exists in available form for other purposes. It has been further evident to thinking persons that the pressure for the use of capital has outmeasured the supply of capital. It is much easier and quicker to plan schemes, pass resolutions in directors' meetings, print and offer bonds and stocks for sale, than it is to gather the capital to exchange for them, no matter how meritorious an enterprise may be. That we lately reached a period when the deadlock between capital and the demand for it was manifest is shown by the higher terms of interest offered by conservative enterprises. In fact, long-time bonds could find no buyers during the past year. . . . In the exigency thus revealed, the great borrowing enterprises, finding it impossible to negotiate long-time bonds, resorted to the device of issuing short-time notes running for one, two, and three years, at the most tempting rates of interest. Under these unusual inducements, the controllers of capital represented by money and credits in bank, who would have considered it imprudent to invest funds in long-time bonds, felt justified in taking over hundreds of millions of dollars of short-time securities, and thus the delicacy of the situation was greatly aggravated.

"This was about the situation in the early fall, when the annual harvest put in its inexorable demand for the temporary use of capital. It is a known fact that the thousands of banks standing next in proximity to the agriculturist keep a large portion of their funds on deposit in reserve cities. Upon these reserve centers, then, the country banks from Louisiana to Minnesota made their usual autumnal requisitions. The situation thus created found the banks in reserve cities especially weak in their money reserves. With a proper system of currency in the United States, this strain from the country would have been met by bank credits issued in the form of circulating notes, fully qualified and entirely adequate to meet the temporary requirements of the crop period. But in the absence of any such system, these requisitions from the interior upon New York banks had to be met out of the already scant supply of their legal money reserves. The withdrawal of these reserves operated upon the great superstructure of bank credit like the removal of foundation-stones from under some great building. To restore equilibrium, the banks in reserve centers were obliged to turn upon their borrowers and force payment from their debtors with little regard to the inconvenience or the loss incidental to liquidation by the debtor class. All the phenomena of shock—a horrible fall in the price of securities—fright, and panic were the final result of the movement sketched. This was a natural and inevitable consequence from the lack of a proper system of currency."

James J. Hill believes that "the trouble clearly comes from the hoarding of money, not by the few, but by the many. . . . The best and quickest remedy is for every man who is hoarding money to return it to its usual employment. It is he who is doing the mischief. . . . The money is in this country, but it must be made available. It is as much the duty of every citizen to deposit all his surplus cash in the banks, which are entirely sound and solvent, as it would be to subscribe to a war loan. In this way will money be put into circulation, and the financial institutions of the country will be enabled to make the advances without which business cannot be done."

The opinion of Byron W. Holt, editor of Moody's Magazine, is carefully thought out and is worthy of serious consideration. This is the gist of it:

"Present financial and industrial conditions, as to gold, prices, interest rates, business and credit, closely parallel those of 1857. If our banking conditions were not very much better than were those of 1857, we might now expect to see duplicated the avalanche of failures of banks and commercial houses which then laid business prostrate. The greater soundness and stability of our present banking institutions, together with better management and concert of action, have probably averted for us a panic which would have been as much greater than previous panics as our business expansion is greater than that of any previous period.

"As happened in 1857, we may expect to see a sudden and sharp business depression follow in the wake of our financial crisis. We may be well through this depression in six months. It can hardly last more than a year, with gold depreciating in value and with prices tending strongly upward. Liquidation in commodities, real estate, and labor is not likely to go nearly so far as it has gone in bonds and stocks. Not only will a shortage in the world's food supply prevent a heavy decline in the prices of foodstuffs, but the flood of gold from our mines—amounting to more than $1,000,000 a day—tends to check any fall that may occur in the prices of real property.

"But few persons realize the very great significance of this outpour of gold. In 1887 the world's annual output of gold was $105,774,900. In 1897 it was $236,075,700. In 1907 it will be about $430,000,000. The output is increasing rapidly because the cost of producing gold is declining more rapidly than is the cost of producing most other commodities. The effects of the declining value of gold are revolutionary in the financial, industrial, economic, political, and social worlds. Not only are they seen in the rising prices of all tangible property, in high interest rates, in higher nominal but lower actual wages, and in lower prices of all securities bearing fixed rates of income, but they are upsetting all calculations in savings and insurance, based upon averages. Average prices will probably not decline

more than ten or twelve per cent. A decline of more than fifteen per cent is necessary to cause a widespread failure of banks, mercantile houses, manufacturers, and real-estate interests. Inside of two years the cost of living, measured by gold, will almost certainly be higher than now and will be rising rapidly.

"Two contributing causes of the present crisis are found in our inelastic currency system and our uncivilized tariff laws. Nearly two years ago Mr. Jacob H. Schiff declared that if we did not reform our 'hodge-podge, clumsy currency system' we should have one of the worst panics we had ever seen. Such a currency famine as we are now having is impossible in Canada, Scotland, or any other country with an asset currency. We can save ourselves now only by devising clearing-house certificates and other forms of asset currency which we will use, some illegally, until confidence is restored. Our excessive tariff duties on imports are probably largely responsible for the fact that average prices have risen about fifty per cent in this country, since 1897, against a rise in England of about thirty-five per cent. This greater rise has induced greater speculation, has put a greater strain on our capital, and has caused interest rates to go higher here than in any other country. A sound and elastic currency and a reasonable tariff system would most certainly have mitigated, if they would not have prevented, our present financial crisis."—From "What Caused the Panic," in the December Everybody's

THE FARM THE TRUE SCHOOL.

"Agriculture the Basis of Education" is the title of a very suggestive paper in the *Monist* by Mr. O. F. Cook, who boldly challenges current opinions of training the next generation. Mr. Cook begins by saying that "interest is intellectual appetite." It is the index of the mind's readiness for the assimilation of knowledge. Formal instruction does not arouse interest, but can speedily deaden and destroy it. It results in a scholastic dyspepsia. "It is as though horse-breeders were to follow the methods of the hog-raisers, or as though the system of producing fat-livered geese were applied to game-cocks or to carrier pigeons." Education means greater power of action, not mere plethora of erudition.

He then lays down his main thesis:

More fundamental than all questions of subject-matter and methods of formal education are the two primal contacts of the child, with Nature and with parents. To weaken these contacts is to impair the conditions of normal development, the basis on which all more specialized forms of training must rest.

The actual labor of farming may not have an educational superiority over many other vocations, except for the greater variety and the more numerous contacts with nature.

Education fails to remedy the deterioration that takes place in cities, which often overlook this main fact. Parents who move from country to town to give their children greater educational advantages often leave behind much more truly educational conditions than any they find in the city. "Children are obviously out of place in cities":

The mental conditions of agriculture are just as essential to the normal development of the human mind as air, food and exercise for the development of the body. Nature is highly complex, and also exceedingly fine-grained; it is only in contact with this multiplicity of fine-grained facts of Nature that fine-grained perceptions are developed by the child.

Degeneration is an inevitable effect of shutting children away from Nature and from their parents during the years when the senses are susceptible of their most rapid and permanent progress. Attempts to graft agriculture into scholastic courses of study have rarely been successful, for formal learning leads away from Nature rather than toward it. Complete mastery of a foreign language is seldom possible if the undertaking be deferred to maturity. The multifarious agriculture contacts with Nature are similar; unless supplied in childhood and youth they seem to find no adequate entrance or function in the mind:

The mind of childhood, rather than that of later youth or manhood, is adapted to absorb the vast number and complexity of details with which all nature contacts abound. Not to have these contacts at the right time of life is to be always out of joint with the terrestrial environment,—to remain a transient boarder and never completely qualify as a true inhabitant of the earth.

Having dealt with the need of contacts with Nature, Mr. Cook proceeds to urge the need of contact with previous generations. He says:

It is not enough that normal babies be born, and that children have pure air, wholesome food and adequate exercise, so that their bodies attain normal physical development. Even when these material conditions are supplied they carry the young only to the status of savages, unless effective contacts with the older members of the community are maintained.

The human species differs from all others in that the parental instincts are not temporary, but continue to strengthen with age. It is often not the parents themselves, but the grandparents, who supply the widest experience and the most sympathetic relations, especially with the younger children.

It is only in agricultural communities that these necessary contacts with Nature and between the successive generations are well assured; just as it is only in agricultural societies that civilizations are developed and maintained.

THE ONLY PERFECT COUPLE.

She was a widow and her second venture was a widower. He was a gentle soul and hadn't much to say in response when his wife had a great deal to remind him of, especially when she compared him with her former, but when he did speak it counted. One night he went to sleep while she was telling him the old, old story. She followed him shortly. Along in the middle of the night she was awakened by his uneasy turning.

"John," she said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Susan," he replied softly.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, Susan; I was just thinking if your first had married my first they would have been the only perfect couple on earth."

Then he went to sleep again—while she was talking.

—December Lippincott's.

A BAGATELLE.

Southerner: "After all, the Civil War was fought over a very small matter."

Northerner: "How's that? It involved the union itself."

Southerner: "No, just a little matter of spelling. The point involved was whether we should say the United States of America or the Untied States of America."

—December Lippincott's.



Echoes from Everywhere

GENERAL.

Charles R. Jones, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, gave out a statement in which he said the President's silence on temperance reform in his message to Congress, was amazing. He said: "While Mr. Roosevelt takes infinite pains to elaborate his views upon almost every topic of political, social, and industrial life in a document of more than 20,000 words, the most careful reading of his versatile and valuable production discovers only a single isolated, indirect reference only ten words long to the supreme issue before the American people today—the liquor traffic. Such an absolute silence upon the issue which more than any other has stirred the public mind and achieved more significant and widespread success than any other during the last twelve months, is the more amazing because it is fully recognized at Washington that from every section of our land there is going up to this present Congress a great popular demand for the passage of long postponed interstate legislation which shall bulwark no-license and prohibition territory against the invasion of the brewers and spoliation of the federal tax-paying jointists."

Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court says: "We can never come to the full measure of the truth," he said, "so long as we permit any group of financiers, any persons or corporation, to crush the individual. Nor can we allow any labor organization to dictate the course we should follow." He also said: "The individual must be taught from childhood up that what he does for the nation must be from his own heart. Compulsory work for the general good is worthless."

Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $2,600,000 to the Institute for Medical Research in this city, to which he had already given $1,200,000, is intelligent generosity. Leaders in the medical profession are nearly unanimous in the belief that such institutions for pure research are now more needed than new hospitals. Greater readiness to work in harmony, closer business management and better general support would make the existent hospitals in New York ample to the present need.

James J. Hill prophesies the decadence of New York City in the following words: "No city can maintain its control when its chief claim is that it is the dearest place in which to do business. The cost of everything relating to trade and commerce has increased here beyond the point of profit. Traffic will be forced to seek other outlets; business other locations. The tax imposed upon business in New York is enormous. Your real estate, your docks, your means of communication, all are burdened with heavy charges. Your budget this year is somewhere about $140,000,000. The price to live and to do business in New York is growing beyond the ability of the people to stand. They will be forced to go elsewhere."

Of the fifty saloons recently doing business in Williamson County, Ill., the last one has quit. The county is anti-saloon territory, made so by 1,500 majority and the districts where all the saloons were located cast the bulk of the votes. In Herrin, where more saloons were located than any other precinct in the county, suits have been brought against persons for shipping in beer, and the Illinois Central Railroad company was fined $100 for conveying the goods to the city. Draymen who hauled it up in town were fined $50 each.

Four Democratic policies—railroad regulation, curbing the trusts, the income tax and arbitration of labor disputes—Mr. Roosevelt has borrowed from his opponents, according to Mr. Bryan in his Washington speech. Four Democratic policies—tariff reform, popular election of Senators, freedom for the Filipinos and denunciation of "government by injunction"—Mr. Roosevelt has not borrowed. Hence Mr. Bryan regretfully concludes that the President is Democratic "only in spots."

Our wizard, Luther Burbank, is exhibiting in Los Angeles two hundred and eight kinds of apples all of which came from one and the same tree. Mr. Burbank planted seeds from the apples borne by a certain tree. The two hundred and eight varieties of apples were the result. They run from apples the size of quail eggs up to one pound apples. One would think, judging from the appearance, that they had grown in two hundred and eight different parts of the world.

At the close of the Jamestown exposition, President Tucker stated that if a purchaser for the buildings and grounds is found who will pay $2,000,000, all of the debts can be paid, and that if one is discovered who will pay $2,500,000, the stockholders may also be paid. "Our indebtedness," he said, "consists of the following: A first mortgage of $400,000; second mortgage, $700,000; balance due the government, $900,00; total, $2,000,000; so that it will be seen if we can realize from this property two-thirds of what has been expended upon it, we will pay every dollar of the indebtedness. And, if we could realize what the property is fully worth, we would be able to pay the stockholders in full."

By a vote of 95 to 10, with four absent, House bill No. 1, in the Oklahoma legislature, known as the "Jim Crow" measure, providing for separate coaches and waiting-rooms for races, was passed. An enthusiastic demonstration accompanied the announcement of the vote.

More than 2,000 representative Americans at the Rivers and Harbors congress in Washington on Wednesday cheered the announcement of plans for systematic and nation-wide improvement of water ways.

It is stated that the dividends of the Standard Oil Company for seven years have been $308,359,403. Let us investigate. Though the average is fifty cents per year contributed by each person young and old to the dividends of the Standard Oil Company, it should be borne in mind that a large proportion of the population of the country do not pay this per capita amount, being children or those who are otherwise dependent upon others for their support. Thus the burden falls upon the head of the household. Estimating the heads of families as one to five of the total population, every such head would therefore be compelled to contribute to Standard Oil dividends the sum of $2.50, per year, or $17.50 in seven years. As this is but the dividends realized by Standard Oil stock holders from each family in this country, it will readily be seen that the total amount paid into the coffers of the oil trust each year by the head of every family is something considerable.

NATIONAL.

Emigrants continue to leave New York for Europe at the rate of 30,000 to 70,000 per week. The sudden panic, the lack of labor and the presence of winter causes their departure.

The President's idea of a "Peace Cruise" by the Atlantic Fleet to Asiatic waters continues to draw world-wide comment. The total expense of the rip will be $2,500,000 for coal and $6,000,000 for other supplies. The fleet is manned by 1,000 officers and men, with 2,000,000 pounds of ammunition in her magazines, with her monster guns spick and span, and carrying the prize gunners of the navy.

The Government has put its shoulder to the wheel to supply the lack of currency. The Philadelphia mint, working overtime, has turned out $1,000,000 in double eagles, and within the next three months expects to turn out $50,000,000 more.

The following are the principal items in the estimates for the expenses of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, as submitted to Congress today by the Secretary of the Treasury:

Legislative,	$ 12,962,847
Executive,	423,510
State Department,	4,417,681
Treasury Department,	174,778,106
War Department,	218,111,526
Navy Department,	128,846,260
Interior Department,	183,911,609
Postoffice Department,	2,597,880
Department of Agriculture,	14,359,351
Department of Commerce and Labor,	16,214,783
Department of Justice,	9,884,580

The complete figures show a grand total of $913,949,286, an increase of $77,479,819 over the estimates for 1908 and an increase of $56,220,646 over the appropriations for 1908. This exceeds the estimated revenues of the government for the fiscal year of $34,826,277.66.

FOREIGN.

Spain advertised for somebody to build her a warship and a Japanese got the contract. The industrial circle is completed when Asia begins to supply Europe with her armament.

Russia has paid the last of her debt to Japan with a check for $24,302,000, which represented the balance due for the maintenance of Russian prisoners.

The Duma, the Russian Congress, has formally declared that the title of "Autocrat," which has been borne by the Czars of Russia for centuries, is no longer tenable within the Russian State and is incompatible with the regime inaugurated by the manifesto issued by Czar Nicholas on Oct. 30, 1905.

King Leopold's bloody rule over the Congo is ended. The ruler responsible for the term "red rubber trade," because of the butchery and maiming of countless natives due to the greed for gain of the private corporation of which he was the head, has ceded sovereignty of all the territories of the Congo Independent State to Belgium. It was thought that the treaty annexing the Congo would exempt the crown domain, the richest part of the territory, but it does not.

Central American delegates to the peace conference have reached an agreement. A permanent high court of arbitration, the first in the world, before which the five countries of Central America pledge themselves to waive every consideration of national honor, and whose mandates they not only promise to obey, but also to enforce, has been agreed upon and ordered formally drafted into a treaty by the conference. This court is to permanently located in Costa Rica and is to have power and jurisdiction in all international matters.

It took the Central American governments several generations to learn that they could settle their petty differences before fighting easier than to fight and arbitrate their troubles afterwards. Some more nations of the earth ought to learn this lesson soon also.

Despite the Kaiser's heroic efforts in the shape of professional exchanges and other measures in behalf of a German-American intellectual entente, statistics published indicate that the attendance of American students at the University of Berlin has fallen to the smallest figures on record. Only 68 men and 27 women are at present enrolled on the university books, as compared with a total of more than 200 three years ago and more than 400 ten years ago. Inquiries made at Heidelberg, Gottingen, Jena, Leipzig, Halle and other prominent universities reveal the fact that the shrinkage in the Berlin attendance is typical of conditions elsewhere. President Hadley, of Yale, in discussing this falling off says it is not due to money stringency in America. "The only explanation of the fact that fewer Americans are now studying in German universities," he says, "is that Germany no longer enjoys the monopoly of advanced theoretical teaching which she formerly did. The facilities of other countries, notably our own, have been extensively widened, and as they continue to develop the necessity for coming to Germany becomes correspondingly less. Twenty-five years ago Germany's monopoly was absolute."

In the reichstag in session at Berlin August Bebel, the Socialist leader, called attention to the condition of the country and declared this indicated that a crisis was at hand. He said the unemployed in Berlin number between 30,000 and 40,000. Owing to the industrial combinations, Germany was paying the highest prices in the world. Holding up a loaf of bread, which caused prolonged merriment, the Socialist leader said: "They still say this is a big loaf, but a loaf that weighed 4½ pounds 18 months ago now weighs scarcely three pounds, and the price has risen fully 50 per cent." Herr Bebel said that official inquiry made among the teachers of the public schools of Berlin showed that the number of children who never got dinner had risen to 4841, while a large number of children have only bread and coffee for dinner.

King Oscar of Sweden died Dec. 8, 1907, and was succeeded by his son, who took the oath four hours after his father's death. King Oscar is reputed to have been a good-hearted sovereign, and was loved by his subjects. He was the oldest sovereign in Europe, being in his 79th year, and had ruled his kingdom for thirty-five years. When Norway withdrew from their compact with Sweden a few years ago, King Oscar took the matter to heart and never fully rallied after that event.

GENERAL.

The second complete cure of lockjaw accomplished in St. Michael's hospital, New Jersey, within the last two months was announced when William Trimble of 12 Ward street was informed that he would be able to leave the institution at the end of a fortnight. Trimble was brought to the hospital on Oct. 29 suffering with tetanus. The treatment employed was an anti-tetanus serum, administered by hypodermic injection.

That Japan is not only planning to outdistance the United States in the struggle for the commerce of the Pacific, but has already driven the steamship lines of every other foreign nation out of the Chinese trade, was an important statement made yesterday by Harry L. Paddock, United States Consul at Amoy, China, who arrived here on the Pacific mail steamship Corea. "The Japanese have captured the entire ocean carrying trade of China, from Hongkong to Shanghai," says Harry L. Paddock. "The British lines, which some years ago monopolized this business, are doing nothing. The same is true of the German lines. All have succumbed to the competition of the Japanese, aided by their large subsidies and the low pay of their crews."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Wanted.—Brethren to locate in Shelby Co., Mo. Land reasonable. No commission. N. C. Folger, Cherry Box, Mo. J. A. Lapp, Leonard, Mo.

WHY NOT EARN

one or more of these

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On the following pages we describe some very desirable premiums to be given to our subscribers for securing new subscriptions in households where the Inglenook is not already taken.

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1. They are made to Inglenook subscribers only, that is, to receive a premium one must pay for one full year's subscription himself.

2. A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers and introduces the Inglenook to a household where it has not been received in the past year.

3. A premium cannot be given to any one for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself he can receive a premium for every other new yearly subscription he may send us under these conditions.

4. When we say new subscription we mean one full year's subscription at full price, $1.00.

5. Premiums cannot be allowed for subscriptions to reading rooms, libraries and other public institutions.

6. Transferring the subscription from one member of a household to another is considered a renewal.

7. If one member of a household is a subscriber for the Inglenook, any member of that household may work for a premium, but when such a worker writes us, the name printed on the margin or wrapper of paper coming to the household must be mentioned.

8. Our premium offer will stand good until April 1, 1908.

9. Don't hold subscriptions. Send them to us promptly accompanied with the money, and if you are going to work for a club we will give you credit and the premium may be selected any time before April 1, 1908.

10. If you want to work for a premium be sure your own subscription is paid in advance.

11. Two new subscriptions for six months at 50 cents each will be counted as one subscription on premium.

12. If you do not want any of these premiums in pay for securing new subscriptions to the Inglenook, we will extend the time of your subscription three months for each new yearly subscription sent us, by you.

13. The subscription price of the Inglenook is $1.00 a year in advance.

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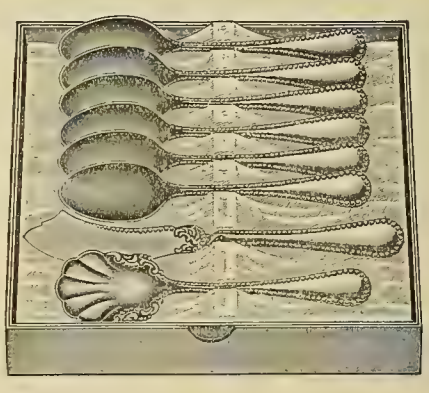
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PREMIUM LIST



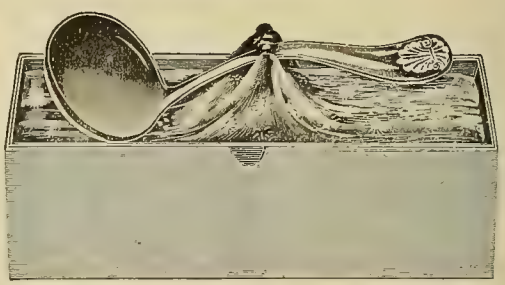
1. Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. Solid nickel silver through and through. Fancy embossed pattern. In silk-lined box. Catalog price, $1.00.

For One New Subscription.



4. Eight-piece Set. In silk-lined box, containing six teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Solid nickel silver. No plating. Catalog price, $2.20.

For Two New Subscriptions and 15c postage.

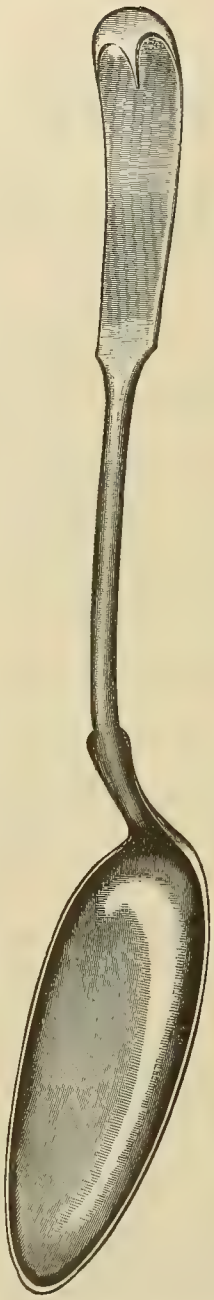


5. Gravy Ladle. Shell pattern, celebrated Wm. A. Rogers 1881 brand. Catalog price, $1.50.

For Two New Subscriptions.

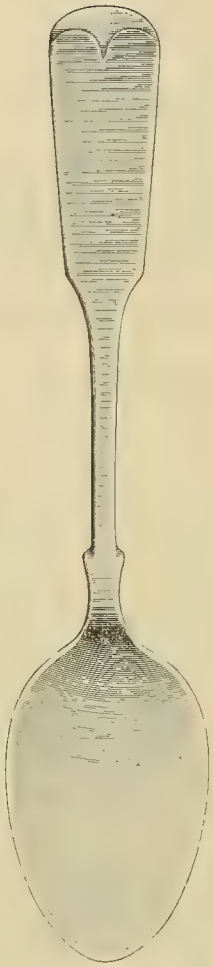
6. Ladies' Hand Bag. Sea lion embossed, riveted metal frame, spring clasp, gun metal and nickel, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 5 x 8½. Value, $1.00.

For Two New Subscriptions.



3. One Set Table Spoons. Heavy German silver, tipped pattern. No plating. Splendid value. Catalog price, $2.00

For Two New Subscriptions and 10c postage.



2. Six German silver teaspoons. Tipped pattern. Heavy weight. Will wear a lifetime. Catalog price, $1.00.

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7. Best Alarm Clock, with the Gilbert patent detachable one day alarm. Height, 6⅛ inches. 4½ in. Arabic Dial. Catalog price, $2.00.

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8. Ladies' Hand Bag. Imitation horn-back alligator, brown, tan or gray. Ball catch, metal frame, gilt finish, round bottom, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 4½ x 8¾ inches. Value, $2.00.

For Four New Subscriptions.

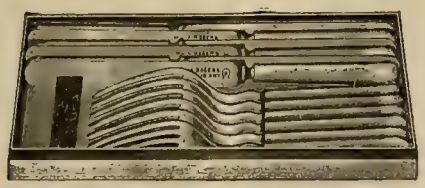
9. One Dozen Tablespoons. Celebrated Wm. A. Rogers quality. Heavy weight, nickel silver, will not wear off. Catalog price, $4.00.

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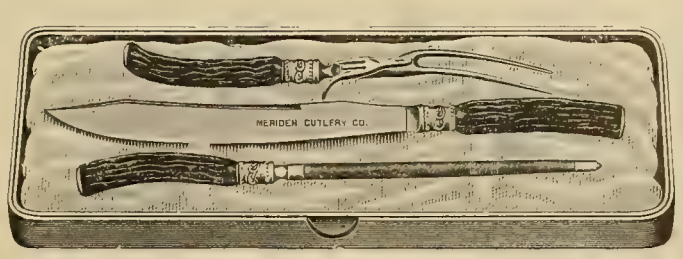
10. Trio Silver Set, consisting of 1 gravy ladle, 1 cold meat fork, and 1 berry spoon. Beautiful design, solid nickel silver. Each piece boxed separately. Catalog price, $3.50.

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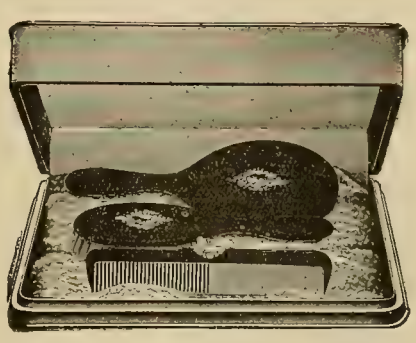
11. Set Knives and Forks. Solid nickel silver, through and through. Shell pattern, highly finished. Catalog price, $7.20.

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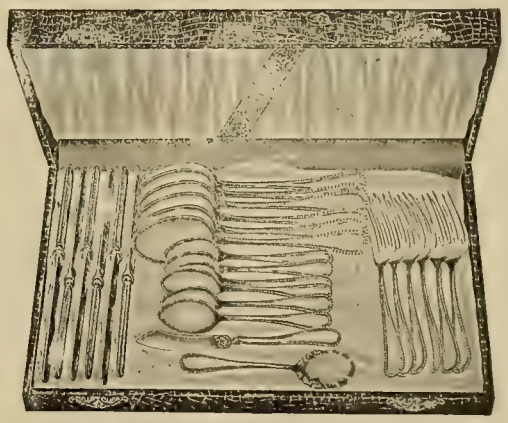
12. Three Piece Carving Set. 9-inch blade, sterling silver ferrules, genuine stag handles, in silk-lined box. Value, $4.00.

For Eight New Subscriptions.



13. Toilet Set. Genuine ebony, sterling silver mounted comb, brush and mirror, in silk-lined white leatherette case. Size, 11 x 10 x 2½ in. Value, $5.25.

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Olive Branch of Peace

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Yours fraternally,
John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

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THE INGLENOOK



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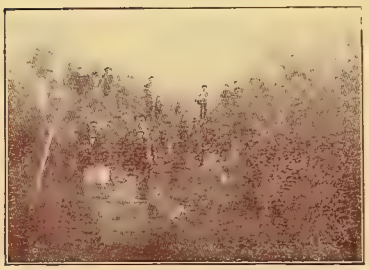
THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 24, 1907. Price, $1.00 Per Annum. No. 52. Vol. IX.

APPLES

Do well in

BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA
and
ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about $1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



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Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley. They are FREE.

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Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
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EXCURSION
TO
BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA

Tuesday January 14 1908

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.
Leaving Omaha, Wed. Jan. 15,
At 3:50 P. M.

For Rates and Other Information, Write to

ISAIAH WHEELER,
Cerrogordo, Ill.

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D. C. CAMPBELL
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Who will accompany the Excursion through to

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COLONIZATION AGENT
Union Pacific Railroad
OMAHA, NEBR.

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Dining Rooms and Lunch Counters are located at convenient points along the line, and all through trains which do not carry dining cars are scheduled to stop at these points. Well prepared meals of the best quality are properly served at popular prices. Full time is allowed for meals.

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Printed Matter FREE.
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Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska.

Late Affairs of BUTTE VALLEY

J. C. Funderburg and wife went Sacramento this week to make arrangements for the organization of a public school to be held for the present in the basement of the church. About eighty children of school age have been enumerated in the valley.

Mr. E. T. Merritt, of Green River, Utah, who has made such a success of colonizing that country, has made an extended visit to the valley and reports it one of the best colonization projects he has ever seen, and prophesies a great future for the valley.

Brother D. L. Miller reports that on account of failure of health due to over-work he will be unable to attend the dedicatory services of the Brethren Church, this month. He regrets this exceedingly as do we all.

There will be an Excursion to Butte Valley from Chicago on Jan. 14, 1908. The fare from Chicago to Weed will be $49.20 one way, and these excursionists may return any time they please at the same rate. The fare west of the Missouri River is $40.00, and a number of parties have already arranged to go, and if others are contemplating the trip they should at once write to G. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Nebr.; Isaiah Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.; or D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind. All of these are colonization agents, and one or two of them will accompany the excursion to Butte Valley, so that those going will be under the personal direction of experienced and competent men.

The land is advancing in price rapidly, because the valley is settling up so rapidly. The pamphlet, "The Wonder of the West," has brought hundreds and hundreds of new inquiries from entirely new parties desiring a home in the West, and without a doubt, in the near future, dozens more will be on their way to the beautiful Butte Valley. We have a special proposition on now for small tracts of apple land that you ought to ought to know about. Write us and ask us about our special terms.

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D. B. SENGER & Co., Franklin Grove, Ill.

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We sell fifty Cathartic Tablets for 25 cts. postpaid. They do not gripe. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sample FREE.

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It is not an ordinary teachers' help.

It is extra-ordinary in its helps.

The best matter on the different lines of teaching is given on each lesson.

It is broad and far reaching in its presentation of the lessons.

ONE OF MANY

It is getting to be a common remark that the "Monthly" is the best help for Sunday school teachers of any grade that we have examined. —Grace Hileman Miller, Lordsburg, Calif.

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If you are, you can't afford to miss one copy of this Monthly.

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APPLE BUTTER

We make it a specialty. We have hundreds of well-pleased customers. You run no risks. We guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery. Write NOW.

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By D. D. Culler

In this book the author discusses some of the most important problems of public speaking. A few of the subjects discussed are:

Forecast for Public Speaking.
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The Audience.
The Discourse.
Style in Discourse, etc., etc.

The book will be found very helpful to all public speakers or any one interested in this line of work.

Price to Ministers of Brethren church, prepaid, ...12 cents
Regular price, prepaid, ...75 cents

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1908 ALMANAC

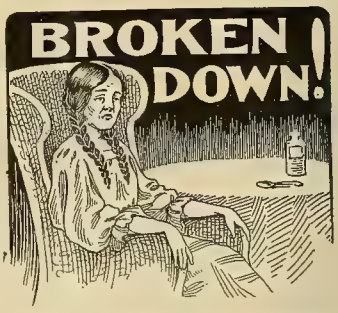
Our Brethren Family Almanac for 1908 is now ready for mailing. It contains a number of very interesting biographies of prominent men of the Brethren church of the last century. This will make the Almanac of this year of more than ordinary interest.

AGENTS

who have not already done so, should order copies at once to supply the non-members in their territory who would be interested in the Almanac. With a little effort each agent will be able to place a number of them in homes where they will do good.

Price, per single copy, ...10 cents
Price, per dozen, ...50 cents

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Elgin, Ill.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Adress

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.

FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.

NEW CATALOGUE

1908

Use a postal card which will cost you one cent and ask for our new Book, Bible and Text Card catalogue. FREE.

Send Now

While you are at it send the names and addresses of a half dozen of your friends who would be interested in this catalogue. Thanks in advance.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

POST CARDS

No. 61. American Views. This number contains no two cards that are exactly alike. They are finely colored and all are original views taken from the most prominent places and objects in the West. They are very fine and if you order once, you will order again. Price, per pack of four, ...10 cents
Price, per pack of twelve, ...25 cents

No. 101. Lord's Prayer. Each of the eight cards making up this set illustrates some part of the Lord's Prayer. The first card contains "Our Father Which Art in Heaven," with an appropriate illustration of same, and so on through the entire prayer. All are beautifully embossed in colors and make a unique and impressive set.
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Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Twelve ministers have purchased land at **RAISIN CITY.** Regular services are held every Sunday.

POSTOFFICE

is now established with Eld. A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Rasin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which **RAISIN CITY** is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from $25 to $50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.
For descriptive folders and full information address

CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

NORTH DAKOTA FARM FOR SALE CHEAP



Having invested in East Wenatchee Fruit Lands and Town-site property I must have the money now in this farm to develop my property here.

This farm is located in the north central part of the State of North Dakota, 27 miles east of Minot, McHenry County. It contains 950 acres: 810 acres under cultivation, remainder hay and pasture. The half-section of school land adjoining, I have fenced for pasture.

Buildings: One Barn, 32x80x34 feet high, all finished and painted in modern style; old barn, 30x100x10 feet high; cattle shed, 16x50; granary, 32x40 feet, 10,000 bushels capacity; granary in new barn, 6,000 bushels capacity. Eight-room house, fine well of water—almost ice-cold. Mill pumps water upstairs, with overflow to new barn.

Buildings are in exact center of 550 acres, with the 400 acres adjoining on one side, making it very convenient to farm all the land with one set of buildings.

There are 8,000 forest trees surroundings the buildings, and about ten acres of land has 50 apple trees set, and small fruit. The land is all new and in a high state of fertility. I will sell all or part.

I have also 160 acres three miles distant that I will sell. There is a Brethren churchhouse 5 miles from the home farm.

I will trade for GOOD sawmill or for a good stock of General Merchandise, or anything that will sell here. Tell your friends about this bargain.

Write for prices and terms.

Let me tell you more about Washington. I have lived in northern Indiana and in North Dakota and am now in Washington, where I have been for only one year, and I realize how hard it is to attract the attention of Eastern people to this, to them, far-away country, also how hard it is for an Eastern man to believe what I want you to know, especially when it is told by a man in the Real Estate business.

I would have your attention, you who live in the East, if I could get you to understand what a beautiful climate you would enjoy here, and how much better the opportunities are for making investments and building up fine homes where you can have the luxuries of life as you go along: Apples, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Grapes, Cherries, Plums, Prunes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Mulberries, Black Walnuts, English Walnuts, Peanuts, Watermelons, Muskmelons, Cantaloupes, and so on—Good things to eat, healthy diet, good fishing, hunting and a host of other things.

We have a church here with a membership of 128, and still they come. In the spring we expect to organize on the other side of the Columbia River, on the lands of the East Wenatchee Land Co. They are continually extending their lands and bringing new lands under irrigation for Our People to settle on.

There is a new town started just across the Columbia River from Wenatchee, where I own 120 acres of land. The new store is on my land, and I will plat a town-site soon. The conditions for a large town are favorable, and I want to hear from a number of Brethren, and others, who want to go into business, also those who want to invest in town lots.

Now wipe your glasses and pay strict attention.

Our Brethren bought land here in 1902 at $165 an acre, and a few months ago one brother sold for $1050 per acre; others are holding their at $1,500 per acre. One five-acre lot near town sold for $3,000 per acre

Mr. Charles Cooper of this city reports $3,000 worth of Winesap apples from one acre of 8-year-old trees this year. These trees are set 20 feet apart each way, 110 trees to the acre. This would be 11 boxes to the tree. He got $2.50 per box, 48 lbs. to the box. I have it from reliable sources that 61 boxes have been grown on one tree.

See my ad. in Brethren's Almanac. Watch the changes in my ad. Write for printed matter. Your name on a postal card will bring it.

DANIEL GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

Possibilities of IDAHO Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize $1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from $2.00 to $3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in 1907, good going, leaving selling station on date of sale and for return passage, leaving destination on day of execution which must be within final limit of 21 days from date of sale.

TABLE OF RATES

	From Chicago	From Peoria
Boise, Idaho,	$49 50	$47 50
Caldwell, Idaho,	48 80	46 80
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	36 60	34 60
Mountain Home, Idaho,	45 00	43 00
Nampa, Idaho,	48 30	46 30
Ontaria, Oregon,	$50 80	$48 80
Pocatello, Idaho,	33 60	31 60
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31 50	29 50
Shoshone, Idaho,	40 10	38 10
Twin Falls, Idaho,	41 90	39 90
Weiser, Idaho,	51 90	49 90

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK,
Imigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. IX. December 24, 1907. No. 52.

Modern Methods of Caring For Homeless Children

The Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society

THE prevailing idea of the last century for the care of homeless children was to gather them together in an orphanage and keep them there with suitable provision of food and clothing and schooling, until they were of age. The modern idea, which is rapidly superseding the old one, is that children thrive better in the normal environment of a family home, where there is greater opportunity for developing such desirable traits as individual initiative, and willingness and ability to do one's share toward promoting the common welfare. In an orphanage everything deemed necessary is done for the child. In a well-ordered home the child learns to do for himself and for others, and has the inestimable advantage of close relationship with father and mother, brothers and sisters, in a happy fellowship of mutual obligation and service.

It is only fair to say that in the better class of orphanages today the family idea is carried out as far as possible, the children being housed in small groups and encouraged in every way to help themselves and each other. A fine example of the approach to normal home life in an institution is that of the New York Orphan Asylum at Hastings-on-Hudson, where the 200 children are grouped on the cottage plan, and all have a share in the home housekeeping.

What is Meant by a Receiving Home.

The Children's Home Society which is now working in twenty-eight states of the Union, the work in each state being separately organized, works on the principle that a good average home, however, is better than the best orphanage that can be devised, for the average normal child. But many children, as they come from homes of neglect, are not ready to enter family homes of the better sort. Often they need physical upbuilding, and quite as often, training in minor morals and manners. Moreover, it takes time to find the particular home that is suited to a particular child. Pending the finding of the right home, the child must be taken care of in such a way as to fit him for the home when it is found.

And so the Children's Home and Aid Society maintains what are called Receiving Homes for the temporary care of its young wards. The Illinois Society "receives" on the cottage plan, with its cottages a hundred miles apart. Its distributing center is the Chicago Home, for which a beautiful new building is now going up at Evanston, twelve miles out on the North Shore. This Home has a capacity of forty-eight beds, but the children stay so short a time that four or five hundred children, it is expected, will be cared for annually. The little home in South Chicago which has served for the last seventeen years, with a capacity of only twenty-five beds, cared for three hundred and seventy-seven different children in one year.

The three other homes, where the children are transferred who need a longer term of renovation, have a capacity of only twenty-five beds each. At Rantoul, one hundred miles south of Chicago, is the Home for girls; at Shelbyville, two hundred miles south, the Home for boys; at DuQuoin, three hundred miles south, "way down in Egypt land," a new Home is now building for the accommodation of the homeless children of that far-off quarter of the state.

History, Aims and Methods, and Present Status.

The organization which has developed into the Children's Home and Aid Society was founded in 1883 by the Rev. M. V. B. Van Arsdale, with the initial aim of helping poor children to obtain an education. By 1888 it was recognized that the family home was the best educational agency, and the name of the organization was changed from the American Educational Aid Association to the Children's Home Society. At that time the little group of workers were paid, starvation wages, and on the commission plan, i. e., a certain per cent of their collections for the work of the Society. In 1897 its consolidation with the Chicago Children's Aid Society was happily effected. Up to that time the Society had confined its efforts to finding homes for children who were legally committed to it, refusing to take up the cases of non-placeable children.

But as the work advanced it became apparent that children needed a great many things besides transplanting, and the Society stated to the public its enlarged intention in the following words: "Any one in the state of Illinois who is in trouble of any kind about a child may come to us and an effort will be made to solve the difficulty."

This new line of work recognized the importance of doing all that could be done for a child in its own home. It was seen to be unwise to break up homes, or to relieve parents of the responsibility of caring for their own children, except as a last resort. And so the Aid Department undertook to find situations for mothers with little children; to find boarding places at reasonable rates for children whose parents were in temporary distress, to arbitrate in all sorts of family difficulties; to coöperate with the Juvenile Court in investigating home conditions of children reported as living in surroundings of vice or neglect; in short, to do a hundred and one good offices for people too harassed or too helpless to think clearly for themselves.



Orphan Girls in Switzerland who Read the Inglenook.

"It is my candid judgment," said the superintendent in one of his yearly reports, "that no part of the work of the society is more useful than the Aid Department."

In 1898 the society called to its superintendency Mr. Hastings H. Hart, who had been for fifteen years previous secretary of the State Board of Charities and Correction of Minnesota. Dr. Hart is still serving as superintendent. Very shortly after his coming to the society the old commission system of paying its workers was abolished. Today every man and woman on the society's payroll, and there are forty odd, is on salary. Other improvements were made in the matter of keeping accounts, so that now the books of the society challenge comparison with the books of any reputable business house.

The society holds a state certificate attesting its reliability. Since the state undertook two years ago to supervise the children placed out in family homes, such a certificate is a guarantee to the contributing public that the society soliciting its support is a worthy one.

A Few Statistics.

The society expends annually about $50,000 in the care of its 2200 wards. In 1906 it received 433 homeless and neglected children, and found 541 family homes for its wards. The Aid Department met during the year 1254 applications for help. The society is the largest child helping organization west of New York.

TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Twenty centuries ago,
On the skies of Palestine,
Over sleeping Bethlehem,
Angels saw the stars to shine.

Twenty centuries ago,
To the nations of the earth,
Bright, exultant angels sang
Of the blest Redeemer's birth.

Twenty centuries ago,
To the cradle of the King,
Reverently the Magi came,
Gifts and homage offering.

Twenty centuries ago,
Ere the coming of the morn,
In a stable rude and low,
Jesus was of Mary born.

Twenty centuries ago!
Ah, the time is passing long,
Since the angel sight was seen—
Since was heard the angel song!

Still the angel song we hear,
Still is seen the mystic glow
Of the Star of Christ that shone,
Twenty centuries ago,

And the Christmas angels still
In a world of sin and woe
Into sick and wounded hearts
Bear a message to and fro.

"Tell the tidings of great joy"
Which they brought to earth below,
In the splendor-painted night,
Twenty centuries ago.



My first Christmas.

"IT HAPPENED ON CHRISTMAS DAY."

496—Clovis, King of the Franks, having promised to embrace Christianity on condition of winning a certain battle, was baptized, with several thousands of his army, at Rheims.

800—Charlemagne was appointed pacific Emperor of the West, at St. Peter's, Rome, amid great pomp.

1065—Westminster Abbey, London, was consecrated.

1066—William the Conqueror in recognition of his victory over Harold, at the battle of Senlac, was crowned at Westminster.

1617—A great flood at Bremen caused the loss of several hundred lives and much property.

1620—Building of the first house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, was begun by the Pilgrims.

1642—Sir Isaac Newton, England's great mathematician, discoverer of the law of gravitation, was born.

1655—Charles XI. of Sweden, born.

1676—Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, died. It was he who sentenced John Bunyan for attending meetings of dissenters.

1633—Battle of Cracow, Poland, fought.

1684—It is remarkable that on this day eight British sovereigns were living: Richard Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William II., Queen Anne, Queen Mary II., George I. and George II.

1776—George Washington crossed the Delaware, marched nine miles in a severe snowstorm and attacked the British at Trenton.

1779—Nashville, Tennessee, founded.

1786—Shays' Rebellion broke out at Springfield, Massachusetts, headed by Daniel Shays, in bitter protest against the acts of the State Courts.

1821—Clara Barton, well known for her work in the Red Cross Society, was born.

1829—Patrick S. Gilmore, the musician and bandmaster, was born.

1837—Battle of Okechobee, Florida, fought in the Seminole Indian War.

1863—The Union forces were defeated in a battle at Somerville, Tennessee.

1864—The battle of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, was won by Rear-Admiral Porter over General Whiting's forces.

1872—Jay Gould refunded nine million dollars' worth of securities to the Erie Railroad.

1888—Burning of the town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, with a loss of one million three hundred thousand dollars.

1890—Fire destroyed the Masonic Temple, Baltimore; loss, three hundred thousand dollars.

1893—An entire business block in San Francisco burned; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' loss.

1894—Cliff House, San Francisco, California, burned.

CHRIST THE LORD, THE KING IS BORN.

MARY C. STONER.

Sitting in the deepened shadows
On Judea's lonely plain,
Were the shepherds, calm and peaceful,
Waiting morn's return again.
Thru the gloom of midnight darkness,
Breathed in melody divine,
Borne in accents sweet and tender
From Jehovah's lofty shrine.
With salvation's theme rejoicing
Floats the great angelic strain,
Filling earth and Heav'n with rapture
Of the sweet and glad refrain.
To the broken-hearted, captive,
To the weary ones who mourn,
Comes the message cheering thousands
Christ the Lord, the King is born.
Thru the ages comes the message,
Bringing life and joy and peace,
Cheering hearts bowed down by sinning,
Who from Satan find release.
O'er the land and o'er the waters
Bear this message, bear this song
Take the tidings to the nations
To the lonley, to the throng.
Join the chorus with the angels
Swell the theme of love's bright morn,
Tell the tidings, blessed tidings,
Christ the Lord, the King is born.

North Manchester, Ind.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS.

My little girl had been a cripple from her birth. The little back was twisted when they laid her in my arms seven years ago. My husband died when she was four years old and her brother only two; since that time my life has been a fairly constant struggle. I obtained again the position of teacher which I had filled before my marriage, but what had been affluence for a girl living at home with her parents was penury for a widow whose parents were dead and who had two children to bring up. To me the bitterest part of my poverty was that I could no longer do all that might be done for Theodora. She had been the very idol of my husband's heart, as she was of mine, so deeply does a child's need find response in its parents' souls—and I sometimes said morbidly to myself that he would not love me could he know how I was forced to give up the treatment we had tried for the child, vain as that had been.

Then came the visit of the great foreign surgeon to this country. He had come to straighten the backs or the limbs of some very, very rich children. I read of these cases in the papers with an aching heart. Still—he might not succeed! Then I read how he had succeeded, and it seemed to me that I would die unless I could have him treat my Theodora! Finally I read that he was to operate upon some poor little cripples at a free clinic in a New York hospital—partly

out of his broad humanitarianism, partly that his fellow physicians in this country might watch his method.

I carried Theodora to New York. I besieged a hospital, begging that my child might be one of those treated in the clinic. Oh, there was a great deal of red tape about my non-residence and this thing and that! But it was all snipped at last and the day came when Theodora was taken into the great operating auditorium and I waited in a corridor outside. The agony of those minutes is the greatest I have ever known.

But as that was the sharpest agony, so the joy that followed was the keenest, the sweetest. My little girl was straightened. I was filled with a passionate gratitude, and when, the following Christmas, I saw her capering beneath a tree, reaching toward gifts and lights and tinsel—sound and whole, my first born—then I had the most happy Christmas of my life.

Selected.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER WHO DIED AT HER HOME NEAR DECATUR, INDIANA, OCTOBER 5, 1907.

S. A. MILLER.

Farewell Mother, you have left us,
'Twas the mighty hand of God
That came down and took you from us,
Now you're resting 'neath the sod.

Perhaps Oscar's voice was calling
For a heart so full of love.
Oh, how glad you must have been
To meet your baby up above.

Both your parents have gone over,
Have been waiting long for you,
There's yet several sons and daughters,
Some day they'll be coming too.

Death came on so very sudden,
Left so many broken hearts.
Some were many miles from mother
At the time when she departs.

When the sad news reached the children,
Oh, how bitterly they cried;
How they would have liked to've seen her,
Yet once more before she died.

But our Father up in heaven
Knows what's best for young and old;
So we need not be complaining,
Death is what we can't control.

Wonder who'll be next to follow;
We can never, never tell
How soon we'll be laid by mother,
Farewell mother; fare you well.

Pasadena, Cal.

A GREAT many things of life are like a kite, which can fly and fulfill its mission only when held. Our aspirations, for instance, never do what they are intended to do if let loose.

OKLAHOMA CHILD-SAVING MISSION.

D. E. CRIPE.

FOR many years Oklahoma has been knocking at the door asking for admittance into the Sisterhood of States, only to be disappointed again and again. Children have been born here and grown almost to maturity, and hardly know whether they are citizens of the United States or not.

Perhaps it was this feeling of the outcast, of the orphan that has no home, which turned the attention of the Oklahoma people to the pitiful needs of the orphan and homeless children, while many older and wealthier communities were indifferent to their needs as they complacently cared for their own dear children. At least it seems wherever a united effort was made to care for any class of needy people, their attention was always attracted first to the old and the feeble. While the very old and the very young are equally deserving of sympathy, it looks as if there ought to be enough open-hearted families and old-time friends to care for the few dependent old people that are found in any community, while the homeless child can claim no friends. In the same vicinity are many children, the orphan, the abandoned offspring of the fallen and the outcast, and many other unfortunate ones who can look only to God's children for help. While it is a commendable work to smooth the pathway of the aged to the gates of rest, it is a far more important work to rear the helpless and dependent children to a life of virtue and of usefulness. On the proper care and training of the young depends the welfare of the race.

The first effort that was made by our society in Oklahoma for the homeless children was six years ago when a call was made by some Dunker Brethren asking that money be raised and an orphan home be built. This aroused great enthusiasm, and officials were appointed to solicit money for the purpose. By the next year it was found that not enough money had been subscribed to build a suitable house even if the grounds had been donated and provisions made for carrying on the work. The enthusiasm was gone. During the year some had given thought to this subject, and had come to the conclusion that the best that could be done for a homeless child would be to place it in a good Christian family, which is the institution God has given for the rearing of children. This meeting appointed a committee to investigate this method of caring for dependent children by placing them in families and if they thought proper, to organize the work and gather homeless children and place them in family homes.

The committee were soon convinced that this was the true method of caring for homeless children, and obtained a charter so the work could be done in accordance with the law of the territory. The committee

were aware that they had undertaken a heavy task, and as time went on they realized it more and more. They were without experience in this kind of work, perhaps with little adaptability for it. They had little money, as not much of what had been subscribed was paid in. They found little enthusiasm for the work and considerable prejudice against it. They learned that it was necessary to advertise the work, to place it continually before the people so as to create sentiment in its favor and awaken an interest in its importance. To accomplish this object a little monthly, *Children's Friend,* was started with doubt and misgiving. In this way the work was prominently brought before many people, and through the small offerings of the many and the generous liberality of a few, the needed funds were collected and the mission safely started. The first year a few homeless children were placed in families.

At every District Meeting one session is devoted especially to Home Society work at which the importance and the methods of the child-saving mission are set before the people and volunteer talks are made by those who are interested in the work. Then a collection is taken, both of money and of promises to be paid during the year. The amount of these collections is perhaps a pretty fair index or barometer of the growth of the interest in the child-saving mission. Four years ago the collection was a little less than thirty dollars, but no time promises were taken that year. This year the cash collection was nearly three times as much, but the entire collection amounted to almost four hundred dollars. Nearly all of these time promises are paid during the year.

Some of Our First Orphans.

FRANCES.



THE little girl in the chair is Frances. She was abandoned in one of our Oklahoma cities when she was little over a week old. About a year ago a young mother with a baby came in on a train and went to a hotel. The next morning she said she wanted to leave the baby while she did a little shopping. Instead of this, she was seen by some one to take a train. She had not bought a ticket, and it could not be learned who she was or where she went to. The baby was temporarily cared for by kind people and then turned over to the Home Society. A family that had five boys wanted her. They had buried two little girls, and the mother's heart yearned incessantly for a daughter to love. Friends tried to persuade her that she had family enough to care for, but her husband told her if she wanted to take a little girl, if she thought it would make her happier to care for such a child, she should take it. They have adopted little Frances, and the mother's love for her is so great that she says she cannot see that she has any more work with her than she would have without her.

The little boy that stands by her chair is five year old Cecil, the youngest boy in the family. He is a great friend of little Frances. Indeed, the father and all the boys could not love her any better if she had been born into the family, instead of being adopted.

This picture was taken when she was about six months old. She is one of the fortunate children whose lot has fallen in pleasant places.

RAYMOND.

RAYMOND was the first child that came into the care of the Home Society. He was an orphan, two years old. The first picture was taken soon after. The picture where he holds the book was taken when he was nearly six years old.



He was from the first a very bright, promising child. He was placed with one of our ministers and wife who were childless, who adopted him. They love him, and are trying to bring him up to become a minister of the Gospel. He is now in his seventh year. A year or two after they had taken Raymond a boy was born to them. The two are just like brothers together. The mother has said that in her heart she could not tell that she loved one child more than the other, and those who know her best are sure that she spoke the truth.

At first there were few families that were willing to give a home to an orphan child. Now there are many more calls from such families for children, and this is a very encouraging sign of the growth of sentiment in favor of saving homeless children. Many others are taking up the work on similar lines, and the prospect is that it will not be long until the call of the homeless child will rest as heavey on the Christian heart as is the need of the benighted heathen. Then the Child-saving Mission will take its true position by the side of Home and Foreign missions, a place which has been too long denied it.

ALONE AT CHRISTMAS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

'Tis Christmas time and yet for one
There seems no Christmas cheer;
For I am far away from home,
My loved ones are not here.
In this large city, all alone,
I'll spend my Christmas day,
And think of happy years gone by
When it was not this way.

When parents, brothers, sister too,
All gathered round the hearth,
And more than any of the year,
The Christmas day was worth.
But now I am all alone,
My friends are far away
And some have gone to realms above,
Forevermore to stay.

Oh! how I miss the little ones
Who were so full of joy.
Ah! then what fun it used to be
To live and be a boy.
With longing, now, I only watch
The people all so gay,
As they are all preparing for
The joyous holiday.

And taking gifts to loved ones, home,
To fill them with delight.
Alas! for me, my heart is sad
This lonely Christmas night.
The city is so large, yet I
Am such a little part.
To a good dinner, I've no bid
To cheer my lonely heart.

Would some good Christian there might be
To think of homesick men,
And make them have a happy day,
With Christmas joy again.
What gloomy thoughts they could dispel
And make the day so fair,
If of the bounty of their wealth,
With lonely hearts they'd share.

Moorestown, N. J.

CHILD TRAINING.

After some delay we publish the introductory article on Child Training in this issue. The paper in Games was not intended to come first, but Yuletide is such a festive season that our author suggested giving a few attractive and harmless games for Christmas enjoyment.

Our author is a mother of five children, so that her conclusions are not drawn from magazine articles written by childless mothers. What she has to say has been experienced and ripened by a long, prayerful consecration to this great subject.

If the subject of Child Training does not stir the parents of the Inglenook family, then the Editor will feel like quitting his post. Thousands of new subscribers ought to be secured for these articles alone, and we believe that our readers and agents will do something to spread the good things that are to come in this and other series of articles on special subjects.

Any subscriber is entitled to ask questions on the subject and have them answered by our auther through the Inglenook. Mrs. Van Dyke's lectures on Child Training have been heard and praised by thousands of people from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so that we introduce no novice when we introduce her to the large, growing Inglenook family.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS MERRY-MAKERS.

Would you know a jolly way to spend Christmas eve?

Start a Yule Cart on its rounds, and I warrant you it will become an annual institution in your neighborhood.

Fifteen or twenty young people should be engaged in the scheme and work actively together. Begin to talk it up the first part of December so as to interest as many as possible.

The idea is to collect a number of things to distribute among those who else would have little if any Christmas. In order to give appropriately, let each member of the Yule Cart group look up one or two of the families they intend to favor and learn from them what their practical needs are. If there are any sick, make a note of it; if any children, jot down their ages. If you are in the city the charity organizations can give you a list of worthy poor.

Make a list of the needy and let each member of the party send a copy to friends from whom they expect to solicit gifts, for instance:

Mrs. Brown (invalid), jelly, hot-water bag, cushion, wrapper.

The Mills baby, a few weeks old, and the girl, six, and boy, four years, need clothes.

Old Mrs. Ward, a bed comforter and a shawl; also some yarn for knitting stockings.

Mr. Price, an overcoat, medium size, a knife and a purse.

Miss Wilder, books magazines and a lamp.

Johnny Baker, (cripple), toys and books.

Henry Wolker, umbrella and warm gloves.

Any one receiving such a list would immediately find something they could send, and you could request them to mark their offerings with the name of the person for whom they are intended.

Have the cart filled with hay or straw and cushions, and let each member bring a lantern, glass-encased. As you ride from house to house, collecting, sing Christmas carols.

Mr. Howland hears you and is well down the front steps, as you drive up, with his arms full of packages.

"Merry Christmas to you!" he calls. "I was glad to know of some one who needed my overcoat, for I had just bought a new one, and I think Price is just about my size." And he whispers to the nearest mem-

ber, "I slipped an envelope into the pocket of it, and a nice purse."

And you all know that the envelope contains a bill, and you check Mr. Price off your list as "provided for."

Mrs. Howland herself comes down to the cart with a basket containing six glasses of jelly, and a broiled chicken for old Mrs. Brown.

Some one else has a wrapper for her, and, as you drive along, the children run out with packages, and when they see your driver dressed as Santa Claus they shout for joy.

And after the last package has been handed out, you yourselves will have spent a royal Christmas eve. —*Jean Dwright Franklin.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

ROSE MILLER.

CHRISTMAS in the South—what an utterly meaningless expression to many people.

It is Christmas morning, the sun is sending earthward his warm yellow rays, giving nature his sweetest smiles; the atmosphere is filled with the sweet odor of roses; the meadow lark and mockingbird are singing their sweetest songs to their Maker. Indeed all nature is praising the One on high.

There is a cool north wind—not cold—just cool enough to arrest the drowsy feeling and fill one with that bubbling joy, which causes one to think that it is indeed good to live. Hark! the joyous laughter and merry screams now come from the children's room, where they, in glee are pulling what to them are wonderful toys, out of their stockings—which prove indeed to be a veritable Treasure Island.

Let us slip silently into one of these homes. The family, after wishing each other a Merry Christmas, assemble in the library, and there gather around that sweet home tie, the family altar, and offer up to God prayers of love and thanksgiving for that blessed Babe, who many, many years ago lay in Bethlehem's manger where he had descended from heaven's pearly gates.

A Christmas song—the reading of the birth of the Christ-child, and the family part till they go to the house of God for an hour's worship, and sweet communion with the children of God.

A number have already congregated at the churchhouse when they arrive and in silence take their seats. A beautiful Christmas hymn is sung by three fair young girls, robed in simple dresses of the purest white. A prayer is offered and the congregation sings that beautiful song, "Silver Star." The minister now arises and in simple, plain, but well spoken language tells of the Christ-child—a child of love, truth, and peace, who humbled himself and died on Calvary's blood-stained cross, that we through him might taste of the fountain of everlasting life, and live.

The services are ended; words of good cheer are spoken to one another. Surely the Christian spirit reigneth here. But I deeply regret that this spirit is not everywhere. Christmas in the South is often desecrated, as it is to some people only a day for baseball, horse racing, etc. Then, too, that holy quietude that ought to reign over all this Christian land of ours, is broken by the boom of the cannon, the hissing and cracking of fireworks and the revelings of the saloon.

The Southerners do not have the sleighing and other winter sports that are familiar to the Northerners, but the same Christmas spirit reigns over all those who share its saving grace.

Raymond, La.

HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING DAY.

A. H. MILLER.

IT is a very general custom here to meet in our respective houses of worship on Thanksgiving Day as recommended by the President in his proclamation. We appointed religious services for that day at our churchhouse. On the previous evening, while some of us were perusing the pages of the ever welcomed and interesting "NOOK," it was suggested that we change our program for the following day from a preaching service to one in which more could take an active part.

On the following morning when we met at the church we soon arranged a program, using the Thanksgiving number of the "NOOK" as our source from which to draw.

After the opening exercises we had a brother read the "Thanksgiving Proclamation" as given on page 1141, upon which he made some very fitting remarks. Another brother then read the article entitled "Thanksgiving" on page 1129 and some remarks made after which a sister read the poem entitled "Our First Thanksgiving Day" on page 1142. The last article, and the one which led up to what we expected to have at the close of our service, we found on page 1133 entitled "Melting into Thanksgiving" which was read, and after some remarks by the brethren we held a collection for mission work. All seemed to enjoy the meeting and we think the time was not spent in vain, while we know we spent a pleasant two hours together.

Bolar, Va.

DR. WILLIAM EWART, an eminent English physician, declared that the medical profession had seen its best days and that the average earnings of physicians is now between $1,000 and $1,200 a year, the cause, in his opinion, being an increase in hygenic living, a more moderate use of alcohol, and a more free-thinking spirit on the part of the public, a spirit which holds doctors in contempt.

Comment on Current Events

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

Congress has begun its task of legislating for about 100,000,000 people in the United States and her colonies. From present evidence the most important work of this Congress will be that of assisting in internal improvements. Heretofore the battle cry of political parties engaged their attention, but this time there are material facts to work on and not so much theory. Extensive internal improvements, such as the nation has never undertaken at one time, seem to be in demand at present. The Panama Canal is a huge undertaking, which is under headway already and will be in operation in a few years, but the Mississippi Valley and the middle West are demanding attention just now.

The Inglenook called attention to this matter several months ago, and within the past two months, papers everywhere seem to have heard of the work which needs to be done and have been giving many and various reports concerning the work.

A more productive empire and a more energetic people never met than the Mississippi Valley boasts of. The population of this section, and the quantity of produce have multiplied so rapidly and so out of proportion to transportation facilities that the railroads are inadequate to get the goods to and from market in ample time, the limit of production is not reached yet.

The rivers of this section carry enough water to float the largest vessels all year around if the overflows could be stored in artificial reservoirs and allowed to escape gradually as commerce needed it.

The river beds also need to be cleared of dangerous rocks, snags and sand bars so that vessels could carry their cargoes in safety. Harbors would have to be enlarged and canals dug to connect important trade centers.

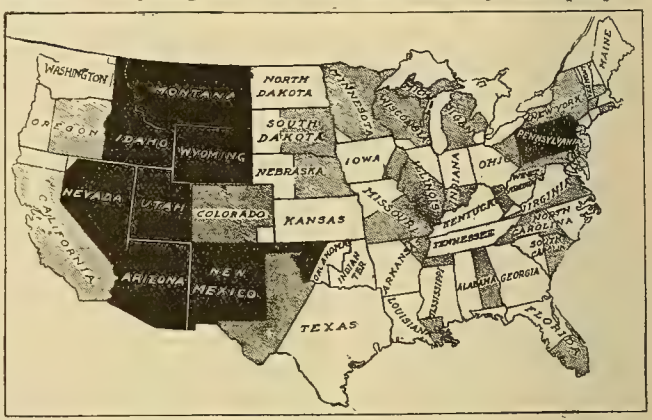
The distance of the water routes, natural and artificial, needing attention, aggregate several thousand miles. To carry on adequate improvements over such a large area means the building of an empire, so far as the outlay of money is concerned, but the people of this section are willing to pay a share of the cost and expect to push their scheme to a successful issue by getting large appropriations from the present congress. As one illustration of the need of more and cheaper transportation to Kansas City and surrounding points, we cite the following fact. From St. Louis to Kansas City, which is only one-seventh the distance from New York to Kansas City, the freight is more than five times as much as for all the rest of the distance because there is no river navigation from St. Louis to Kansas City to compete with the railroads. With river navigation in that territory would get as much freight hauled for ten dollars as they now pay one hundred dollars for. No people will stand such an unequal game very long and Kansas City and adjacent territory will not stand it long. The business men of that city have rehabilitated an old tug already which carries freight from St. Louis to Kansas City for one-fifth what the railroads charge. Other inland towns in Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and Missouri complain of the same inequality in freight rates, with perfect justice since two hundred miles cost several times as much freight as twelve hundred miles does further east.

Everybody knows Roosevelt's inclination to develop our inland resources. He made his tour of inspection down the Mississippi River in October, and has his recommendations before Congress. Many delegate bodies from this section will appear before the various congressional committees this winter, appealing for government assistance in the territory named above.

No one can deny the justice of their claim, for the congested and delayed freight service of recent years has caused the loss of untold fortunes to these people.

This congestion could be remedied by proper water ways, and Congress is likely to spend considerable time on these questions.

Besides this, the reclamation of 75,000,000 acres of swamp lands east of the Mississippi River, the fertilization and cultivation of 100,000 deserted farms in New England, the settlement of desert lands in the West, the irrigation of millions of acres in the Rocky Mountain valleys, the building of scores of river dams to save flood water for commercial use, the reforestation of millions of acres, these are the questions of the hour, and congress will be rid of party issues for a while, although everything will be done this winter by each party to gain popular favor for the presidential battle of next year.



From the Kansas City "Star."

SHOWING SPREAD OF PROHIBITION IN THE UNITED STATES.

White Sections Prohibit Saloons. Shaded Sections have Local Option. Dark Sections License the Saloon.

The farmers in many states are demanding more attention to rural highways in order to facilitate the marketing of their crops at any season of the year, Congress will have much to consider on this timely subject. Colonial interests, labor questions and our poor banking system will demand more attention than ever before, besides the promiscuous grist of petitions that spring up as occasion demands. Altogether Congress will have enough to do to engage their full time, however some of them give nine-tenths of their time at Washington to conducting their own private interests.

THE TEMPERANCE STORM.

This country has never experienced such a temperance wave as has swept our states during the past ten years. The South quietly voted whiskey out of one county after another, until nearly the entire South is dry, and, last of all, Kentucky took fire and cleared the state of saloons in all but two counties at her recent election.

Kentucky has been the home of the famous "Bourbon" whiskey for years, and the paradise of moonshiners, but now her reputation of being the stronghold of liquor has given way to much better reputation. The illustrations elsewhere show at a glance the wet and the dry states of the Union. The mining states seem to be the only stronghold of whiskey at present.

The pioneer temperance advocates and the organizations which agitated through the press and educated the rising generation through the public school text books, and legislated to restrict and prohibit through legal sources, deserve our gratitude, for twenty years ago it was not popular nor profitable to talk very much temperance. "Cranks," "saints" "goody goody," etc., were the epithets applied to temperance workers then. Well does the editor remember the night when a schoolmate of his, and a next year contributor, who is now a world-wide traveler, writer and lecturer, was severely assaulted in the dark after he had conducted a temperance meeting

in Illinois. Then the temperance man had to run sometimes to avoid bad eggs, profane language and even bullets, but now the whiskey gang is running pellmell everywhere. Those who have seen their labors and convictions ripen into such a glorious success can feel well paid now for hardships and financial losses of years ago, when they were fighting single-handed.

But it is not time to quit fighting yet, because every five minutes the saloon turns a soul into a drunkard's hell, and if by our indifference we allow the saloon system to continue only one day longer than necessary we have consented to and become responsible for one hundred and twenty souls going to a drunkard's hell.

Just now Elgin and Chicago are grappling with the saloon evil. Nineteen counties in southern Illinois voted out over nine-tenths of their saloons at the last election and now the north end of the state, Elgin and Chicago at least, want to clear their borders also of this great evil. A four months' educational campaign is planned so as to get people to think and then next April they will be called upon to vote the saloon out in a legal way.

WHO TO BLAME.

Some of the financiers have been blaming President Roosevelt for the recent financial panic. The absurdity of such a claim can be seen by the fact that the panic did not start in any legitimate business, but came from a poor speculation in copper stock as it was being gambled away on stock exchange. The bank of which Mr. Heinze was president suffered from his personal losses and then drew other banks into the crash, so that gambling and not banking nor Roosevelt are to blame for the panic.

Had Roosevelt's denunciations affected any clearings in legitimate trades then he could be justly blamed, but the clearing houses were all showing the largest volume of business ever carried on in this country. Every channel of trade was flooded, and was increasing with his denunciations. The President is to be commended for his courageous stand for honesty and the people ought not let the gamblers who got caught in the panic, shift the blame of a wholesale money crisis on him when their own dishonest schemes swamped them and thousands of others.

It will be a bad day for the people of this country when the chief executive must keep still and not prosecute wrong doers. That Roosevelt has led the charge against high-handed finance no one doubts, and for this reason it will be easy and natural for his enemies to associate his name with the panic, but, remember that one man's failure in an illegal enterprise started the collapse which then spread the panic to many other legitimate trades, because a hundred million dollars lost in gambling will affect trade and business circles just as much as if that same amount was lost legally. The loss came, the excitement came, the run on the banks came, but the source of it all was the failure of a set of gamblers and not President Roosevelt.

THE DYING YEAR.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

"CAN it be, mother, that the year is so nearly gone? It seems but a very short time since last Christmas when our family all gathered around the fireside and such a happy crowd we were too. The time has passed by so very quickly."

"Yes, Mary, but the great question that concerns us is, 'How was the year spent?' Three hundred and sixty-five days have been given to you and not only now at the close but all along the way you should have been thinking of the swiftness of time, and looking into the matter whether you were wisely improving the time and trying not only to make your own life happy, but in some way reaching out to the lives of others and shedding rays of sunlight in dark places."

"I know, mother, that kind of advice I have had before, but I want to have a good time in the world and I need my money all for myself. A girl in society has so many wants that she has nothing to spare."

"There it is again, no money to give! Money is not everything, and many who have all they want in money are still poor and miserable. There are many things you can give besides money. Love and sympathy do not cost much, and often do more good than money. Do you remember when that rich lady was sick? She who had all the money and everything that money could buy, but yet she said she was unhappy because she said she had no one to sympathize with her in her affliction, and do you not remember how much she appreciated even a visit from lowly common people like me, and said we had cheered her in her darkened hours? Don't you remember what she said of the great joy it would be to her to exchange her money for health and opportunity to go out among people? I had hoped, Mary, that that visit would make a lasting impression on your mind and you would not so soon think money is all you can give. All around us, every day, we have opportunities to do something for some one that may be helpful, and it is our privilege to look up opportunities. It may not be anything great. We should be contented to do little things and they are much more numerous than the great deeds. If during the year that is past we have all tried to do our duty we need not worry over the swiftness of time, because it has been well improved. It is true, my daughter, that another scene of time is about gone. A few more hours, only a very few, and the year 1907 will be in the past, gone forever, and we can say,—

"Farewell, farewell, fading, dying year!
Go swell the mighty volume of the past.
Thy deeds are done and thou hast breathed thy last,
And yet shall they, with thee again appear,
Each act of kindness, and each work of love,
The humble prayer that went to heaven above,
With duties well discharged to God and man.
Although to mortal eyes unseen, unknown,
And sinful acts along thy pathway strewn—
How oft they rise as we thy circuit scan!
Yet they, the broken vow, the right deferred,
Each unrepentant wrong and idle word,
Though neath thy gloomy veil concealed,
Shall in the judgment rise before the eternal eye."

Newburg, Pa.

HERE is a colored brother's interpretation of the Scripture referring to Jezebel: And David came along the street and Queen Jezebel made faces at him. And David commanded his warriors to go up and frow her down and they went up and frowed her down and he commanded the warriors to frow her down three days, and they frowed her down three days, and the dogs came and licked her sores and they gathered up seven basketfuls of fragments and I say unto you in the resurrection whose wife shall she be.

THE INGLENOOK

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WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

"It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1: 15.

SINCE Christmas represents the day on which Christ came into this world, it surely seems appropriate for Christians to perpetuate the purpose of his advent, which was, "to save sinners."

Two reasons, at least, can be given for so doing. First. The great magnitude of the work which he began, but which remains undone, after eighteen centuries of waiting.

Second. The extravagance and ofttimes silliness of much Christmas observance.

God does not deny feasting, social enjoyment and the giving of friendly presents. On the other hand he means for us to be full of joy all the time, but he asks that that joy be found in hallowed service to a sin cursed world, which Christ came to serve and save.

The Master himself longs for the time to come when his disciples shall experience more thrill in giving their lives, than in receiving temporal blessings.

Our present nature seems to call for temporal pleasure and amusement, instead of having meat to eat which the world knows not of. We have heard of one who had experienced something of the blessed state which we long for. A minister went early one cold Christmas morning to look, as he meant, after the physical comfort of one of his church members. To his surprise, he found that she had long been out among the very, very poor, administering to their needs and, distributing small presents of her own making.

When the minister arrived, he heard the old saint giving thanks. He looked through the crack of the old door and saw only bread on her table, yet her prayer had been: "I thank thee, father, for all this, which thou hast given me."

Evidently her joy was in her Master's service and not in a rich meal.

When we yearn more to save a soul than to get rich and live in fine array, then our joys will be greater and more lasting than they are now. For these reasons, then, we believe that with all of our Christmas entertainments, we ought to make an effort to perpetuate the purpose of Christ's coming into this world by proper exercises on Christmas day. Large donations to missions, looking after the unfortunate of God's family, special consecration services, extra efforts to bring some sinner to the Cross; these are commendable to Christian professors. Do something for Christ that counts; something that means a loss to your present life. Christ healed us by his "stripes." Do you expect to save others at a cheaper price?

When Christ is born into our hearts, and our lives become the reincarnation of Jesus, then Christmas will mean much to us and to the world.

The Editor wishes his large family of readers a new vision of the purpose of Christmas celebrations as they enjoy this day in America, Europe and Asia, and for the coming year let us keep in view the happy souls who in the next world will say that our Christmas service on earth was the cause of their eternal Christmas day in heaven.

LET US FIGURE.

COUNTING that, on an average, each person spends twenty-five cents uselessly for holidays, we have over $20,000,000. Then, say that it costs five hundred dollars to save a heathen. That shows that for our useless holiday expenditure 40,000 heathen could be saved. Just keep that up for one hundred years and you have 4,000,000 heathen either lost or saved by our extra holiday extravagance. Did you ever think that if God had not known that we could save the world he would not have asked us to do it?

As Christians, much of our feasting on this side of the earth is at the expense of soul famines to the heathen on the other side of the world, and it may cause us a soul famine in eternity.

As sane people we ought to grasp the spirit of the day. We preach this little sermon to our readers because in a general magazine there is not much chance to preach Christmas sermons more than once a year.

A blessed Christmas to you all!

A CHRISTMAS GAME.

STAND a small mirror at the top edge of a sheet of writing paper. Take a pencil and get in position to write.

Do not look on the paper nor watch your hand at all, but look at the pencil and paper in the mirror, and then write so that it looks and reads correctly to you in the mirror. You will spoil the fun if you look direct-

ly at your hand and paper so look only at the movements in the mirror. This experiment proves how much easier it is to do a thing the way we learned to do it, than it is to adopt some new way now.

ORPHANAGE WORK.

In this issue we print two articles on orphanage work. Why should not our hearts be drawn to this noble work, when on this day God made babyhood blessed by giving his own son as a babe to save the world?

We have done much thinking, writing, and organizing along this line, and we recommend the giving of homes to orphan children. Let us all show more pity and help toward this unfortunate class of helpless humanity.



I Want a Home.

WILL YOU HELP THE ORPHAN BY GIVING EITHER HOMES OR MONEY?

Evelyn, aged seven, is a little girl from Philadelphia. The mother was a plain woman of the common people, but she paid a price of which only a great nature may be capable. With only a happy farewell, she has passed out into the great beyond. That no shadow of the parting should darken the young life she was leaving, she sweetly, smilingly effaced herself from the child's existence.

Six moths ago this mother brought her little girl to the Children's Aid Society in Philadelphia, and went away by herself to die. To the superintendent in his private office she explained that there were no relatives. There had been a comfortable home until her husband's death. Then, to support herself and the child, it had been necessary for her to go out to domestic service, taking the little girl with her. But the work was hard and she was a frail woman. Now, her health was gone. The doctors had told her there was not much time left. She had all the arrangements made and was even now on her way to the hospital to await the end. Her strength was already so far gone that as she had come through the city streets, walking for lack of car fare, she had been compelled to sit down with the child on one doorstep after another before she had completed the journey.

To the little girl on that day it was explained simply that the kind gentleman, the secretary of the society, would take her into the country for a nice vacation among the daisies. Satisfied, she contentedly slipped her hand in his.

"Be good to my little girl," the mother breathed.

Then she smiled into the child's eyes and kissed her. In another moment she had walked steadily out of the room to her grave.

It was the bravest deed he ever saw, the man who witnessed it declared. As soon as the door had closed between her and the child, the smile on her lips had frozen to a drawn line of anguish. "I haven't any more tears," she said. "I've cried them all away." And she walked down the street dry-eyed.

Today that mother is dead, and Evelyn doesn't even know. As they were directed, they are sparing her the knowledge until the nebulous mists of childhood shall have hung their kindly clouds over the memory of realities. Even it may happen that an idealized conception of a mother may be transferred to another woman sent to take the dead mother's place, perhaps.

A Boy Who Wants a Home.

Bobby, aged four, is an unusually bright little boy from Chicago.

Bobby is a little boy given to the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society by his father, who could no longer support him. His task was doubly hard because the home was without a mother.

Bobby does not understand why all this is so, for he is only a little boy. He knows that there are such things as mothers who have little boys in nice homes, and who love these little boys and spend lots of time in talking about all those things that little boys like. Bobby believes that some day he will have a mother just like others.

When the camera-lady arrived to take this picture of him, Bobby was delighted. He liked the camera-lady, who told him stories and who he thought had come to take him to her home. He liked to hold her hand and watch her.

Even his cheery smile took on a note of wistfulness when her time for going came. He couldn't think of leaving her for his supper, but took her hand and led her down the long yard pretending to see the squirrels. But at the gate, when he put up his face to be kissed, his eyes were shining with tears that rolled in big drops down his rosy cheeks. He was plucky; he did not want to cry. And when he saw that the camera-lady was looking, he turned his head and dashed wildly back among the trees.



Games

Catherine Beery Vandyke

One, Two, Three.

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was "hide and go seek" they were playing,
Though you would never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down,
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, one, two, three.

"You are in the china closet,"
He would say, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had two and three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer, old key,"
And she said, "You are warmer and warmer,
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothes press, grandma"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one, and a two, and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree,
The old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame, little knee.
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.
—H. C. Burner, in American Motherhood.

Play is said to be one of the greatest factors in the development of character. Honesty, fairness, courtesy, and unselfishness are cultivated by the proper use of games in the home, which, in the hands of wise parents can be made a most helpful instrument, not only to entertain, but also to instruct the children.

A few days ago a neat little card, six by eight inches, with a string attached for hanging, was sent through the mails in Chicago to the offices of physicians, on which were printed the significant words, "Keep Smiling.' It was appropriate for a doctor's office—the rendezvous for persons who for the time do not feel very cheerful, but many of whom might improve their own conditions by getting up a little enterprise.

So an innocent game for children in the home is a real invitation to keep smiling, because smiling is inevitable in a game.

Games, like stories, are to be used on occasions, often enough to be appreciated and not so often as to become commonplace. Rainy days, holidays, especially Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and Yuletide, are lovely times for games, and none are so well enjoyed by the children as those in which father and mother and a few other adults take a hand.

A little study of the subject shows how games fall into groups. In attempting to classify games by their association, a good deal of latitude is needed, for some games are so elastic or many sided as to be capable of claiming relation to more than one set; as for instance, the game, "Brother Bob, I'm bobbed" belongs both to the ring and the blindfold set, and also to "games with a joke" and so on.

I give here a list of associated games for the purpose of having them studied and practiced in the home. Only a few of these can be described in the present paper. Most of them are the old-fashioned, reliable games which nearly everybody knows and which have been handed down through many generations. Many of them are either direct or modified ideas of Froebel, the noble founder of the kindergarten system of education. I make the following seven large divisions of associated games, and this by no means covers the realm.

1. Games of guessing.
2. Quick thinking and memory games.
3. Games with a joke.
4. Ring and blindfold games.
5. Games in which the point is to keep sober.
6. Game and song or some outdoor games.
7. Table games.

I mention but a few plays for the real little children and leave out many, too, for the real mature people, believing that the medium range will benefit the largest number.

Games of Guessing.

1. Which of three sticks was touched.
2. Guessing the wish.
3. Taking pictures.
4. American grapes.
5. Scissors.
6. Thimble.
7. To what kingdom, or what am I thinking of?

Quick Thinking or Memory Games.

1. Party luncheon, or what I had for supper.
2. Minister's cat.
3. Here comes a ship loaded with ————.
4. The cook who does not like peas (p—s).
5. Fruit basket.
6. Kitchen furniture.

7. Pie.
8. Double rhymes.
9. Gossip.
10. Place persons in former position.
11. I spy.
12. Spelling match.
13. Take home what you borrowed.
14. Cross questions and silly answers.

Games With a Joke (No harsh joke).

1. Rabbit.
2. Did you ever see a ghost?
3. Sitting by the king or queen.
4. Playing the piano.
5. Talking doll.
6. Doctor.
7. Grandmother Goose is dead. How did she die?
8. Joining the society.
9. Barnyard melodies.

Ring and Blindfold Games.

1. Blind man's buff.
2. Imitation.
3. Brother Bob, I'm bobbed.
4. Finding the key or ring.
5. Drop the handkerchief. } For outdoors.
6. Hindermost three. } For outdoors.
7. Drown the duck. } For outdoors.
8. I spin one, who spins ten?
9. German band.
10. Dutch medley.
11. Going to Jerusalem.
12. Striking an attitude.

Games in Which the Point is to Keep Sober.

1. Here comes an old man.
2. Poor pussy.
3. Pig tails.
4. A very solemn occasion.
5. Quaker meeting.

Game and Song, or Some Outdoor Games.

1. Chickamy, crainy crow.
2. Oats and beans and barley grow.
3. Soldier boy.
4. London bridge.
5. So early in the morning.
6. Did you ever see a lassie?
7. Little travelers.
8. Good-morning to you.
9. Cobbler, cobbler mend your shoe.
10. Happy is the miller.

Table Games.

1. Word building.
2. Building map and picture puzzles.
3. Dominoes.
4. Building many new words from one given.
5. Consequence.

I will describe a few of these games though they may not be new to many.

Three Sticks.

Lay three sticks, books or other articles one upon another. One person leaves the room and is to guess which stick is touched by some of the remaining party. If the top one is touched, the person ushering the other into the room touches his forehead; if the middle one, he touches his nose, or if the lower one, his chin. Then the "guess" is easy.

American Grapes.

"American grapes are very good grapes, but the grapes in the South are much better."

The player must cough a little, "ahem," otherwise he doesn't do it right.

Party Luncheon or What I Had for Supper.

Seated in a circle the first player says: "I went to the party last night and we had doughnuts for supper." The next party repeats: "I went to the party last night and we had doughnuts and pigs feet for supper." A third adds to these "ice cream," and so on around the circle again and again, each saying all the others had said and adding a new one. When one fails to give the dishes in their order or leaves one out he drops out of the game. This game admits of prizes, best and booby.

Spelling Match.

One spells a word. The next person spells one beginning with the last letter of the previous word spelled and so on. The one missing is out or goes foot.

Did You Ever See a Ghost?

All stand in a close row. The first player says to the second: "Did you ever see a ghost?" The second in much fright says, "No." The first with equal terror points to some object or person with his right hand and says, "There's one." That is passed down the line and in the second round both hands are extended. On the third both hands are extended and each in turn drops on one knee. On the fourth each drops on both knees. On the fifth, the leader gives a gentle firm push on the line and the whole line falls over, ghost-striken.

"Brother Bob, I'm Bobbed."

Two persons are supposed to be blindfolded and seated back to back on two chairs in the center of the ring. The one who does not know the game is really blindfolded. The other pretends to be, but may see. The latter has a book or some harmless missile and the ring goes round. Pretty soon one of the two, no matter which one, gets a light rap on the head. The ring stops and the one struck says, "Brother Bob, I'm Bobbed." The other says, "Who bobbed you?" The first then guesses some one in the ring, and if he proves to be guilty is supposed to exchange places. This goes on until the innocent fellow discovers that it was his comrade in the ring who was making all the trouble.

Here Comes an Old Man.

One of the children has a stick of some kind for a staff and in some ridiculous attitude approaches one sitting in the ring and says: "Here comes an old man." Without laughing the other one says, "What does the old man want?" The answer is, "He wants you." Then the second player says with all gravity while the "old man"



Papa, Let's Play.

second player says with all gravity while the "old man" is doing his utmost to make him laugh: "You can't have me, for I've washed my face with a very good grace, And so I'll take the old man's place." If he succeeds in keeping sober he takes the cane and becomes the old man.

Soldier Boy.

This dear little song and play is purely kindergarten and is meant to inspire patriotism. A line of children, the leader having a number of little flags in one hand and waving one proudly with the other, begins to march in a circle while all sing but the one, or ones, with flags.

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly the red, white and blue?"

The Soldier sings this answer:

"I'm going where my country, my duty is calling me,
If you'll be a soldier boy you may go too."

Then he presents a flag to his favorite who steps in front, and just behind the leader and marches, waving his flag and singing with the leader. This is continued till each little child is provided with a flag.

If other descriptions of these old games are wanted I will be glad to do it in another paper.

To close this chapter, may I ask our readers to join me in an interesting little game which a merry party of us played in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, many years ago?

I found the crumpled bit of paper that bore the copy of it among some keepsakes not long ago. It is called

Crambo.

Get a little piece of paper and your pencil. Note carefully and correctly.

1. Take the year in which you were born.
2. Subtract four.
3. Add your present age (the age you are this year).
4. Multiply by 1,000.
5. Subtract 688,423.
6. Beginning at the left translate each figure into the corresponding letter of the alphabet and you will have the title by which you are popularly known.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORK OF THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

MISS M. M. PENDLETON.—General Secretary.

MANY thousands of Christmas and Easter letters have been sent throughout our land carrying their message of hope and love, scattering bright rays of loving kindness, Christmas greeting and the Gospel Message in lives darkened by sin, sorrow, and suffering by our committee. In prison cells, hospital wards, reformatories, rescue-mission work, homes for the aged, orphanages, and many other places, as well as in many factories, mills, railroad yards and life-saving stations. Also among individuals and homes where few rays of Christmas brightness ever come. Each letter is printed in clear type, contains a pretty card enclosed in a bright colored Christmas or Easter envelope.

Help in this beautiful Christmas work can be given by contributing to the central fund out of which we send messages of Christmas hope and encouragement to comfort the sick and sorrowful, encourage the unfortunate, and help raise up those who have fallen, pointing them to the radiant star of Bethlehem which will lead them to a new life, teaching the lesson that it is never too late to mend, and that some one is concerned about their welfare.

Those who desire to distribute the Christmas letters themselves can obtain 30 letters, cards and envelopes for one dollar. The letters are for general use (suitable to send anywhere) and there are reformatory letters for children also. All can join in this beautiful Christmas work by contributing money to the central fund for the purpose of supplying Christ-

FOUR DIFFERENT KINDS

WHO CAUSES



The Saloonkeeper's Dinner.



The Drunkard's Dinner.

mas letters to many desolate hearts, or by raising money themselves, purchasing the letters for prisons, almshouses, and hospitals or other institutions such as orphanage, reformatories, etc., and thus become Christmas Letter Mission Workers. The Central Secretary will be glad to welcome those who wish to take part in the work. Contributions and communications should be addressed to *Christmas Letter Mission, 289 Lewis Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

MY BEST CHRISTMAS.

Dear Jim—

HOME again, home again after nineteen years in prison—this has been the best Christmas I have ever had—the very best. But, old boy, I know that I have to thank you for it and for the pardon that made it possible. The governor would never have signed the pardon but for you and your friends, who worked for me—worked all these years.

I arrived at Colton at five o'clock, just as night was coming on. My heart gave a great gasp of relief when I saw that the folks were not there to meet me. I had been so afraid of a scene—a scene right in the depot. I went out to the stage, and there was old Tom Ford driving it—and he was cussing the horses in the self-same old way. He hustled me on as if I had gone away the day before.

The horses pulled and pulled, for you know the way is steep and the roads were bad. By and by we got to the top of the hill, and I saw a mound under the falling snow. Were it all to do again, would the same rage arm me, the same red swim before my eyes? Would I avenge the wrong done my Hattie, as I did twenty years ago? Ah, Jim, I cannot tell. I have come painfully to the wisdom which acknowledges that the only adequate punishment of rascality is dealt by time and fate—by God. But goaded, crazed with grief as I was....I cannot tell. But I am going to tell you of Christmas.

It seemed to me that Tom never would get the horses over the last half-mile. But by and by I saw the house under the bare locusts, and there—there was my wife, standing on the porch waving to me, just as if nothing had happened. Neither of us could utter a word. She put her hand on my shoulder, and led me into the house. The fire was bright in the best room, and my old haircloth easy-chair was by the hearth. And even my hat and slippers were there. And the rag carpet looked just the same.

We did not eat much for supper. That night I helped trim the tree for my little grandchildren, and no one forgot me. Neighbor Palmer's wife sent me a money purse and Mrs. Miller a pair of pulse-warmers.

The next morning we all went to church. The text was: "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" and I thought of my liberty, and I thanked God on Christmas morning, as I have never thanked him for anything before; and I prayed for you, old man.

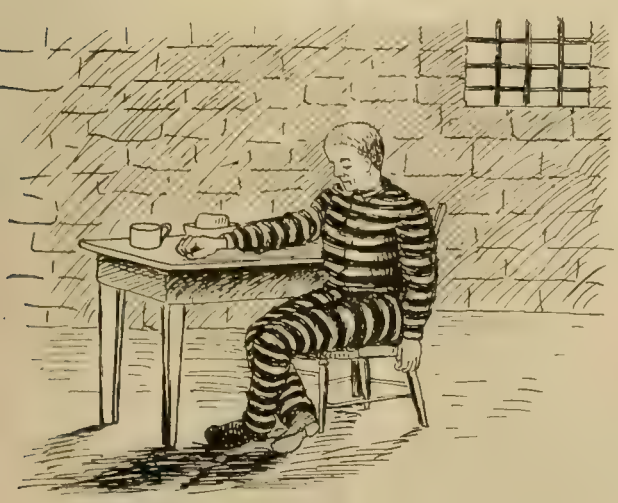
May your good deed have made you as happy as it did me.

Montgomery County, Maryland.

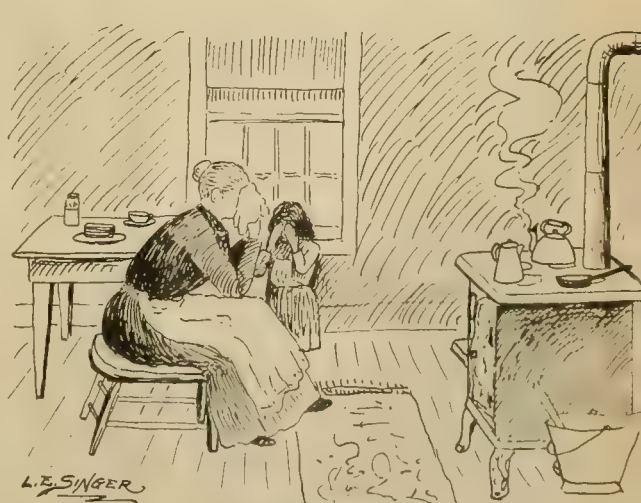
Delineator.

OF CHRISTMAS DINNERS

THE DIFFERENCE



The Convict's Dinner.



His Family's Dinner.

Seeking the Good Man

Ida M. Helm

All day long Robert had trudged over the snowy streets with a bundle of papers in his hands. The day had passed and the twilight had deepened into darkness, and he was standing at the entrance of an alley near a mission station. Twice he had been there to Sunday school when he happened to be in the vicinity on Sunday. His home was under his hat and day after day he would tramp the streets, sell papers and gather as many coppers as he possibly could and he spent them as regularly as he earned them. With the approach of night he would seek a resting place wherever he thought he might pass the night without being discovered.

It was the night before Christmas, and Robert felt sure there would be no Christmas present for him for he never received any. Through the day he had stopped many times and looked in at the big store windows and admired the beautiful presents. He had but a vague understanding of what Christmas meant. It had always seemed him that it was a day which the rich people had set aside for a day in which to enjoy themselves and give presents to each other, the poor people and the ones who have no home were to content themselves looking at the beautiful gifts and seeing the other people happy.

But today a kind lady had stopped, and after buying a paper she told him if he would come to the mission that evening they would tell him a beautiful story, and she said that the people at the mission were going to give a good dinner to all the newsboys that would come and receive it on Christmas day. Now as he stood looking toward the lighted room, he remembered that they had told him a beautiful story when he was there a couple of months before, it was about a man that never seemed to think much about himself, but always went about doing good to all people. When Robert heard the story he doubted the truth of such a man ever having lived, but the kindness of the mission lady whom he had met during the day made him think that the story might be true after all and he thought she might be some relation of his, and I would like to see the good man, and perhaps she can tell me where he lives; so he went on and timidly entered the mission room. The kind lady met him at the door and led him to the front part of the church to a seat that was almost filled with little boys. A tall man was talking and Robert wondered whether he might be the man of whom he had heard, soon the woman whom he had designated "the kind lady" passed him as she went down the aisle, he took hold of her dress and gave it a gentle pull, she stooped to listen, and he said, "Isn't that nice man your father and does he do good to everybody he meets?" She answered, "He is not my father, but he is kind to everybody." Robert felt sure this was the kind man whom he was seeking, and became very much interested in the story he was telling, it was about a little baby that was sleeping in a stable one night, and a bright star was pointing to where he lay, and people coming from different directions watched the star and followed its direction and it led them to a stable where they found the baby lying in a manger, and they gave gifts to it, but the baby had brought richer gifts to them than all the world can ever offer to it. It came to offer to everyone a beautiful home in heaven, and we give gifts to each other on Jesus' birthday in remembrance of the little baby's gift to us. The speaker sat down and the kind lady took a large basket and went round and gave each boy some candy, a cookie and an orange and after inviting them all back for a Christmas dinner the next day, she told them all to kneel while she would pray. Then she dismissed the meeting.

Robert stood close by the mission room a long time, thinking about that little baby. "I often sleep in an old store-box and often on the bare ground; the little baby he told about was most as bad off as I am, he slept in a manger," thought he. He wondered why it was that he never had any parents and why that baby's parents laid him in a manger when they had enough money to buy rich gifts for the people. He looked up at the star-gemmed sky and he thought maybe the star had something to do with the gifts, perhaps it pointed to the place where the beautiful homes are. "I wonder if I could find the place," said he to himself.

Poor little waif of the street, he never had heard the beautiful story that you and I love so well, no one had ever told him that the germ of eternal life is inherent in every breast and that the beautiful homes that the infant Jesus came to offer to us lie just beyond the river that we call death; he never before had heard of heaven and as he continued watching the stars he noticed one that was very bright and he thought maybe that is the star that the people watched as they traveled, and if I watch it and go to the place where it points, perhaps I shall find heaven and may be the good man I am seeking lives there.

He started in the direction that the star seemed to point, it led him through fields, he forded two small streams and went through a strip of woods and in the distance he saw a light shining in the window of a small cabin. "Perhaps that is a stable," though he. The man said the star pointed toward a stable and the

people went to the stable and found the baby that had the gifts to offer. He looked at the bright star and he felt sure that it pointed to the small building, so he went to the cabin and timidly rapped on the door. "Strange" said the people within, "strange that any one should call at our humble home at this hour of the night, it is almost twelve o'clock." Only a feeble old man and his tottering wife lived there. They were talking of merry Christmas seasons that they had spent in their younger days when three happy little children lived with them and filled the Christmas time with gladness, long before this wasting disease had entered their home and robbed it of its joy. For forty years, winter with icy fingers had covered their darlings with a mantle of snow, and every Christmas eve they sat up and talked of their departed happiness till after the midnight hour.

When their little ones went to live in Heaven they did not, like David, lay hold of God's promise of a reunion in Heaven and look forward to the time when they might go to them, but they allowed the spirit of bitterness to take possession of their hearts and they said, "God has robbed us of our chief joy." During all these years they had refused to enter the church door. Now when they cautiously opened the door and saw a little boy standing there with brown hair and blue eyes and about the size that their little boy was when he died, they marveled, and when they saw his tattered garments, his soleless shoes and his mittenless hands, pity, with mellowing fingers touched their hardened and embittered hearts. Robert questioned, "Is this heaven"? Then he looked at the man and said "Are you the good man that is kind to everybody?" Then he held up before them the candy, the cookies and the orange that he had received at the mission and asked, "Where is the little baby?" He looked all about the room and said "I have brought gifts for him, will he give me a home in that beautiful heaven?" The old man and his wife did not understand what he meant, so he explained to them that he had been to the mission and he repeated the wonderful story he had heard there, he told them that he was seeking the little baby and the good man, and he said that he wanted to have a home in heaven and that he had followed a bright star, and he continued, "It led me to your house." Then they understood and said "You are seeking Jesus." "Oh! I am glad you know him, please tell me where I can find him," pleaded Robert.

This started a flood of memories through the minds of the two old people and tears filled their eyes and again after the lapse of forty years they told the whole beautiful story of the wise men following the star that pointed to the manger where Jesus was lying. They followed his whole life story and told it to him just as they told it to their children so long ago, and then finished with the angel's joyful declaration. "'He shall come again." They told the story so simply and plainly that Robert understood. "I'll love him as long as I live" said he.

It was two o'clock by the time they had finished the story but Robert would not be persuaded to stay till morning, he had learned to love the mission and he said, "I will go back and then I will be there when they open the door in the morning." So he went out into the night.

Ere retiring the two old people resolved that the rest of their days should be spent in preparing to meet their Redeemer and their loved children in heaven, and they said, "Tomorrow we will visit the mission and try to persuade that boy to come and live with us, for like a bright star shining in a dark night he directed our gaze toward heaven.

The next day they saw him at the mission. He was lying on a bed and was pale, cold and rigid. "How did it happen?" they questioned. But no one knew. In the early morning the missionaries found him lying close to the mission building, cold in death, with no outward signs of a struggle nor any mark of violence He had found the good man whom he was seeking. In the night the angels

> "Came to the place where poor Robert lay dead,
> They tenderly lifted the pale drooping head,
> Bore him aloft to the home of the blest,
> With Jesus in Heaven, Robert's at rest."

Thousands of poor neglected children continually roam the streets of the cities. Class distinction and poverty have separated them, their parents, their grandparents, and, perhaps, their great grandparents from the companionship of the best class of people, and thus removed them from the influence of Christianity for so long a time and each succeeding generation is removed farther if possible from the pure and good than the parents were, till the good qualities that the people of their lineage possessed when they first entered the city have been lost as the busy finger of poverty, and in some cases oppression, closed over their effort to earn a competent livelihood and live good lives, and today many, many children never have heard the name of Jesus and heaven only as they come in oaths and curses from profane lips. They live in the midst of vice and take daily lessons in the craftiness and deabauchery of sin.

In regard to right living and the teachings of the Gospel, their little hearts are like the virgin soil in some wild, uncultivated jungle. They never have received the first mellowing influence of grace. The greater part of them are growing up citizens of the United States. They must be gathered in from the byways and hedges of wrong and sin and educated in ways of pure living and taught some vocation by which they can earn the sustenance that their life demands and whether their parents are naturalized citizens or not they must be taught the Gospel of Christ. Here is a great field for you and me to unitedly work with our

different talents and rescue them. Truly the harvest is great and the laborers few.

Ashland, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS BLESSINGS.

O. H. KIMMEL.

WITH what joyful anticipations we all look forward to Christmas! What a day of happiness and blessing and good cheer! Can there be any wonder that we measure the time until it approaches and await its coming with such expectancy? From earliest childhood we have been taught to listen for the jingling of Christmas bells, and for the patter of reindeer hoofs on the roof, and we have been told that, if we are good, Santa Claus will stop his sleigh on the top of the house, come down the chimney and give us just the nice presents that we have been wanting. And we lived in the dreamy days of youth when everything was a fairy-like mystery and we believed that the actual happening occurred——we received our presents, and Santa even so far forgot himself as to carry our shoes out through the chimney and leave them in the eave trough, or rain barrel, in his haste; but as we always found them filled with nice candy and nuts we quickly pardoned the old fellow, and set about gorging ourselves with the good things he left us to eat.

Did we believe these things then? Certainly, and today we look back with great pleasure to those days, wishing that Christmas meant so much to us now as it did in those days when the world was new to us and we likewise were new to the world. Was it right to teach us such things? Certainly its was, if the fundamental virtues of universal truth were, in that teaching united to our lives. Our psychological being was going through the very stages of development then which could not be reached so well in any other way. It made our whole subsequent lives better, purer, sweeter, more charitable, more merciful, more blessed, than the lives of the unfortunate children who experience no such ecstacies.

When the stage of development came upon us, when the mythical Santa Claus sunk into nothingness, then the fundamental truth of the purpose of this mythical life gradually dawned upon us until we could comprehend how we can all be St. Nick's, to spread joy and happiness and blessings everywhere in our paths, not only one day in the year, but every day that dawns.

"But," says some brother, who has forgotten childhood, and perhaps who has never investigated the psychological growth and organization of the physical and mental organism which makes up a child, "would not Christ, the Savior whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas, be displeased by teaching an unreal thing? We believe that he would not, for two reasons. First, he was the greatest teacher that this world has known and he often taught older people by parables; second, we are not teaching an unreal thing, but a *real thing* as looked upon through childish eyes. It cannot be unreal to the child, for his very organism is in direct harmony with the teaching, and so long as this is so I do not think it can be wrong.

This is certainly a charming and interesting method of training the young to see the beauty and joy and blessedness that it, in future days, may have within its power to scatter broadcast in its circle in life.

When the time comes to us, as we approach maturity, that the mythical Santa Claus all gradually fades away, then the time is upon us when Christmas does not mean so much to ourselves from a receiving standpoint. Up to that time we have felt that in a sense it was created for us, but now the time has dawned when our mind is imperatively impressed with the truth that we must begin to assume a responsible part in the sphere of life which is ours, or the goodness and beauty of Christmas will fade away just as Santa Claus has faded out. Little moralizing is needed at this stage of life, for in the readjustment that is taking place in the psychophysical organism this fact will develop itself at its own intuition and the being will find out its truth. And from that time on we learn that Christmas, to mean much to us, must also mean much to our associates and those who are depending upon us and looking to us for support or training or culture—anything that our walk in life has to bestow. And we have learned it all from the fireside stories of Santa Claus exemplified by the stuffed stocking, the little red wagon, the new doll and the shoe in the rain barrel. How good, we thought, a man must be to leave his snug home in the North, and go out and drive far and wide, fleeter than the wind, and reach every little home in all the broad land spreading joy, happiness and good cheer clear to the ends of the broad earth. How good he is, to leave us the presents that we wanted and the good things to eat. How good he was to cheer up the poor family down at the end of the lane, by leaving nice little tokens of love and friendship and a nice basket filled with a Christmas dinner, How good of him to stop just long enough, in his great hurry across land and sea, to remember the poor little cripple boy down at the quarter section corner; how much better and brighter he has made the whole world seem!

But that has not been his greatest good. He has sown seeds in our own hearts which are going to germinate and start in growth. The plant will grow if it receives nourishment and cultivation, and when it has matured we will find the responsibility of a Santa Claus, not in the Northland, not across the sea, not in the distant parts of earth, but in our own hearts. We need not go out and search for it as we would a commission of honor, neither need we buckle on our spurs and distinguish ourselves before the world and ride home as a conqueror, but in Christlike simplicity, with-

in our own door, in our own heart have we found the fruits of the growth of the Santa Claus teaching, and we must in our duty to society and ourselves and our fellow-man take up the commission and perform our part, or we cannot be happy in this life.

And so we have, today, the Santa Claus idea of gifts and cheer as an outgrowth and perfection of St. Nick's Day, Yule tide, Geol time, etc., embracing in itself a teaching simple enough for the lowest in the land and ostentatious enough for the highest born. We have in the great Christlike example of, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," in such an exemplary method that no one would hamper it, no one would destroy it, none could take it from us, for it is sacred, and right and just and clothed in universal truth. All hail Christmas Day and the institutions it represents! All hail Santa Claus, for the great good we have received from him and for the good he has enabled us to bestow upon our neighbor!

E. St. Louis, Ill.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS STORIES.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE young writer groped his way up the stairs. The time being Christmas, he was away from home. Everybody is invariably away from home in a well-regulated Christmas story. Everybody is invariably visiting someone else. To dilate on somebody else's whereabouts at yuletide offers startling possibilities for a study in localities and had better not be attempted here. Even the diligent student of the subtle and esoteric in modern fiction would be perplexed by the metaphysical, fourth-dimensional consideration whether somebody else was in *esse* or *non est*.

To resume, the youthful scribbler—he had not yet attained those heights, called Success—groped his way up the properly dark stairway to his room; at least to the room which he thought was his. In reality is was, of course, an abandoned chamber, such as the heroes of Christmas stories enter and wherein they have startling encounters with ghosts, specters, and weird things in general.

Before going further in this truthful narration, it may be well to premise that the young writer was a realist, stern and uncompromising. He had not, however, reached the worst stage, but had worked up sufficiently in the preliminaries to have Ibsen, and Howells as "the masters," and to think of them in glorified upper case of typography.

At length he got into bed, but had difficulty in falling asleep, for his brain was keenly reminiscent of the ghost stories, which had, according to routine, occupied the eve of Christmas in the drawing-room. This was merely in continuation of the traditions of the Christmas hero. Through the window glass Luna stared brazenly at him and his mind automatically reverted to a rhyme of his nursery days:

"Out upon you, fie on you bold-faced jig."

instead of inditing an ode to the Luna mountain range which forms the left eyebrow of Diana's countenance to the poetic intellect. You see the young writer was not a poet.

His prosaic view of Lelene's beauties was superinduced by a stomachic combination of turkey, plum pudding, mince pie and other distinctly seasonable, but distinctly indigestible delicacies, which formed a comestible harmony analogous to the ultra—music of Strauss.

But, after a due period of uneasiness the young writer reposed in the arms of Morpheus, which is merely a tropical and periphrastic way of indicating that he fell asleep. After several gorgeous dreams, in which he floated through beautiful worlds, to the strains of exquisite music and the aroma of Arabian-blest odors he awoke. At least so he says. Some of his friends challenge the fact. This much *is certain*, as he convincingly points out: Other heroes of Christmas stories invariably awake, so why not he?

As is usual in such places, he saw a dim, spectral form standing by his bed. In accordance with ghostly etiquette, the astral vision touched the young writer on the shoulder and addressed him in a dull hollow voice:

"My friend, I am the shade of a deceased author. From my trans-Stygian habitat I have watched with interest your progress in the mundane world of letters. Your course at first earned my hearty approval, for you were content to follow the well-trod paths worn smooth by the footsteps of generations of past authors. But since you have taken up these new *isms* I have noticed with sadness that you do not reverently keep in mind the precept and practice of your illustrious predecessors. The paths of realism lead but to the literary grave, as you will find out when you too are a spirit and can view the oblivion which is bound to engulf the realists. Perhaps it is because you are not familiar with the good old stock characters of fiction that you traverse the paths you do. Tonight it is given to me, to do as I please, and I shall show you the good old plots of Yuletide fiction. Come with me."

When he finished talking the young writer, whose hair had subsided somewhat during the harangue, got out of bed, and while hastily slipping into some clothes, took a few side glances at his unusual visitor.

The shade was of short stature and clad in the garb of half a century agone. Evidently he belonged to that happy period when women writers were called gentle "blue-stockings," when poets "wooed the muse," and usually prefixed their lucubrations with a lengthy invocation to "Her," and when abstract words were reverently initialed with capital letters.

His astral visitor led the young man to a door which

opened into a large and lofty room. The latter had known nothing of the existence of this chamber, simply because he had not noticed the door—a plain and reasonable explanation.

The two authors—mortal and immortal (literally)—entered the room, and the young writer noticed a vague, musty odor, the characteristic aroma which permeates a museum. And glancing about to size up his strange surroundings, he discovered that he was in a museum containing many glass cases which seemed to be filled with miniature houses, dolls, puppets and other toys. The guide spoke again, in the sepulchral tones which we commonly associate with conversation of "spooks."

"Here you see the well-conserved remains of many former Christmas stories. Every year they are resurrected, renovated and do duty anew. Instead of using them as your brother authors are content to do, you are following new-fangled ideas. Without doubt you have an accurately realistic 'study of the eleventh hour psychological introspection and restrospection of some world-weary soul's twenty-ninth Christmas reposing snugly among the manuscripts in your desk.'"

Even though the shade did not gaze searchingly at him, as many a one might have done to confirm the accuracy of the guess, the young writer, self-conscious that a similar theme, rejected and despised of magazine editors (for he was still new at the trade as previously mentioned) was a part of his literary chattels, blushed painfully. The shade, however, took no notice of his companion's embarrassment, but started to show him the contents of the cases, offering a commentary whenever he saw fit.

"Here," he said in the tone of the professional cicerone, "is the maiden all forlorn. She is somewhat worn from constant waiting for her lost lover, and her weeping eyes are sadly in need of spectacles from the constancy of her watch for his loved face at the door. Here he is. You know he returns just as the snow is falling on her heart as well as on all out-doors. Snow falling on her heart is a neat figurative phrase, so seasonable, you understand. Ring in the illusion to a 'white Christmas,' and what better material do you want for a story?"

"But," the young writer ventured to remonstrate, "is not this somewhat trite in conception and execution?"

"Of course it is," assented the shade affably, "and that is the beauty of it. The public recognizes in it an old, old friend, endeared to it from youth. 'Should an old acquaintance be forgot?' Then, too, it is capable of so many variations. A few years ago the lover might have come home from the Klondyke with a bag of nuggets. This year he can come home from Goldfield with the proceeds accruing from the flotation of a wild-cat mine.

"Here," he continues oracularly, "we have the elements of a pathetic story, which is usually in several scenes. The first reveals the quarrel between the two lovers. He dashes off to regions unknown, and she in time regrets her piqué but to save her poor old father from ruin she marries the suave villain over whom the quarrel took place. The hero returns, a rich man, finds his sweetheart married to his old rival, and is found dead in the snow outside of her window, with her photograph clasped to his eternally stilled heart. Hers, is, of course, broken, and she soon dies, too. There you have the making of a very pathetic tale."

"But,——" ventured the young writer.

"Oh, to be sure," the shade responded, "the majority of inveterate story readers have shed tears over its pathos in their earlier years, so that they are adamantine now, but remember that the rising generation, whose lachrymal glands have been exercised in crying for the moon, is not immune. They, at least, will liberally bedew its sorrowful passages."

As they cross the room the deceased author informed his young friend that a humorous story is essential for the success of a Christmas number of a periodical. Consulting the labels on the various cases, he finally found the one for which he searched.

"Of all the Christmas stories, he said, the humorous is the most easily written. There are several varieties. First comes the street Arab's banquet. You will remember that the newsboys, bootblacks and baggage-smashers who are the only support of large families, are imbued with the holiday spirit and go to the swellest hotel in town for a Christmas spread. The boniface, as you doubtless know, is a kindly man, and in honor of the season gives them the best the house affords. The opportunity for humor comes in the unconventional manners and artless conversation of the guests. The proprietor, guests and colored waiters are convulsed with laughter over the humor of the situation. An excellent finalé is given by the introduction of the crusty old gentleman who is drawn from the private room where he is dining alone. He becomes interested in the boys and in the end gives each one a five-dollar gold piece as well as positions of trust in his palatial department store.

"But," the young writer interpolated. "I fail to see anything funny in those stories. They wouldn't make anybody laugh."

"I am glad to find that your powers of discernment are keen," said the shade tolerantly. "That is just the point. They are not designed to make people laugh. They are intended to bring a smile merely, or a pleasant feeling to the reader. Do you think that one desires to laugh heartily while digesting his Christmas dinner? Not at all! A smile is much more comfortable. But let us see some more specimens."

So they view other cases replete with other specimens of Christmas stories: the boys who surprise the village spinster by chopping her supply of wood for

her, instead of playing their usual tricks; the clubman who plays Santa Claus in the tenement district; the little waifs who wander into childless couple's farm and find a home as well as Christmas; the old maid who furnishes a tree for poor children of the village, all these and many others were duly catalogued.

Just as the deceased author had made a relevant remark on the importance of Christmas ghost stories and was about to discuss the topic at some length, suburban roosters began to crow and the shade rapidly dematedialized to the great astonishment of the young writer, who avers that he remembers nothing subsequent. The next morning he related his adventure to me, evidently considering it within the province of the Society for Psychical Research or worthy investigation of Prof. Hyslop. He felt mortally offended at my blithe suggestion that he was a fit subject for Dr. Doleful's Delightful Doses for Dyspeptics or the Dream Editor of the Gotham Howler, one of the six or eight exclusively metropolitan journals with national circulations.

And there the matter rests.

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO

Once in a manger lowly
Hundreds of years ago.
A little babe so holy
Came to this world below.

Chorus.

Angels sang out the sweet story;
Fear not for lo this morn
Jesus the Christ of Glory,
A little babe is born.

Near was a crowded city,
Bethlehem, dark and old.
Here Joseph sought for pity,
Chill was the night and cold.

Joseph and Mary weary;
No one would take them in,
Slept in a stable dreary
Nigh to a crowded inn.

Out on the hillside, frightened
Shepherds beheld a sight.
For all the sky was lightened
On that December night.

Far from the east three strangers,
Led by a star their way.
Kept safely through great dangers,
Seeking the Christ they say.

Came to the manger lowly,
Bringing their gifts of love;
Worshiped the babe so holy,
Gift of the world above.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good will toward men,
Glory to God in the highest,
Forever and ever Amen.

—Selected.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.

CLARENCE SCHROCK.

It was night, all the earth was silently slumbering in peaceful repose. Out on the hills of Judea a few faithful shepherds were quietly watching their flocks. Little did they think of anything unusual happening that night. Yet suddenly, and beautifully this silence was broken. The angel of the Lord appeared and the glory of the Lord shone around about and over them. What a glorious scene it must have been! How grand! How sublime! Yet it frightened them. But soon their fears must have vanished for the first words of the angels' message, was: "Fear not."

Surely those were soothing words to the bewildered shepherds. "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

After the angel further instructs them concerning the conditions under which they would find the Savior, another grand scene appears. Softly and sweetly come strains of heavenly music to their ears and a multitude of the heavenly host appear singing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." How clearly and distinctly those beautiful words must have rung out over the hills of Judea on that calm starlit night. How far beyond human comprehension is must have been, to hear those sweet strains sung by the angels. Surely it was perfect praise, carrying with it the heavenly message of joy, peace and good will to all the earth. Such was the angels' message as it was delivered to those Judean shepherds over nineteen hundred years ago.

But what does it mean to us today? Has it lost its consoling power? No. Certainly it has not, for it shall be "to all people." But the question with us is this: Has the message found fulfillment in our lives? Has the birth of our Savior brought us that joy and peace which the angels promised? Have we allowed him to come into our hearts and lives to such an extent that our lives prove to our fellow-men that we possess that joy and peace? Have you, dear Christian friends, found joy and peace in the Master's service,



Christmas Morning.

or have you found it only a burden, something that you do simply because you feel you must in order to obtain salvation?

But some may ask: Is it possible that there can be joy and peace in a true Christian's life ? Can there really be joy in a life that renounces all worldly pleasures, honors and fame and trods the lowly path of self-denial which the Christians follow? Yes, there is joy, real joy, lasting joy. Can there be peace in a life that must continually fight against the hosts of Satan, a life that must struggle daily against carnal desires and wants? Yes, there is peace, everlasting peace. There cannot be as great a joy, or peace in the opposers of virtue and right, as the true follower of Christ possesses. The reason so many of us fail to see it thus, is because we look too much from a human standpoint instead of a divine one, for real joy and peace can be obtained only by entirely forsaking sin, and giving ourselves completely into God's hands and permitting him to accomplish his will through us.

Nothing can give us as much joy as to work hand in hand with God, letting him use us to fulfill the mission he has for us to do on earth. Nothing can give us as much peace of heart and mind, as to know and feel within ourselves that we are right with God and our fellow-men, and that we are living under the protecting care and guidance of our Creator.

The reason we so often fail to obtain the joy and peace promised us in the angelic message, is because we live on too low a spiritual plane. We do not live close enough to Jesus, are not well enough acquainted with him, we don't develop our spiritual natures enough to comprehend the divine things of life. We look too much on the material side of life and become so entangled in material things that we neglect spiritual things and starve our divine nature. Hence we are so often working against our best interests, "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Beattie, Kans.



Do Not Know of Christmas.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

ROSA KAUFFMAN.

The church bells are joyfully ringing,
Inviting us mortals to go
To the house of the Lord to worship,
To praise him, to banish the foe.

To hear the Word read by the preacher,
To list to his message of love.
To sing the sweet songs that so help us,
To pray to our Father above.

The sunday school, O what a power
To lead wandering feet back home,
To prepare each of us for life's work,
Fit our hearts to receive the seed sown.

And the hosts of young Christian Workers.
That assemble each week o'er our land,
They are fighting the foe wherever they go
And are lovingly lending a hand.

To help their brothers and sisters
Of all nations, all races and birth.
They are bringing the churches together,
Bringing peace and good will on the earth.

O sinner, list to the church bells.
They are calling for you to come
To the house of God. Will you do it?
And prepare for a heavenly home?

McLouth, Kans.

KIND words are the music of the world.



How We Used to Do.

AGRICULTURE AND ANTIQUITY.

Why agriculture, the first industry to be learned, and so obviously the most fundamental, was the last to be developed, is one of the most baffling mysteries of history. One marvels at it afresh as one stands before a certain glass case in the Egyptian quarter of the British Museum, wherein is a little group of farm utensils—a fractured wooden plow, a rusted sickle, two sticks tied together with a leather thong, and several tassels that had hung on the horns of oxen. To be sure, these implements were used three thousand years ago—they were found in the tomb of Seti I.—but one remembers that when Egypt was using these bread-tools, no better than those of the barbarians about her, she had a most elaborate government, an army and navy, and art and literature.

The records and relics of other nations, down through history, show the same strange incongruity. For thousands of years the wise men of the world absolutely ignored the problems of the farm. A farmer remained either a serf or a tenant. He was a stolid drudge—"brother to the ox." Even the masterful old Pilgrim Fathers had no plows at all—nothing but hoes and sharp sticks, for the first twelve years of their pioneering.

And therefore for thousands of years there was Hunger. Hunger, moreover, not only in far-off ages and countries, not only in the England of 1709, but in America, within the memory of men and women now living. In 1837 there were wheat bounties in Maine and bread-riots in New York City. Flour-mills were closed for lack of wheat. Starving men fell in the streets of Boston and Philadelphia. Mobs of laborers, maddened by the fear of famine, broke into warehouses and carried away sacks of food. Even in the Middle West—the prairie paradise of farmers—many a family fought against Death with the serf's weapon of Black Bread.

For tens of centuries men garnered their harvests by hand, stooping—a score or more of them in a small field—to snip, snip with hand-sickles at the stalks that should yield them bread. Behind these workers came others, laboriously binding the grain into sheaves. And every bushel required in the gathering three hours of a man's time.

Then came the Reaper—and today a leviathan bites a twelve-foot roadway through the grain with its sharp teeth and ties the sheaves with its steel fingers. Four strong horses may be needed to move it—this giant machine—but in all the great yellow field is no human being save the man who sits comfortably on the harvester, driving. Or it may be a woman, or even a child. And in seventy-six years the Reaper has reduced the time-price of harvesting wheat to ten minutes a bushel! A gain of two hours and fifty minutes for every bushel of wheat, and a release to other industries of nine laborers in ten. Or even a larger number, for in the far West there are harvesters that do more work in a day than twenty laborers using the sickle's big and swifter brother, the scythe.

Translated, this means, primarily, vastly more wheat. That is a simple matter of mathematics, a problem too obvious to require statement. It means for America the development of the magnificent grain-lands of the West, where three states—Minnesota and the Dakotas—today produce enough wheat to feed all the people of England. It means the New Farmer and the wonders of scientific agriculture. It means great cities, with gigantic mills, and manufactories that create new wealth at the rate of sixteen billions a year. It means American prosperity.

In 1831 the American people were free, but they held in their hands the land-tools of slaves. They had to labor and sweat in the fields, with the crude implements that had been produced by ages of slavery. For two generations the sickles, flails, and wooden plows, with which they had tried to build up a prosperous republic, had held back agricultural progress. Let us try to reconstruct mentally the America of those days.

Enterprise was not then a national characteristic. The few men who dared to suggest improvements were persecuted as enemies of society. The first iron plows were said to poison the soil. The first railroad was torn up. The first telegraph wires were cut. The first sewing-machine was smashed. And the first man who sold coal in Philadelphia was chased from the state as a swindler.

Even the railway was a dangerous toy. The telegraph was still a dream in the brain of Morse. John Deere had not invented his steel plow, nor Howe his sewing-machine, nor Hoe his printing-press. There were no stoves nor matches nor oil-lamps. Petroleum was peddled as a medicine at $1 a bottle. Iron was $75 a ton. Money was about as reliable as mining stocks are today; and all the savings in all the banks would not now buy the chickens in Iowa.

The total exports amounted to no more than we paid last year for diamonds and champagne. Chicago was a twelve-family village. There was no West nor Middle West. Not one grain of wheat had been grown in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, Oklahoma, or Texas.

During the Civil War the reaper was doing the work of a million men in the grain-fields of the North. It enabled a widow, with five sons, to send them all to the front, and yet gather every sheaf into the barn. It kept the wolf from the door, and more—it paid our European debts in wheat. It wiped out all necessity for negro labor in the wheat states, just as a cotton-picker will do, some day, in the South.



Christmas at a Mission Station in India Where the Inglenook is Read.

"The reaper is to the North what the slave is to the South," said Edwin M. Stanton in 1861. "It releases our young men to do battle for the Union, and at the same time keeps up the supply of the nation's bread."

Lincoln called out every third man, yet the crops increased. Europeans could not believe it. They shook their heads and said, "Another American story!" when they were told that we were supporting two vast armies and yet selling other nations enough grain to feed 35,000,000 people and sending three times as much wheat to England as we had ever sent before. Naturally, no country that clung to the sickle and flail could be convinced of such a preposterous miracle.

After the war, the mighty river of wheat that flowed from the West began to turn the wheels of 14,000 flour-mills. Rich cities sprang up, like Aladdin palaces, beside its banks—Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Omaha, Des Moines. All of these, and a hundred lesser ones, were nourished into prosperity by the rising current of reaper-wheat, as it moved from the Mississippi to the sea.

By 1876 we had become the champion food-producers of the world. A Kansas farmer was raising six bushels of wheat with as little labor as an Italian spent to produce one. And one doughty Scot, Dalrymple, of Dakota, was cutting more wheat with 400 laborers and 300 harvesters than 5,000 pheasants could garden by hand.

Inevitably the American farmer became a financier. In 1876 he earned twenty-four per cent. He had twenty-seven hundred millions to spend. By 1880 he had begun to buy so much store goods that the United States was able to write a Declaration of Industrial Independence.

Every year he has grown richer and wiser, until now he is the owner of a billion-acre farm, worth $30 an acre, operated with farm machinery that cost him $9000,000,000 and producing yearly 7,000 times the value of a millionaire.

Today, when the human race is growing wheat at the yearly rate of ten bushels a family, we can hardly believe that until recently the main object of all nations was to get bread; that life consisted in a search for food. Yet, cut the kings and their retinues out of history and it is no exaggeration to say that the human race was hungry for ten thousand years. Even of the Black Bread, burnt and dirty and coarse, there was not enough; and the few who were well fed took the food from the mouths of slaves. Even the nations that produced Galileo and Laplace and Newton were haunted by the ghost of Hunger. Merrie England was famine-swept in 1315, 1321, 1369, 1438, 1482, 1527, 1630, 1661, and 1709. To have enough to eat was to the masses of all nations a dream— a Millennium of Prosperity.

This long Age of Hunger outlived the great nations of antiquity. Why? Because they went as the problem of progress in the wrong way.

If Marcus Aurelius had invented the reaper, or if the Gracchi had been inventors instead of politicians, the story of Rome would have had a happier ending. But Rome said—The first thing is empire. Egypt said—The first thing is fame. Greece said—The first thing is genius. Not one of them said—The first thing is bread. —Herbert N. Casson, in the December Everybody's.

NEWS.

One of the principal subjects being discussed by railroad officials in connection with the improvement program for next year, which is now being outlined by a number of the roads, relates to plans for a better roadbed. Faster train service, heavier freight traffic, and the increased capacity of cars and locomotives are responsible for the proposed changes, and interesting announcements from railroad officials who have this matter in charge are expected. Special committees were appointed last fall by some of the roads to experiment with various kinds of roadbed, the tests to be made during both winter and summer. The Pennsylvania has been making a large number of tests with a new roadbed along the main and branch lines during the past year. It is claimed that the concrete roadbed being tested in the Eastern section is not satisfactory. It has been pointed out that while the weight and capacity of cars and locomotives have been greatly increased in the last ten years, practically no changes have been made in that time in the roadbed, with the exception of more attention being devoted to ballasting.

DISASTROUS MINE ACCIDENTS IN RECENT YEARS.

	Lives lost.
1894—Albion colliery, South Wales,	286
1902—Fronterville, Tenn.,	200
1902—Rolling Mill mine, Pa.,	105
1903—Hanna, Wyo.,	175
1904—Lackawanna mine, Pa.,	10
1904—Tereio, Cal.,	21
1905—Virginia City, Ala.,	152
1905—Ziegler, Ill.,	35
1905—Welsh coal mine,	126
1905—Diamondville, Wyo.,	18
1905—Kartsisk, Russia,	300
1905—M., K. & T. Coal Company,	13
1905—Princeton, Ind.,	13
1905—Coal mine in Prussia,	55
1905—Wilcox, W. Va.,	35
1906—Bluefields, W. Va.,	21
1906—Johnstown, Pa.,	25
1906—Century, W. Va.,	15
1906—Durham, England,	25
1906—Dutchman mine, Blossburg, N. Mex.,	15
1906—Courriere mine, near Calais, France,	1,060
1906—Japan,	250
1906—Oakhill, W. Va.,	28
1906—West Fork, Va.,	75
1906—Quarto, Colo.,	22
1907—Saarlus, Prussia,	22
1907—Primero, Colo.,	20
1907—Fayetteville, W. Va.,	80
1907—Saarbruck, Prussia,	200
1907—Las Esperanzas, Mexico,	123
1907—Forbach, Germany,	75
1907—Monongahela, Pa.,	39

That John Avery McIlhenny, member of the United States civil service commission, holds more than 1,000 ignorant foreigners in a state of peonage, and that brutality and cruelty are practiced to force these people to remain on Avery Island, La., where the McIlhenny interests operate vast oyster canning and tobacco manufacturing properties, is the charge brought by Stephen Jozca, special commissioner of the Austro-Hungarian government, to which nationality most of the alleged peons belong. Mr. Jozca, who is assistant secretary of the Louisiana state board of immigration, was sent to Avery Island by Emile Hoehn, the Austro-Hungarian consul in New Orleans, following complaints made by one of the immigrants who escaped the McIlhenny guards.

Admiral Dewey has moved out of the house in Washington which was presented to him by popular acclaim as a reward for winning the Philippines. This house was too small for him, as it has only 21 rooms, and he has moved into a larger one. We know of a wealthy family or two in Washington whose house has 30 rooms in it, of which 16 are occupied by the servants. Being prominent and rich is hard work.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand men are out of employment in New York City. No other city seems to suffer so violently from the panic as does that metropolis. Many places labor and business has resumed a normal standard, but the fruit of the panic is likely to be found here and there all winter, even if the panic does not spread.

The Anti-Saloon League and other reform agencies are working hard to close saloons on Sunday in Chicago. The Mayor and policemen openly disregard the closing statute. Governor Hanly, of Indiana, addressed a mass meeting on Sunday in which he advocated obedience to the law, $20,000 were raised to prosecute the reform. Four policemen were reported to headquarters for not reporting open saloons in their beat.

Kansas City also has been undergoing a moral cleansing of late. For a while the people claimed it impossible to close theaters and places of amusement but it has actually been done. The true reason was that a large element in our cities want to drink and gamble on Sunday. Police court is always crowded on Monday in all of our large cities.

Sunday, Dec. 8 was a dry day in New York City. Saloons and theaters were closed up tight. Heretofore sport has been the leading feature of Sunday so that the sudden wiping out of games, and resorts affected the Gothamites very much.

Capital punishment has been virtually abolished in France through the continued exercise of the President's pardoning power, but the French people desire its revival. The "Petit Parisien" of Paris took a vote on the question which, among 1,412,000 answers, showed 1,083,000 in favor of capital punishment to 328,000 against it.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" colume.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—To correspond with Brethren who desire to know the best, safest, most economical and most convenient method of lighting their homes.—W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

WHY NOT EARN

one or more of these

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On the following pages we describe some very desirable premiums to be given to our subscribers for securing new subscriptions in households where the Inglenook is not already taken.

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2. A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers and introduces the Inglenook to a household where it has not been received in the past year.

3. A premium cannot be given to any one for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself he can receive a premium for every other new yearly subscription he may send us under these conditions.

4. When we say new subscription we mean one full year's subscription at full price, $1.00.

5. Premiums cannot be allowed for subscriptions to reading rooms, libraries and other public institutions.

6. Transferring the subscription from one member of a household to another is considered a renewal.

7. If one member of a household is a subscriber for the Inglenook, any member of that household may work for a premium, but when such a worker writes us, the name printed on the margin or wrapper of paper coming to the household must be mentioned.

8. Our premium offer will stand good until April 1, 1908.

9. Don't hold subscriptions. Send them to us promptly accompanied with the money, and if you are going to work for a club we will give you credit and the premium may be selected any time before April 1, 1908.

10. If you want to work for a premium be sure your own subscription is paid in advance.

11. Two new subscriptions for six months at 50 cents each will be counted as one subscription on premium.

12. If you do not want any of these premiums in pay for securing new subscriptions to the Inglenook, we will extend the time of your subscription three months for each new yearly subscription sent us, by you.

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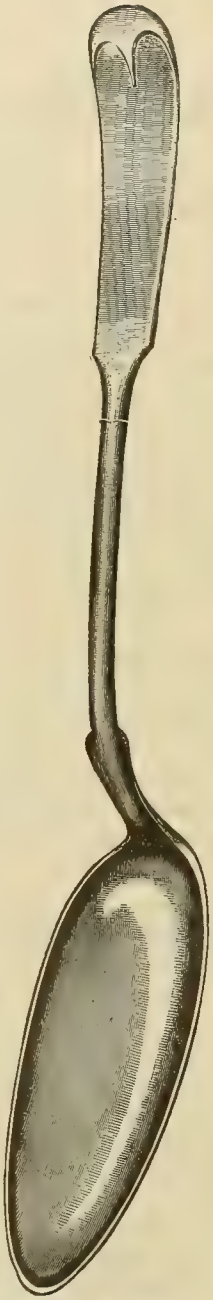
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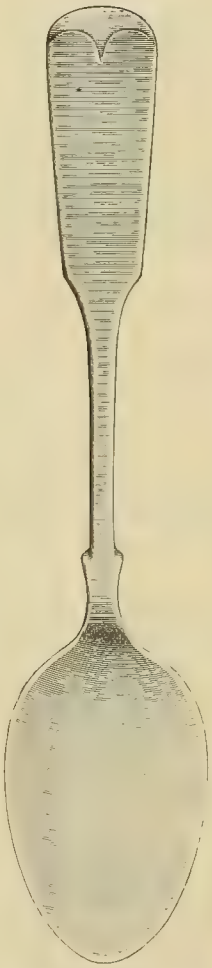
(See following pages for list of premiums.)

PREMIUM LIST



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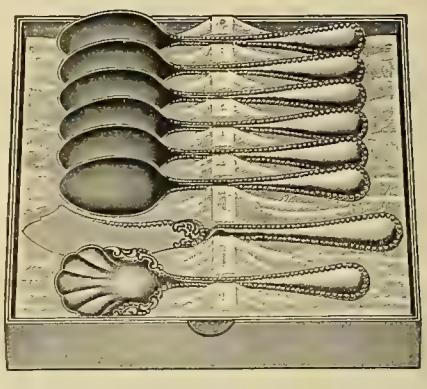
2. Six German silver teaspoons. Tipped pattern. Heavy weight. Will wear a lifetime. Catalog price, $1.00.

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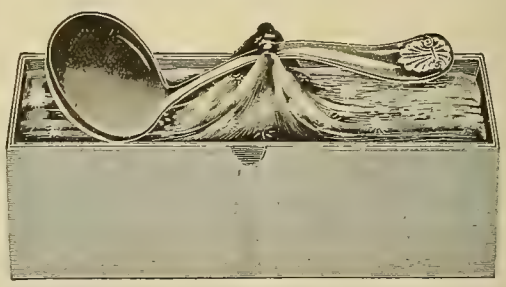
1. Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. Solid nickel silver through and through. Fancy embossed pattern. In silk-lined box. Catalog price, $1.00.

For One New Subscription.



4. Eight-piece Set. In silk-lined box, containing six teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Solid nickel silver. No plating. Catalog price, $2.20.

For Two New Subscriptions and 15c postage.



5. Gravy Ladle. Shell pattern, celebrated Wm. A. Rogers 1881 brand. Catalog price, $1.50.

For Two New Subscriptions.

6. Ladies' Hand Bag. Sea lion embossed, riveted metal frame, spring clasp, gun metal and nickel, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 5 x 8½. Value, $1.00.

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7. Best Alarm Clock, with the Gilbert patent detachable one day alarm. Height, 6⅛ inches. 4½ in. Arabic Dial. Catalog price, $2.00.

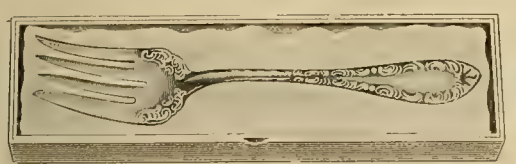
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8. Ladies' Hand Bag. Imitation horn-back alligator, brown, tan or gray. Ball catch, metal frame, gilt finish, round bottom, cloth lined, fitted with purse, leather handle. Size, 4½ x 8¾ inches. Value, $2.00.

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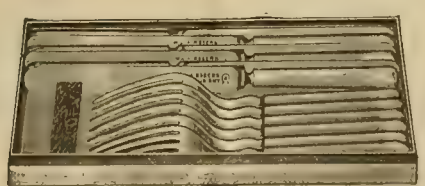
9. One Dozen Tablespoons. Celebrated Wm. A. Rogers quality. Heavy weight, nickel silver, will not wear off. Catalog price, $4.00.

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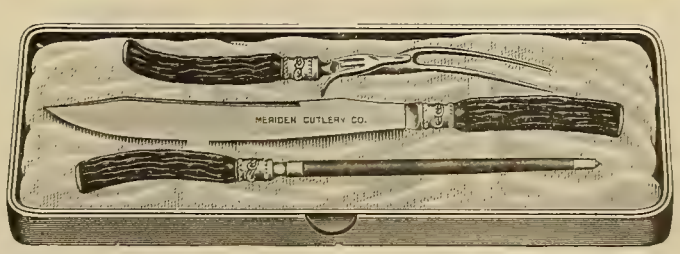
10. Trio Silver Set, consisting of 1 gravy ladle, 1 cold meat fork, and 1 berry spoon. Beautiful design, solid nickel silver. Each piece boxed separately. Catalog price, $3.50.

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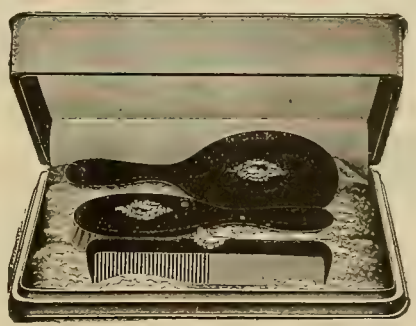
11. Set Knives and Forks. Solid nickel silver, through and through. Shell pattern, highly finished. Catalog price, $7.20.

For Eight New Subscriptions.



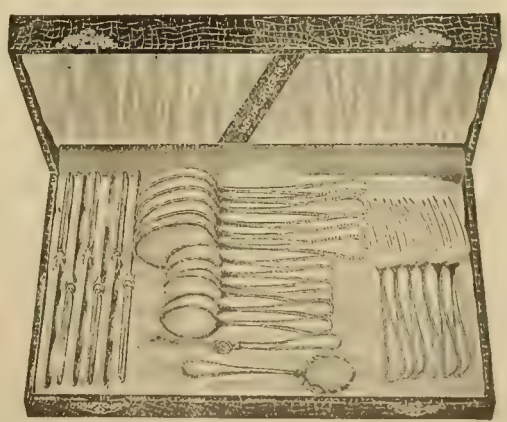
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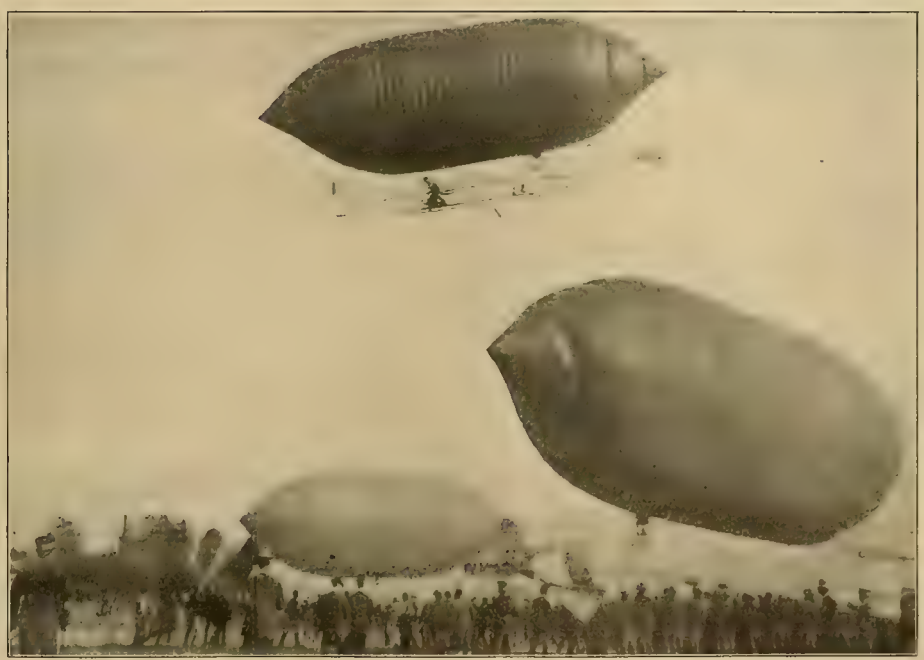
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

A Happy New Year



Beachy, the Winner in Dirigible flights at St. Louis race.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

No. 53. Vol. IX. Price, $1.00 Per Annum. December 31, 1907.

APPLES

Do well in

BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA

and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about $1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

In BUTTE VALLEY

Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley. They are FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

EXCURSION
TO
BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA

Tuesday January 14 1908

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.
Leaving Omaha, Wed. Jan. 15, At 3:50 P. M.

For Rates and Other Information, Write to

ISAIAH WHEELER,
Cerrogordo, Ill.

OR

D. C. CAMPBELL
Colfax, Ind.

Who will accompany the Excursion through to

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Geo. L. McDonaugh
COLONIZATION AGENT
Union Pacific Railroad
OMAHA, NEBR.

ARE YOU GOING TO

California
Washington, Oregon
Idaho

Or Any Other Point?
Take the

Union Pacific Railroad

Daily Tourist Car Line

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California Points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

A striking feature of the Union Pacific passenger trains is the tourist service. The tourist sleepers are identical with the standard sleepers, with the exception that their furnishings are not on so grand a scale, but the accommodations are equally good and are sold at HALF THE PRICE of the standard. The seats are upholstered, and at night the berths are hung with heavy curtains. Each car is accompanied by a uniformed porter whose duties are the same as those upon the Pullman Palace Sleepers.

DINING CARS.

Union Pacific dining cars are operated on all through trains. These cars are all new in style and models of beauty and elegance.

DINING ROOMS AND LUNCH COUNTERS.

Dining Rooms and Lunch Counters are located at convenient points along the line, and all through trains which do not carry dining cars are scheduled to stop at these points. Well prepared meals of the best quality are properly served at popular prices. Full time is allowed for meals.

Be sure to buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California Can Be Bought from $30.00 to $40.00 per Acre

Printed Matter FREE.
Write to
GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska.

From Macdoel

BUTTE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA

The land in Butte Valley IS SELLING RAPIDLY. Within the last week more than (2500) twenty-five hundred acres have been sold. The nice part about the land sales of the Valley is that with very few exceptions, people seem to be buying the land to improve, and not to speculate upon.

Mr. E. Merritt, of Greene River, Utah, who has lately made an extended visit to the Valley, has returned to the East wild with enthusiasm over the possibilities of the Valley. He says that the city of Macdoel will not stop under several thousand inhabitants. Mr. Merritt has been in the colonization business for a long while, and his judgment ought to be good in the matter.

A large bank building, hotel, city water-works and sewerage will be put in as quickly as material can be secured. Plans are being drawn for the buildings now.

Mr. Stow, from the East, is here looking up the dairy business and contemplates starting a dairy to supply the town with milk and butter.

Mr. Burkett who recently came from Sunnyside, Washington, has purchased a farm and during the week moved on it.

Mr. Saul, proprietor of the Macdoel meat market, says that his trade has doubled within the last two weeks. We predict for Mr. Saul a very large patronage.

There will be an Excursion to Butte Valley from Chicago on Jan. 14, 1908. The fare from Chicago to Weed will be $49.20 one way, and these excursionists may return any time they please, at the same rate. The fare west of the Missouri River is $40.00 and a number of parties have already arranged to go, and if others are contemplating the trip they should at once write to Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Nebr., Isaiah Wheeler, Cerrogordo, Ill., or D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind. All of these are colonization agents, and one or two of them will accompany the excursion to Butte Valley, so that those going will be under the personal direction of experienced and competent men.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Room 14, Central Arcade, Flood Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Some Old Notions

There used to be an old adage, which is even repeated in our day, to the effect that "the hair of the dog will cure his bite," and poultices of dog's hair have consequently more than once been applied to wounds from dog bites in evidence of belief in the adage. This theory is similar to the idea which prevailed of old that "every part strengtheneth the part" applied especially to eating and drinking; so that if one wished to be a fast runner he sought to eat the legs only of fowls and such animals as run swiftly, as the hare or deer. If one sought to be brave and courageous he dined off of the hearts of various wild animals, as the heart was supposed to be the seat of courage. If one sought to be an orator, tongue was his favorite dish; while if one most desired intellectual powers, a diet of brains was preferred. We laugh at all this today, and yet we can easily follow their crude reasoning. "Like cures like" is after all a foundation tenet of a modern school of medicine.

That certain medicaments, rich in purifying and vitalizing properties, exert a corresponding effect on the vital fluid of the body, has been fully demonstrated. Therein lies the success of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER as a blood-purifying and health-giving remedy. By cleansing and revivifying the vital fluid, it restores the natural functional activity of the liver, kidneys and other important organs. When this has been done, health is bound to follow. Over a century's constant use has demonstrated its merits and thousands have testified to its curative powers.

THE BEST MEDICINE.

Volga, S. Dak., April 26, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—It is now two weeks since the trial box of **Blood Vitalizer** arrived. I used it with great success. I had been troubled with headache, dizziness and general sluggishness of the system.

My mother who lives in Orange City, Iowa, has also used your medicine with splendid results. It is seven years ago, that she had lung fever which left her very weak, but on the recommendation of friends she used the **Blood Vitalizer** and it built her up.

Although your **Blood Vitalizer** is the best medicine I know of, I am not in a position to take an agency, but shall recommend some one else.

Yours very truly,
S. Wagoner.

CURING THE LITTLE ONES.

Anderson, Ind., May 22, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I should have written you sooner but my little girl was very sick; she was suffering from an abscess on the thigh, so I thought I would wait and see if there would be any change in her condition as she was taking nothing but the **Blood Vitalizzer.** Thanks to your remedy, she is now cured.

Two other of our girls, one aged two and another four, had what I think was jaundice as their skin was yellow as a lemon. I gave them the **Blood Vitalizer** and their skin turned nice and white again. As a mother, I thank you for such good medicine.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Anton Van Bedts.
R. R. No. 11.

WANTS AN AGENCY.

Fox Lake, Wis., March 22, 1907.

Dr. P. Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have a desire to become an agent for your **Blood Vitalizer** here and do the best in my power for the promotion of good health among the people.

We have known the **Blood Vitalizer** for a long time and know that it makes the entire body strong and well.

Please send me terms and particulars. May the Lord continue to bless your medicine.

Yours very truly,
R. R. No. 1, Box 30.
John Papenleur.

Such is the testimony regarding DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, given by those most competent to speak—the users of the remedy—people who were sick but are now well. What a source of satisfaction to manufacturer and agent alike to know that the remedy they are placing before the people possesses positive merit! If, at any time, you should conclude to give the BLOOD VITALIZER a trial do not make "a bee line" for the nearest druggist, as it is not to be had in drugstores. Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is sold to the people direct by special agents, appointed in every community. If you know of none in your locality, write to the sole proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

RAISIN CITY COLONY

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Twelve ministers have purchased land at **RAISIN CITY.** Regular services are held every Sunday.

POSTOFFICE

is now established with Eld. A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Rasin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which **RAISIN CITY** is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from $25 to $50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.
For descriptive folders and full information address

CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

511, 512, 513 Merchants' Trust Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

NORTH DAKOTA FARM FOR SALE CHEAP



Having invested in East Wenatchee Fruit Lands and Town-site property I must have the money now in this farm to develop my property here.

This farm is located in the north central part of the State of North Dakota, 27 miles east of Minot, McHenry County. It contains 950 acres: 810 acres under cultivation, remainder hay and pasture. The half-section of school land adjoining, I have fenced for pasture.

Buildings: One Barn, 32x80x34 feet high, all finished and painted in modern style; old barn, 30x100x10 feet high; cattle shed, 16x50; granary, 32x40 feet, 10,000 bushels capacity; granary in new barn, 6,000 bushels capacity. Eight-room house, fine well of water—almost ice-cold. Mill pumps water upstairs, with overflow to new barn.

Buildings are in exact center of 550 acres, with the 400 acres adjoining on one side, making it very convenient to farm all the land with one set of buildings.

There are 8,000 forest trees surroundings the buildings, and about ten acres of land has 50 apple trees set, and small fruit. The land is all new and in a high state of fertility. I will sell all or part.

I have also 160 acres three miles distant that I will sell. There is a Brethren churchhouse 5 miles from the home farm.

I will trade for GOOD sawmill or for a good stock of General Merchandise, or anything that will sell here. Tell your friends about this bargain.

Write for prices and terms.

Let me tell you more about Washington. I have lived in northern Indiana and in North Dakota and am now in Washington, where I have been for only one year, and I realize how hard it is to attract the attention of Eastern people to this, to them, far-away country, also how hard it is for an Eastern man to believe what I want you to know, especially when it is told by a man in the Real Estate business.

I would have your attention, you who live in the East, if I could get you to understand what a beautiful climate you would enjoy here, and how much better the opportunities are for making investments and building up fine homes where you can have the luxuries of life as you go along: Apples, Pears, Peaches, Apricots, Grapes, Cherries, Plums, Prunes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Mulberries, Black Walnuts, English Walnuts, Peanuts, Watermelons, Muskmelons, Cantaloupes, and so on—Good things to eat, healthy diet, good fishing, hunting and a host of other things.

We have a church here with a membership of 128, and still they come. In the spring we expect to organize on the other side of the Columbia River, on the lands of the East Wenatchee Land Co. They are continually extending their lands and bringing new lands under irrigation for Our People to settle on.

There is a new town started just across the Columbia River from Wenatchee, where I own 120 acres of land. The new store is on my land, and I will plat a town-site soon. The conditions for a large town are favorable, and I want to hear from a number of Brethren, and others, who want to go into business, also those who want to invest in town lots.

Now wipe your glasses and pay strict attention.

Our Brethren bought land here in 1902 at $165 an acre, and a few months ago one brother sold for $1050 per acre; others are holding their at $1,500 per acre. One five-acre lot near town sold for $3,000 per acre.

Mr. Charles Cooper of this city reports $3,000 worth of Winesap apples from one acre of 8-year-old trees this year. These trees are set 20 feet apart each way, 110 trees to the acre. This would be 11 boxes to the tree. He got $2.50 per box, 48 lbs. to the box. I have it from reliable sources that 61 boxes have been grown on one tree.

See my ad. in Brethren's Almanac. Watch the changes in my ad. Write for printed matter. Your name on a postal card will bring it.

DANIEL GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

Possibilities of IDAHO

Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California. A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize $1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from $2.00 to $3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at $2.00.....$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908
Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. IX. December 31, 1907. No. 53.

BEGINNING TO FLY

FROM several centuries B. C. down to the present time, man has longed for wings, so that he, too, could soar aloft, as do the birds. At present this desire to fly seems to be nearer a reality than ever before, and for this reason we give our readers a fuller account of aërial navigation through the INGLENOOK than has been given to the public in any one magazine heretofore.



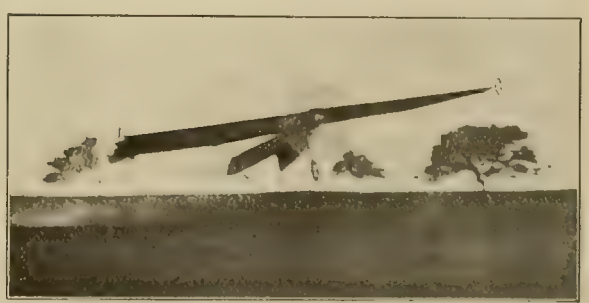
The Pelterie Monoplane.

Archytas, a Greek astronomer, was the first man who advocated and also demonstrated the possibility of navigating the air by artificial means. He made a small wooden bird, and inflated it with hot air until it became buoyant enough to float. Then he set in motion some mechanical appliances placed within the bird which propelled it through the air for a short distance. While his work was done on a very small scale, yet it shows that he had mastered the principle of aerial navigation upon which all later successes and progress has been made.

This dream of aërial navigation continued to haunt the scientific mind all through the centuries, but was never realized until October 15, 1783, when Francois D. Rozier made the first human flight through the air and lost his life in attempting to cross the English Channel in a balloon. He is the first man that ever ascended in a balloon, although earlier in the same year, the Montgolfier brothers had demonstrated the possibility of balloon ascension by sending up several balloons without any person in them, although a few small animals were sent up to see if it were possible to live while in mid-air.

Since the real discovery of the balloon by the Montgolfier brothers in 1783, up to the present time, much interest has been taken in perfecting and amplifying the usefulnes of the balloon. Today there are three general types of balloons—the *ball balloon,* the *dirigible* and the *aeroplane,*—all of which are shown by our illustrations. The various uses for which balloons are being built today will also be fully discussed later on in this article, although the main interest which attaches to the balloon at present is that of service in war and atmospheric studies.

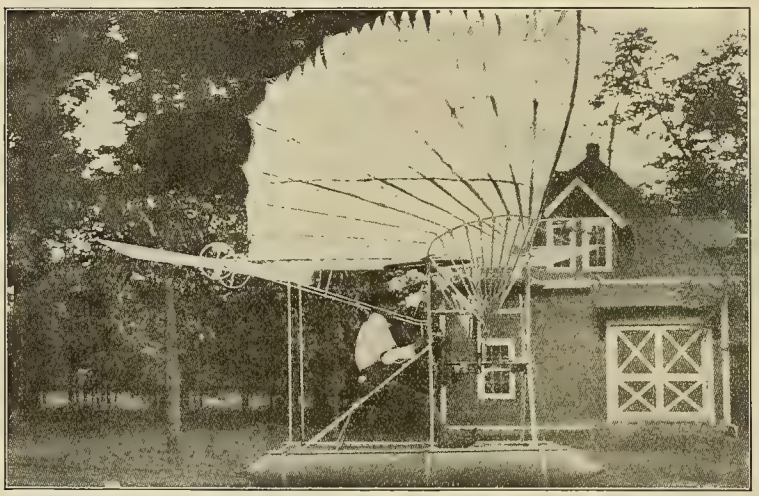
The first military use made of a balloon was just before the battle of Fleurus in 1794, when the French sailed around over the camp of their enemy in a balloon and learned of their battle plan. During the Civil War, McClellan's army, in 1862, was supplied with a balloon which continued to be used until the close of the war. Again in 1870-'71 the besieged French army in Paris sent up sixty-four balloons, and kept up communication with the outside world. Outside of these three accounts the balloon has never rendered much service to man.



Pelterie Monoplane In Motion.

During the past year, the advance which has been made the development, both of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, has been so marked and they have

received such distinct government recognition, that the value of these machines as instruments of war has become a question of international importance. The military authorities of the leading nations of the world have established aeronautical corps, and by three, at least, of these dirigible balloons has been made the subject of exhaustive experiment; while the aeroplane is also receiving its due share of attention. It was natural that the French, the nation of engineers to whom the world is indebted for the development of the automobile and the motor boat, should have been the first to turn their attention to the air, and give official recognition to the motor-driven balloon. It was the multi-cylinder gasoline engine which rendered the present perfection of the automobile possible; and it is to the excellent qualities of this same



Gammeter Orthopeter. Wings Vibrate 75 Times per Minute. Operated by a Seven Horse-power Engine. Weight with Operator, 490 Pounds.

engine that the balloon owes its development from a huge gas-filled sphere, helplessly driven by the wind, to a shapely and well-braced machine, capable of making 30 miles an hour in still air, and of holding its own and even making headway against a wind of moderate strength.

A brief review of the present conditions, shows that among the three nations which have given official recognition to the airship, the French army possesses four dirigibles, the "Lebaudy II," "La Patrie," "Republic," and one other, which is at present under construction. The German army has the "Zeppenlin," the largest airship ever constructed, the "Gross,' and the "Parseval;" while England has recently completed and successfully tried the "Nulli Secundus." Taking these machines in their order, there are the "Lebaudy II"—a copy of an earlier machine, manufactured by the brothers of that name, which was the first really practical dirigible. It seems to have been a success almost from the very start, its owners making several successful flights for distances of from 10 to 30 miles. The military authorities were so favorably impressed, that it was purchased for the use of the aeronautical corps of the army. By them it was subjected to a long series of experiments, and upon the data thus secured it was decided to build three other dirigibles. Two of these, the "Patrie," and "Republic," have been completed, and the former has done some really excellent work. The "Patrie," of 111,195 cubic feet capacity, is 33¾ feet in diameter by 196 feet in length, and carries motors of 70 horse-power driving two propellers. The machine can lift about 2,800 pounds of dead weight, and it has made an official speed of about 30 miles per hour.

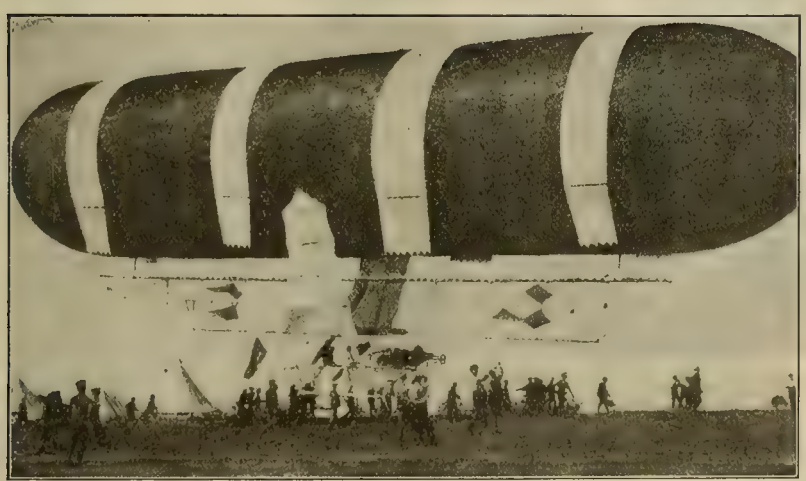
The largest dirigible in the world is one built by Count von Zeppelin and sold to the German government. It is 40 feet in diameter by 420 feet in length. It carries two engines of 80 horse-power, each of which drives twin propellers, carried at the sides of the machine. In spite of its great weight, the lifting capacity of the Zeppelin is considerable; for it is claimed that it can carry fully three tons of dead weight. On one occasion it was taken out and driven against a 33-mile per hour wind, against which it was able to maintain itself stationary. On another occasion it remained in the air continuously for seven hours; and made a flight of 220 miles at a speed of over 30 miles an hour. The two other German machines are from designs by officers of the German army. The "Gross," of 64,000 cubic feet capacity, is 39 feet in diameter by 130 feet in length; it carries a 35 horse-power motor, and is credited with a speed of 29 miles per hour. The "Parseval," a much larger design, is of 106,000 cubic feet capacity and carries a 90 horse-power motor. A curious feature of this airship is that the blades of the single propeller consist of centrifugal ribbons which, as they are revolved, fly out and adjust themselves at the proper pitch. The "Parseval" has made 20 to 30 mile trips, and has stayed in the air for several hours at a time.

Following the example of France and Germany, Great Britain has equipped her army with an airship.

The construction of the airship was kept a secret, until only a few days before the new dirigible was drawn out of its shed on Farnborough Common, near Aldershot, for its first flight. Although the public was not aware that within a few miles of the military

town of Aldershot an airship was nearing completion, the "Nulli Secundus" had been some six years on the stocks.

No official details of the airship have been given out, yet many interesting particulars have already been gleaned, while the photographs secured at the initial flight depict the leading characteristics of this, the first of Great Britain's aerial warships. The main gas-vessel resembles an enormous sausage, for it is cylindrical throughout, with the exception of the blunt semi-spherical ends. Over all it measures some 100 feet in length, while its diameter is about 30 feet, and its capacity for the hydrogen gas with which it is filled about 60,000 cubic feet. It is made of gold-beater's skin, and in addition to the netting, which at present covers the entire gas-vessel, there are at equal intervals four broad silk bands which pass round it. By means of these silk bands and netting, a secure fixing is obtained to an upper framing, that serves to support the rudder as well as the parts that lie below.



English War Balloon. Nulli Secundus II.

The illustration makes the balloon seem more like a toy than a weapon of war, since it can accommodate but few men and has no protection whatever.

A strong metal framework with a steel keel forms the car, this having been given the shape and general appearance of a canoe by the canvas covering with which it is incased. Some 30 feet long by 2 feet 6 inches deep, it hangs centrally beneath the huge envelope, while forming part of its framework is a long girder of tubular construction above the gunwale, placed transversely to project on either side. Auxiliary wings and aeroplanes are, moreover, features of great importance to the control of the ship, for not only have two large wings been fitted, one on either side—presumably to act to some extent as horizontal rudders—but other aeroplanes are arranged between the two upper frames. These side wings are hinged, so that they can be let down into a horizontal position when aloft, but can be swung up into the position shown in our illustrations when the ship is near the ground. As a matter of fact, these wings were removed during the second flight of the ship, but were carried and tested on the ship's first ascent.

On its initial flights it carried three passengers. On the first journey the great dirigible balloon rose slowly until it reached a height of 150 feet, when the vessel was stopped by the ropes which held it. Seeing that everything was all right, Col. Capper shouted through the megaphone "Let go!" and the ship sailed away, for the first time in its life free from all connection with Mother Earth. Rising to a height of some 400 feet, it made a straight course of about half a mile and then made a complete sweep, all the while maneuvering about apparently under perfect control. After having been aloft for some twelve minutes, the driving belt of the fan broke, and although a small matter, which could have been rectified on the spot, it was considered desirable to descend. A few hours later the second flight was accomplished. This ascent quickly came to an end, however. The ship had hardly reached a height of 200 feet when an attempt was made to turn her suddenly. Almost instantly the ship turned its nose downward, and with great swiftness shot obliquely toward the earth, hitting the ground hard, but rebounded, which lessened the blow, so that only parts of the framework were bent a little. The speed of this balloon ranges from ten to forty miles per hour, depending upon the velocity and direction of air currents.

Later the ship made a voyage from Farnborough, a suburb of Aldershot, to London. The balloon started against a head wind blowing ten miles an hour, but in spite of this it covered the 32 miles between Aldershot and London in a few minutes over two hours. The balloon appeared under perfect control, and whether with or against the wind, it sailed smoothly and swiftly. The event is regarded as marking a new epoch in British military history. During the three and a half-hour's trip, the "Nulli Secundus" covered fifty miles. The highest altitude reached was 1,300 feet. The mean height was 750 feet. The speed was fourteen miles an hour, but at one point it reached forty. The engine, which is of French construction,

ran from 1,100 to 1,200 revolutions a minute. Ordinary gasoline was used as fuel. Ballast was carried but not used.

Recently in Paris, where air-navigation activity seems to center, a new principle has been employed, that is a principle new in the navigation of the air. It is the gyroscope principle, and the new machine is called the gyroplane. Instead of the vertical propeller, rotary horizontal planes are used. The inventors hold that with horizontal propellers in motion the airship can be raised and lowered, gravitation giving the longitudinal motion as the machine could dip and glide on its planes just as heavy birds soar.



Sending up a Kite Air Ship for Atmospheric Study.

Louis Berguet of Paris has constructed the first machine involving this principle. The craft is in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, each arm maintaining at its extremity eight revolving paddles or propellers which are slightly inclined. In the center of the cross is a 40 horse-power motor which revolves these paddles. Almost the instant the motor is set in motion the machine leaves the ground and is easily sustained in the air by 78 revolutions a minute. Longitudinal flight on any great scale has not yet been attempted with the machine.

Now that the airship has received military recognition, the question may well be asked, What is its military value? Undoubtedly, it will form a most important weapon in the hands of the intelligent department. For scouting purposes, when the winds are favorable and the air is clear, it will prove to be of the very greatest value; for under such atmospheric conditions it will be possible for a scouting party to rise to a sufficient elevation to avoid the enemy's rapid-fire guns, and sail at will above the country in which hostile operations are being conducted. While so engaged it will be possible to take photographs of fortifications; locate the position of masked batteries; and determine the strength and disposition of the enemy's forces. In fact, the scouting dirigible balloon will destroy, at once, that secrecy upon which the success of a plan of battle so greatly depends.

We think, however, that in its present stage of development, the dirigible balloon cannot be considered to have any great offensive power. The "Zeppelin," it is true, could carry some three tons of explosives; but even with this aboard and put up in the form of high-explosive impact shells, it is quite questionable if they could be dropped with any degree of accuracy; and it is well recognized among artillerists that "pot-luck" shoot-



Balloon Grounds at St. Louis Race. Gas Pipes, Balloons and Ballast All Placed Ready to be Inflated.

ing, that is the haphazard dropping of shells into a camp or fortification, produces very little decisive result. For effective work shots must be aimed, their fall watched, and the place of striking made known to the artilleryman, who from a fixed position can correct his aim on the information thus imparted, until the mark is reached. The airship, being a moving body and unstable, and obliged, because of the menace of artillery, to drop its shells from some thousands of feet above the earth, would have to indulge in "pot-luck" firing. Moreover, the menace of the airships is certain to be met by the construction of vertical-fire guns designed especially for their destruction.

Here, in the United States, the War Department has elected to follow rather than lead in the development of the new weapon. It is true, we have seen this year the formation of the balloon corps of the army; but nothing has been done, either by purchase or independent investigation, to produce a military dirigible balloon. The Wright brothers, whose American aeroplane is so far in the lead that there is literally no other to be considered, are now in Europe negotating for its sale to a foreign government. With such men as the Wright brothers, Baldwin, Stevens, and Knabenshue successfully navigating their aeroplanes and airships, it would be strange, if it were not so characteristic, that our military authorities should sit still in lofty indifference to what is being done by civilians in this promising field of effort.



The "Pommeron," Winner of St. Louis Race.

Rumor has it, however, that Secretary Taft will recommend the installation of war balloons into army service to the present Congress, and ask for appropriations to carry on experiments. A Mr. Thomas has a dirigible balloon which leading army officials have endorsed as a practical adjunct to the army, and they also claim that in a few years more the United States will be well equipped with war balloons.

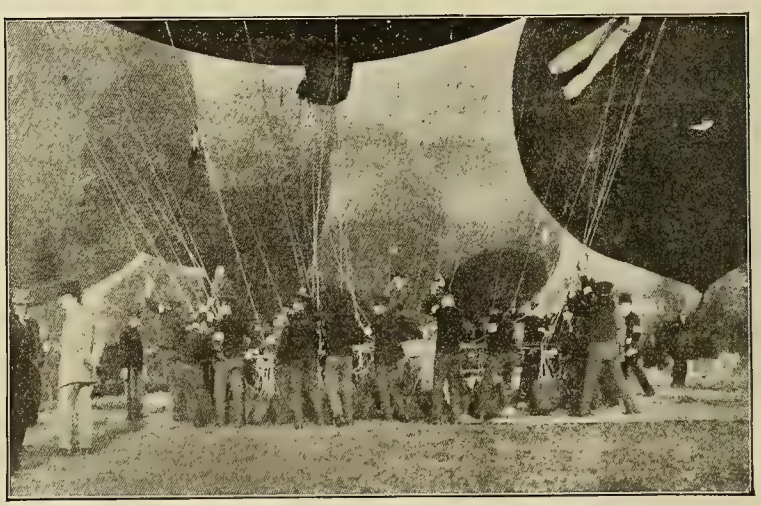
The Aeroplane Type of Airships.

Saturday, the 26th of October, M. Henri Farman's new aeroplane accomplished a record-breaking flight of 771 meters (2,592.52 feet) above the drill ground of Issy les Molineaux, near Paris. The flight was made in 53 seconds, or at an average speed of 32.54 miles an hour. Earlier in the day M. Farman made a flight of 363 meters (1,190.94 feet) in 30 seconds, which was equivalent to a speed of 27.06 miles per hour.

The flight of nearly half a mile is by far the longest which has ever been made in Europe with an aeroplane, and it marks a long stride forward in the navigation of the air by a heavier-than-air machine, especially when the fact is borne in mind that it came as the culmination of a long series of flights made during a number of days without any accident or damage to the machine. On October 15, M. Farman flew 935 feet; on the 25th, 984 feet, and on the 29th, the distances given above.

When this machine is compared with that of the sculptor Delagrange, which earlier in the year made some short but successful flights of considerable promise, the Farman aeroplane is found to have a somewhat greater supporting surface (697½ square feet as against 645.84). Like the former machine, M. Farman's consists of two long superposed surfaces 33,45 feet in length by 6. 56 feet wide, followed, at a distance of about 15 feet, by two other superposed surfaces 19.68 feet long by 6.56 feet wide. The same type of double horizontal rudder is fitted at the front, and the forward pair of planes also carry the 50 horse-power motor and the 6.56-foot propeller, the pitch of which is 3.6 feet. The weight lifted per horse-power with this machine ranges from 22 to 25 pounds, supposing that the motor devoloped its full power. The probabilities are, however, that the lift per horse-power was somewhat greater. The amount lifted per square foot of supporting surface was about 1¾ pounds, which is considerably less than most modern French aeroplanes are capable of lifting. Notwithstanding the large supporting surface, the speed of the machine was as great, and probably greater than that of any of its foreign predecessors. The fact that it exhibited good stability goes to show that this type of machine is one which apparently has a future.

A distinctly notable event took place in France recently when a party of huntsmen at some distance from Paris stood awaiting M. Deutsch in order that the party for the chase might be complete. Presently one of the hunters called the attention of the others to an object in the sky that was plainly drawing near. Eagerly they watched it as it grew in size, and before long it was evident that the object was an airship. It was coming at a remarkable speed, and as it drew near, it took a sudden dip forward, skimmed downward, and at last gracefully came to rest near the hunters. M. Deutsch stepped from the machine and received the congratulations of his friends while his engineer directed the air-ship, the "Ville-de-Paris," skyward again and went sailing off down the valley of the Seine. This



Just as the Word "Go" was Given at St. Louis Race.

seemed to mark a distinct advance in the era of aerial navigation. When a man can set forth to keep his engagements by arriving in an airship, it shows that the experimental stage is being passed, and the air at last can be actually navigated.

Nearly every day Parisians are treated to the sight of the "Ville-de-Paris" passing overhead, manipulated with an ease and surety that excites great admiration. Its movements are regular and the ease with which it alights without the aid of anyone is truly astonishing. Another interesting feature is that the gas-bag of the ship does not have to be inflated each time an ascent is made. It has remained inflated for three months at a time, so that it is about as easy for its owner to get it out and take a flight as it is for an autoist to take a spin in his machine.

Their Scientific Value.

Announcement is made by the United States Weather Bureau of the most remarkable human achievement, in its way, up to date; namely, the sending of a balloon, carrying automatic recording instruments, to an elevation of fifteen miles above the surface of the earth. This is by far the greatest height ever attained by any balloon or other contrivance devised by man.

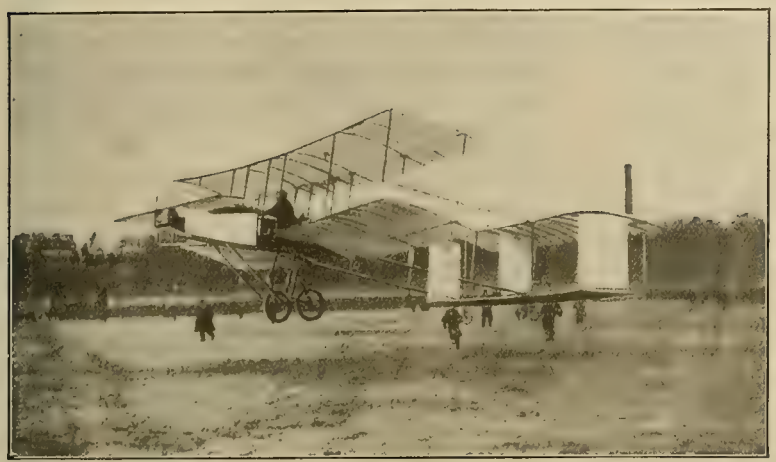
The balloon in question was of the kind known as a "pilot balloon." It was of rubber, and much resembled the familiar toy balloons, such as are sold on the streets, save only that it was bigger, being about six feet in diameter, and had a small wicker cage attached to it, to contain the instruments aforesaid.

The Weather Bureau recently has been making a great many balloons of this kind, which are intended to serve as explorers of the higher atmosphere. Indeed, it is largely upon these contrivances that it rests its hopes of obtaining new and valuable knowledge about the unexplored regions of the upper air. It is thought that such messengers, making automatic observations at various levels as they ascend, will yet reach an elevation of twenty miles; and it is expected that they will bring back many a startling and useful fact, to be added to the sum of information already gained. Even now they have contributed records of low temperatures and high wind velocities far aloft which have been a revelation, compelling a reconstruction of ideas concerning the dynamics of the atmosphere.

By this means valuable data, it is thought, will be secured. Again, when a storm-center is perceived to be moving across the United States, no matter in what direction, twenty or thirty balloons will be flown from as many different stations all around it, so as to watch the phenomenon from as many points of view as possible. It will hardly be practicable for the storm to get away without revealing for the uses of science some of the secrets of its mechanism.

Before going further, it ought to be clearly understood that the balloons here described are "free" balloons—that is to say, liberated and sent aloft without any string, or wire, or other connection with the earth. As they ascend and reach levels in which the air is relatively thin and rarefied, they expand proportionately, equalizing the pressure outside and inside of the rubber gas-bag; and this continues until at length the balloon bursts, converting itself thereupon, by the help of an ingenious yet simple contrivance, into a parachute, which drops the little basket and the instruments it contains slowly and gently to the ground.

Among these instruments is a combined barometer and thermometer, which, as the balloon goes up, marks with a pen on a sheet of white paper the temperatures of different altitudes. Other contrivances, equally ingenious, record the velocity of the wind at various heights and the percentage of moisture which the air contains. When the gas-bag bursts, the barometer makes accurate note of the elevation attained. The instruments weigh only from one to four pounds apiece, so that the load carried up is not very heavy.



The Common Type of Aeroplanes Beginning a Flight.

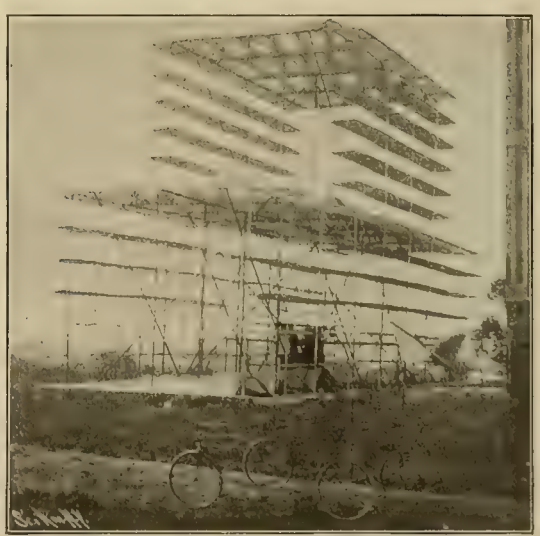
It happens quite naturally that some pilot balloons attain greater heights than others. In a case where twenty of thirty of them were liberated from Weather Bureau stations surrounding a storm-center, they might be expected to take automatic observations at elevations of from six to twelve miles. Meanwhile observers on the surface of the earth, down below, would make simultaneous notes of temperature, barometric pressure, wind velocity, etc., for the sake of comparison, thus watching the storm-center from many different levels.

At an elevation of ten miles above the surface of the earth, it is everlasting winter, the temperature being nearly seventy degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, all the year around. It is above the level of the highest clouds—those "mare's tails," so called, which are supposed to be composed of crystals of snow or ice. At all times a frightful wind is blowing, with a velocity of something like 100 miles an hour. But the air, of course, is compartively thin, having a density only one-ninth as great as at the level of the sea. though the fluid ocean called the atmosphere, on the bottom of which we may be said to crawl around, is known to be about 100 miles in depth, one-half of its entire mass is below the three-mile level.

On account of the extreme cold of the higher atmospheric levels into which the pilot balloons penetrate, it is necessary to make special tests of the temperature-recording instruments, and for this purpose a liquid-air manufacturing plant is maintained at the observing station on Mount Weather. Here indeed, is only one small illustration of the extremely novel character of the investigative work which the Weather Bureau has undertaken, under the direction of Prof. Willis L. Moore, for the purpose of elucidating problems hitherto regarded as well-nigh hopeless of solution, in view of the physical obstacles in the way of exploratory research in this unknown region.

Vast quantities of electricity are stored in the upper levels of the atmosphere. This much is known. But its origin is wholly unexplained, and, in the present state of human ignorance on the subject, nobody can say how it is distributed, or by what laws its energies are controlled.

This, indeed, is one of the mysteries which science as yet has hardly attempted to solve. In the realm of things physical it still belongs to the unexplored unknown. But in regard to it the man of mind does not content himself with saying, "Ignorabo"—I never shall know. On the contrary, he is beginning with much earnestness to attack the problem, which sooner or later must surely be elucidated.



A New Type of Aeroplanes. Propellers at Front End.

Plainly, electricity has a great deal to do with the mechanism of storms. For this and other reasons the storage of it in the atmosphere interests in high degree the expert meteorologist; and it is not surprising that the Weather Bureau should contemplate an exhaustive investigation of the subject. What—it would like to know, to begin with—is a lightning-flash? Whence does it come, and how is it generated? Do storm-clouds serve as gigantic storage-batteries? And does the electricity have anything to do with the making of rain?

At an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface, the temperature is supposed to be nearly as low as that of the dark side of the moon—that is to say, close to the absolute zero of space, which is 461 degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer. If it were possible for a human being to reach such a height, and to survey therefrom his surroundings, he would behold a most interesting and novel spectacle. Though it were broad day, the sky would be inky black, and all the stars would be shining in the heavens with unaccustomed brightness. But some of them would be blue, others red, or violet, or green.

Now, in this wonderful sky the moon would be dazzling white—the atmosphere being accountable for so many optical illusions, such as the blueness of the heavens and the uniform yellowness of the celestial bodies seen therein. The sun would shine bright blue in the black vault overhead, most beautiful to the eye. For, as it would seem, the solar orb, about which the earth and its sister planets revolve, is a very hot star, though rather a small one compared with most of those that go to make up the Milky Way.

According to an interesting report in Petermann's Mitteilungen, a balloon-sonde, or "sounding balloon," has been launched from Strasburg to a height of 16 miles. The altitude generally reached by balloons seldom exceeds 11¼ miles.

The phenomena as regards the temperature and moisture of air recorded during this ascension consist of a regular reduction of temperature until—62 deg. C. at a height of 9 miles, after which a regular heating through a thickness of up to 6 miles is observed in higher altitudes.

According to a note recently published by R. Dongier in the Revue Scientifique, there would be a relatively hot layer, being the isothermical zone which corresponds to an altitude variable between 26,246 and 39,370 feet. There are generally in the atmosphere two main layers, which are strictly different as regards their thermical and hydrometrical properties. Whereas in the lower startum the temperature and moisture undergo a reduction more or less rapid (according to altitude), such changes are of feeble intensity in the upper stratum, in which the atmosphere can be considered as made up of a number of thin layers, the temperatures of which would vary slightly either in one direction or another, thus determining changes in the speed and direction of winds. The lower stratum would on the contrary be affected by heavy vortices, cyclones, and atmospheric depressions.

As to long distance flights it is not generally known that in 1859, a Mr. Smith started from St. Louis and sailed 1,150 miles in a north-easterly direction, landing near the Atlantic Ocean. This remained the World's record for a long distance flight until 1901 when a German aeronaut floated a distance of 1,300 miles, which is yet the world's record, since the longest distance covered by the recent race at St. Louis was only 880 miles.

From present indications ballooning for sport seems likely to become a fad among the wealthy classes, just as automobiling has been their fad in recent years. The dirigible balloon is fairly well adapted for short journeys already, and the proportion of fatalities is much less than that attached to automobile riding. Of course a battle in the air is the most fascinating dream today, or even to attack land armies, or a city by hurling explosives upon them from the clouds seems to be the aspiration of several leading nations. Germany, France, and England take the lead in this matter and the world wonders how soon some occasion will allow their inventive genius to be put into operation.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Scientific American* and other journals for many facts and illustrations in this article.

CURRENT COMMENTS

AMBASSADOR AOKI'S SUCCESSOR.

Baron Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese Minister at Washington from 1901 until December, 1905, has succeeded Viscount Aoki as the Japanese Ambassador. The Baron has spent all his mature years in the diplomatic service of his country, being Ambassador to Italy at present. Born in 1854, at the age of twenty-one he entered the foreign office as a student attaché, and in 1881, he came to Washington, where he became charge'd'affairs before his return home in 1883. After four years service in Corea, he became the Japanese Counsel General in New York in 1892. In the years immediately succeeding, he was minister to Holland and Denmark, minister to Italy, and minister to Austria and Switzerland. Then followed his service in Washington. He and Baron Konuna were the two Japanese envoys who negotiated the Portsmouth treaty, which ended the Russo-Japanese War. His title is the reward of his share in that work. Baron Takehira's service in Washington proved him a skilful diplomatist of the strenuous school and exceedingly pro-Japanese. His appointment indicates that the Japanese Government desires, during the negotiations concerning the restrictions of immigration, a representative here who has pronounced views and who will not yield under pressure. The Baron is a man of literary tastes, with a knowledge of literature which includes not only the Japanese and Chinese classics, but much of the literature of the countries in which he has served. His wife, who was one of the earliest women graduates of the European schools in Japan, is a Europeanized Japanese, and in Washington and elsewhere has dressed and entertained in the way of Europeans and Americans.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

King Oscar of Sweden, who died December 8, was born January 21, 1829. He was the great-grandson of a Gascon adventurer, Jules Bernadotte, who rose to be a Marshal of France under Napoleon and was selected by the childless King of Sweden, Charles XIII, as his heir and became Charles XIV of Sweden. The great-grandmother of Oscar, the wife of Bernadotte, was the daughter of a Marseilles stockbroker and the granddaughter of a shopkeeper. An argument that peasant descent is better than the blood of a hundred generations of royalty might be very well supported by the history of King Oscar. With the possible exception of the Kaiser, he was the most versatile of European monarchs. He was an author, a musician of talent, an orator of real eloquence, a philologist, a scientist who was recognized as such by scientific societies, a broad-minded statesman and a liberal patron of the arts. He published several volumes of original poems, as well as a Swedish translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered;" of Goethe's "Faust;" and of several of Shakespeare's plays. As for his ability as a musician, it is said that many of the hymns now in use throughout the Protestant churches of Sweden were composed by him. The King was a king physically. He stood six feet three in height, and he had the physical courage that attends strength. He wore a medal for life-saving, conferred upon him in 1861 by the French Government for two feats performed in the neighborhood of Nice, where he stopped a team of horses which were about to dash over a precipice and five days later rescued a child from drowning. Oscar II ascended the throne in 1872, succeeding an older brother. The principal problems of his reign were the reorganization of the antiquated army and navy system, and a settlement of the difficulties in the relations between Sweden and Norway. The first is now by way of solution; the solution of the second is well known. The separation of the two countries was a great blow to the King. The King was thoroughly democratic. He enjoyed walking through the streets of Stockholm and looking into the shop windows, and it was an easy matter for any one, from peasant to foreign dignitary, to obtain an audience with him. He is succeeded by the oldest of his four sons, who becomes Gustaf V. The new King, while not the peer of his father in general talent, is, nevertheless, an able man.

WHAT CONGRESS IS DOING.

Senator Tillman has asked the Senate Finance Committee:

1. Whether the issue of certificates of indebtedness was for the purpose of borrowing money "to meet public expenditures," as provided by the law in the case, and, if not, whether there is any warrent of law for their issue.

2. Whether the issue of $50,000,000 of bonds of the Panama canal loans, 1907, was required to "defray the expenditures on said canal, there being at the time when both of these loans were made upward of $200,000,000 in the treasury for current expenditures."

3. Whether any legislation is necessary to protect the people and business interests of the country from the issue of unlawful money; if clearing house certificates are such, and to prevent the illegal increase of the public debt in time of peace.

The second resolution directs the finance committee "to investigate and report to the Senate as soon as practicable" whether clearing house certificates have been issued under authority of or contrary to law; whether their issue by an association of banks and their use as money subjects them to the tax of 10 per cent provided by law, and whether it would be permissible under the law for warehouses and elevators to issue certificates based on cotton, wheat, and tobacco, store it in such warehouses and elevators, fully insured, to be used as money in marketing crops in the same way as clearing house certificates are now used.

A six year term for the President is provided for in a resolution offered in the Senate by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, asking for a constitutional amendment. The resolution was prepared by the Chicago Business Men's League. The amendment provides that a President of the United States shall be chosen for a term of six years and shall not be eligible for re-election.

Representative John Sharp Williams of Mississippi today introduced the old Blaine bill to admit into all ports of the United States, free of duty, all products of the American hemisphere upon which no export duties are imposed whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all taxes certain United States products.

Representative Ansberry of Ohio introduced in the House a bill providing for a survey for a ship canal to connect the cities of Toledo and Chicago via the Maumee River and Lake Michigan.

Among the other bills introduced were the following: Prohibiting common carriers of passengers from limiting the time for the use of interstate tickets; providing for a trans-Florida ship canal from the Atlantic to the gulf; making 2 cents for an adult and 1 cent for a child the maximum railroad rate per mile chargeable for interstate tickets; to admit to American registry such foreign bought vessels as are engaged exclusively in domestic trade.

A resolution was introduced declaring for the independence of the Philippine islands, requesting the State Department to open negotiations for their international neutrality, and fixing ten years as a reasonable time for the accomplishment of the independence.

The creation of a national tuberculosis commission, to consist of seven members, the surgeons general of the army, the navy, and the bureau of public health and marine hospital service, and four tuberculosis experts to be chosen by the President of the United States from citizen surgeons, is provided for in a bill introduced today by Representative Smith of Iowa.

SECRETARY TAFT IN RUSSIA.

Our Secretary of War was supplied with a special train for his trip across Siberia, was banquetted and feted in Moscow and in St. Petersburg by the Russians. In the latter city he visited a session of the Duma and was received by the Czar. It is to be hoped that, in his conversation with Nicholas, he put in a word for the independence of the Duma, in order that the Czar might understand that America wants to see Russia governed constitutionally. The outstanding feature of the Russian trip, however, was the evidence that the Russians hope that the United States will go to war with Japan. Indeed, so current was the report that the War Secretary was journeying on a special mission which had to do with making arrangements with European governments, in anticipation of war in the East, that the "Rossia" the official organ of the Russian government, in a leading article took occasion to say that it was a mistake to suppose that Mr. Taft's visit was in any way connected with a change in the international policy of Russia, and that there was not a word of truth in the rumors that Russia was to give a base for an American fleet at Vladivostok or any other Pacific port. "General" Taft, as the Russians called him, himself, in his surprisingly plain-spoken way, declared at a banquet at St. Petersburg that all intimations that his trip was in any way connected with a prospective war in the Far East were without foundation. "America's only policy," said he, "is the peace of all nations." From Petersburg the Secretary went to Berlin, where, at his request, formal entertainment was curtailed on account of the serious illness of his mother, who died while he was crossing the Atlantic.

The annual meeting of the executive officers of the World's Christian Endeavor Union was held in Boston recently, and President Francis E. Clark presented his annual report. The total number of Christian Endeavor Societies in the world was reported as now 69,376. It was also stated that the amount of the building fund had now reached $80,000 in the two years since the society started to raise $500,000 for that purpose. It was announced the next national convention would be held in St. Paul in 1909

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FULL MEASURE.

The Inglenook always believes in full measure, but this year we are called upon to administer extra full measure to our readers. The Inglenook began the present year with an issue on January 1, and closes this year with an issue on December 31, making 53 issues within the year.

This is rather unusual but we trust that the extra issue will pay for itself in doing some good somewhere in this world.

Kind words to the Editor, and compliments on many of the good articles that appear from week to week, have been received. No one could wish you, all, a more prosperous year than does the Editor—prosperity in both material and spiritual progress. And with the dawning of the New Year upon us, let us all make one mighty pull together to furnish helpful reading matter in the homes of our neighbors and friends for the coming year.

From present indications our new subscribers for the coming year will number many thousands. For this we are glad again, and are grateful to all who have spoken one good word for our magazine.

1907, Adieu. 1908, Welcome.

THAT THANKSGIVING GAME.

In our Thanksgiving issue we offered to publish in the Inglenook all the lists containing fifty eatables which our readers would send us. The Editor will be slow to make any more such promises. "Grace," "Eddie," "Lloyd," "Charles," "Jim," "Mary," "Tommy, age 12," "Fanny, age 8," "Grandma," "Cook," and a few dozen more such signatures to lists ranging from fifty to seventy-six eatables beginning with "p" came to our office.

We have enough of these lists to fill over half an Inglenook so that we will not undertake to publish them all nor even all of the names of those who sent these lists, but will print a list which we compiled from the various lists. We thank you for your lively response and invite you to take hold of all our family interests with as much enthusiasm as you did the Thanksgiving game. We never get tired of receiving letters from our readers.

Panada
Pancake
Palm oil
Pap
Papaw
Parsnip
Partlet
Partridge
Parsley
Patty
Pawk
Peach
Peanuts
Peas
Pears
Peafowl
Pecan
Pemmican
Pepper
Peppermint
Perch
Penguin
Persimmon
Penny-royal
Pheasant
Piaba
Piccalilli
Pickerel
Pickle
Pie
Pieplant
Pigeon pea
Pigeon
Pikelet
Pike
Pilchard
Pilot fish
Pinole
Pineapple
Pistachio
Plum
Plaice
Plover
Plantain
Potato
Pompire
Polenta
Potargo
Pomegranate
Pollard
Pollack
Pochard
Pone
Popcorn
Parrot
Ponhaas
Pork
Pargy
Porridge
Pottage
Porpoise
Potpie
Pomeloes
Prawn
Prairie chicken
Preserves
Pretzel
Prickly pear
Prunes
Pulse
Pudding
Purslane
Puffin
Puffs
Pumpkin
Ptarmigan
Puree

THAT QUIZ.

1. To whom do the Chinese ascribe the invention of writing?

2. What astronomical evidence have we of the antiquity of China?

3. When and between what navies was the first recorded sea fight?

4. What kind of warships did the Romans use in the Punic Wars?

5. What was the Hegira of Mohammed?

6. Who was the king of Babylon when Jeremiah was preaching in Israel?

7. Where did Alexander the Great die?

8. What was the Renaissance?

9. When and by whom was the first foreign conquest made in China?

10. What was the Magna Charta?

11. What was the Children's Crusade?

12. What was the result of the battle of Hastings?

Send no answers to the Inglenook, but get ready to answer one hundred more questions in history and then we will take up other subjects.

THOUGHTFULNESS.

Some of our writers write the number of words in their articles some place on the first page. No one but an editor knows the worth of this kindness and we appreciate it very much and will not object if every contributor states the number of words he has written.

In making up an INGLENOOK we often need an article of 600 words, then one of 2,000 words, another of 1,200 words and so on, and when these numbers accompany the article it only takes an instant of time to get the right article for the right place. When you know that the editor has to handle 30,000 words several times each week in publishing the INGLENOOK, you can readily see how he would appreciate this thoughtfulness on the part of the writers.

CONDEMNING GOOD THINGS.

SOME people condemn some movements because they are not popular; others condemn them because they are not according to their taste or standard of belief. Others condemn good movements because they are poorly managed.

Anti-slavery had a slow growth, marked by many unpopular moves, and retarded by improper management, but now since liberty has been attained everybody approves the old anti-slavery move. Temperance agitation likewise has duplicated the anti-slavery movement in its zig-gag progress, but temperance sentiment now is sweeping the country. Peace has been cruelly maltreated for ages, but peace sentiment is now gaining velocity, volume, momentum and popularity every day. Condemnation of good things will cease at last. If you are on the side of truth, then do not fear or even listen to the threats and evil prophecies about failing. If the Editor thought a reform in the moral status of literature would not come for 20,000 years, yet he would have no hesitancy in advocating the reform just the same at present. Sow good seed always, bad seed never.

A SKULL CRACKER.

THREE men took eggs to market. A had fifty eggs, B thirty, and C ten. They sold their eggs at the same price, yet C managed to get as much for his ten eggs as A and B did for theirs. How could he do it?

Whenever one of the three men sold any eggs they all sold at an uniform price, and continued to do so until all were sold.

This is no catch question, but one of possible occurrence which your grandfathers worked long ago. Can you do it?

A TREASURE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Oh, if there were one gentle eye
To weep when I might grieve;
One bosom to receive a sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave;
One heart the way of life to cheer,
Though rugged it might be—
No language can express how dear
That heart would be to me.

IN THE DAYS OF LAFAYETTE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

In the days of Lafayette,
Grandma trod the minuet
With a stately step and slow,
While the candelabra's glow
Softened to a mellow shade
Shimmerings of stiff brocade;
Brightened with an added grace
Silver shoon and foamy lace;
Gave a gleam of witching eyes
Lustrous as the starry skies.
Maids—as now—would fain coquette
In the days of Lafayette.

Brave gallants with powdered wig
Courtesied with knightly air,
While along the polished hall
Grandma swept, admired by all.
Not a strong heart but did stir,
Quickened by the sight of her;
Not a good sword but did leap
From its sheath with sudden sweep
Did she give but slight command
With a motion of her hand.
Men were fools—as men are yet—
In the days of Lafayette.

But when maids and masters all
Long had left the polished hall,
When the strains the spinet crooned
In the arms of night had swooned,
Look where grandma loitered late
In the shadows by the gate,
While her bosom rose and fell
With emotion's stormy swell.
Loitered till the lights grew dim,
For the step and voice of him,
All her lashes sorrow-wet
In the days of Lafayette.

And the star eyes looking down
On the old colonial town,
Saw her wrapt in his embrace,
While he showered on her face
Kisses warm, and whispered low:
"Bless thee sweetheart, for I go!
Ere the rise of morning's sun
I must be with Washington."
Then the swift up-welling tear,
With her "Heaven guard thee, dear!"
Love was king—as love is yet—
In the days of Lafayette.

Dead the years of old romance!
Beaming belles and gay gallants
Long have crumbled into dust;
Burnished blades have gone to rust;
But when Yuletide brings
Perfumed dreams and murmurings,
Mistress Fancy carries me
Back to days of chivalry,
When with stately step and slow,
In the Candelabra's glow
Grandma trod the minuet
In the days of Lafayette.



Christmas Evening

Richard Seidel

On the evning before Christmas, Anton, a poor boy of eight years, wandered across the snow-covered country seeking a certain village where he hoped to spend Christmas. His face was glazed by the cold and moisture. His head was covered with the light straw hat of last summer. He was dressed soldier fashion and wore a neat little blue dragoon uniform. The sun had already disappeared beneath the western horizon, yet Anton hoped to celebrate Christmas day in the village beyond the forest, because he had heard that, there, the farmers were a prosperous and a good-hearted people. After walking fifteen minutes in the forest, he found himself lost, but penetrated still deeper, wading through the deep snow, hoping soon to see the village.

As night came on the wind arose. Clouds covered the sky and darkened every little star that had shone so brightly through the dark fir branches. The poor boy being tired out from the fruitless efforts to regain the right road, could proceed no further. At last he laid the little bundle which he carried in his hand on the snow, kneeled beside it, took off his hat, raised his frozen hands up to heaven and prayed: "Oh dear Father in heaven, do not let me perish in this wild forest. I have no father or mother, no one but thee. Let me not perish in this forest tonight." He then laid his sleepy head upon his little bundle and continued crying and praying.

But listen! There are sounds of music. The boy thinking that he heard the angels singing, arose and listened. Again all was quiet, only as echo sounded the sweet tones of music. "Oh," said he, "Thus it must have been with the shepherds of Bethlehem as they heard that heavenly song on this same night long ago. Surely there are good people in this forest who will help me," so took his bundle and walked over the mountain slope towards the music. He soon observed a beam of light in the distance which continued to guide him in the deep darkness until he came to a house that stood alone in the forest. He heard happy voices within but no one answered to his repeated knocking on the door. He then opened the door and entered the house, seeking the entrance to the inner room. The glare of many lights soon met his eyes and he felt as if glancing into paradise, for in the corner of the room, opposite to where the happy family was singing, between two windows, stood a magnificient painting of a mountainous country, with green fir forests, rural farm houses and a little city on the summit of the mountain. In the center of the landscape was a grotto in which the child Jesus could be seen in a small manger; also the holy mother, Mary, his father, Joseph, the shepherds and above them all, the jubilant angels.

Anton stood still under the open door, with his hat in one hand and his walking stick in the other, listening to the song and the playing of the harps, until the mother of the household glanced toward the door, and said, "Dear God! how comes this poor child unto our house this dark night? Poor boy, you have certainly missed your way." "Yes," said Anton, "I have lost my way in the forest." Everybody in the room now rushed to the door. The mother with her babe on her arm approached Anton and kindly asked, "Where do you come from, what is your name, and who are your parents?" "My name is Anton Kroner. My father was killed in the war and my mother died last fall of a broken heart." He then related how he had been lost in the forest and how he had heard their song and thus had found his way to their house. He intended to continue his story but his voice failed him.

"Poor boy," said the mother, "You are so cold you can hardly speak. Sit down, and I will get you a warm supper." The two children, Christian and Catherine, soon escorted their little guest to the table, on which was soup, a large piece of cake, and some cooked plums. The mother seated herself on the other side of the table and saw that Anton relished his meal. The children also gave him of their Christmas presents.

The warm soup revived Anton and he soon became lively and happy. "What a beautiful picture you have over there," said Anton, as he started toward the landscape painting followed by two children. "Do you know what this means?" asked Catherine. "Certainly I know," said Anton, "It represents the birth of Je-

sus." "But this is not the real Christ-child," said Catherine. "Jesus is no longer a child; long, long ago he ascended to Heaven." "I knew that," said Anton, "Nearly two thousand years have passed away since Jesus lay in the manger as a child. This small manger has been made to give us children a better idea of the birth of Christ," said Anton.

The father of the home into which Anton had been received was a forester with a noble character. While the children were engaged in conversation about the picture the father sat in a comfortable chair near by, listening. His wife soon seated herself beside him and said, "Why are you so quiet?" "I am thinking," said he, "that we should do something for this lost boy. God sends us a child on the same night in which his Son came into this world as a stranger and found no place to lay his head. God intended to try the hospitality of humanity then, and the inhabitants of Bethlehem improved their opportunity very poorly when they assigned the Son of God to the animals in the stable. Should we do likewise to this child?" "Let us take this child as our own," said the wife, "for 'what you do to one of these little ones you do to me,' said the One who was born on this night." "Anton, come here a moment," called the forester," and tell us something more about your parents. Anton began: "My father's regiment was garrisoned in Berlin, Germany. One day father came home hurriedly and said, 'War has been declared, tomorrow we must leave.' The parting was too heavy for mother, so father decided to take us along with him. One day after a sharp skirmish, a dragoon, riding father's horse, galloped into the village and reported that father has been seriously wounded. Mother and I went to him at once. Father had been shot through the breast and looked pale already, like a dying person. A few moments later he passed away. He was buried in a nearby cemetery by several officers and many soldiers who gave him the last honor by firing a rifle salute over his grave.

"Mother intended to return to her home, for there she had a good friend, but after completing a few days travel, she became very sick. The night mother died she said: 'Dear Anton, do nothing bad, pray to God, and he will give you another father and mother.' She then glanced up to heaven, prayed quietly, blessed me with her cold hands and died. I could do nothing but cry all night. I then resolved to return to my school comrades at Berlin and wandered about over the country, begging from one place to another until I came here. What else can I do?"

"Now Anton, Tell me how you like it here; do you feel inclined to live with us?" asked the forester. "Oh yes, more than any other place in the world," said Anton.

The forester then said, "Remember, boy, how God has taken care of you and has now given you a home in our house."

The forester's children attended school at Steinbach, the closest village, and as soon as the holidays had passed and the roads of the forest were passable, Christian and Catherine and Anton attended daily. Sometimes the forester had the children relate to him what they had learned during the day at school, and Anton could nearly always tell the most.

One summer day Anton watched an artist sketching a waterfall. "Oh, how beautiful!" said Anton. The artist, enjoying the sincere praise of the boy, said, "You must be a little artist." "I thought until this moment of being a great artist," said Anton, "But I perceive now that I am not one." The artist said, "Let me see your paintings. who are your parents and where is your home?" "I am a poor waif," said Anton. "Mr. Grunawald, the forester, has taken me as his foster son." "Good," said the artist. "The forester and his wife must be very noble people. Give them my compliments and inform them that I will visit them tomorrow." The artist's name was Ridinger, and he had arrived at the castle of the chase a few days before, to repair several old paintings. He visited the forester on the evening of the following day and asked to see Anton's sketches.. The wife of the forester praised them.. "Believe me, they are beautiful," said she. Mr. Ridinger looked carefully at one after the other. "Certainly," said he, "the boy has talent and might become an artist. Mr. Grunawald, let me take care of him for a few years and you will be delighted." "All right," said the forester; and Anton city where he pursued his studies.

Several years afterward Mr. Ridinger and Anton, who was now a full-grown youth, came on a visit to the forester at Christmas, and after spending a few days at home Anton returned with the artist to the city where he persued his studies.

Christmas evening had begun for the third time since Anton's last departure. The forester and his son Christian came home earlier that day than usual. "Is there no letter from Anton?" asked the forester. "No." said his wife, with a sad face. "Remarkable," said the forester. "We always received a letter from Anton at Christmas evening." Just then the mail carrier appeared with a letter in his hand and a box on his back. The letter is from Mr. Ridinger," said the forester, "How is that? I believe that poor Anton has met with an accident." He tore open the envelope, and glanced through the letter. "Just think," he said happily, "Anton sends us from Rome a painting as a Christmas present. He sent it rolled up to Mr. Ridinger with the request to have it placed in a frame and forwarded to us that we may receive it on Christmas eve. There is enclosed in Mr. Ridinger's letter another letter from Anton. The forester then read: "Dearly beloved parents, you receive herewith a Christmas

present, a painting. It signifies the new-born Savior in the manger. I wish that it would make you half as happy as the miniature exhibition of the Christchild made me when I first entered your home years ago. In this case you undoubtedly would be very happy. I remember how I came under your roof and how mother refreshed me with warm food, and how Christian, Catherine, and Louise divided their Christmas presents with me. I rejoice already over the opportunity that I have to assure you how thankful I am. Your loving son, Anton. Rome, Nov. 1829."

"This is a good letter," said the forester as he dried his eyes. "I have always hoped a little, but he far exceeds my expectation. Never had I believed to experience such happiness." As the sovereign arrived at the castle of the chase, Felseck, in the forest district of the old forester, the king approached the forester and said, "How are you, my dear forester?" The forester said: "You Serene Highness: the burden of my work begins to rest heavily on my old shoulders, I wish to place the work on younger shoulders." "Well," said the king, "How about your son, Christian? Depend on it, no other will become the position so well, and he can occupy it while you remain in office and superintend with him." The forester thanked the king for his obliging assurance, and said, "There is another point connected with it. My son could now marry the daughter of forester Bush, the friend of my youth, that died long ago. The girl is poor, but pious and industrious." The king said, "All right, it is praiseworthy that a brave man by his choice of a mate for life sees more in innocence and virtue than in money and estate." The marriage soon took place and with the young and tender wife came new blessings into the forester's home. The old man experienced the happiness to see his grandchildren, and his wife became young through the happiness of taking care of her grandchildren.

Soon a great trouble arose because young Mr. Von Chiff had undertaken to hunt in the forester's district without permission after being warned by the forester. The brave forester visited the old Mr. Von Schiff and begged him to forbid the young man the chase. The old gentleman threatened his son with disinheritance if he would go on the chase, except accompanied by the forester, but the young man continued to hunt without permission and cherished a grim hatred against the honorable forester, all through the years, although the forester had kept the young man from being sent to prison.

The king finally died while the crown prince was traveling abroad. Mr. Von Schiff, junior, was very rich and had very influential relations, so that he became head forester. He also knew how to captivate the senior head forester, who had much influence with the new king, so that Mr. Von Schiff became more quarrelsome and hateful to forester Grunawald than before. "You are no longer fit for duty," said he to the forester one day, "I will request a useful man for the beautiful forests in your place."

The forester said nothing to his loved ones at home of what the head forester had said to him, because he feared that it would make them unhappy.

A short time thereafter, a messenger delivered the forester a letter from the Office of Forests. The letter stated that forester Grunawald, in consequence of the highest authority of the court, was dismissed on account of old age and incompetency, and his forest district was placed in charge of the neighboring forester at Waldenburg. "Tomorrow I will journey directly to the soverign," said the forester. "He will hear me. Christian will have to accompany me. Make preparation that will enable us to start early tomorrow morning."

The old forester rose the following morning before dawn and called his son, saying, "Let us go." "And when do you intend to return?" asked the forester's wife. He answered, "I do not know for certain, hardly before eight days." The wife said, "In fourteen days is Christmas. Till then you will surely be home." The forester said, "With God's help, I intend to celebrate Christmas evening in your midst, no matter how my business will turn out with the king."

When Christmas evening came the whole sky became covered with dark clouds. It snowed and rained alternately so that the water rushed from the roof of the house like a rain brook that rushes from a mountain. The forester's wife while looking through the window said, "Thank God, they are coming!" All hurried to meet them, asking in chorus: "What have you accomplished?" The old forester said, after seating himself: "We went to Forester Inspector Muller, who said, 'You have a great enemy in the head forester, and he has powerful friends. He intends to give your position to a young man, that has been his servant.'" "Did anything unusual happen while I was gone?" asked the forester. His wife said, "Nothing, except that after your departure a letter from the head forester arrived." She then presented the sealed letter to him which he opened and read. "What is it? asked grandmother. "We must leave this house, we should already have left it," he said. "The head forester orders in this letter, that the forester's house must be vacant and cleaned till Christmas evening, so that the new forester can occupy it. We are not safe a single moment, they will throw us out of the house this night yet."

Then came a knock at the door. The forester said, "Now they are coming, and will drive us out of this room."

Again there was repeated knocking on the door. "Go, Christian, and open the door," said the old forester. Christian obeyed. A nice, respectable-looking man entered, dressed in dark green cloak and fur cap.

The stranger appeared surprised when he beheld so many wet eyes, and said, "Do you not know me any more?" "Anton!" cried Catherine, "Is it possible?" "What is the matter with you?" said the mother, "This gentleman is taller and stronger than Anton." "Certainly it is Anton" spoke Christian.

The mother began: "Oh, Anton, you find us in a very sad condition." "I know it all," said Anton, "Be perfectly quiet. Your affairs stand very good. I come just now from the sovereign. Let me tell you how it all came about. Our present king, as you know, was in Italy a short time ago. On a certain day the paintings of young artists were exhibited at Rome and my own attracted his attention. He was told that one of his subjects, Anton Kroner, had painted the picture. The prince requested to meet me, and my audience with him was a very pleasant one. He asked me how much I desired in cash for the painting, and then paid me twice as much as I had asked. He then gave me order to buy several old paintings for him which he had selected and to attend to their prompt delivery at his residence at the capitol. I secured the pictures for a much less sum than he had intended to pay, and delivered the paintings with my own hands to the king. I then presented him with the receipts of the paintings. 'The sum' said he, 'is less than I expected.' I answered, 'Your Serene Highness will order where to deliver the remainder of the money.' 'Oh,' he said, very pleasantly, 'This we will not take into consideration. I owe you my thanks. If you are satisfied with me, I am satisfied with you.' He then gave orders to assign me to a room in the castle.

The thought suddenly came to me to visit the old Forest Inspector Muller. He was the only man besides the king that I knew. He asked me from whence I came. 'You arrive at the most fitting hour,' said he, and began to relate how matters had progressed with you. I intended to go directly to the king. 'No,' said the forest inspector. 'This will not do. You have to make an arrangement for an audience tomorrow morning, and I will accompany you.' We were kindly received by the king and I related how I had come to your house, and what you had done for me. I arrived at at point relative to Mr. Von Schiff's stubbornness against you, and how he would have come into the penitentiary, if the late soverign had not been lenient. 'Very well,' said he. 'I remember that, while in Italy, you told me about that upright man, and a man that raised you to be such a good man, cannot be a bad man.' The king said to me. 'Be assured, all will be well.' 'Give my best regards to your good foster father and tell the brave old man not to worry.' 'His Serene Highnes has heard with the greatest displeasure how undeserving the head forester threatens the old forester Mr. Grunawald; the head forester receives herewith the sharpest order not to interfere with the forester or his son.'"

After Anton had completed his story, he inquired about the health of his parents and the entire family. Early the next morning while the children still slept, the grown people of the house were engaged in adorning the Christmas tree. A large box which Anton had ordered, soon arrived containing delicious fruits, all kinds of sugar figures, neat little baskets, and wreaths of artificial flowers. As soon as the children heard of the Christmas presents they were awake immediately. One could not have dressed them quickly enough. When mother called: "Now come," the children sprang into the room and were delighted with their many presents.

The parents and grandparents thanked Anton for the many pleasures and presents he had made their children and grandchildren. He then opened his trunk that stood in a corner of the room and said, "This trunk you gave me richly filled for my first journey; it is not more than right that I return it to you, not entirely empty. He then presented to the old forester's wife, furs and silks. The young wife and the two maidens received dresses, silk shawls and handkerchiefs and other ladies' finery. Anton presented each member of the family with clothes and pictures, and to the forester, himself, a silver cup with the inside magnificiently adorned with gold. On the outside of the cup in a wreath of oak leaves the following words were engraved, "My Dear Father, Frederic Grunawald, in remembrance of the Christmas evening 1809. Presented Christmas evening, 1831, by his son, Anton Kroner." Besides this, Anton gave him a roll of gold which the king had sent as a reward for his service. "But," said Anton, "allow me to depart directly. I must see Mr. Ridinger, and return home to you tomorrow accompanied by Mr. Ridinger." At evening of the following day Anton arrived safely at home, and the old forester's house in the gloomy forest sheltered in these days no happier people on earth.

What of Anton's story still deserves to be told is in short this; he asked the old forester and his wife for the hand of their daughter Louise. Both gave willing and happy consent to his request.

In the following spring the king arrived unexpectedly at Felseck, the kingly castle of the chase, and brought with him the old forest inspector Muller, and an uninterested professional man of forest culture. The head forester, Mr. Von Schiff's, own district proved to be in such bad condition, that the king dismissed him. Mr. Von Schiff resides now at his heavily indebted little county seat in very poor circumstances as a result of the king's investigation.

The king found the forest district of the old forester in excellent condition. He came personally to the house, and proved his satisfaction to the old man. He said to the son of the forester, "You are, herewith, forester, continue to attend well to your duties." "You," spoke the king to the old forester, "are a lit-

tle old, but, still not the useless centurian, which Mr. Von Schiff quoted you. You are in spite of your age, still lively and I cannot retire you. You will understand me when I say: 'Good-bye, Mr. Head Forester.'"

HE HAD JOINED THE UNION.

When he reached home he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and tossed it over to his wife.

"Better go shopping," he said. "Get some of those things that we thought we couldn't afford."

"Where did you get the money?" she asked.

"I drew it from the savings bank," he replied. "There's no use trying to save anything now."

"Why not?" she inquired.

"I've joined the union," he explained.

"Joined the union!" she cried.

"Yes, had to do it, so we'll have to spend this money in a hurry, if we don't want get the worst of it."

"Why?" she persisted.

"Oh, I'll soon be on strikes of one kind or another most of the time now," he said, "and when I'm not striking I'll be paying strike benefits. The money is bound to go, and I want to be in a position to get as much out of the union as any one. If I have money in the bank there will be no strike benefit for me when I'm ordered to quit work. 'You don't need it,' they'll say, 'for you've got money. We can only afford to make payments to those who haven't any.' You see, there's a penalty put on thrift and a premium on shiftlessness. The man who saves has to pay himself for time lost at the order of the union, and the man who doesn't save gets the help. In a year from now our money will be gone anyhow, so we might as well spend it while we can get some personal advantage out of it, and then come in on even terms with the others for the strike benefits. It's the fellow who hasn't anything who gets the advantage. Take the money, Maggie, before it gets beyond reach. You helped save it, and the union will only help us spend it, if you don't do it first."—*Chicago Post.*

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY 100 YEARS OLD.

"Lest we forget, lest we forget."—Kipling.

Born in 1807.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

	Died
Abdel, Kader, an Arab chief,	1883
Adams, Charles F., American writer and statesman,	1886
Agassiz, Louis, J. D., Swiss naturalist,	1873
Ainmiller, Max E., German artist,	1870
Ainsworth, Wm. F., English physician and geologist,	——
Bischoff, Theodore L. W., German anatomist and physiologist,	1882
Candish, Robert S., Scottish divine and author,	1873
Carlen, Emilie, Swedish novelist,	1883
Cornell, Ezra, American philanthropist,	1874
Doran, John, English writer,	1878
Duncan, Thomas, eminent Scottish painter,	1845
Garibaldi, Guiseppe, Italian patriot,	1882
Gibson, Thomas M., English politician,	1884
Grevy, Francois P. J., French president,	1891
Kemble, John M., English Anglo-Saxon scholar,	1857
Lander, John, African traveler,	1839
Lee, Robert E., commander-in-chief of Confederate Army,	1870
Longfellow, Henry W., American poet,	1882
Malmesbury, James D., third earl of Malmesburg,	——
Montgomery, Robert, English writer,	1855
Nealton, Auguste, French physician,	1873
Warren, Samuel, English author,	1877
Whittier, John G., American poet,	1892
Willis, Nathaniel P., American author,	1867

Died in 1807.

	Born
Attwood, George, English mathematician,	1745
Bernoulli, John royal astronomer in Berlin,	1744
Brousonet, Pierre M. A., French naturalist,	1761
Carey, George S., English song writer,	1743
Cardinal of York,	——
Ellsworth, Oliver, American statesman,	1749
Muhlenberg, John P. G., American general,	1746
Newton, John, English divine,	1725
Opie, John, English painter,	1761
Paoli, Pasquale de, Corsican patriot,	1726

Pentz, Pa.

PERNICIOUS ADVERTISING.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

Thank God for the civic improvement leagues of our country! In their efforts to enhance the beauty and promote the welfare of our centers of population they are attacking the practice of posting glaring advertisements in conspicuous places where they constantly offend the eye of sensible people. The Inglenook family will give united assent to the statement that many of these posters are baneful in their influence upon morality. Especially is this true of bills announcing the tragedy, scandal, etc., of theaters and vaduevilles, and advertisements of whiskey, tobacco, unholy amusements and fraudulent schemes so unceremoniously flaunted before the public gaze. Even articles which in themselves are good are often advertised in methods highly insulting to pure minds. All this is an injustice done the morals of our nation.

Taking the stand which Christians must against the theater, it is very proper that we should not desire our attention called to it by many colored bills proclaiming the plays to be enacted. And worse yet are the notices of the cheap vaudeville shows, with their pictures of unchaste and immoral aspect. Parents who are striving to rear their children into a pure manhood and womanhood may righteously be indignant at these revolting likenesses, which through the eye often serve to incite a flame of improper desire within the breast of youth. No trained teacher of child mind is needed to tell us that impressions of youth remain to tell for good or evil in life. If parents are indifferent in this matter, as is so often true, the city which tolerates these pernicious nuisances is responsible for the manner in

which it allows temptations to be set before its men and women of tomorrow.

It is establishing its future character. Many boys are led into the liquor and tobacco habits through advertisements setting forth those customs as manly and delightful. Steps leading into deeper vices are short. Too much cannot be said against pollution of the mind. A polluted mind means a depraved life.

Then there is the demoralizing effect of unsightly surroundings. Material objects about an individual exert an influence upon him. They constitute, with men, his environment. Beautiful characters are more easily, and more likely to be formed amidst attractive environment. From those homes in which neatness and order are taught as becoming virtues, come the young people who adorn society in the true sense. The sympathetic heart pities the little ones who are reared amid the squalor of homes in some city slums. Arriving at the age when they touch life of another type, if an ambition for better things be aroused, their efforts to maintain marks of true civilization are seriously handicapped by prevailing conditions. The right of it demands that the government over them do something to assist them.

God makes the world beautiful if men coöperate with him. The city is no exception to this. But men for the sake of pushing what they please to call "business" will not allow God to have his way. O Nature, what crimes are committed against thee in the name of business! Every city affords examples of otherwise beautiful spots made unsightly by the presence of glaring bill-boards. Even places of national, yes world-wide renown and sites of historical sanctity are invaded by the ruthless offenders. Country roadsides are becoming infested, much to the detriment of anything akin to beauty.

In order to serve the best interests of mankind, many localities are made less attractive. But this need not be true with advertising. Legitimate enterprises may advertise in a way not repulsive to good taste. Nature need not be deprived of her charms to accomplish it. If a municipal government takes the care of its buildings, streets, parks, etc., under special supervision in an effort to enhance its appearance, most of its supporters will encourage and assist the movement. Especially is this true of the rising generation which is being trained along these lines in the public schools.

Pleasant associations add much to life's happiness and purity. There is other profit to be had than money. If sentiment is sufficiently aroused, reckless and unscrupulous advertisers will find that it does not pay to advertise in just any way. Moral character is too precious to be lightly esteemed. Home, church and state cannot allow obnoxious practices to proceed unmolested. For the sake of God's creation and handiwork, we should strive to make this world purer and happier. Away with the offensive signboard and handbill and then proceed to cleanse the press.

Rockyford, Colorado.

HOW BUSINESS MEN OF BERLIN ADVERTISE.

BILL-BOARDS for advertising purposes are prohibited in Berlin. Their place is taken by pillars or columns erected at street corners. The columns, which are usually of wood and iron, are about twelve feet high and 3 feet in diameter. Built at the edge of the sidewalk, they form a conspicuous feature of street life in that city. It is interesting to note that the matter displayed on these columns is more in the nature of reading notices than of pictures.

The privilege of erecting and using these advertising columns is awarded by the city to the highest bidder. According to the terms of the lease now in force, the city receives an annual rental of about $95,200, but cannot grant a similar privilege to any one else. The life of the lease is ten days. The price which the successful bidder may charge for space is regulated by the Berlin authorities. All posters before they are put up must be approved by the police. Except in special cases, the advertising space is awarded according to the order of application. The city reserves the right to demand the posting of its notices free. Such notices are printed on a special shade of red paper, and no business man may use that particular shade.

A business man may print an advertisement on any exposed part of his building provided he has first obtained the permission of the police. Buildings in the course of erection may not be decorated with advertisements, as in America. If a business man places a show-case outside of his store, he must pay a small tax.

WIRELESS telegraphy is not a secret means of communication, and the various selective systems, about which one hears so much, operate not to prevent outsiders from receiving one's message, but to prevent outsiders from interfering with the receipt of the message. Thus, while Marconi could adjust his instruments to prevent other stations from seriously affecting the receipt of his messages from Clifden, he could not prevent those same stations from receiving both the Glace Bay and the Clifden messages. As no secret code was used, Prof. Fessenden was able to keep a complete record of the Marconigrams, although Brant Rock is over 600 miles from Glace Bay. On October 18, when the system was officially opened, 1,400 words were transmitted across the Atlantic, after which it was necessary to suspend operations due to atmospheric disturbances. The actual rate at which the messages were sent was seven words per minute; but as a great many messages had to be repeated, the effective rate was reduced to three words per minute.

A Christmas Angel

Amelia L. Colwell

CHRISTMAS was preceded by a beautiful evening. The earth lay white and sparkling beneath the bright moonbeams. On the outskirts of a small town stood a dilapidated house, which had neither blinds nor curtains at the windows, so that anyone could get a good view of the interior from the outside. The room was bare of furniture, except an old table and a few broken chairs, and a small, rusty stove.

A thin, pale-faced woman, with a sickly two-months-old babe clasped close to her breast, two older children, and a girl of ten years and a boy of seven, who were trying to coax the fire to burn by putting on a few sticks of wood which they had that day gathered, made up the family. The wood incrusted with ice and snow made the feeble flames sputter and sizzle.

"There is no use trying, Anna," said Arthur at last, "it just won't burn."

"Well, it will go better tomorrow morning when the wood'll be dried," said Anna.

"But I did want it so bad now, so I could warm mother some milk."

"Never mind Anna," spoke the mother, "I don't care for any milk. Save it for baby. She'll need it. There's no telling when we'll get any more."

"Maybe the milkman will give us some more; he looked real kind and jolly when I held his horse for him, you know, and tomorrow I mean to ask him if he doesn't want to hire me to work, 'cause I've got to do something for the family since papa is gone," said Arthur with quite a manly air.

Over the mother's face flitted a wan smile.

"Mother's little laddie"! she said tenderly. "I know that you want to help now since papa is gone, and I am sick and unable to work. One thing you can both do, and that is to pray to God to help us now in this hour of bitterest need."

Anna and Arthur then knelt down by the bed where little five-year-old Susie, and Clarence aged two, peacefully slept, unmindful of either cold, or hunger. Anna said, "Dear God, it is Christmas eve. My papa was killed, and my mamma is sick. Do please help us. We need most everything—something to eat, and some warm clothes to wear. Please send Santa Claus here. Susie never had a dolly, and little Clarence wants some candy. And we will be good. Amen." Then Arthur said a fervent, "Amen." At the close of the prayer, shivering with cold, they crept into bed beside the sleeping children.

In a beautiful home in the center of town on this particular evening, it happened that a lady was sitting alone. Books and pictures adorned the walls. There were soft carpets and beautiful curtains. Ah! one to live here must be happy; and yet the face of the lady, though peaceful, had a sad yearning look. She speaks aloud. Listen! "It is again Christmas eve, and my two darling girls are with Jesus. Oh how I miss them at Christmas time!" She arose, walked across the room, picked up a late paper, and read; "Howard Thompson instantly killed by train, leaves wife, and five children, in very poor circumstances." Like a flash, came to Mrs. Anna McConnell, the thought, "Why not give those little suffering ones what I would have given my darlings if they were here? I believe I will walk out that way and see for myself; perhaps the walk will do me good." She quickly donned her warm cloak and hood, and went out into the clear, frosty night.

The church bells were chiming, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and "Peace on earth good will to men." The glorious melody stirred the thought in Mrs. McConnell's heart and she felt most happy as she walked swiftly along towards the dilapidated house in the outskirts of the town. When she arrived at the house, she peeped through the curtainless windows and had a good view of the interior, as it was lighted by the flickering flames of a small lamp. She saw a mother, like Mary of old, upon her humble bed, with her little ones gathered around her. She saw it all—the comfortless room, and the haggard faces of the inmates, bearing witness of hunger and privation. She was just in time to hear Anna's prayer. She crept softly away, and with a Christmas anthem in her heart, walked swiftly back to the business part of the town. She visited a clothing establishment, a shoe store, a toy shop, the confectioner's, the baker's, the gorcer's, the wood yard, and at each place, after giving her order, she requested that the things be sent the first thing in the morning to the old house where Mrs. Thompson lived, with Santa Claus' compliments on each article.

Arthur was up early next morning and kindled a fire in the old stove. Mrs. Thompson with a weary sigh put the last potatoe in the oven, and wondered where the dinner for those little hungry mouths was to come from. Her faith in God's care was surely tried just then. Poor woman, her burdens were heavy to bear.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. Anna hastened to open the door. "Here's a basket for the widow Thompson which Santa Claus sent from the grocery, with his compliments," said the man, thrusting a large basket in at the door, and disappearing before a question could be asked. Before the contents were half taken out another basket was thrust in.

"From the bakery with Santa Claus' compliments," said the man, briskly slamming the door behind him. Such a basket of good things as that was! The children stood about it in wide-eyed wonder until little Clarence broke the spell by snatching a handful of brown ginger cookies.

"Santa Claus' compliments," announced a voice at the door, and a large bundle, which proved to be good stout shoes for all the children was thrust in, and before the door could be closed more bundles followed.

By this time the little ones were capering around the rooms in the wildest delight. Arthur stood with the stove-handle in one hand, wearing an expression of blank amazement on his face. Mrs. Thompson had sunk into a chair, and with clasped hands and tearful eyes was viewing the presents which seemed literally to shower down upon them, and which meant so much of comfort and of happiness to her little family. Anna was the only one who did not seems to be at all surprised at the generous display. Neither did she cease to regard the door with anxiety until the doll and the candy, which she had asked for, made their appearance.

"Where did they all come from?" gasped Mrs. Thompson in perplexity. "There must be some mistake."

"No, there ain't!" cried Anna enthusiastically; "Santa Claus sent 'em."

"Now mamma, you know you have always told us that God answers prayer, and he has sent Santa Claus, or one of his Christmas angels to answer my prayer."

"Dear little Anna, yes God did indeed put the thought in the heart of one of his Christmas angels."

And that day Mrs. McConnell in her beautiful home was happier than for many a year. "It pays to be Santa Claus," she soliloquized. "It pays in here," she said, laying her hand over the place where a warm heart throbbed beneath, "and I believe I'll make a real Santa of myself next year for the benefit of poor little children whom the usual Santa Claus fails to find."

Alas! within our home tonight,
No sweet, young voice is ringing;
And through our room no light,
Free, childish step is springing.
Here's to the children of the land,
In cabin or in palace;
May each one hold the key of gold
The gates of glee unlocking,
And hands be found the whole world round
To fill the Christmas stockings.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

Some housekeepers have the teapot standing from meal to meal with the left-over tea in it and then wonder why the tea does not taste as it ought. The teapot should be emptied immediately after using, washed, scalded and thoroughly dried. In this way it will not be stained and coated as if allowed to stand with the old tea in it. There is so much to learn if one is constantly watchful, and no one needs to exercise more care and watchfulness than the housekeeper, upon whom the comfort and well-being of the entire family depend.

WELCOME NEW YEAR.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Oh, happy New Year, welcome now;
For we are very glad to greet
The day in which we may begin
To lay our lives at Jesus' feet,
And cast our sins of old away;
In righteous ways to walk therein,
And as the New Year comes around,
With it, may we new lives begin.

Oh! give us strength to follow e'er
Within the Master's blessed way;
Let us all evil thoughts forget,
Henceforth, from this bright New Year's day;
Our steps let falter, now, no more,
But onward, upward ever tread;
Should they e'er erring start to stray,
Oh! bring them back to God instead.

Blest New Year, be our constant guide,
And every day that comes around,
May we in service of the Lord,
In sweet humility be found;
And as each New Year's morning dawns,
May we sweet praises ever sing;
And ne'er confessions of the wrong,
To thy new threshold, have to bring.

Moorestown, New Jersey.

CHILDHOOD.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Blessed childhood! happy, innocent and free,
Rose lipped and blushing as the dawning day;
With eyes as brilliant, and heart as gay
As the gazelle who loves liberty.
Though glad the life and full of mirthful glee,
Yet all the questioning through toil and play
Show how unfolding thought, and reason sway
And mold the face that speaks sincerity.
Oh, joyful hours of early springtide dreams!
Which lead by rippling stream and flowery glade,
When all the imagery of life but seems
Like some fair picture on a canvas laid;
Whose beauteous shades are like the sunset gleams,
That from the expanding vision quickly fade.

It is not by turning our libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined.

AT LOVE'S BEHEST.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Where most is love, there most is pain;
Who loveth most hath grief for guest,
And joy sings in a minor strain
At love's behest.

THE OPEN DOOR.

J. C. FLORA.

LIFE with its thousand voices is calling for men to come to pluck the jewels which it offers as a reward of merit.

Training—physical, mental and moral,—is the doorway of life. Thereby we are prepared to walk the narrow pathway, which leads to success. The door to a successful life is ever open to all who will enter therein, because every person is the architect of his own fortune.

At first thought it may seem that the door to success is not open to all alike, but let us see what it means to make a success of life. Does it mean to become famous? Does it mean to conquer all the issues of the world? Does it mean to acquire the eloquence of Demosthenes, the reasoning power of Aristotle, the statesmanship of Daniel Webster, or the wisdom of Solomon? Does it even mean to obtain such eminence as to acquire a place on the pages of history? No, it does not mean this in any sense. It simply means to so develop and utilize the physical, mental, moral and religious faculties that God has given to mankind as to bring the highest happiness to himself and the greatest glory to God.

The most common idea among men is that he that makes the most money is the most successful, but a man's success or happiness is not measured by his bank account. The successful man is the one that understands the true meaning of life, that shows sympathy to his fellowman in all his dealings, that can find true enjoyment in doing his daily work of whatever character that may be, that has an eye for the beauties of nature around him, that, while not destitute of honorable ambition, has learned contentment with his lot in life, and that is ever ready to do what he can to make the condition of others brighter and better.

The highest and best sense in which a life is a success is within the reach of every one. "Character, true, sterling, Christian character, is in itself success. Without it, even the millionaire is a failure."

Hezekiah Butterworth says,

"Not wealth but welfare is success;
Beneficence life's crown must bring,
For nothing lives but righteousness,
And character is everything."

In whatever direction we turn our eyes we behold an open door inviting the young man or the young woman to some worthy object.

As the youth launches out into life, the business world invites him to come and accept one of the many positions which it offers. There are offices to be filled, bookkeepers and stenographers are wanted, salesmen are needed, bankers are in demand, business managers are sought for, the railway companies must have presidents, managers of the different departments, conductors, engineers, and other help; the numerous manufacturing establishments of our country need general managers, foremen of the different departments, and skilled mechanics to perform the many different kinds of work required.

The literary world also holds an open door for those who are prepared to enter therein. The newspapers, magazines, and numerous other periodicals need editors, printers, and contributers to the different departments.

The doors to science and invention are open to men with great thinking powers, who can reveal the hidden mysteries of nature and bring into use the latent powers of the world about us. In the political world men of ability and character are very much needed to direct the affairs of the nation, the state and city.

Thousands of men and women are eagerly sought for to teach in the public schools, high schools, colleges, and universities of our country.

Besides all of these, the great cause of temperance and the many benevolent institutions of our land offer an open door to those who desire to uplift fallen humanity and promote the general welfare of our country.

"In the moral and physical world not only the field of battle but also the cause of truth and virtue calls for champions, and the field for doing good is white unto the harvest."

The Church presents an open door to all who will enter her service. Ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and workers in general are needed. The door is now open to missionaries in almost every part of the earth, nor was it opened without great sacrifice on the part of men who were filled with the love of God.

With all these open doors before us who will dare to give up in despair and say, "There is nothing I can do"? Do the little things that are placed before you and greater ones will immediately appear.

In the language of Longfellow,

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

What the world needs today is men, men of character, men who are not for sale, men who are true to the core. They are needed in every avenue of life.

"Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreathe them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men, I say again,
Give us men."

Clovis, N. Mex.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

REINDEER FOR LABRADOR.

Over the whole vast peninsula of Labrador both white men and the Eskimo have only one domestic animal, the Eskimo dog. Its only use is for transportation in winter. Years of training have made this savage beast into an admirable sledge dog, capable of performing marvelous journeys. All the time, however, he has remained a wild animal, as savage as a wolf. Every year one hears of his murderous attacks on human beings. Last winter, on a sledge journey which was protracted by blizzards, the pack of dogs fell upon their drivers, and devoured the whole family.

For over a year Dr. Grenfell, C. M. G., head of the Deep Sea Commission of Labrador, has been hard at work promoting the introduction of the Lapland reindeer into Newfoundland and Labrador, to supplant the treacherous dogs. The reindeer will furnish the Labrador population with food, both milk and meat, and splendid warm clothing, also with the very best means of transportation. Anyone who knows about Sheldon Jackson's introduction of the tame reindeer into Alaska, and the splendid results achieved in that desolate country, can have no doubt about the like results in Labrador.

Mr. Wood, secretary of the Deep Sea Commission in London, put himself in communication with correspondents in Norway, and secured a herd of three hundred then on an island off the coast. After long negotations and hard bargaining, a steamer was chartered for £1,500 to take the deer across. Through Sheldon Jackson, a Norwegian in western America was secured who was an expert in the business of transporting the reindeer. All was going well. Nansen, the Norwegian ambassador in London, was doing all in his power to favor the project, when a difficulty cropped up that seemed for the time insurmountable. The laws of Norway prohibited the exportation of reindeer moss, and without this special food the reindeer could not possibly be carried across the Atlantic.

Wood, the secretary, was for a time in despair, but through the influence of Nansen, the King of Norway, and our Foreign Office, the difficulty was smoothed over, and Wood is now in Norway, attending to all the details of the expedition which sails early next month. Every care has been taken to secure the very best animals. 270 are does and 30 bucks; about 25 are thoroughly trained sledge reindeer for journeys. The best and most intelligent Lapland herdsmen, with a Norwegian interpreter, have been secured, and all will be under the control of Kjellman, a Norwegian thoroughly experienced in the business.

For the future management of the herd at Labrador, advantage will be taken of Sheldon Jackson's experience in Alaska. Settlers and Eskimos will associate with the Laps, and be taught how to manage the herds. To guard the animals from possible attacks by the savage Eskimo dogs, every precaution will be taken. It will be made first of all a condition that all dogs be destroyed around the place where the herds are located, as a prime condition before distributing the tame reindeer among the inhabitants. The deer are also guarded by the Lap herdsmen and their trained dogs. The caribou, especially the bucks, are fighting animals, and can strike fierce blows with their horns and hoofs. They would be quite a match for their savage assailants. It is anticipated that the Eskimos and settlers will soon learn how to take care of the reindeer, and to appreciate the immense advantages of securing such valuable domestic animals. D. W. Prowse.

RELIGIOUS IGNORANCE OF THE RUSSIAN MASSES.

The following incident, though it deals specifically with the lowest element of the population, is significant of the general religious ignorance of the masses. It is a custom when a massacre of the Jews is impending for the faithful who live in the endangered quarters of a city to nail a crucifix upon their door, or to display in their windows a picture of St. Nicholas or of the Virgin Mother—and of course the murderous mob passes by houses thus marked. Now at the time when a massacre broke out in one city, Cléo de Merode, the notorious French dancer, whom freakish fortune has gifted with a face that to crude eyes looks that of a saint, was performing at a local theatre, and lithographs of her were everywhere in shop-windows, even in the Jewish quarter. When the mob, raging through this section, saw in a window a picture of the famous dancer, they crossed themselves and went not into that house to rob and wreck and slaughter. They supposed that Cléo de Merode was the Virgin Mother.

Between the higher clergy and the village priests stretches a gulf deep and wide. The former have opportunities for education and have open to them all the higher positions in the church; the latter are barred from entering the higher clergy and from attaining the higher positions, and as a class are very poor and very ignorant. And even worse. On all sides I heard stories of bribe-taking, of drunkenness, of cheating, of lying, of lowest immorality, even of plain stealing.

When I first began my inquiries among the intelligent class, I went about St. Petersburg for two weeks seeking an educated layman who had intimate knowledge of the church. I sought him in vain. All I questioned had but one answer—"I know nothing." And all were surprised that the church should interest me. The intellectual class simply ignores the church, or thinks of it only as one of the prime evils of the country. The dead formalism of Orthodoxy, the embargo against any other faith, have borne their logical fruit. Educated Russia is without religion.

The hold of the church is almost entirely on the peasantry, who compose four-fifths of Russia's population. And if crossing the breast, if burning of candles, if mouthing set prayers, if kneeling before and kissing icons—if the frequent performance of these physical acts constitutes religion, then the ignorant masses are devoutness itself. But I soon learned that though the forms are necessities to the peasant's superstitious soul, yet to him they are nothing but forms. Of the whole spiritual significance of religion he has no idea. The reason for this is obvious. The church has taught the people form alone.—Leroy Scott, in the December Everybody's.

THE PRESENT TIMBER SUPPLY.

Lumbering on a large scale is conducted chiefly in the coniferous forests. The hardwood forests have gone into consumption mainly by way of the small mill. What the original American forest was in terms of lumber feet no one will ever know. Even as recently as the census of 1880 official estimators were so far wide of the facts regarding the timber then standing that any estimate of the original supply can be only a blind guess. What the remaining forests contain, however, is more nearly known, though the Pacific Forest is yet in large part an unknown quantity. The best credited estimators, one of them being the federal Forest Service, reckon our present standing merchantable timber at about 2,000,000,000,000 feet. Of that amount about 400,000,000,000 feet are hardwoods, the rest conifers. Of the total standing timber, the Northern States are credited with 500,000,000,000 feet; the Southern States with 7000,000,000,000 feet; the Western States with 800,000,000,000 feet. These figures mean little except for pur-

poses of comparison; but they give real information as to our supply when it is known that our annual cut from this forest is 40,000,000,000 feet. This means that at the present rate of consumption our forests will last but fifty years.

The bounty of the federal Goverment had left holes in its land laws through which six logging teams could be driven abreast, and a very dull speculator it would be who would not have driven his team in. Unscrupulous men went beyond the law by collecting and hiring men to use their individual homestead and other rights on rich timber already spied out. In earlier days loggers even went so far as to cut right and left in Government timber without permission. Doubtless big fortunes were acquired by these unlawful means without any retribution. State lands in Wisconsin and Minnesota were shamelessly stolen by means of corrupt legislation. But such undue greed was not necessary to the easy getting of great timber fortunes. Men of moderate means, keeping wholly within the law, disappeared into the woods, kept quiet as to their operations and came out millionaires. Twenty-five years ago it took no prophet, if he knew anything at all about timber, to tell that the purchase of good pine at going prices was a safe investment. A supply surely and rapidly diminishing and a population surely and rapidly increasing gave security to the venture. It was really no venture at all. It was a certainty. Men who had bought Northern pine in the Lake States at a few cents per thousand and had sold or sawed their holdings till cents turned to dollars, went to the Gulf States or to the Pacific Coast and with the wisdom of lumber experience and the dollars of sugared-off deals, bought heavily into rich and ridiculously cheap timber. The sensational timber fortunes have been made within the past twenty-five years, and nearly all of these within the past ten years.

A few American citizens are still living who were alive in the days when the Indiana and Ohio pioneers were cutting great clear-grained black walnut, white oak, and hickory logs, piling them and burning them to ashes in order to be rid of them. Farmhouses are still standing in the Ohio Valley whose tenoned frames are of black walnut, and whose roof boards are of wide, clear lumber, such as is now sought for to be made into kings' table tops. Black-walnut lumber in American commerce is today little more than a memory; white oak in the finer finishing grades is worth half the price of mahogany, and the American vehicle industry is in distress for the lack of hickory. Even in sawmill cities of the present day the lath from the walls of wrecked houses is carefully cleaned and bundled for resale, while half-decayed pine logs are sawed into merchantable lumber. Thus in the span of one life the American lumber industry has passed from surfeit to hunger. Such another span promises to carry us from hunger to starvation.—"The Lumber Industry of America," by Milton O. Nelson, in the American Review of Reviews.

COUNTRY LIFE FOR THE CITY BRED.

Do you remember how we happened to start our Reading farm work? It was six years ago, when we were window-gardening on Genesee and Rochester Streets. The children and I had such good times farming in our little boxes that one night, when a crowd of us were standing at the head of Genesee Street, I said: "Wouldn't it be great if I should rent a little farm and live out in the country, and have all you people come out and help raise the food. Come whenever you can get your car fares. We will eat everything we can raise." One little boy met me a week or two later and told me that he had been saving all his bread for the last two days. He just slipped it away from the table. He would bring it out, and that would last us for a while. So I told you about our scheme. You thought it a fine one, but that it would not work; that we did not have the money; that Massachusetts was different from Ohio; that it cost a dollar every time one turned around in Massachusetts; but I had already excited all my young friends about the country scheme, and I did not dare disappoint them. So in the spring we all moved out to the country. The fruit-trees were all in blossom, and how beautiful they all were! One of the boys who came out the first night stood in admiration before the peach-tree. Three weeks later, when he had again saved the necessary thirteen cents for car fare, he came out, and one of the first things he said was, "Why did you cut down our peach-tree?" I answered him that I had not. He said that he had hunted all about and could not find it. Then I explained that his lovely blossoms were turning to peaches, which he would eat by and by. Our garden was most interesting and useful. The boys who came out after night would take the lamp and go about to see how much it had grown.

The second year we could scarcely wait until the snow was off the ground to return to Reading. We had a great money-making scheme, called "the chicken business," which we were eager to try. We did try it, and soon we had hundreds of chickens of all sizes running about and following us all over the farm.

We added, this year, a cow and a horse and two pigs to our establishment, which made it necessary for us to hire a cook, and the entire combination ate up all our profits, and ran us into debt over $100; but, as you know, we gave a lecture in Reading, and paid the debt.—Dr. Edward Everett Hale's Lend-a-Hand Circle, in The Circle.

A SUMMARY OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Some of the more striking recommendations are for legislation providing appropriaions to meet legitimate campaign expenses in national elections; an issue to banks, subject to a heavy tax, to make certain its withdrawl when the demand for it is past and to prevent inflation; additional legislation to control interstate corporations; compulsory publications of corporation accounts and the inspection of books and papers by Government officials; a Federal law licensing railway companies; physical examination of railways by the Interstate Commerce Commission; prohibition of service to the public by corporations at an actual loss in order to crush competition; prevention of the inflation of capital; prohibiting a corporation from making exclusive trade with itself a condition of doing business; compelling the real owners of corporations to do business in their own names; forbidding an interstate corporation to hold stock in any other corporation unless on approval by proper Government officials; bank supervision for trust companies in the District of Columbia and the Territories; no revision of the tariff until after the next Presidential election except as to wood pulp; laws providing an income and an inheritance tax; imprisonment for convicted corporation officials rather than the fining of a corporation; limitation of the abuse of injunctions in labor disputes; extension of the eight-hour law; the compulsory investigation of industrial controversies which affect the whole people; national inspection and grading of grain; inland water ways development as national highways; a postal savings bank system; the extension of the parcel post; citizenship for Porto Rico; an increased army; better pay for both the army and navy; provision for four new battleships.

Before the Rivers and Harbors Congress James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad Company recently said:

"One of the projects that we must see carried to a conclusion is that of a channel from St. Louis to New Orleans of at least a depth of fifteen feet, and eighteen feet would be twice as good. While the traffic of this country is increasing at the rate of 12 per cent, annually, the ability of the carriers of that traffic is increasing only 2½ per cent, annually. It would be ncessary for us to build immediately 75,00 miles of new railroads in order adequately to meet the traffic conditions of the country."

He believed that the construction of a ship channel between the lakes and the gulf would do more toward relieving the traffic congestion of the Northwest than any other thing.

Calling attention to the fact that during the last few years the increase of railroad milage in this country had been 22.7 per cent, while the increase of traffic had amounted to 126.4 per cent. Mr. Hill said the wonder was that the entire business of the country had not been paralyzed, because the railroads nearly had exhausted their resources for public service.

"There will be plenty of business for both waterways and railroads. The alleged jealousy of the railroads for the waterways is a myth and is only a part of the yellow ideas that have been fostered in recent years.



Echoes from Everywhere

ECONOMIC.

Massachusetts now has eighteen cities and two hundred and forty-nine towns under no license as compared with fourteen cities and seventy-two towns under license.

The second-class battleship Texas, first armor-clad vessel of the modern navy, has been ordered out of commission at the Norfolk navy yard, where she had been held in reserve for a year. So many accidents had happened to her that she was regarded as a hoodoo.

Experts in the iron ore and coal trade on the great lakes report that the movement for the season of 1907 was the greatest in the history of the lakes. There was no cessation of traffic during the last month or two, notwithstanding the financial flurry. The amount of iron ore brought down the lakes will total 41,500,000 tons. To this will be added 1,000,000 tons of ore hauled by rail. Last year the traffic in ore was 38,500,000 tons, showing an increase of 4,000,000 tons for 1907, or between 400 and 500 more boat loads. This year 17,5000,000 tons of coal will have been shipped up the lakes, an increase of 2,500,000 tons over 1906.

Signs of recovery from the business depression are felt in all parts of New England by the resuming of operations in mills which were shut down or which shortened their working hours and in the lessoned number of curtailments and closings.

The National Grange, a farmers' organization with nearly a million members, proposes an active renewal, at this session of Congress, of the agitation for better public roads by asking the government for an appropriation of $50,000,000, to be divided into five annual appropriations of $10,000,000, to be expended for the improvement of the public highways. There can be no two opinions on the matter of improving the public highways, whatever the ideas as to to the way to go about it.

The public seemed to think that the fight against the Standard Oil Company ended when the $29,000,000 fine was imposed a few months ago, but the suit to dissolve the Company is yet to come. This suit has been deferred until Jan. 6 by Special Examiner Franklin Ferris. The life of the Company and the reputation of its promoters will be finally settled then. If the decision goes against them they will be classed with the Louisiana Lottery.

A remarkable statement bearing on the honor of American cotton shippers was made at the annual meeting of the Manchester Cotton Association in London. One speaker said that what impressed him was the barefaced, fraudulent manner in which sworn government officials in the United States actually added five pounds per bale on every one weighed. This was not done, however, in cotton supplied to American spinners. He asked one weigher if in the event of exporting 10,000,000 bales a season they would swear to 10,000,000 lies. The weigher candidly admitted that they would. Another loss to the British spinner was the four pounds of canvas put on every bale.

Chicago is trying to establish the following wheel tax:

One horse wagon or vehicle	$ 5
Two horse wagon or vehicle	10
Three horse wagon or vehicle	15
Four horse wagon or vehicle	25
Six or more horse wagon or vehicle	35
Automobiles with seats for two persons	12
Automobiles with seats for more than two	20
Automobile trucks, coaches, and busses	30

The biggest corn farm in the world belongs to David Rankin in southwestern Missouri, who has between 25,000 and 30,000 acres planted to that crop. The largest farm in Illinois belongs to the Hiram Sibley estate, twenty-five miles northwest of Champaign. It includes 15,000 acres and yields an average of forty-five bushels to the acre. The Funk brothers, of Bloomington have 27,000 acres, about one-fourth of which is in corn. It all belonged to the late Isaac Funk, and after his death, was divided among his nine children without a will and without a lawyer. It is all in one piece. A. P. Grout, of Winchester has 6,000 acres of corn on the bottom lands, which are especially adapted to it.

Bowers Bros. sheep ranch in Fergus county, Mont., southeast of Spokane, has been sold to J. B. Long and Co., of Great Falls, for $600,000. The ranch is composed of 40,000 acres of patented land, has 40,000 head of sheep and is fully equipped. The land is highly cultivated, much of it being irrigated, and the improvements on the ranches are among the best in the state. Word comes from Lewistown, Mont., east of Spokane, that Colonel Thomas Cruse, a millionaire stock raiser, has decided to sell his N-Bar ranch and retire. It contains 17,000 acres and is on Flatwillow creek. He recently sold his cattle, and now a group of Lewistown and Butte capitalists have secured an option on the land and 17,000 head of sheep.

The National Association of Master Sheet Metal Workers has devised a new plan of fighting strikes that does away with the necessity of employing strike breakers. It provides for the organization of a reserve army of workmen who, at short notice, can be concentrated at any point where their services are needed. The plan will entail no expense whatever upon the firm employing the reserve men. In nearly every city there are firms that give steady employment throughout the year. It is proposed to select certain of these men and guarantee them steady work on condition that they go wherever they are sent. When trouble is expected in a city the National Association of Employers will be so advised, and the nearest city to the strike center will be notified to send the reserve men to the scene of trouble. The employers say that by this method it will be possible within twenty-four hours after a strike takes place to send adequate relief. It is not proposed to draw all the men in reserve from any city at the first call, but to hold some back for further assistance if necessary. The men in reserve will not be second or third class workers, but of the very best, and will receive the prevailing rate of wages in the city to which they will be sent.

SCIENTIFIC.

Andrew Carnegie has added $2,000,000 to the $10,000,000 endowment fund of the Carnegie Institute. Announcement of the fact was made at a dinner tonight of the board of trustees of the institute, to which had been invited a number of scientists and men prominent in public affairs. The report of the trustees showed that much important scientific work had been done during the past year, and upon their recommendation, $529,940 was allotted for the prosecution of this work of scientific inquiry next year.

A zoo for the doctors is what the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York has been called, because there is a special building where animals are kept, these animals to be experimented upon for the purpose of finding means to prevent and relieve the suffering of man. The scientists have made progress in their researches in the brief time that the institute has been in existence. During the past few months the workers there succeeded in discovering a remedy for cerebro-spinal meningitis, and in recognition of this success, John D. Rockefeller, who founded the institute, has contributed $2,600,000 more to the $1,250,000 with which he started it out. Few announcements have created more general interest in the medical profession than the one which told of the founding of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research—the largest institution of its kind in the world. It is situated in New York City, on a section of the old Schermerhorn farm where stood the mansion of Gov. DeWitt Clinton.

NATIONAL.

An annual appropriation of at least $50,000,000 for the development of the internal waterways of America is the gist of the recommendations of the Rivers and Harbors Congress. The resolutions read in part: "That the time has come when the policy of the Federal Government toward waterways should be more liberal, persistent and continuous than heretofore; that enough money should be appropriated each year for at least the next ten years properly to improve the various rivers, waterways and harbors on plans which have been and shall be surveyed and approved by the Government engineers and authorized by the Congress of the United States. That we ask Congress to view the river and waterway and harbor appropriations, not as the appropriation of money for current expenses of Government, but as an investment in permanent improvements, bound to pay increasing dividends from year to year. Viewing these appropriations in this light, Congress is fully warranted in authorizing an annual expenditure, beginning at the present session, of not less than one-tenth of the amount of money required for all the various river, waterway and harbor improvements already planned and approved by the engineers in charge or hereafter planned and approved, in order that the work may be carried to speedy completion, such appropriation to be not less than $50,000,000 annually."

FOREIGN.

Placed on trial on the charge of surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese in January, 1905, while stiil able to resist, Lieutenant General Stoessel will cite the Czar of Russia as the most important witness in his defense. The General, who gave up Port Arthur when the Mikado's men dominated his position, is in possession of a weighty weapon against his accusers in the shape of a telegram received by him from the Emperor before the fortress fell. In this the ruler said: "Don't push the defense to extremities." Stoessel will urge that this was a clear injunction to spare the lives of the Russian soldiers when their power of resistance was exhausted, as the Emperor feared that the Japanese might repeat the feat of a former capture of a fortress, when they put to death 10,000 Chinese.

After two years work, the mounted police of Canada have cut an eight-foot trail from Peace River through the Rocky Mountains to the Yukon, giving a route from Edmonton to Dawson entirely over Canadian territory. Col. White, controller of the mounted police, has received a telegram announcing a triumphant arrival at the Pacific coast, after a 700-mile ride on the trail from Edmonton. The trail has been built to Hazeton, where it joins the trail along the Yukon telegraph line, and thus continues to Dawson.

The French Government recently honored Mrs. Eddy by awarding her a medal prize, bestowing the title of "Offico d' Academie," and giving her a diploma of honor as the founder of Christian Science.

The news that Roman Catholics and Mohammedans have come into conflict in an Austrian province gives most Americans a shock of surprise. They did not know that there were Mohammedans in Austria, nevertheless there are some communities of them in Creatia, the province of the Bosnian frontier. At Djakova, it is reported that in what we should call a race riot here, forty persons were killed and one hundred wounded in a fight between Catholics and Mohammedans. The Mohamedans had seized a Catholic priest, whom they held prisoner. The Catholics released him by force and then drove a pig into the Mohammedan mosque. This infuriated the Mohammedans and the fight followed.

The Liberal and Radical parties in Germany desire to make over the empire on methods approximating those in which England has been democratized. This would establish genuine suffrage with freedom of speech. The Conservaites would keep things as they are, would raise duties, would attempt to Germanize the eastern Polish provinces by more or less forcible measures; in brief, they stand for reaction.

Within two years England is to increase her enormous navy by the addition of twelve fighting vessels of the Dreadnaught type. This means that new and most costly docks will be required for the care of these monsters of war. Germany's program contemplates having in service, or under construction nine Dreadnaughts within six years and seventeen within eleven years. This program entails the staggering cost of $17,500,000 per year in excess of anything heretofore expended for naval strength. As the official life of a battleship is only twenty years, an enormous load is cast upon the backs of the middle classes of the empire. To the soldier, which the German peasant has carried on his back for so many years, must be added the burden of the sailor.

SOCIAL.

William I. Thomas, associate professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, in an address to the members of the Chicago Woman's Club, said: "In the more intelligent classes the birth rate is lower than the death rate. "This, which means rapid race deterioration, makes the question of white or yellow supremacy in the near future a grave one. There are few middle class American families whose dress and mode of living do not represent larger bank accounts than they possess. Women of the upper classes are giving themselves over to personal ornamentation, struggles for social pre-eminence and 'the solemn sacrament of bridge whist.' Child bearing is left largely to the poorer classes. The women of today, here in America, are rushing into an intemperate zone and the society of today holds a damning brief against them."

RELIGION.

The incorporation of the "First Bahai Assembly of New York" gives legal form to an association of persons who claim to offer, not a new creed, but a new religion. This is a later form of what was years ago known as Babtism The head of faith is Abdul Baha Abbas, and his home is in Syria.

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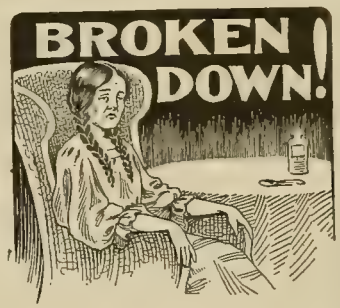
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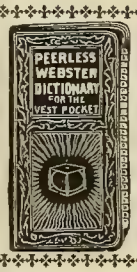
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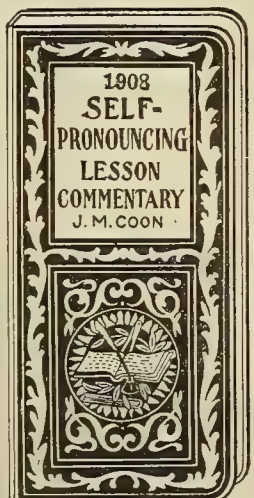
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